

PETER AND LISA: CHAPTER 57
DEFYING GRAVITY

Lisa stretches as she feels her body pulling itself out of the resting ball. "Mmmmm. Oh, I'm allowed to speak, Mistress?"

"For now."

Lisa lowers her eyes, "As you wish, Mistress."

"Oh, you're definitely getting better. A couple more weeks and you might even be considered trained."

"Yes, Mistress."

"So what shall we do with you today, hmmmm?"

"What does my Mistress desire?"

"Oh, very nice. You deserve a reward for that, good girl."

Lisa's body arches, "Holy fuck! What was that?!"

"I might have increased the settings again."

"Jesus..." she pants, "It goes higher than that?"

"Oh, yes. Would you like to see?"

"No, thank you, Mistress. That was more than enough."

"So, as I was saying, I have two choices to weigh up. I'm taking Grace to the park, getting her out of this place. And I have to decide if you come with her. She did so love her new squeeze toy yesterday." Lisa remains silent, "Or, there's my other option, where you stay here, but that will press pretty much every button I haven't managed to whack yet and some I have. I'll almost be upset to miss your reaction."

"Yes, Mistress."

"Which do you think I should do?"

"This is your idea of helping, isn't it, Mistress? Leading me right up to the edge of the cliff? And then giving me a push?"

"That is unfair. I haven't pushed. You're making up your own mind."

"True. But you're teasing me to take the road less travelled, while warning me it will be bad so I can't protest when I choose it."

"You can always play it safe..."

"And be lost when she throws me into traffic? Doesn't sound very safe."

"It will be safe. I promise. But, if you're worried, I can strap you to her pushchair."

"Thank you, Mistress."

"So, back to you, are we playing it safe or taking a risk?"

"And you're not going to tell me what that risk is, Mistress?"

"Of course not, that would spoil the surprise. But I am serious that it comes with a lot of button warnings."

"Yes, Mistress, I understand."

"So, stay safe on the ledge? Or step off and fly?"

"Or fall."

"Or fall. So?"

Lisa shivers, taking a deep breath, "I think, Mistress, that I'll...that I...that I might try defying gravity."

"Yes!" Sarah punches the air, "Oh, I'm so proud of my little fledgling Elphaba. Time to spread your wings. And try not to crash."

"Yes, Mistress."

"Now, to start..."

"I don't like that smile, Mistress."

"Tough. You've agreed now." she places her finger on Lisa's collarbone. "Zzzzzzziiiiiiipppp." and draws it down the front of her body.

Lisa collapses like an empty set of clothes, "That...fuck, I hate that feels so good!"

"Noted."

"To do more often, Mistress?"

"Exactly. Oh, and you need to be quiet and as you can't be...mute."

Why do I need to beeeeeEEEEEEEEEE! Sarah slips her leg through Lisa's unzipped front, wriggling down her leg. Then the other and she proceeds to dress herself in Lisa, whose shrieking orgasms are reduced to a tremor against Sarah's body.

"Now, normally I'd strip before doing that, but, well, that would almost certainly be too much for you." she pulls on the hood, and zips Lisa's body back up, muttering "unmute" before she closes the zipper. She licks her lips with a shiny black tongue. "Mmmm. You taste much better from the inside."

"I can't talk. You unmuted me. Why can't I talk?"

"Really? Asking that? Because I'm in your body now so there's nothing for you to talk with. I could probably have done this from the outside, but it's so much easier this way."

"Done what?"

"See, that's a much better question. Now, let's see..." Lisa feels her waist pinching, squeezing narrower than should be possible without a strict corset and maybe not even then. At the same time, her butt expands, ballooning outwards.

"Sarah, what..."

"Mistress. Now, let's see..." Her bust swells, and swells, and swells, perfect football globes forming on her chest.

"Mistress, I can't help but notice I'm not the only thing defying gravity here."

"Oh, that's good. Nice to see you're maintaining a sense of humour about this."

"Well, it's that or scream abuse at you. And that would just encourage you."

"True." her bust continues swelling.

"Plus, you'd probably just super mute me or something."

"Also true. Do you think these are big enough? Or should I go full Beshine?"

"I think they were quite big enough three or four or five or ten cup-sizes ago, Mistress."

"Big enough, then." She turns towards the full length mirror, running her hands along her exaggerated figure, smiling at the little moans and gasps she can hear in her mind.

"You are a bitch, Mistress."

"I am. Now, when I step out, you're going to hold this form, understand?"

"Yes, Mistress."

"And don't be so sullen about it."

"No, Mistress."

Sarah reaches for the zip, pulling it down, muttering "Mute." as soon as it opens before stepping out. She zips the Lisa-suit up, restoring her to solidity, the zip sinking into her body. "Unmute."

