

PETER AND LISA: CHAPTER 56
PRINCESS' PLAYTHING

“Wakey wakey, sleepyhead.”

Lisa grumbles awake, her body lengthening out of the shiny black sphere, covered head to toe in the same shiny substance. She snuggles into the warm tingling covering her body as it emerges from its chrysalis. Memory hits a few seconds into the routine, her eyes snapping open. She tries to ask a question to utter silence. Her hands fly up to her face, feeling the slick shiny substance there, the features smoothed over, no sign, or feel, of her mouth. She pokes at her cheek, her finger sinking into her skin, her body sucking against her as she pulls it out. She looks around, fixing her blank face on Sarah’s smirk.

“No, you can’t talk yet. I didn’t want interruptions.”

Lisa’s blank face manages to convey a deep scowl.

“And that’s why. So, this weekend is going to go one of two ways: One, you can get into the spirit of things and at least try to enjoy yourself, or two, you can be a grump. Option one comes with talking, option two keeps you quiet. What I’m going to do to you doesn’t really change that much, although my attitude might. So, option one,” she holds up one finger, “or two?” and raises another. Lisa remains silent and finally points at her mouth.

“What’s that, Lassie? Little Timmy’s fallen down a well? Was that you accepting option one? Or do you just want to argue before making up your mind?”

Lisa gives a thumbs up.

“Well, I can be a benevolent owner.”

Lisa stiffens.

“Unmute.”

“Owner?” she asks as the featureless mask acquires a mouth that opens into darkness.

Sarah responds with an infuriatingly smug smile, “For the weekend it’s appropriate. And it drives you more than a little nuts, which is always entertaining.”

“Not if you’re on the receiving end!”

“Don’t be so entertainingly offended and I’ll stop. Besides, it’s not like you’re the only person here who’s been a plaything.”

“Plaything?!”

“Well, Princess Plaything, I suppose. Must use your proper title. But, to be serious...”

Lisa snorts.

“As I was saying, to be serious, I’ve been where you are. Suddenly having a whole world of... possibilities spring out of nowhere. It’s like standing on a ledge over a canyon, being told you can fly but, well, a lifetime of mundane reality says the only way from there is down. At speed. And with a really sudden stop at the end. Of course, I had a lot of advantages when I got introduced to all this that you don’t have.”

“Advantages? Like what?”

“Well, I was a teenager so I was already stupid and prone to making rash decisions. Plus I was already...making other experimental decisions so pushing a few more boundaries wasn’t such an issue.”

“Other experimental decisions?”

“Sure. Booze. Weed. Sex in all sorts of varieties. Like I said, teenager. Some bad choices. Mostly good ones.” She shrugs, “Teenager. You, on the other hand, are a grown up, which comes with certain responsibilities and expectations, external and internal.”

“Oh?”

“Ok, think about it. Skiving off work is much more serious than turning up to school with the mother and father of all hangovers. And there’s a societal pressure to conform and, well, this...” she waves her hand towards Lisa, “...is very much non-conforming. Even if you’re a rebel, you’ve still got all sorts of social conditioning knocking around your skull. And most of them knock up against our community pretty well.”

"I've noticed." She feels her mouth moving of its own accord, "Mistress. What the fuck?!"

"Oh, that wasn't intentional?"

"No, it wasn't!"

Sarah shrugs, "Oh, well, might as well get used to it."

"Get used to it, Mistress?!"

"Or you could choose option 2 and not worry about it. Do you want to?"

Lisa sighs, "No, Mistress. This is what you meant by taking control of my voice, isn't it?"

"Well remembered."

"So how come I'm affected by it when, and I quote my Mistress, I'm 'really not ready for that yet'?!"

"Oh, you're not. Not by a long shot."

"So?"

"So if I waited for you to get to that point on your own, well, I'd still be waiting when Grace's grandchildren retire. And I'm really not the kind to wait that long for my fun."

"Bitch...Mistress."

"Anyway, there is one good advantage you share with younger me. A really good friend who's walked the road ahead of you and has some really fun ideas to show you what's what."

"Do I?"

"Ok, that hurt. Bad girl. But everyone needs that one friend who'll talk them into the most outrageous, crazy, daring, boneheaded, out of character nonsense from time to time. And you're lucky enough to have me to fill that role. Just think of me as that racy little devil on your shoulder asking why shouldn't you have that seventh tequila."

"I already have more than one of those, Mistress."

"So what's one more?"

"I guess."

"Close enough. Now, time to choose. Go along with your Mistress or fume in silence?"

The black lips purse.

"Well?"

"Option 1, Mistress."

