

PETER AND LISA: CHAPTER 55

TRUTH OR DARE

Lisa approaches the blacked out theatre with all the enthusiasm of a condemned man approaching the gallows. She walks around to the back, knocks on the door and waits, and waits. "Well, I guess no one's home, so I'll just..."

The door immediately opens, "Oh, no you don't, you're not getting out of this that easily. Come on in and the fun can start."

"Oh, good."

"Cheer up, Princess Grumpy. I'm a fair taskmistress, harsh, but fair."

"Yes, my Queen."

"Mistress." she smiles too widely, "For the next couple of days."

Lisa rolls her eyes and sighs as she steps through the doorway, "Yes."

"Yes, Mistress'. Get into practice. There will be regular tests."

"Really?"

"Oh, yes. I'm going to enjoy this."

"Yes, Mistress."

"Much better." she claps.

"Are you going to be like this all weekend?"

"Of course not. Only as long as you react so delightfully to it. And we'll be dealing with that once you're in your uniform."

"Uniform? What uniform?"

"You'll see."

"Why does that fill me with dread?"

"Because you know me." she steps into the hallway proper and vanishes from sight. Lisa reluctantly follows, blinking her eyes against the slight vertigo. "Here's the changing room for you."

Lisa opens the door, expecting something much worse than the plain room she steps into.

"Uniform's on the chair. Make sure you take off everything first or it might make a mess of your stuff."

"Everything?" she approaches the chair, which doesn't seem to have a pile of clothes on it.

"Everything. Underwear included. And especially that ring!"

"Yes, my Que..." a cough comes from outside the door, "...Mistress." She reaches the chair. Definitely no pile of clothes. In fact, just a slim black collar, "Oh, no fucking way!"

"You found your uniform then."

"I am not wearing that!"

"Don't worry, it's not that collar."

"That's...that's only one of the points!"

"You'll have to trust me on the other ones, then."

"You're doing this deliberately."

"Of course."

"Fine." she strips off her clothes, placing the ring in her pocket and lifts up the collar. She takes a deep breath and puts the collar on. Immediately she feels a buzzing, tingling against her neck. "If it's not that collar, what does it do?"

"Stuart calls it a Venom collar, but he's as much of a dork as Peter, so don't worry about that."

Lisa shifts, feeling the tingling spreading down her neck and shoulders, a liquid feeling flowing across her skin. "That's not an answer!"

"Well spotted."

"Gah!" Lisa throws up her hands, noticing what looks like shiny black paint flowing along her arms in time with the spread of the buzzing. "Ok, what is it doing?" the shiny blackness spreads. She places her fingers on her chest, feeling the blackness spread down. It feels slick to match the shine, cool to the touch, and spreading across her body faster and faster, gliding down over her chest and stomach as she watches it cover her arms. She tries hard to ignore the buzzing against her nipples,

giving a soft gasp as it reaches her hips and naggingly remains there as it flows over her legs until she's covered from the collar down in shiny, glisteningly smooth material that looks a lot like latex or PVC, clinging to her every curve of her skin in a very revealing manner, the buzzing fading to a manageable undertone against her body, enough to be pleasant but not overwhelming.

A series of knocks rap on the door, "All dressed in there?"

Lisa looks in the mirror at herself, "If you call looking like a fetish model dressed!"

"I do. Come on out so we can talk about the rest of the weekend."

"I'm not going anywhere looking like this!"

"Don't worry, I'm not sending you to the shops like that...not unless you really piss me off. Then, no promises."

"I'm naked in here!"

"No, you're not. You're completely covered."

"By something that leaves less than nothing to the imagination!"

"You haven't got anything I haven't seen before, you know."

"No!"

"Fine, if you're going to be a prude about it. Modesty mode."

"What does..." she stops, the buzzing approaching painful intensity over her chest and hips, and when she looks again in the mirror there's no trace of nipples or vulva to be seen. Which reduces the scandalous indecency of the outfit. Slightly.

"Ready to come out now?"