"Ok, Mistress. That's a few buttons pushed already."

"Oh, yes, I expect it is, but this is partly for your benefit."

"My benefit?! Oh, I'm going to love to hear how this..." she gestures down her body, "...is for my benefit!"

"Mistress. I don't need to train you again, do I?"

"No, Mistress, you utter bitch."

"Better. And it's for your benefit because no-one who knows you would ever think you're you like this. I mean, who would think you'd ever allow something like this? To say nothing of the rest."

"The rest? This isn't it?!"

Sarah coughs.

"Sorry, this isn't it, Mistress?!!"

"Nope. Here are your rules until I tell you otherwise. Or my time with you runs out tonight, if that happens first."

Lisa sighs heavily, "Hit me, Mistress."

"Maybe. You'll be pliable, malleable and all those good things. But, you won't be able to undo changes once made to you."

“Yes, Mistress.”

“And you won't be able to move once you've been posed. Unless someone else poses you differently.”

“Really, Mistress? What are you planning to do with me?”

“You'll see. Now, importantly, there is a get out clause for that. If someone pushes too far past your limits, somewhere that you absolutely cannot abide, you can move and deal with that, reforming as much as necessary. Try not to kill them. A good slap should be enough.”

“Yes, Mistress. Although the fact that you think I need that is a worry.”

“Just a precaution. I'm sure everyone will behave.”

“Everyone? What do you mean 'everyone'?”

“We'll get to that later. The other thing is you will be muted. Again for your benefit so no one recognises your voice.”

“This is sounding a lot like I'm going to be in public, Mistress.”

“It does, doesn't it? Don't worry, you won't be in public.”

Lisa lets out a sigh of relief.

“Just in the backstage.”

“Backstage?”

“You know, the area behind the stage...”

“Where anyone who works here can see me?!”

“Of course not.”

“So what...”

“Where anyone who works here can play with someone in the suit. They won't know it's you.”

“I'll know it's me!”

“Obviously. Still, if you don't want to, I can make some changes to the plan.”

“Thank you, Mistress.”

“We'll just put you in the lobby in a roped off area with some skewers and let people pierce you...”

“No!”

“One or the other. Choose.”

“That's not...”

“If you say 'fair', I'll choose for you.”

Lisa shuts her mouth quickly. “Yes, Mistress.”

“Good girl.”

Lisa bucks.

“Now choose.”

“Yes...Mistress.” she pants, “B-b-backstage. Fuck.”

Sarah nods her head. “As you wish. Mute. And cube.” Lisa goes quiet, her body melting down, squishing herself into a two-inch black cube. “You're getting good at this.” Sarah scoops her up, tossing her wildly in the air as she walks to the backstage.

Sarah places the Lisa-cube on a small white pedestal, rather like a Wii Fit. “Up you get. No lollygagging.” The cube quivers, stretching as Lisa emerges. Sarah looks at her critically. “‘ahem’ All the way, now, you naughty thing; no trying to cheat your mistress. I won't feel so bad about this now.” Lisa's blank face scowls as her chest swells out. “Better. Now, arms by your sides, back straight, stomach in, chest out.” Lisa moves to obey, the pose emphasising her hourglass body. “And your term starts now. No moving unless posed. Good girl.” The figure remains perfectly still as Lisa screams internally. “Now, sensitivity on, low level.” She turns and walks away, “And, before I forget, as a reward for cheating, modesty off.” Lisa feels a warm bite on her breasts and hips as her nipples and mound press against the suit, becoming clearly outlined.

You what?! It's not enough that you make me look like a bimbo pornstar that puts Jessica fucking Rabbit to shame, you've made me fucking naked?! She tries to cover up, but her arms don't move from their rigid position, her legs don't press together, the lack of movement heightening her exposure and helplessness. Ok, ok, so moving doesn't work. She concentrates, trying to tune into the

feeling of the modesty shield, willing the suit to respond. It stubbornly refuses, although it does give her a tingling sensation of caresses over them. She whimpers a little at the phantom touch and stops her efforts to conceal herself, standing on the platform, immobile and helpless, waiting for anyone to see her, trying, and utterly failing, to relax, a knot of tension settling into her stomach.

She's not sure how long she ends up standing there before her first visitors, but the sound of other people snaps her to attention quickly enough. "Anton, have you seen such a sight? What parody of sex appeal is that? There is no class, no art. It appeals to the lowest possible viewer. It demeans real women everywhere. Tell me, how could any real man find such a fake plastic..." she struggles for the word, "toy the equal of flesh and blood? What pathetic man would be satisfied with it?"

Anton remains silent.

Right there with you on that. In fairness, I didn't choose it.