Sarah's grin reaches Cheshire Cat territory. "Excellent. But if you start moaning..."

"Yes, Mistress."

"I'm glad we understand each other."

"Oh, I understand things very well, Mistress."

"Excellent. We're going to have such fun."

"I'm sure you will, Mistress."

"Fine, if you're going to be like that. I was going to give you some warning, but..." she grabs Lisa's wrist and pulls. Lisa lets out a soft gasp as her arm stretches out.

"Hey!" Before she can get much further, Sarah pulls the arm around to her back, pulling the other arm around and knots them together, finishing with a looping double bow, Lisa's fingers wriggling around the knot. "What's that for? Mistress."

"For cheeking your Mistress, of course."

"And you didn't just cut my arms off because?"

"Because you were expecting that. And I felt like doing something different."

"So I feel, Mistress."

"Well, you said you'd taken baby steps, here's a big one for you."

"Goodie."

"And here's another. On the floor."

"What do you mean? Mistress. Fucking bastard suit."

"Such a lady-like response." The blank face glares at her. "I said, on the floor." she hooks her leg around Lisa's and pushes on her shoulders. Lisa topples forward and, without arms to arrest her plunge, slams nose first into the floor, her head bouncing up.

"Owwwww!"

"Oh, grow up, that didn't hurt, you're basically rubber at the moment."

"Fuck you, Mistress."

"Maybe later. I can always find a use for a nice rubber toy." She pushes Lisa back down to the floor with her foot as the outraged cursing begins. Sarah kneels, yanking Lisa's leg back, folding it at the thigh before looping the pliable limb around Lisa's knotted arms. She repeats it for the other leg and ties all the limbs together, effectively hogtying Lisa with her own limbs. "There. All tied up like a good present."

"Present?" The curses stop, a note of concern entering Lisa's voice.

"Yes, from me, to me. Don't you trust me?"

"The more you have to ask me that, the less I do, Mistress."

"Ok. Guess I'll stop asking. Can you try to get out?"

"Why? I trust you can tie knots."

"At least you trust me on some things. Progress. Now up you get."

"Like this? Mistress. Fuck!!"

"Fair point. Let me help." She reaches down and grips Lisa's twisted limbs.

"What are you doooooooo?!" and lifts her up.

"Nod bad. You'd make a good gym bag."

"Gym bag?! A gym bag?!!!!"

"You're right, Lady Bracknell. You haven't got any openings I could use. Now, I'm sure I saw something about that in the instructions, where was it, ah yes." she puts a finger between Lisa's shoulder blades and slowly runs it down her spine, "Zzzziippippp."

"What are you doing?! Mistress. Fuckit! It feels, I don't know how it feels, light, hungry, empty, what are you doing to me?!"

Sarah smiles. "Having fun. How does this feel?"

"How does what feeeeeeeeeee?!"

Sarah reaches into Lisa's back, rummaging around in the empty space. "Now, this isn't it's intended use, but we'll get to that later, once you're softened up a bit. Now, I think I need to make your...handles more manageable."

"Handles, Mistress?" And then she feels Sarah pulling and twisting on her limbs, pulling them apart and rolling them together until they're two black half-hoops emerging from her sides.

"Handles."

"You're seriously making me into a bag?"

"I'm seriously making it so you could be used as a bag. But whether I do or not, I haven't decided yet."

"What?!" She shouts, before taking a series of deep breaths and turning her head to face Sarah, "Ok, Mistress, what will influence your decision?"

"And how can you make it so you don't become a bag?"

"Yes, Mistress."

Sarah smiles, "Good girl. And if you're a good bag and don't draw attention when we're out, I'll give you a treat."

"A treat? Mistress. Fuck it all to Hell!"

"A treat. But first, stop fucking swearing when you're made to say 'Mistress', it's annoying."

"Being forced to say it is more annoying."

"What was that?"

"Nothing, Mistress." she winces as the suit punishes her.

"And, to sweeten the pot, and give us both a break, I'll cancel that program before we leave."

"If I become the bag, Mistress."

"Exactly."

"So extortion, then, Mistress?"

Sarah's smile doesn't waver, "I prefer to think of it as a little light bribery."

"So you're saying you're corrupt, Mistress?"

"Oh, absolutely. Do we have a bargain? Treat and a lack of compulsion in exchange for service?"

"Do I have a choice, Mistress?"

"You always have a choice."

Lisa focuses on Sarah's smile, "Let me guess, this one's by Hobson?"

"It is now."

"Then I accept your terms, Mistress."

"Excellent. We'll corrupt you in no time with that attitude."

"Yes, Mistress."