Lisa rolls her eyes and pushes the door open. "Here I am," she pauses for a long time, "Mistress."

"Good girl." the suit flutters against her mound, Lisa's breath catches. "Shall we get started?"

"What was that?"

"What was what? Oh, that." she grins, "Well, the suit rewards its wearer when they do a good job and get complimented by their mistress."

"So if I do a good job, I get that?"

"Exactly."

"And if I do a bad job?"

"Would you like to find out?"

Lisa's imagination kicks in to the obvious conclusion, "No, no, I don't think so."

"See? It's working already."

"Working?"

"We'll come to that later. Let's get out of the corridor, if you're so concerned about being in public."

"My clothes?"

"Don't worry." the door swings shut with a firm click and fades into the wall, "All safely locked away from everyone until contract ends Sunday."

"Uh-huh. And that includes me?"

"Oh, of course. You won't need them and I don't want to tempt you."

"You're enjoying this far too much."

"Probably. I should pace myself better. I've got you for 48 hours after all."

"That wasn't what I meant."

"I know. Step into the office, won't you?"

"Sure." She catches Sarah's expectant look and rolls her eyes, "Sure, Mistress."

"Getting there." the door to the office closes behind them.

"So?"

Sarah walks around the desk and sits down before considering an answer, "So, let's get the boring explanations out of the way so we can get to the fun stuff."

"Fun stuff for you...Mistress."

"And for you, if you get that stick out of your arse and relax a bit. Anyway, let's start with your uniform. Apart from fitting perfectly, it has some very fun features. Put your hand on the table and close your eyes."

Lisa gives her a sceptical look.

"Trust me." the broad grin does not do much to reassure her but she puts her hand palm down on the table and, more reluctantly, closes her eyes. She hears a very solid 'thunk', feeling warmth filling her hand. "Open your eyes." She does, a dagger sticking through the back of her hand, the blade apparently buried into the desk.

She starts to scream and stops as her mind catches up to the complete lack of any blood, or pain, or any other indicator that a knife was embedded in her hand. "Oh, very funny. Magic knife?"

Sarah pouts a little at the quickly downbeat reaction but rallies herself. "Magic suit. You can be stabbed, bent, stretched or cut up without any trouble."

"And I probably will be before Sunday?"

"Depends how much fun I decide to save for your next visit. Also, 'Mistress'."

"Yes...Mistress. Also, 'next visit'?"

Sarah ignores that, "Would you like me to demonstrate the cutting?"

"I think I'm willing to trust you on that."

Sarah takes hold of the knife and pulls it out, not leaving any sort of mark or tear in the smooth costume. "Good. That's a start."

"What about my face?"

"What about it? I mean, as faces go it's fine. Not a patch on mine, obviously..."

"Not that. I meant if the suit protects me from all that, what about my face?"

"Oh, good point. It doesn't. It can, but I haven't put the hood up for reasons that will become clear."

"Yes, Mistress."

"Very good." the suit flutters, "The suit also helps train the wearer..."

"I don't like the sound of that."

"I've turned the pleasure/pain right down to the minimum because of that, promise, but I know you and I know how difficult you can be, so I've kept the suit's protocols on obedience in place."

"Really don't like the sound of that."

"It just means even if you don't want to, you can't actively disobey my commands while you're wearing it. Because it won't let you."

"I..."

"Don't like the sound of that, I know. You'll just have to trust me not to abuse it, won't you?"

"I..."

"Also that's the point of not putting the hood up. Because that way, I could do the same to your voice. And you're really not ready for that kind of control being taken away just yet."

"Yet? Try never!"

"Try never, Mistress.' You'll get the hang of it, I'm sure."

"Yes...Mistress. Anything else I should know about this thing?"

"Couple of things, but they can wait. They only work with the hood up, anyway."

"Which you're not doing."

"Which I'm not doing yet. But later? Who knows?"

"You do, because you've already planned it out, haven't you, Mistress?"

"Well, yes, obviously, but I was speaking rhetorically."