"And so stiffly posed," Flo continues, "it just looks artificial. Be a dear, won't you, and pose it more appropriately. If it wishes to be made into such a low, slutty, disrespectful thing, we should oblige."

Anton grunts and walks up to Lisa and, following instructions from Florencia, poses her.

Shit! That felt good. How can him touching me feel so good? Am I really that freaky? Turned on by being helpless and ...no, it's something Sarah's done to me. Must be. Must be.

Anton finishes, leaving her bent forward, legs spread wide for balance, arms bent, hands pushing on the sides and base of her breasts to deepen her already impressive cleavage, head thrown back.

Oh, great, thanks bunches, you utter bitch, it wasn't bad enough?! Now I really look like a fucking slut!

"Yes, yes, well done, Anton. That will teach the pathetic creature."

Lisa catches Anton's look skyward behind Flo but remains as silent as he. *Right there with you on that, too. But you did help the jealous bitch with her plan, so my sympathy is limited.*

Later in the day, after many unsuccessful attempts to move out of her pose, "Such a shame. A nice girl looking like that. She'd be pretty, I'm sure, if she hadn't done that to her chest. And that pose... well, I never"

Not my fault!

"Now, Marie, you know young Sarah said it was some intern from SAT getting experience. I'm sure she doesn't look like that all the time."

Too right.

"Maybe, maybe not, not that you'd mind, you randy old goat. You're just itching for a chance to manhandle it."

Oh, no, I thought I might be safe with you two!

"As if you wouldn't, you old harpy, if it was some stud with his john thomas running halfway to his knees."

"Such a shame most of the interns at SAT seem to be young girls, although I suppose it's good to see them getting on in such a male-dominated industry, assuming they are getting on, which I doubt. Oh, go on, have your fun. Give the poor child some 'experience'."

Great. Well, let's see what happens now.

"Oh, like you never participate in Sarah's little intern games."

"Oh, alright, if it will make you happy."

Ecstatic.

They approach Lisa. Scott stops and pulls a rapier from a nearby rack. He takes up a fencing poise, shuffling forward, the blade slicing through the air. Marie rolls her eyes, pushing Lisa up, moving her arm so that a hand covers her mound, trying frustratedly to get the other arm to cross over her chest. She starts to tut at the absurd size of them when Scott gives a yelp of pain, clutching his back.

"That'll teach you. You're not twenty any more. Haven't been for some time, for that matter. You can't go playing about like you used to when we were younger and fitter."

Scott grimaces and stabs the rapier into Lisa's belly.

Eeep! Fuck, that felt...fucking Sarah!

"You know," he mutters around the pain, "that would make quite a sword holder. What do you think?"

Sword holder?! Fucking sword holder!!

"I suppose. Here, pass me that one."

"Yes, dear." He passes across the wavy-bladed flamberge. Marie grunts in effort and slides it down into Lisa's chest.

"You're right; it does have a certain something."

I wonder, is being a sword holder better than that fuckslut posing?

Alternating with some wincing and grimaces, they fill Lisa's chest with swords, hiding her body in a forest of hilts, her moans and gasps inaudible, continuing until the rack lies empty and Lisa is full.

"There. Looks rather good, doesn't it? We should ask Sarah if we can buy it."

Buy it?! Buy me?! Also, 'it'? I am not a fucking 'it'!

"Don't be silly, Scott, it's just getting experience, not putting itself up for auction."

"Being owned by us would be an experience."

"Yes, dear, I'm certain you'd make it one, but not one that would help her work at SAT. And besides, ever since that poor, poor Tabitha, such things are being looked on with disfavour."

Really? She hasn't mentioned that! Score one for team Wilberforce.

"I suppose. Still a shame, it would make a lovely decoration."

"You know I'm right, dear. Now let's go so I can do something about your back. I have some liniment left over, I think."

Ok. So to recap: I can't move; I can't change; I can't cover up; I'm basically stuck like this until Sarah gets back. Oh, and that bitch has made me so sensitive every touch feels fantastic. Which makes it really hard to stay mad at her for long. Still, I should give it a good fucking try. No, stop, that doesn't help. Deep breath, ok, I don't need to breathe like this, but whatever, deep breath, and calm down. You're stuck. You can't get out. You can try to enjoy it, orrrrr you can rant and rave and get angrier and angrier until you burst. Which, who knows, might be possible like this. So, are you going to be angry and miserable, or at least try to view this as an adventure.

"Oh!" Lisa looks up at the sound. Tracy hovers around the door, wringing her hands. "Oh. I didn't think you'd be like this. I mean, who's left all those sticking in you?" she approaches nervously.

"You just stay there." She tugs on one of the blades.

I don't have a whole lot of choice. Lisa thinks as a ripple of pleasure washes over her and the hole occupied by the sword refills.