"Now, just need to make you a bit more bag-gy." She reaches into the opening. Lisa bites her blackened lip to avoid gasping too loud as she feels Sarah's hands reaching into her head and pushing out, smoothing out the shape of her head into the tube of the bag, her mouth at the bottom of one end. "There."

"That it, Mistress?"

"I think so. You're not so curvy it'll be obvious without a good look. Why do you ask? Did you want to be changed some more? Turned even more into just a bag? Maybe have your Mistress press on your perky tits to squash them flat?"

"No, Mistress," she hisses a little at the suit's surprise sting, "that won't be necessary."

"As I wish."

"Yes, Mistress."

"Good. Let's get you packed then."

"Packed? Mistress. Damn it!"

Sarah rolls her eyes, "Fine, fine, you didn't need to be so demonstrative. Cancel 'Mistress' command."

"Thank you, Mistress."

"You're welcome. Was that too far?"

The bag shakes as she tries to nod. "Yes. Definitely too far."

"I'll bear that in mind." She pulls the bag open, dropping a towel into it. Lisa shrieks, the bag shuddering. "Now what?!"

"You know what!"

"No, I don't. Keep up these delaying tactics and you'll severely piss your Mistress off."

"Of course you fucking do! You must know your fucking fetish suit makes my insides sensitive as fuck!"

"It does? So if I do this..." she reaches into the bag, tickling the inside, feeling it quiver as Lisa shrieks out. "How very interesting. That's not in the manual. That's going to make things more fun."

"Fuck...you...mistress." Lisa pants.

"I'm sure it feels like that, yes." She carefully places trainers, leotard and washing supplies into the bag, making sure they rub up against the bag's interior. Lisa quivers and moans throughout the process, "I do hope you're not going to make a spectacle of yourself like this in public, Bag. Sure way to make Mistress unhappy. And, obviously, nullify our agreement of reward."

"You...could always...mute me...when we're out, Mistress."

"I could. Are you asking me to?"

"...Yes." Lisa whispers.

"I'm sorry, I didn't quite get that. Was that you asking me to take away your voice, rendering you completely helpless, when I take you out in public?"

"Bitch." She mutters.

"Didn't quite catch that."

"Fine. Yes, Mistress."

"Good girl." She grips the zipper, pulling Lisa closed. "Stuart, I'm off to the gym. Watch Grace for me!" she calls out as she hefts Lisa up, throwing her over her shoulder.

"Really?"

"Yup. You owe me a foot rub."

"Owe you what?" the bag asks.

“Shhhhh. Toys don’t get to question their owners. Mute.” And, before it can reply, the bag falls silent, its mouth sinking into its surface.

Twenty minutes of agonising pleasure, her contents continually shifting and rubbing as Sarah walks along the London streets, later, Lisa shudders as Sarah pulls her clothing out. Sarah casually changes into the leotard, and Lisa’s confident she makes sure her bag gets as good a view of her naked body as possible. *Show-off. No wonder Carrie gets on so well with her. So why do I?* She’s interrupted as Sarah stuffs her into the locker and closes the door without a word, her contents shifting. *Bitch! She knew what that would do...of course she did. So did I, though, didn’t I? So why am I getting upset? Do I want to know? Great, I’m stuck here and have nothing to do but sort out my feelings about all this. Fucking bitch! I hate this!* She tenses, expecting the suit’s punishment, *Don’t I? Obviously, I do. Obviously. She’s just programmed this fucking suit to pinch me when I say so so I start doubting myself... Yeah, of course she did, because that’s a completely rational thing that she’d do. As if Sarah would think she’d need to do something like that to get me doubting myself. As if she’d need to. So, if the suit is pinching me when I deny I’m enjoying it, and it isn’t a fake-out from Sarah, does that mean I’m enjoying it? Why would I be enjoying this? It’s degrading, it’s humiliating, it’s...Great, even I think I’m protesting too much now. Ok, brain, less histrionics. Why would I enjoy this? It’s humiliating! But is it? Really? How? I’m being treated like a fucking bag! To be fair, I’m doing a pretty good impression of a fucking bag right now. That is not the point! And what is? I mean, I know Sarah isn’t going to do anything actually bad. Again, I. Am. A. Fucking. Bag! For how long? An hour? Two? Maybe the whole morning? And that’s it? That’s what’s making me lose my rag? A few hours being a bag? I have literally not fucking existed for longer than that. Great, I’m having an argument with myself and I’m losing! Ok, restart. No getting angry with myself. Deep breath. Metaphorically. Am I safe? Yes. This isn’t dangerous. Embarrassing, humil....stop that, but not dangerous. Sarah might take pleasure in making me squirm, in all senses if I let...don’t think about that, but she won’t hurt me. Or let me be hurt. But it’s humiliating... God, I sound like a whiny teenager. ‘But it’s not faaaaiiir!’ And as for humiliating, I’ve been Peter’s pet cat, a bunny wabbit, in enough pieces to lose count, massaged into a doughball and ceased to exist. Fuck, I let him dissolve me and then have a fucking bath in me! A bag? Hardly that bad. Even with the sensitive lining. But I’m helpless... and I am when I’m vanished or massaged. Which I enjoy, yeah, let’s stick at enjoy and not chase down that rabbit hole. Shit, I can deny it to Sarah till I’m blue in the face, I can deny it to Peter, and Carrie, and everyone, but...but I enjoy this. Being helpless...no, not just being helpless, being made helpless. Maybe I can let Peter try some inanimate again. Carefully. So why do I explode when it’s pointed out? Because I enjoy it. And I’m embarrassed that I enjoy it because... fuck, Sarah’s right. I do look down on her and Carrie because of their kinks. And I’m no better; I’m just as perverted as they are. Well, thanks, brain, just the kind of existential clue-by-four to really make me feel awesome. And, since I found out about Tabby...Tabitha, I’ve been jumpy about it. And that’s not fair. No one’s given me a reason to think they’re another Mark, and if they have, I just don’t do something with them. I trust Peter. I trust Sarah...to keep me safe, at least. Mortified, but safe. Maybe I should try to enjoy myself with her warped ideas. I’m stuck for the next couple of days anyway. Yesssssss, give in to the dark side. My outfit suits already, after all. Plus cookies. Great, now my dork side has joined in in beating me up. I’m done. Ok, but what about how easily you’ve been calling Sarah ‘Mistress’...ohhhhhh, no, not dealing with that, too. She closes her metaphorical eyes and tries to relax, quiet the annoying thoughts chasing each other around her head into places she’d really rather not go, drifting into something passing for sleep, or at least rest.*