"I thought you said I wasn't ready for that kind of loss of control."

"If you're sleeping, it won't matter if you can't talk."

"I've got to sleep in this?! Wait, what about, you know..."

"You don't have to do that. The suit handles things."

"Well, that's something, I guess."

"You guess what?"

Lisa rolls her eyes, "I guess, Mistress."

"Oh, one more thing, I also kept the suit's lie detectors on."

"Lie detectors? Don't you trust me?"

"Oh, that's a nice try, but about some things, no. So if I ask you a question and you lie or evade, that's a punishment. If you answer good and true, that's a reward. If you just stay silent or refuse to answer, well, I'm a lenient mistress and haven't turned that one on."

"Thank you so much, Mistress." she answers sarcastically, "So when you ask me embarrassing stuff..."

"If."

"No, I know you, too, it'll be when. And when that comes, if I evade the question, I get punished by your fetish suit?"

"So don't lie. Seems simple to me."

"It would. You're not in the polygraph torture suit."

"Oh, stop being so dramatic. For one, that's my job. For two, it's hardly a torture suit. I turned the settings way down, so it's barely a vanilla spanking suit."

"Well, that makes me feel a lot better."

"If you want that, I can turn the pleasure setting right up and get you creaming yourself every time I give you a compliment."

"That won't be necessary, Mistress."

"Suit yourself."

"I will."

"While you can, sure." she ignores Lisa's scowl, "Now, I've been given a verrrrry helpful list of dos and don'ts for you."

"By?" she asks suspiciously.

"Oh, from your sister, obviously. Who else?"

"Wait a..."

"Don't worry, I already threw it away. It was painfully transparent that it was just to mess with you."

"Thank you."

"Also, really obvious stuff, I'd be embarrassed to have fallen for it. And it was nowhere near as much fun as my ideas."

"That doesn't make me feel better."

"Wasn't supposed to."

"I thought this was about showing I can trust you."

"Did you? Well, you can trust me, just don't expect me to put up with your bullshit and attitudes while you do."

"My attitudes?"

"Exactly. Also, it's Mistress. Next time gets you a paddlin'."

"Fine, Mistress."

"See? You can learn."

"Yes...Mistress."

"Now, we don't have time tonight for all the fun things I have in mind. So, instead, we're going to play a little Truth or Dare."

"Let me guess. I have to answer your questions, or I get something done to me?"

"Pretty much. Obviously, if you lie you get a paddlin' and a dare."

"And you?"

"One is not questioned by one's playthings. And you were warned. Bad girl."

Lisa feels a sting in her chest. "Ow!" she rubs her stinging chest, "Hold on, that's it?"

"Lowest setting, remember. I can turn it up if you like?"

"That won't be necessary, Mistress."

"As I wish. Still, I can't be directing you every second, so, Mistress protocol, activate." The collar buzzes softly, "Now I don't have to remember. Every time you address me correctly, there's a chance of a reward. Every time you don't..."

"Chance of a sting?"

"Exactly. Every rose has its thorns."

"Yes, Mistress."

"So, let us begin with an easy one. Have you ever kissed a girl?"

"Yes, Mistress."

"Not quite as prudish as you let us believe."

"No, Mistress."

"Gone further than kisses?"

"Yes, Mistress."

"How much further?"

"Fuck right off," she pauses, "Mistress."

"That far, huh? Ok, now what shall we do with you?"

"Like you don't have plans already...Mistress."

"Oh, I do. I definitely do. Put your hand on the table."

Lisa places her hand on the table, fingers splayed. Sarah picks up the dagger, placing the edge of the blade against Lisa's wrist. She pushes it cleanly through, the jet black skin parting like butter until her hand is separated from her body.

Sarah pulls the hand across the table, the wrist as covered in darkness as the rest of her skin. "I'll take that." Lisa looks down at her smooth stump, and so misses Sarah squeezing on her hand, folding the fingers into the palm and squishing the whole thing into a shiny black ball. Lisa finally looks up.