Tracy carefully repeats the process until she can finally see Lisa's body. "Oh! Oh, I didn't think, oh." She blushes, looking away as her pale skin brightens. "I mean, I'd never...not even if I was b-b-b-being Morgana, I just couldn't. Just the suit would be...I couldn't, you're so brave to do this. None of the other interns have done, well, none of them have been this...forward. The others have told me about this sort of thing, but... whoever posed you? You look... well, it doesn't suit you."

I look like a... she stops as Tracy finds enough courage to touch her.

"Oh, you're warm, I don't know why, but I thought you'd be cool, but it's like it's your skin, sorry, you know this, I'm just surprised. Now, let's see w-w-what I can do with you." She starts moving Lisa, stopping frequently to check her progress.

Finally she steps back, happy. Lisa stands leaning slightly forward, one hand raised, blank face looking up along her arm, front leg bent to support her weight, "I th-th-think that pose works, but it needs someth-th-thing." She takes a sword from the rack and closes Lisa's raised hand around it, completing the conquering barbarian queen look, her nakedness moved from sensual to defiant. "F-f-fierce. Now you look as brave as you are for...sh-sh-showing so much," she smiles, "I h-h-hope you like it. I wish I could be that b-b-brave s-s-sometimes." She pats Lisa on the shoulder and slips away.

Fierce? Brave? Hah. Who'd have thought looking like this would be inspirational? Certainly better than being an 'it'.

Later, "That's an interesting aesthetic, don't you think? I mean, the heroic pose is a little undermined by the huge titties but..."

"Of course you go straight to the breasts."

"To be fair, Jita, they are quite noticeable. Even next to you." He leans in for a kiss.

"Nice try, Rafi, but not good enough. You're going to have to make it up to me."

Rafi bows low, "But, of course, my sweet, shall we take a closer look at her?"

At least I'm a her this time. Guess that's progress. Of a sort. So, let's see what Rafi and Jita have for me.

"So, who do you think it is?"

"You always ask, Jita. Why can't you just accept it's an intern from SAT like Sarah says?"

"Because it's complete bullshit! SAT doesn't have that many interns for one and for two, none of them would need experience like this; that's what their testing team is for!"

"And?"

"Doesn't it drive you crazy?!"

"No. It doesn't bother me who this is."

Well, thanks...

"Tom thinks all these 'interns' are Sarah."

"Does he, indeed? And just when were you discussing it with him?"

"Don't get jealous, Rafi, you know you're the only one for me."

"I never had a doubt."

"It's a shame she hasn't got a face, isn't it?"

Rafi blinks at the swerve in conversation, "It is. And I assume you want to fix that."

"I do. But I think you'll be better at it. I have another idea to try."

"I'm not an artist, Jita."

"I know. Just do your best." she shimmers, swaying sinuously as she seems to bend in a boneless manner until a gigantic serpent slithers towards Lisa's feet.

Snakes. Why did it have to be snakes? Lisa thinks as she feels the scaly skin brushing against her.

"A face. What do I know about making faces? If I make it Jita's she'll eat me for putting it on such a body, no offence, Miss Intern, and if I put someone else on it, I'll have to deal with a faux-jealous Jita, instead."

The snake hisses as it tightens its grip on Lisa's legs.

"Don't worry, dear, I'll deal with it." he starts work on Lisa's face, pressing his fingers into the blank skin. Jita, meanwhile, tightens her coils, imprinting the scales on Lisa's legs, her vision swimming with the intense sensations as the coils tighten and her legs begin to deform, spiralling into blackness as the coils press against her exposed lower lips.

A few minutes later, the snake uncoils, revealing Lisa's legs crushed into a sinuous serpentine tail that coils under her, scales imprinted into her black skin. The snake rears back, swaying as the tail separates, slender arms emerging from behind its head as it reforms into Jita. She looks at the face and laughs. Rafi gestures proudly at the smiley face dug into the blank skin with his finger.

"Oh, Rafi..."

"I did tell you."

Lisa comes around as Jita pulls out her phone, leaning into the ophidian statue for a selfie, or two, or five. Lisa's gaze travels down her body. *My legs! Oh, wow! That's...I don't know what I was expecting but that really wasn't...it's so intricate. Could I do that myself? Do I want to?*

Jita continues to pose against Lisa before planting a kiss on her cheek as she leaves. "Ok, Miss Terious Intern, see you later." she waves over her shoulder as she and Rafi slope off.

Miss Terious Intern? Oh, you're funny. And just what is Sarah telling people I am?