She rouses with a start as Sarah grabs her handles, pulling her out of the locker, everything shifting inside her, *Whooooa! What?! Where?! Oh, right. Well, that is one hell of a wakeup call!* Sarah pulls the towel and body wash out, heading for the showers. *Wow, over already. I could lose track of time like that...which is the worry, isn’t it? Drifting without thinking, hours, days passing by... I wonder what it would be like to spend the weekend like...snap out of it! Just because I’ve accepted I might*

have some kinks, does not mean I need all the weird ideas bubbling up into my brain!

Sarah returns, taking her time drying in front of her bag before bundling the wet towel and sweaty gym clothes into her bag. *Just as well I don't have any taste inside me...no kink response to that, brain? No? Good brain.* Sarah zips her up, swinging her over her shoulder as she wanders back home, the constantly shifting contents driving Lisa mad.

Once back at E's, Sarah drops her unceremoniously onto the tabletop. "Now, let's just get you..."

"There you are. Come on. Grace needs her mummy. Now."

"But..."

Stuart grabs her arm, "Come on." pulling her out of the room, leaving Lisa still on the table.

Wonderful. I really hope that wasn't planned. Or I'll be guilty of regicide! Possibly a double!! She settles in for the wait, letting her thoughts drift again.

Which makes it a surprise when she's opened up, her contents dumped out, "Sorry, you. Grace managed to get loose and get the green crayon stuffed right up her nose, of course, so I had to deal with that." She pauses, "Oh, right. Unmute."

"Really? I guess you both can live."

"Having nice thoughts of vengeance in there?"

"Moi, Mistress?"

"Toi. Do you want your treat now? Or get you back to looking like a person first?"

"Person first, Mistress, definitely person first."

"You don't like being my bag?"

"I think I've enjoyed it quite enough for today, Mistress."

Sarah's eyebrow rises eloquently, "How interesting. Restore." Lisa feels her empty body shudder, everything flowing together and then apart and together until she's standing back in the black suit.

"Good girl." And Lisa shivers.

"What was that?"

"What was what? Oh, that." She beams, "I've turned the reward up a notch."

"How-how many 'notches' are there?"

"If you're a very good girl," Lisa shivers again, "you'll find out."

"Now you're doing it deliberately!"

"Am I?" she replies innocently, fingers to her chest in feigned shock, "What an accusation."

Lisa decides not to rise to the bait, "So, what now, Mistress? I doubt you've restored me just to let me go."

"Very astute. But first, I need to give you your treat."

"I thought you'd just done that, Mistress."

"Oh, no, that was just by way of apology for leaving you while I dealt with Grace and the crayon. Your treat is some knowledge."

"Oh, really?" she folds her arms.