"Hey! That's my hand!"

"It was. Now it's my stress ball." she gives it a squeeze, "And as I'm dealing with you, I'm going to have a lot of stress."

"Stress ball? That's...ow! Sonofafuckingbitch!"

"Practice makes perfect."

"Yes, Mistress." she hisses.

"Now, do you want to tell me about your lesbian experiences?"

"Not really, Mistress."

"But you will, won't you?"

"Depends on if you ask me, Mistress."

"Oh, you're getting better at this. It might actually be fun rather than taking candy from a baby. So, tell your mistress about it."

"You'll have to turn off that punishment function, Mistress. Unless you want every single sentence to end in 'Mistress', Mistress."

"Oh, yes, definitely getting better. Pause mistress protocol." the collar buzzes against Lisa's throat.

"Now, spill, or I put the settings up a level."

"Fine. Her name was Steph. She was a life model. She came on to me because I'd...dated other life models."

"So you had a reputation as a model-slut. How delightful."

"Anyway," she presses on, ignoring the comment, "we had some fun times, but I'm not that into girls so it broke off."

"Not really that high in blackmailability. I'm disappointed. Still, the way you're colouring says how hard it was for you, so you've been a good girl." Lisa gasps colouring further as the suit rewards her, "Mistress protocol back on."

"You're going to ask about all my sexual deviancies now, aren't you, Mistress?"

"Of course. Threesomes?"

"No, Mistress."

"That is disappointing." Lisa gives a slight sigh of relief. "And I heard that. Why the sigh?"

"No comment, Mistress."

"Keeping secrets? Tsk tsk. Other hand." Lisa lays her hand out. Sarah pulls the dagger across her wrist, her body parting far too easily. This time she watches Sarah crumple her hand into a ball, pressing her legs together at the sight of her fingers getting squished into the black sphere. "Hmmm. Do I really need two stress balls? Even for you that seems a lot." Sarah smiles across the desk and squeezes the balls together. Lisa swallows her low moan at the feeling of her hands pressing and mixing together. Sarah smiles knowingly across the desk at her, rolling the ball around.

"So, as you won't tell me, let's play a guessing game. Not threesomes, but only not specifically threesomes. Sooo, multiple partners?"

“Yes, Mistress.”

“Do go on.”

“At university, Ola and I, sometimes, we...changed boyfriends during sex.”

“During sex?”

“Not during during, just while we were with them, we'd sometimes...swap.” she looks down, cheeks flushed.

“So no multiple partners?”

“Not at the same time,” she hisses in discomfort, “Mistress.”

“Why not?”

“Do I really have to answer, Mistress?”

“You could take a dare.”

“Because I’m not that kind of girl, Mistress.”

“Ah, there’s the Lisa I expected. A model-slut. Bit of partner-swapping. But not ‘that sort of girl’ because she only fucks one person at a time. Presumably people who are more adventurous with their sex lives are ‘that type of girl’?”

“Yes, Mistress.”

“People like me?”

“Apparently, Mistress.”

“Or Peter?”

“I wouldn’t say he was that type of girl...”

“Not usually, true.”

“Wait, what?”

“Ah, ah, Mistress asks the embarrassing questions. You just answer.”

“Yes, Mistress.”

“Any bondage?”

“Not until very recently. With Peter.”

“Just with him?”

“Yes, Mistress.”

“And how far have you explored bondage?”

“Compared to present company? Baby steps, Mistress.”

“Still feisty.”

“Yes, Mistress. You haven’t told me not to be.”

“And if I did?”

“I’d probably rack up punishments, Mistress.”

“Almost worth it. Maybe later. So, I assume baby steps means tied up?”

“I...that is what you assume, Mistress.”

“Am I correct?”

“Yes, Mistress.”

“Gagged?”

“No, Mistress.”

“Oh, really?”

“I trust Peter to let me out if I say no, but if I’m gagged...”

“You don’t trust him that much huh?”

“I do. It’s just...” she lapses into silence.