Later again, Tomboli ambles in, "See Jita's done you up like a naga. 'Course, those traditionally don't have arms, but, well artistic licence and..." he laughs, "oh, fuck me, who did your face? Are they letting Grace in to play with you? Seriously, Sarah, love, you know no one's really fooled that you're some ingénue intern getting 'work experience', right? I mean, I know I'm inviting royal wrath and thunder by spoiling things for you, but, really? Couldn't come up with a better cover

story to get us to play with you? You could have just asked and some of us would only be too happy to let you shed your good girl image, such as it is, and become a playtoy.” Lisa screams silently at the suit triggers, “Not that I’m complaining, you understand. And you’ve really outdone yourself this time. Bit obvious in parts, and I can’t believe no one’s done anything to them yet. Guess Mark hasn’t seen you, oh, right, he’s invited over at Steve-o’s today. Almost like you planned it that way. Sneaky, ain’tc’ha?”

Mark? Fuck I hadn’t thought he’d be...oh, he isn’t...thank God...

“Oh, well, waste not, want not.” He squeezes the oversized breasts, sending more waves of pleasure through her. “Bit plastic for my tastes, but whatever.” He strokes the breasts, the pert globes softening, Lisa’s moans unheard, “And of course it wouldn’t be fair to you not to get some playtime in while you’re helpless. I mean, that is the whole point of this ‘intern’ angle, isn’t it? And that face has got to go. Good for a laugh, but...” Tom presses his hands against her head and starts to squeeze. Lisa feels a tickle, the suit responding to something as Tom squeezes and squishes her skull, the smiley face folded into the sphere.

What is he doing? My head? He’s squashing my head? Ahhhhhhhh, that’s better, yes, that spot just there, wow, I was tenser than I thought, I...

The tickle increases, a feathery touch across her face as the sphere begins to soften further. “Don’t worry about it, love, the suit’s doin’ most of the work. You wouldn’t want me to sculpt this manually. Michelangelo, I’m not. Even I can admit that.” He pinches the centre of Lisa’s blank face, twisting the flesh.

What are you doing, you eeeeeeeeeeee!

“There. Much nicer to look at than that amateurish approach.” He briefly strokes the black skin of the plump breast sat atop Lisa’s shoulders, the nipple reacting. “Hope it’s worth it, love.”

A tit? He made my head, my head!, into a tit. Great. So I’m even more exposed than I was when I started! And it’s undone any good work Tracy did making me look like something other than a toy. And...not getting mad, remember? But... Nope, not doing it. This isn’t unusual around here and no one knows it’s me, so it’s just a bit of fun. But... Just a bit of fun. And it did feel good. So relax and enjoy it. God knows what I’m thinking with now that I’m brain’s just some perky titflesh, but I should try. And I was doing so well, too.

Later still, Stuart walks into the room, “Well, I see they’ve been busy with you. I’ve just received a call. Sarah’s on her way back and she wants things ‘packed up’ when she gets here.”

Things meaning me. But why packed up? Doesn’t she want to see what’s been done to me? Wasn’t that the point of this?

“So first off, I think we should put that back where it belongs, before you decide to use it on me.” He unclenches Lisa’s hand from the sword hilt, replacing it in the rack, “Now, to undo all those changes. And get some fun out of this myself.”

Ruh-roh, Raggy. That sounds kind of ominoooooooooooo!

Stuart presses down on her ‘head’ and her body crumples. If she still had eyes, they’d be busy rolling back in her head, if she still had that either, as the pressure continues down her body, every feature smoothed away, a roaring fire burning its way down her body, melting her away, until only a crumpled heap of what looks like black clay is left.

Ohhhhhh, that felt good, just like Peter’s massage.

“Sorry. I don’t get much opportunity to do things like that.”

No apology needed, believe me.

“Now, for her Majesty, cube.”

Ooooooh. Lisa coos to herself as her body collapses further, the lumpy, misshapen pile melting into a small, smooth cube of darkness. *You didn’t need to melt me, then.*

“And, no, I didn’t need to melt you down. But, like I said, why should everyone else get all the fun?” he reaches down for the cube, lifting Lisa up, carrying her out of the backstage area, leaving her resting on the countertop in their apartment.

Lisa loses time once more, until she hears, “No, Grace, you can’t have that now.” And the resulting cries of protest. Sarah picks up the cube. “And how was your day?” Silence, “Oh, you’re so picky. Unmute.”

“It was interesting, Mistress. Made much more so by someone turning my skin into an orgasm factory.”

“I did do that, didn’t I? So this...” she pulls a nail across Lisa’s surface, “...must be exquisite torture to you.”

“Nnnnnng. You could say that, Mistress.”

“Would you like me turn that off?” she asks as her finger continues to run over Lisa’s body.

“Yes!”

“Ask properly and I might.”

“Fuck! Yes, please, Mistress.”

“Of course, my toy. Sensitivity off.”

“Oh, thank fuck for that.”

“If you’re going to be a such a potty mouth around Grace, I’ll mute you again.”

