

PETER AND LISA: CHAPTER 58
READ THE ****ING MANUAL

“Byeeee. Thanks for the fun weekend. I enjoyed myself immensely. If you want to playtest an idea, give me a call.” Sarah smiles, waving over her shoulder as she walks out of the door.

Lisa closes the door. “Arrrrrrgh! She enjoyed it! She actually fucking enjoyed it!”

“Well, sure. Was that a surprise?”

“Don’t start on me, magic boy! I’m not in the mood.”

“Saz has been doing this for a while, remember? And she’s far more comfortable with us than you are. You aren’t going to get near the edges of her comfort zone without stepping right out of yours.”

“I know. But you didn’t hear the sort of things she was ‘suggesting’ when I was wearing her.” She shivers, “She actually suggested I make her into a condom and let you...”

“Did she?”

“I know that tone. What am I missing?”

“Wouldn’t be the first time.”

“Wouldn’t be the...do I want to know?”

“Probably not. Teenage me wasn’t the most respectful of people.”

“Right. But would you do it now?”

“If everyone was relatively comfortable with it? Sure. But, Saz hasn’t come near that one since, well, since the Osbourne incident. So it looks like she’s getting over that, at last. On the other hand, I guess, she knows you’d never go for it in a month of Sundays, so it’s a safe tease.”

“The Osbourne incident?”

“Why she hates him so much. And no, I won’t say any more about it. That’s her story to tell.”

“She’s already told me it’s none of my business.”

“Then it isn’t.”

“Right.”

“You’re disappointed?”

“I wanted to make her sweat. Like she made me!”

“Yeah, no offence, but you are never going to make Sarah sweat as long as you’re you. If you did, well, I don’t know how you’d do that.”

“I know! I almost asked Carrie for advice.”

“You almost asked Carrie...”

“I know!!” she looks down at the small black loop left on the table. And picks it up. “Weekend’s almost over.”

“This is true.”

“But not quite. Can you do your favourite magic trick?”

“Favourite...?”

“The one where all my clothes become smoke and I’m buck naked.”

“Oh, that one.” He smiles slightly, “Are you sure it’s not your favourite?”

“I’m...” she shivers as curls of colourful smoke swirl around her and condense on the back of the chair, becoming the folded cloth of her outfit, “...sure. But it’s up there.” she brings the collar to her neck and closes it. The shiny blackness flows over her body, covering everything below the neck. She turns slowly, putting her hands behind her head, “Like what you see?”

“Oh, yes. Still getting used to the new Lisa.”

“You and me both.”

“Would it help if I said I liked the new Lisa?”

“It might. Depends on why.”

“Because you seem happier like this.”

“That’s a good reason. And the fact that I’m your willing plaything has nothing to do with it?”

“You’re only my willing plaything sometimes. And that has absolutely nothing to do with it.”

Lisa gives him a very sceptical look.

“Ok, maybe a little.” He holds his fingers just apart.

“A little?”

“Maybe a bit more than a little.” The fingers open a little.

Lisa keeps up the look.

“Ok, so, yes, that’s part of it.” He opens the gap between his thumb and finger as wide as possible.

Lisa keeps up the look.

“A big part of it?”

“Good. I’d hate to think this wasn’t working.” The blackness flows up over her face, “Now, what is your desire...Master?”

Lisa wakes up, stretching out of the black sphere, “Mmmmmmm! Feels so good in here. Better than a feather bed. Do I have to get up?” she asks, the black material melting off her face.

“Well, we’ve got work, and we’re cutting it fine, so...”

She sighs. “Fine, fine, I’ll get up.”

“I could order you to if you’d...”

“No mask, no Master, remember? We agreed this.”

“Sorry. Wasn’t looking.”

“You’re forgiven.” The blackness retreats into the collar before she unclips it, placing it on the bedside table. “Hey, magic boy, dress me.”

“I am not your personal maid.”

“No, but you’ll do it anyway, won’t you?” smoke coils around her, draping clothes across her figure. “Thank y...” she stops, feeling under her shirt, “Cute, magic boy. Can I have my underwear, as well?”

“You could always wear the...”

“Don’t tempt me.”

“Isn’t that my job?”

“No, it’s a hobby at best. But I’ll put it on for you later. For now, underwear!”

That evening, Lisa fiddles with the collar, spinning it around her finger, “Magic Boy, I’m going to take a time out, ok?”

“Sure. I’ll see you in half an hour?”

She nods, heading to the bedroom, already unbuttoning her blouse. She clips the collar around her neck, feeling the blackness spreading over her skin, covering her completely. She sits herself on the bed, looking at the sleek black figure in the mirror, and begins to compress herself down. She watches as it, as she, collapses in on herself, arms and legs pulling inwards. Her body collapses until there’s just a small cube resting on the bed, a pair of lips curled into a smile on one face.

“Getting better at this, but, well, that’s not good enough, is it?” the cube asks, “Mute.” The lips melt into the smooth, featureless cube with a satisfied hum. *Better. Nice and smooth. Maybe I’m getting the hang of this.*

Twenty minutes later a ripple passes across the surface of the cube, slowly expanding as an arm emerges like the Lady of the Lake, followed by the rest of Lisa’s body. She looks at herself in the mirror, checking everything is back in the right place. She huffs a little at the time, reaching for the collar. *Should be able to go longer than that without cheating. It’s not like it’s using my muscles to...* Her fingers sink into her neck as the blackness refuses to move off her body. *What! The! Fuck!* She runs out of the bedroom. She finds Peter, predictably, fiddling with something on his ‘workbench’. She taps on his shoulder. He starts, dropping the fiddly components.