"Mmmhmmm. You can shape the suit from the inside. It's not as easy as externally, but you're still pliable and malleable like this, so..."

"So?" she pauses, thinking, "You're going to leave me stuck in some weird shape and not restore me because you're going to 'let' me do it for myself?"

Sarah pouts, "That was supposed to be a surprise."

"Sorry, Mistress." She bows her head, trying to keep herself from smiling in minor triumph,

"Overnight?"

"Oh, no. I'm not letting you run around free while I'm asleep. God knows what you'd do to me. Or yourself by accident."

"Yes, Mistress. So what did you have in mind?"

"You'll see. Come with me."

"Yes, Mistress."

"What are you up to?"

"Up to', Mistress?"

“You’re being worryingly calm and very non-Lisa-ish about this.”

“Me, Mistress? I’m just being a good...” there’s a slight pause, the next word somewhat strained, “plaything to my Mistress.”

“Ok, fine, I’ll play along.” She leads Lisa into one of the backrooms, a black and white checked cabinet standing in the middle of the room.

“Let me guess, you want me to get inside that.”

Sarah nods.

“And then...? Stabbed or sliced?”

“Sliced. Very much sliced. Stuart calls it ‘the ultimate slicer’. It’s not used much as you can’t see the assistant for almost the entire trick and these days that’s a no-no. More fun for people like us, though.”

“Ultimate slicer? So, how many pieces?”

“How tall are you?”

“Pretty tall. Almost 6 feet.”

“Ok, so 6 by 12 by let’s say 36, carry the one, and you get...lots.”

“Very precise, Mistress.”

Sarah shrugs, “Couple of thousand? Something like that.”

“Couple of...thousand?”

“Lots.”

Lisa looks at the cabinet and shivers, “Yes, Mistress.”

“In you get, then.” She swings the cabinet open, the interior decorated with the same two-inch chequerboard design, making it almost impossible to judge the interior’s size. Lisa steps in.

“Tight.”

“Very. We can’t have restraints so you need to be squashed in a bit to prevent you moving around too much and upsetting the cut.”

“Yes, Mistress.”

“Good girl.” She swings the door shut as Lisa shudders. “I’m going to mute you, it makes life easier afterwards. Trust me.”

“Yes, Mistress.” She replies before her mouth sinks into her featureless face.

“Very un-Lisa-ish. I hope I haven’t broken her.” Sarah murmurs, looking up at the gleaming grid of blades poised above the cabinet, “Not yet, anyway. I hope you’re ready in there.” She presses a small button on a key fob and the blades drop through the cabinet, separating the black and white squares covering the ceiling and dividing the cabinet’s occupant into mute black strips. “And now for phase two.” She pushes another grid of blades from behind the cabinet, sliding them easily through everything contained within to separate out the other squares, the two-inch wide black cubes inside quivering. “All ok in there?” Silence, “Good. Now for the surprise that I wouldn’t get to do normally. Fix.” Lisa feels her body stiffen for a moment, “You see, normally when you do this trick pulling the blades out just lets the assistant recover. Well, I say normally, obviously when Peter does it, things happen more like what’s about to happen to you, but that’s because Peter’s a playfully sadistic bastard with semi-phenomenal, nearly cosmic power on his side. I haven’t got the magic oomph to do that to you normally, but with the suit...” she slides the blades out of the rear of the cabinet. “...well, I’m sure you get the picture.” She presses on the key fob, the grid of blades rising back into the ceiling, “Or at least you’re about to.” Lisa wobbles unsteadily, feeling a lot of places rubbing together that shouldn’t be moving separately. Sarah pulls on the cabinet, opening the door with a sharp jerk that sends the formerly Lisa-shaped pile of black cubes and odd-shaped edges tumbling haphazardly over the floor. For Lisa, it feels completely disorienting, her vision split into hundreds, thousands, of different perspectives, swirling and tumbling, the air rushing past her. When she’s finally still, it becomes somewhat easier to focus, but still has the effect of looking at a fly’s-eye camera view of the world. All of which even lasts as Sarah plucks one cube from the pile, corresponding to somewhere in her stomach, giving it a dangerously pleasant squeeze before throwing it back, that one view flying in a vertiginous arc to land randomly in the middle of the pile, setting the others tumbling in a black avalanche, spreading her out further, making the pile

even more incoherent. “Now, I know what you’re thinking...yes, that is a lot of pieces, and, as 3D-jigsaw puzzles go, you’re going to be tricky, what with everything being the same colour, texture and shape. And yes, I could just order the suit to restore you, but where’s the fun in that? So I’m going to lock you in here. Sometime this afternoon I’ll be back to check up on you, and, depending on how well you’ve done at restoring yourself, we’ll see what happens next.”