“Yes, Mistress. Sorry, Mistress.”

“Good girl.” The cube shudders. Biting its lips to prevent any words coming out.

“Cruel, Mistress, very cruel.”

“I’m glad you noticed. Now, fix.” She puts her finger on Lisa’s side, “Zzzzzziiiiipppppp.” and unzips her.

“What are you up to, Mistress?”

“You’ll see. Mute.” she works her hand into Lisa’s insides, feeling the cube shudder around her, smiling as she presses deeper, squeezing her body into the tiny cube’s interior. Her hand reaches out of a cube just a little bigger than her wrist, fingers pinching the end of the zipper and slowly zips the cube shut.

“*What are you up to?*”

“*Up to? Moi? Don’t you trust me?*”

“*Of course not, Mistress. So?*”

“*So, I have plans.*”

“*Oh, goodie. What?*” the cube is lifted off the table.

“Do you want your toy, Princess?” they feel the grip change from adult to two-handed child and immediately the cube starts to bounce.

“*I’m a toy? Again?*”

“*We are, yes. I needed something to keep Grace busy while I have my fun.*”

“Yes, Mistress. So what fun are we having?” she asks, trying not to concentrate too hard on the mauling Grace is giving her body in the name of Sarah’s fun.

“*I’m going to review your performance for the day. See what you got up to.*”

“*What do you mean, ‘what I got up to’, Mistress?*”

“*You’ll see. Who was first to play?*”

“*Flo, but she didn’t really play, more...*”

“*Sounds like Flo. She’s never been into the same kind of fun we are. Ok, let’s see...*” the blackness around them flickers, “*ahhhh, there we go. Now one good thing about this is no annoying copyright warnings in twenty different languages.*” Everything around them resolves to a Lisa-eye view of Anton and Flo walking into the room.

“*What the?!?*”

“*Pause. Instant holodeck.*”

“*We’re looking at my memories?*”

“*We are.*”

“*How much...what can you...I am not comfortable with this!?*”

“*‘Defying gravity’ not comfortable? Or ‘stop this thing right now before I rip your spine out through your arse’ not comfortable?*”

Lisa pauses, “*I don’t know. It’s a shock; too much too fast. What is this? What are you looking at?*”

What are you able to look at?"

"The suit has a playback facility. If you're wearing it, you can slip into what it's experienced. It resets when it bonds to a new wearer, so I can't spy on the SAT testing, and it only works while the suit's bonded, so I can only view anything since you put it on."

"Ok. That's...not as bad as I thought."

"So, no, I can't eavesdrop on all the kinky embarrassing things you and Peter have done, no matter how much I'm tempted."

"And are you tempted, Mistress?"

"Terribly. Especially as you won't tell me anything. Anyway, it's not just visuals, it's full sensurround. What you saw, what you heard, what you felt, but nothing internal. I won't know what you were feeling or thinking. It's just a camera and sensor suite."

"And all you're going to view is the times I was changed today?"

"Yes. Or we can just wait for Stuart to let us out. I can put you to sleep if you don't want to experience it all again."

"I...no, no thank you, Mistress. If you're going to be strolling through my mind, I want to be there."

"As you wish. May I continue?"

"If I say no, what happens?"

"I stop and don't try. I also reserve the right to bring it up when you piss me off to prove I can be trusted. Mostly."

"Ok, Mistress. Go ahead."

"You're sure?"

"No. But I've already gone through it once and survived. So let's go."

"Ok, and here we..."

"And what do I get for not revealing to Stuart that his oh so cool wife's a Trekkie?"

"Blackmail? From you?" she smiles, "There may be hope for you yet. We can discuss that after the show."

"Yes, Mistress."

The movement restarts.

After the scene ends, Sarah looks around, *"That...that's what it felt like? Every time?"*

"You know it was. You set it."

"I only set it to 'low'. How the fuck was that 'low'? I'm lucky I didn't embarrass myself."

"You'll probably want to give the rest of the day a skip. I didn't know I'd be having an audience."

"Oh, no, now I'm definitely going ahead with it. I'll find out what..." she waves a mental hand around, "...all of that was later."

"Yes, Mistress."

And, after the day has been relieved in exhaustive, and exhausting, detail, *"Wow. I didn't expect it to be so, wow, you've had an intense day!"*

"To be fair to my Mistress, I did have gaps of recovery and didn't just go from magigasm to magigasm without a break."

"Yeah, but where's the fun in that?"

"Apparently somewhere else."

"And you?"

"Me, Mistress?"

"Your thoughts second time around?"

"Muted, probably because I'm just the suit rather than the person, but still, all that in such a short time was...intense."

"I see. And your thoughts about your experiences today?"

"Things...improved during the day, Mistress."