“That thing makes you far too quiet.” He looks at her, “Oh? Feeling like that early?”

Lisa rolls her eyes, pointing at where her mouth should be.

“Sorry, I don’t...”

She holds up her hand, pantomiming writing.

“Oh, right, ok.” He digs in his pocket, pulling out one of innumerable pens. “Now where did I put the...”

Lisa snatches the pen, stabbing it into her arm, carving out letters U-N-M-U-T...

"Unmute. What's the..."

"I can't get the collar off, I just..." the blackness collapses onto the collar, leaving her naked, "... eeeeee!" she throws her arms to cover her body, blushing. The blackness spreads out again, leaving her blushing face untouched. "Ok. What is going on?"

"I don't know."

"Ok, ok. I'm going to get dressed."

A few minutes later, she emerges, clothes hastily thrown on, the collar held tightly. Peter keeps staring at the computer screen. "So, Magic Boy, what just happened?"

"Don't know yet. What model is that?"

"I don't know. They have different models?"

"Sure. Doesn't everything? Let me see." he takes the collar, holding it up to get a better look at the inside of the band. "Hmmm, 'ash nazg thrakatulûk agh'..." he reads, turning it around in the light. "What?"

"One ring to rule them all..."

"It does not say that."

"It does not, just getting the code." he scrolls through the site, "Ah. Here we are. Advertising blurb, pictures, features, more pictures, close up of modesty mode off, of course, aha, manual!"

"So?"

"Give me a chance. I only just found it."

Later that evening, "So?"

"Well, for one, it reads like it's been run through Google translate half a dozen times, so I could be misunderstanding, but...the mute command is designed to be used by the dominant not the wearer, which is why you can't undo it from the inside, as it were. Also, there are blind and deaf commands that have the same thing going on."

"Blind and deaf? Kinky. I'm surprised her majesty didn't try those on me."

"Given what she did try, I figure she thought it might be overkill"

"Mmmhmmm. So, don't mute yourself. Got it."

"There's something in there that looks like it's an override setting to let the wearer have control, but that's not the default position, so we'd need to test it."

"Oh, I'm sure you'd just love 'experimenting' with that on me."

"I'm sure we would. They also mention that 'fix' overrides the normal sleep mode so you can shut the wearer down without making them a ball."

"Interesting. So it's safe?"

"Yes."

"Then why couldn't I get it off?"

"Ironically, a safety feature. It can't be disconnected while the wearer's changed in any way. It's designed to protect those who haven't got the magic from ending up crippled outside the suit."

"Oh, that makes sense, I guess."

"I also found a way you could wear it in the office."

Lisa's eyebrows arch, "Oh, really? I don't recall Fetishwear Friday being a thing."

"We could start a trend."

"No. And you know that, so..."

"It doesn't have to cover you completely. You could make it a one-piece, for example. It does have to connect to the collar, but it can do that by a really thin thread. Oh, and it needs to be skintight."

"I see. Well, looks like we have some experimenting to do. Just set that wearer control thing beforehand."

"Ok. Let's see, hmmm, have to download an app. Ok, let's see, clearer than the manual at least. Let's see, settings...defaults...aha. Interesting."

"Uh-oh. What's interesting?"

“Some of the settings. I’ve toggled on the ‘wearer override’, but ‘touch sensitivity’ is on as standard.”

“So just wearing the suit...”

“Makes you feel good, yes.”

“I’m not sure I want that to be on all the time.”

“No problem. Default is now off, but we can obviously turn it on. Same with the command pleasure settings?”

“No, we can keep those. It’s not going to be quite as...as addictive if it’s only when I’m being a good girl. Minimum setting as default, though.”

“No problem. 1 out of 10 it is.”

“Out of 10? Shit, I thought it only had 5 settings. I only got to 3 or 4 and I was practically...fuck, it goes to 10?”

“Would you like to try it?”

“Oh, no, I am not going to have my brain melted by orgasm, no matter how good it would feel at the time.”

“Who said you had a choice...”

“I did. 4 is the maximum for any pleasure setting.”

“Agreed. And I’ve put it as a default to go under your clothes, so you don’t have to get naked first.”

“You don’t have to do that. I know you like me stripping to play.”

“Sure, I like it. Nothing to do with you, at all.”

“Of course not.”

“Fine. Hmmm, can’t set the sleep form the same way. You have to be in that form, and then it can capture it. I suppose that makes sense.”

“You’re just trying to get me to put it on again.”

“Maybe.”

She takes the collar, “All you had to do was ask.”

Later, Peter places the featureless, warm, black cube on the desk, “Ok. Set current form as sleep default. Check. Do you want to make this default form or create user profile? Hmmm. Save profile as...Lisa. Original, that's me. Saving....syncing settings with current user. Saved. Ok, Lise. You can try now.” There's a pause as a mouth emerges from the side of the cube.

“Well, I guess that works. And it's not feeling as sinfully good just to be in the suit, so I guess that worked too.”

“You sound disappointed.”

“Maybe a little. But that's easily fixed. Sensitivity on. Mmmmm. That's better.” she slowly emerges from the tiny cube, sitting on the desk with her legs crossed, “So, what's the plan?”

“Depends. Are you wearing your mask?”

The lips curl into a smile in her otherwise blank face, “It looks like I am to me, Master.”