What?! You’re leaving me like this?! You utter... and she’s not listening. Of course she isn’t! I’m not making a sound. Fucking mute! Fucking bitch of a mistress!

Sarah waves over her shoulder, as she walks away. The door closes with a click and the light filtering around the edge vanishes.

Great. Now I’m in fucking storage! And...and...and I’m overreacting. Again. She sighs silently, So, what do I do now? I mean, it would probably be pretty easy to zone right out again and let her find a mass of cubes when she comes back. Except she wants me to have restored myself. And if I can do that, well, I have to try, don’t I? Of course, knowing how to do that would have been helpful! But of course she didn’t tell me that. She tries to wiggle her fingers, assorted pieces in the pile twitching but achieving no coherent movement. Of course it isn’t going to be that easy. And no ring to make wishes and make it easier. Still, apparently I can do it, so... So, what am I going to do exactly? Magic, obviously, because I can’t move with nothing attached to anything. So what can I do?

Hmmmm. She tries to concentrate, ignoring her multifurcated vision as best she can, a few severed pieces floating upwards and drifting away. She smiles inwardly, Well, this might just be possible, after all. Slowly cubes pull themselves out of the pile, beginning to sort into some semblance of a figure laid out on the floor.

Some time later, *Ok, this isn’t working anymore. I’ve got my arms more or less sorted, but everything else is too thick to splay out like that. At least 3D jigsaws don’t expect you to just balance all the pieces together. Although I guess no one’s asked the jigsaw’s opinion on it. Scratch that, I can see someone here making themselves into a jigsaw until they get put together. And if that someone was called Sarah, or Carrie, I wouldn’t be surprised. I might have to ask my mistress. When she isn’t my mistress any more. Ok, back to the grind. Let’s at least get me into part piles.*

More time passes, sifting her body into appropriate pieces and organising them: legs, arms, hips, stomach, chest and head all separated out. *Now what? I mean, I’ve got myself sorted, how do I get myself together. It would be easier if I actually had arms but all I’ve got are piles of...* She stops as the cubes comprising her right arm float up, shuffling themselves into a Lego-like approximation of her arm. Her fingers curl and flex, the assorted pieces floating together, slivers of light in the gaps between them. *Well, that’s an improvement. Now how do I... the arm collapses back into a pile on the floor. Shit! Well, it’s possible, so, just got to keep going until I get it right. How hard can it be?*

More frustrating time later, a black arm emerges from the parts and floats up, flexing and bending where it should, *Good, good, and it’s stable this time. Damn, I’m tired, ok, time for the other.* Her other arm floats up, hovering just over a shoulder width apart. The arms drift down, picking up a black cube between her floating fingers. *Success!* She places the cube, part of her chest, she thinks, down. *This could take a while. I wish I could just build my whole body like this.* She sighs and feels her pieces moving, floating, shifting, shuffling together into a black patchwork figure, a sliver of light between each shifting cube. She blinks her non-existent eyes, her fractured vision resolving itself into something approaching normal, although it gives her a full 360 degree view in her peripheral vision. She raises her arm, feeling the cubes shifting as she moves as if her entire being is connected on incredibly thin wires. *Well, I’m going to call that a success.* She takes a step forward, her body swaying unsteadily, gradually gaining confidence and control as she walks around the storeroom. *Now to wait.* She smiles a sly internal smile, *And maybe prepare a surprise for my Mistress.* And collapses into a pile of cubes at the edge of the cabinet.

Later still, the door reappears, swinging open. Sarah surveys the room. “Well, that’s a surprise.

Vaguely disappointing, even. I was sure she'd get somewhere at least. Oh, well, let's see if this wakes her AIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIII!!" She reaches for the pile of cubes and a dissected black hand wraps around her wrist. Lisa's body shuffles up to its full height, looming over Sarah, her hand shifting around against Sarah's skin. Sarah backpedals, almost tripping over as Lisa shudders, laughing silently. Sarah puts her hand to her chest, "Jesus! You almost gave me a heart attack!" She straightens her clothing, standing straighter to regain control, "You bad, bad girl." Lisa's body yelps, having far more surface for the suit to punish. "Still, this is impressive. Not what I expected at all but impressive." Lisa tilts her head and points a finger at her face, "Right, forgot, unmute." "Thank you, Mistress." Her voice echoes, a dozen different sources blending together, "Whoa. That sounds weird."

"Have you looked at yourself?"

"Very funny, Mistress. What were you expecting me to do?"

"What?"

"You said this wasn't what you expected, what did you expect?"