"Improved?"

Lisa sighs, *"I started out mad, and embarrassed, and humiliated, because I looked like some kind of*

bimbo-slut-prostitute and Flo just made that so much worse."

"I see."

"Then Scott and Marie treated me just like a thing and that just made it all worse. They acknowledged I was a person under here, but it was like that didn't matter, I was just there for them to play with. Tracy was sweet and made me see things in a new light, then Rafi and Jita made me, I don't know, appreciate the possibilities of being like this."

"And Tom? I can't imagine that didn't piss you off."

"Well, he wasn't doing it to me, was he, Mistress? He thought it was my dear sweet Queen he was abusing. That took the sting out of it. Speaking of, were they right?"

"Were who right?"

"Tom and Jita."

"Right about what?"

"Right about your little 'SAT intern' games."

"Wouldn't you like to know? I'll let you know the next time one comes down and you can discuss wild conspiracies with them."

"Thank you, Mistress."

"You're welcome. Anything else?"

"Tom might have bothered me less because of the relief, too, Mistress."

"Relief?"

"That Mark wasn't in today. That gave me a lot of thoughts that make having a boob for a head...seem kind of a let off."

"And Carrie?"

"What about Car...oh. My God! I hadn't even, oh, Jesus H. Christ, thank fuck she wasn't in, she'd..."

A hand picks the cube up, *"And it looks like Grace's playtime is over, so back to the real world."*

Stuart unzips the black cube and Sarah wriggles her way out, still flushed.

"Really, Saz?"

"Really what?"

He holds up the cube, a smiley face sunken into one of the faces. "Oh. I hadn't thought I'd done that. It's a good thing it wasn't Tom's change that carried over."

"Which was?"

"I'll show you later." she kisses him on the cheek, "If you're good."

"I'm always good. You're the bad one."

"Which is why you love me."

"One of the reasons. But don't forget our 'guest'."

"Oh, I think she might like to be forgotten."

"Really? That seems...unlikely."

Sarah sighs, "You're probably right, but I'm working on it." she picks up the cube, "Unmute."

"Yes, Mistress?" she asks, the cube's crooked smile moving with her words.

"I have homework for you."

"Oh, goodie, Mistress. Everyone loves homework."

"Quite." she places the cube down. "You've gotten quite good at being like this."

"Thank you, Mistress."

"So your homework is to get yourself smaller. As small as you can get."

"Yes, Mistress."

"I'll be back after dinner to see how you've got on."

"Yes, Mistress."

"Good girl." she leaves with a smirk as the smiley face moans in pleasure

An hour later, she returns to the countertop, the cube shivering as it sits at half an inch across.

"Pretty good. Certainly small enough. Now stay that size. Your trials are almost over."

"Yes, Mistress." her tiny voice pipes.

"Now, mute." she lifts the cube up.

I am getting far too comfortable with that just happening.

Sarah pops the cube into her mouth.

Wait, what?! What just? She wouldn't?! She did! She...

Sarah begins to chew, teeth deforming and squeezing the cube.

"Blech. Still burnt rubber taste." she continues to chew, Lisa losing coherence as she's pressed between Sarah's teeth.

I...am...going...to...fucking...kill...her!

"Probably enough." she purses her lips and blows. Lisa feels the breath hit her, pushing her out through Sarah's lips, swelling into the air as her body stretches out. Sarah keeps blowing, inflating the bubble of Lisa. Lisa feels the pressure inside her building until she feels a tiny piece of her stretched skin split, the cut rocketing through her body as she bursts, splattering Sarah's face. Sarah sucks and chews at the black gum, working it back into her mouth to chew again.

Ok...how...does this...end? She won't swallow me...will she?

Sarah blows another bubble of Lisa out until she bursts.

How long is she planning on doing that? What happens if she wears me out? She won't. She doesn't know my feelings on this. She probably thinks I'll take to it like it's a massage...it is like the massage, isn't it? No, oh, no, I am not enjoying this! I am not! I am...fuck, I am. Shit!

Another bubble bursts. Sarah chews the black gum in and spits the wad out. She places it on the table. "Restore."

The black wad starts to stretch out, first into a tiny figure and slowly into a much larger one, pushing herself off the table. "Don't ever do that to me again!" she snarls.

"What..."

"Just don't!"

"I..."

"Promise!"

"Ok. I promise."

"On your word?"

"On my word, I will not intentionally eat you again unless you explicitly tell me otherwise."

Lisa visibly relaxes.

"I'm sorry. I didn't think you'd..."

"You didn't know. But that is a serious button to push."

"I noticed. Do you want to be released early?"

"Released?"

"Collar off, debt paid, done, in the clear."

"No." she whispers, "No, Mistress. I made the agreement. It stands."