“Do go on.”

“I...no.”

“Oh dear, and you were doing so well. Lean over the table, arm out to the side.” Lisa leans forward, finding her body bending far more easily in the black suit. Unsurprisingly she feels the warmth of the dagger dragging across her shoulder. She stays leaning down, feeling Sarah grabbing her wrist, pulling her across and then the sensuous feelings of her arm being squeezed and squashed into the ‘stress ball’. So like the massage, almost relaxing. Maybe she should just rack up the punishments and let herself relax like that. Sarah coughs. “You can stand up again now.”

Lisa pulls herself up from the desk, flexing her shoulders. "Yes, Mistress."

"Enjoying yourself?"

"Of course not, I..." She yelps as the suit punishes her.

"Are you suuuuure?"

"Just because your fetish suit thinks I am, doesn't mean I am."

"Mmhmmm. I think the fetish suit knows how you feel better than you do. But, as you won't answer about your trust issues with Peter, touchy subject, obviously, I get to press on."

"Wonderful, Mistress."

"I knew you'd enjoy it. What drugs have you or are currently doing?"

"Alcohol. Coffee. Some weed and e at uni."

"Coffee doesn't count. It's a necessity."

"Yes, Mistress."

"So, what, of all the magical things Peter's done to you, have you enjoyed the most?"

Lisa flushes, "The massage."

"See? That's another surprise. All that stuff about helplessness you shout on and on about and yet being made into a helpless pile of dough and then literally erased from existence are what you love most. Even I didn't like that when I had your experience and we know what a magic slut I am."

"You said it, Mistress, not me."

"Unlike you, I'm not lying to myself about my kinks."

"I'm not..." the suit sends a stinging rebuke to her, "whatever."

"Methinks you doth protest too much, but I'm not going to provoke you. Too much. I'm just curious, what makes the massage acceptable when much lesser things set you off?"

"I don't know! Ok? I like it, it's relaxing, peaceful..."

"I see."

"I don't! I should hate it, like you said, it makes me helpless!"

"But...?"

"I thought you weren't going to provoke me...Mistress." she has to bite her lip as the suit shivers her a reward.

"I said 'too much'. My point, and yes, I did have a point..."

"Really, Mistress?"

"Bad girl." Lisa hisses as the suit responds, "Anyway, yes, the point. The point is, the massage shows you can enjoy this crazy life, helplessness and all."

"But..."

"Shhh. Mistress is talking. So, maybe you can relax and enjoy yourself rather than biting people's heads off."

"I doubt that, Mistress."

"Hush. I'm having happy thoughts. Oh, and over the desk. You need to pay for your impertinence."

Lisa sighs, but bends over, extending her other arm, "Oh, good girl. Not even trying to resist?"

"Why bother, Mistress? You said this suit meant I couldn't disobey."

"I did, didn't I? Of course, can I really be trusted?"

"I thought that was the whole point of this? Besides, you wouldn't lie about that, in case I did call your bluff."

"Which, I note, you haven't." she places the knife against Lisa's shoulder and casually pushes it through, pulling the severed arm into the 'stress ball' of black, shiny material, "And now it will be hard to."

"Unless you ask me to applaud your genius, Mistress, I think I might have a hard time with that."

"Cute. But you wouldn't do that even if you did have hands, would you?"

Lisa shrugs her armless shoulders, "Probably not, Mistress."

"Oh, get up."

Lisa briefly tries to stop, but feels her body being lifted anyway. "Knew you weren't bluffing."

"But you did try for me, so sweet, what a good girl."

Lisa shudders and glowers across the table. "You did that on purpose."

"Of course. Mistress has to get her fun when she can."

"Of course, Mistress."

"Getting better at that."

"Thank you, Mistress."

"So, back to your interrogation, we've discussed your favourite. But what's your least favourite thing Peter's done to you?"

Lisa pauses.

"Well? I'm not going to need to move down to motivate you, am I?"

"I'm thinking, Mistress, ok? Probably the mummy."