"Oh, if it was me, I'd have tried to get the suit's restore option to trigger, so I was mostly expecting you to be a ball."

"Because it wouldn't have worked?"

"Not all the way on a first time. This stuff takes effort and practice."

"I am pleased to have impressed my mistress. But can I please go back to normal now? This is making me dizzy."

"Since you asked so nicely, and with some respect, you may. Restore." Lisa collapses, her cubes melting together, feeling herself flowing until she's back to what's been her normal this weekend.

"Ahhhhhh. Thank you, Mistress. That was tiring."

"I'm not surprised. Frankly, I'm amazed you were able to even do it."

"Oh?"

"I'll have to watch you."

"Yes, Mistress."

"And you should be rewarded. So, how to reward my clever little toy..." Lisa frowns at that, "especially given what I'm going to be doing to you next."

"Yes, Mistress."

"More knowledge or higher sensitivity? Which would you value more?"

"I..."

"I was being rhetorical. It's not as if what you want matters."

"No, Mistress." Lisa mutters darkly.

"So, what to do, what to do...Ok, more practice than anything else. Can you remember what it felt like to be cubes?"

"I'm not likely to forget, Mistress."

"No, I suppose not. Good. So just close your eyes and remember that feeling, just one cube, small, compact..."

"I know what you're trying to do, Mistress."

"Do you? Oh, good. I won't need to give you a lot on instructions, then. Off you go."

Lisa sighs and concentrates, trying to remember what it felt like, being so small, even more featureless than she is at the moment, smooth. She feels a sucking against her arms as they rest against her side, a feeling like they're sinking into warm dough. *That feels nice. Like the massage, getting smaller, warmer, mmmmmmmmm.* She feels the sinking feeling covering her body, everything seeming to be pulling inwards, feeling her body softening, sinking faster and faster.

"Very good." Lisa opens her eyes, looking up at Sarah's towering figure as he reaches down to pick her up, the small black cube resting easily in her palm, "Now, until I come to collect you, you will not get bigger than this."

"Yes, Mistress."

"If you can manage to control your shape, you can do that, but not the size. Whatever you become will fit inside this cube."

“Yes, Mistress.”

“And now I’m going to mute you so you don’t teach Grace all sorts of bad words.”

Lisa starts to ask a question but it dissolves into mumbles and then silence as her lips pull inside the cube. Sarah walks away, casually tossing the cube into the air. Lisa does her best to fume as she spins dizzily through the air before slapping down into Sarah’s palm.

Sarah pushes the door into Grace’s room. The figure in the cot turns her head, smiling happily.

“Hello, Bug. Who’s a good bug? You are, yes, you are.” Grace babbles happily. Sarah lifts her out of the cot, bouncing her a little, “Got a new toy for you. Do you want your new toy, Bug? Do you? Yes, you do, don’t you?” she holds Lisa up, giving her a squeeze. Grace reaches out, grabbing the cube with pudgy, sticky fingers and immediately crams her rounded corner into her mouth. She gnaws at the cube, drooling over it. And, with a giggle, she hurls it to the floor. Lisa bounces, once, twice, three times and comes to a rocking stop. “No! Bad Bug!” Sarah scoops Lisa up, handing her back to Grace. “Don’t do that.” she scolds before Grace tosses Lisa again.

I can see where this is going to go. A whole afternoon of bouncing around the floor.

Grace giggles as Sarah again scoops Lisa up, shaking her a little at Grace. “Don’t throw your new toy on the floor.” Grace gurgles, stretching her hands out for the cube. And throws it to the floor with a laugh as soon as Sarah hands Lisa over. Sarah picks her up again.

This could get tedious. How long does it take for a toddler to get bored?

“Now, Bug, don’t throw the toy, ok?”

Well, if I’m going to be like this all afternoon, might as well try to do something.

Grace takes hold and throws Lisa to the floor. Sarah picks her up, carrying child and toy through the corridors of the House of Mister E as Lisa tries to do...something, anything, managing a quiver or ripple but no more.

Sarah walks into her lounge, placing Grace on the rug and Lisa in front of her. Grace looks around, catching sight of the quivering black cube. She gurgles and starts to swim/crawl across the rug towards it. The cube shivers, ripples running over its surface until Grace reaches it, picking it up, staring at the fluid surface. She looks at it quizzically, pushing on the edge with her finger. Her finger sinks slowly into the rippling edge. She tugs on her finger, Lisa’s body clinging to it, stretching up like gum until it snaps back as Grace shakes her hand, her face screwing up as she pouts at the cube. She approaches more warily, poking the cube carefully. When her finger isn’t trapped, she grabs the cube and squeezes. Lisa squishes. Grace gurgles and pulls, stretching the cube out. She smooshes Lisa onto the rug, slapping her flat each time she tries to reform.