"You're sure? I'm quite happy to consider it paid in full."

"No, Mistress."

"Ok. Fortunately, I wasn't planning on anything bad. Well, not physically."

"More psychological torture, Mistress?"

"Exactly. And that might continue after you're out of that collar."

"Oh, I'd expect so, Mistress. Both ways."

"Probably. Now, seeing how much you enjoyed playing truth or dare..."

"I did, Mistress? I hadn't noticed."

"...we'll just go with truth."

"And if I refuse, Mistress?"

"I'll ask the suit."

"I see, Mistress. I guess you'd better ask your questions and we'll see what happens."

"Well, the first one is really simple. You do realise I haven't reactivated modesty mode on you, don't you?"

Lisa looks down, and her hands immediately fly to cover her breasts. "You bitch! You could have told me I was flashing you!"

"I could have. I didn't. And you didn't notice. How interesting."

"I was distracted from someone fucking eating me!"

"Yes, I'm sure that's it. Question 2: Have you enjoyed your time as my plaything?"

Lisa takes a long time to answer, looking all around the room, "Yes."

"I didn't catch that."

"Yes, you did. The smirk tells the truth."

"Oh, alright. What was your favourite part? I know the least favourite, I think."

"Surprising my mistress as a pile of cubes. And being a cube. It's...peaceful."

"I see."

"And something I can do myself. So it's me, not you, or Peter, or anyone making me."

"I see."

"And how did you feel about today?"

"I hated it at first." she replies, gesturing expansively, "But, seeing myself as art was...kind of nice."

"I see. So you saw yourself as something other than a person?"

"I...I..."

"Don't worry, I'll ask the suit."

Lisa feels her mouth moving to answer, "Yes." and go back to her control, "Mistress..."

"Don't like that?"

"No, Mistress. It's...it's taking too much control."

"Ok. I won't ask the suit if you'll answer honestly. Deal?"

"Yes, Mistress, I can live with that."

"Ok. Getting a better idea of things. How did you feel about the nudity?"

"Really hated that, and you, Mistress. Until I was...until I was displayed by Tracy. That didn't look like a toy, so, I don't know, a different perspective."

"And you're sitting here now without covering up."

Lisa looks down and immediately covers herself.

"You didn't notice you were doing it, did you?"

"No, Mistress."

"Good. Progress."

"Progress? Really?"

"Oh, yes. That stick up your arse is loosening a bit."

"Thank you so much, Mistress."

"You're welcome." her watch beeps, "So soon? Disappointing."

"Mistress?"

"Time's up. You can take the collar off now."

"Thanks." She reaches up for the collar.

"Of course, you might want to go back to the changing room to get your clothes first...or maybe not?"

"You're a bitch."

"Mistress."

"Mistr...not any more."

"Almost, though."

"Almost."

"Come see me before you go, so we can have a chat."

"Yeah, sure, Mis..."

A few minutes later, she returns, fully dressed, the collar draped from her hand. "Here you are."

"Keep it."

"Keep it?"

"It's a gift. For actually going through with all that."

"Oh, sure. Definitely not to let Peter play kinky games with me."

Sarah smirks.

"What?"

“Oh, my sweet summer child.”

“What?”

“People like you and me need help to get in on kinky games. Peter just needs to concentrate for a second.”

“Wait...”

“Everything I did to you? Peter doesn't need the suit for it and can probably go one better.”

“So why do I need the suit?”

“So you can practice a bit. And for the inevitable kinky games, obviously.”

“Obviously.”

“Just because he doesn't need the suit, doesn't mean he won't appreciate how you look in it. If you know what I mean.”

“Nudge nudge wink wink say no more...”

“I would hope I wasn't that obvious.”

“I'm sure you would.”

Sarah holds out a glass, “Something for the road?”

“Can you drink and teleport?”

“As long as you're responsible.” Sarah replies as she pours out the second glass, the bottle looking more than half-empty already, “You could put the suit on and I could mail you back to...”

“No.”

“Ok, maybe next time.”

“Next time?”

“You think there won't be a next time? I have much higher hopes for you. Especially after my apology gift.”

“The collar's nice, but I don't think it...”

“Not that. That's just a gift, not an apology gift.”

“Ok. Fine, I'll ask. You clearly want me to. What's the apology gift?”

“Well, as I've wronged you, with the suit sensitivity, and you'd better believe I'll be calling SAT about that, and the eating and the...actually, that's it, but still, clearly I need to be the one to make things right. So, your gift is this weekend...”

“That's a gift?”

“If you'd let me finish. This weekend with the roles reversed. For a weekend, I will be your plaything. It'll be good practice for you.”

“And you get to act as a shoulder devil to drag me further into things.”

“Of course.”

“Yes, my Queen.”