"Mummy?"

"He turned me into a mummy. On Valentine's Day!"

"Sounds like Peter."

"It wasn't the...most pleasant thing he's done. Gritty, dry...He hasn't been stupid enough to do it again, though."

"I can imagine. Well, actually, I can more than imagine."

"Done worse to you?"

"Mistress isn't answering questions, remember?"

"Yes, Mistress."

"And what haven't you done that you really want to?"

"I don't know. I don't know what I could do. Peter's vague about limits."

"Mmmhmmm. And, counterwise, what do you dread doing that you haven't yet?"

"Like I'd tell you, Mistress. You'd just do it now."

"Possibly, but still, leg on the table."

Lisa swings her leg up.

"Bit closer in. Bit closer."

Lisa shifts closer until the edge of the desk is pressed right against the middle of her hips. "I know what you're trying to do." She glares, trying not to rub against the desk too much.

"I know. Fun, isn't it?" she traces the knife around Lisa's leg, pulling it away.

"More for the stress ball, Mistress?"

"Yes, but you're far too comfortable with that." She stabs the middle of Lisa's severed thigh. Lisa yelps in surprise, almost toppling over, "That's better." she draws the knife down the leg, splitting it open, revealing more shiny black latex covering the interior. "Yum. Just like a liquorice stick." she licks along the inner surface, watching Lisa shiver as her tongue runs along the shiny interior surface. "Uck. Tastes like rubber. I'll have words with S.A.T.." Lisa finally loses her fight against gravity and crashes to the ground, her shoulders wriggling as she tries to pinwheel arms she no longer has for balance.

"You're a bitch, Mistress."

"Yes, yes, I am." She leaves Lisa there, calmly squeezing the pieces of leg into the growing stress ball, "But it's impolite to point it out, you bad girl." Lisa hisses as the suit pinches.

"You're enjoying that far too much."

"And you're not?"

"No!"

"If you say so. It's not like you could be hurt by the fall."

"My head could, it's not wrapped up in your 'protective' fetish-wear."

"No, it couldn't. The floor would suffer more in the collision."

"Bitch."

"You said that already. Let's get you sorted out." she walks around the table, easily picking Lisa up and laying her out on the desk. "Now, let's check your head for any owies." She feels over Lisa's head. "No bumps or lumps that shouldn't be there. So you'll be fine. However, while I do appreciate your biting wit, I really don't think I should let you get away with quite that much of it."

"No, Mistress." Lisa mutters as the knife casually lops away her remaining limb. Sarah swiftly bundles it into the black stress ball, delighting in squeezing and rolling it over the smooth table top,

or, more accurately, at Lisa struggling not to betray any pleasure at what's being done to her. Eventually, Lisa looks down her abbreviated body. "What are you going to cut off next, Mistress?" "Hopefully nothing because you're going to be a good girl, aren't you?" Lisa's breath catches at the surprise pleasure rush.

"Of course, Mistress." she pants, trying to regain some control of the situation, which is hard when you're a limbless torso balanced on the desk and trying not to orgasm from stimulation. "So, what do you want to know next?"

Sarah yawns, "Actually, Mistress is getting a bit tired. Time to put my toys away."

"Hey! I am not your fucking...ow!"

"Oh, no, you're definitely not my fucking anything. Not yet. We'll work up to that. Sleep mode."

Lisa starts to ask what that means, but the latex melts out of the collar, flowing over her face and hair. She thrashes, trying to get it off as she feels it filing her nose, covering her eyes, wrapping her up tight in a cocoon of shiny black material. And then she feels her body melting, flowing itself, compacting. She feels Sarah lifting up the stress ball, squeezing it before it drops into her body, sinking into the liquid darkness. It all feels so much like the massage, losing control, losing shape, drifting, softening until she sinks away into the darkness of sleep. Sarah lifts up the football sized globe from the table. "Good night. We'll have lots of fun tomorrow." she kisses the shiny surface and places Lisa's spherical form onto a storage shelf.