Some time, and many attempts to restore herself that are quite literally squashed, or stretched, or chewed, or bounced, later, Sarah finally lifts Grace off the floor, “Come on, Bug. Time for bed.” Grace wriggles in her arms, reaching out for the slowly reforming black cube on the rug as Lisa pulls herself out of the half-knotted pretzel Grace had twisted her into. “No, Bug, you’ve played with that enough for today.”

For today? I really hope I don’t spend all of tomorrow as Grace’s squeeze toy.

Grace quietyens down as Sarah bounces her in her arms, sucking on her thumb as the door closes. *Ok, now I need to do something before Sarah gets back.* The cube quivers, glistens and sags before restoring back into a smooth black cube. *Damnit. Come on, I can do this, I can...* The cube surges upwards, a geyser of black material. And collapses back down again. It trembles, but doesn’t move. Sarah reenters the room and lifts the quivering cube up.

“No surprises for your mistress this time, hmmm? Restore.” The cube quivers and melts, slowing out until Lisa stands in front of her, her chest rising with exertion. “And as I know far more bad words than you, I think I’m safe. Unmute.”

“Yes...Mistress.” she pants.

“Rough afternoon? Probably a good thing the suit makes you practically invulnerable.”

“Yes, Mistress. Although your daughter seemed determined to test that.”

“Don’t worry. Unless she was a dragon at the time, you’d have been safe. That suit’s designed to take

tougher than the average 9 month old princess.”

“Yes, Mistress.”

“You're angry.”

“Is it that obvious, Mistress?”

“Well, if you squeeze your hands much tighter, you'll probably push your nails right through, so maybe?”

Lisa looks down, unclenching her hands.

“Are you angry at Grace? Or me?”

“No.”

“No what?”

“No, Mistress. But I could get angry with you if you keep that up.”

“I know. And fun as that is, it's not the point.”

“I'm angry at myself, alright?! I should have fixed myself! I should be able to do that much!!”

“Really? Says who?”

“You said...”

“I said if you can control your shape. I knew you'd try. You did more than I thought you would already.”

“But...”

“I also said you couldn't grow until I got back. That would have made things more difficult. Almost like someone needed a lesson after that stunt earlier.”

“But...”

“Do you always try to run marathons before you can walk? Because it's starting to look like a habit.”

“But...”

“Nope. No buts. Mistress isn't in the mood for buts. No buts. Except this one.” she gives Lisa's butt a light smack, “I'll allow that one.”

Lisa's mouth forms a perfect surprised 'o' at the smack.

“Do you know how long it took me to be able to restore myself from something like that? Not that specifically, obviously, SAT hadn't created it yet, but getting out of the predicaments your boyfriend put me into? Oh, yes.”

“No, Mistress.”

“A lot longer than a day or two. To be fair, you're doing annoyingly better than I did. So don't beat yourself up, you'll get there with more practice.”

“Yes, Mistress. And I'm sure you'd be more than happy to provide predicaments for me to try to get out of?”

“What a good idea. I'm glad I thought of it. Same time next week?”

“No, Mistress. Definitely not.”

“Ok. Are you feeling up to some more? Or should I let you get some rest?”

“Does it matter, Mistress?”

“Speaking as your Mistress, absolutely not. As your friend who really doesn't want to break you or our friendship? Maybe.”

Lisa looks at her, “Maybe?”

“Hey, I'm a friend, but I'm only human.”

“Yes, Mistress. I can do more.”

“Excellent. And as you want more practice. A cube, two feet across.”

“Yes, Mistress.” Lisa closes her eyes, relaxing into the sinking warmth as her body flows into the cube.

“Good girl.” the cube shudders with pleasure. “Now, half that high.” The cube shrinks, warping as it halves. “Good. Now, hold that, while I do the rest.” She kneels down, shoving her hands into the top of the cube, pressing them down. “Now, whatever shape I push you into, hold yourself there.”

“Yes....ooooooooo...Mistress.”

Sarah smiles to herself as she kneads the depression deeper and wider until it nearly fills the interior

of Lisa's cubic body. "Good girl. Now fix and relax."

Lisa shivers as Sarah pushes her bare feet into the depressions, wiggling her toes against Lisa's skin.

"Stuart! Bring in the water and oils! I'll have that footrub now! And then I'll let you have a rest until tomorrow."

"Really, Mistress? I'm a foot spa now?"

"You are. Nice and relaxing for us both."

"Yes, Mistress."