

PETER AND LISA: PART 67
COLLECTING YOUR WINNINGS

Peter yawns stretching in the bed, "Time to get up, Lise." Silence. He turns, the other half of the bed unslept in. "Oh, right. She's going to kill me." he stumbles out of bed, lifting up his jeans off the floor and digs around in the pockets, producing the poker chip. "As I said, time to get up, Lise." he flips the chip onto the bed, sending it tumbling onto the covers where it rapidly expands, growing into a very naked woman.

"Did you just keep me as a poker chip? In your pocket? All night?!"

He looks sheepish, running his hand through his hair, "Apparently."

"We will have words about this, Magic Boy." she rolls to the edge of the bed, "Let me get dressed and..."

"You don't need to do that."

"Oh, really?"

"Why would I want to hide my winnings?"

"Oh, it's going to be like that, is it?"

"Looks like it."

She rolls her eyes, "Well, I am yours for the day, Master, so...as you wish."

"Nice to see you getting into the role."

"Do I have a choice?"

"Not much of one. That's why I tried to be clear last night."

"You were perfectly clear, Magic Boy. You won me and..." she stops, looking up at him nervously, "you're not going to make me be naked in front of Stuart and Sarah, are you?"

"Well..."

"Let me rephrase: " she walks towards him, "You are NOT going to make me be naked in front of Stuart and Sarah," she puts her fist under his chin, "are you?"

"I mean, you did agree to do anyth..."

"I did. And, because I'm a rules-abiding member of our freaky community. I will do it if you make me. And then I will violently murder you in your sleep."

"Noted. I wasn't planning on claiming my day off them yet."

"But you are for me?"

"Well, for one, you don't have a one-year-old daughter who someone needs to look after while I'm busy with you; for two, I'm going to have to spend a bit of time figuring out what to do with them; and, for three, they appreciate a bit of anticipation sweetening the deal and you really don't."

"That is fair. So, now that you've won me, what are you going to do with me?"

He smiles, "Aversion therapy."

"Aversion..." she stops as short ginger fur covers her, a long striped tail twitching in agitation,

"Peter! You know I...what I..."

He puts his finger on her lips, feeling a raspy tongue flick out along it, "My day. My choice."

"But..."

"I know. You don't trust yourself as kitty Lisa any more and..."

"I ATE you!"

"And yet, you're the one freaked by that, not me." he strokes his hand along her shoulder, a thrumming purr emerging.

"Stop that. You're making me like..."

"I'm not making you anything."

She looks at him with slitted emerald eyes.

"Ok, that's fair. I'm not making you feel anything. You like this. And since you ate me," Lisa shivers, hands around her stomach, "you've been...edgy about it. And that makes me edgy, so..."

"But I..."

"Will be fine. Would you like me to make things safer for me?"

"For you?" she pauses, "How?"

“Little kitty Lisa.”

“How little are we talking?”

“Regular cat-sized? Or do you want to be a cute little kitten?”

“I’m already far too cute for you to deserve, Magic Boy.” she swats him on the shoulder, “Cat is...fine, I guess.”

“There will be a price.”

“Of course there will. And, let me guess, it’ll be a surprise? Hit me.”

He smiles and Lisa shivers through her fur as the room gets bigger and bigger.

“Ok, Magic Boy, what’s the price? ‘mew’ Oh, you fucking didn’t! ‘mew’ I am going to savage your fucking ankles for this!” she tenses to pounce. A red dot swoops in front of her. Her tail twitches as she chases after it in lithe pounces and Peter takes the opportunity to get dressed. And, maybe, to magically reinforce his socks against claws and teeth.

Some time later, Lisa purrs as she curls up in Peter’s lap, his hand stroking over her fur. “Ok, Magic Boy. I forgive you. ‘mew’ This is nice. And I can probably do this in the future. ‘mew’ Little kitty Lisa, I mean.. I’m not sure I could be big, though. That...I still ate you.”

“Little kitty Lisa is fine with me.”

“Good. And, maybe, if you’re really good I can be your big sex kitten occasionally. You know, ‘mew’ to get used to it.”

“I’m sure I could stand that.”

“And you could have got me to do this without the bet. ‘mew’ Oh, I’d have fought and protested, obviously, but I’d have eventually given in, so, what’s the real thing you have planned?”

“Real thing?”

“I know you, Magic Boy. ‘mew’ This is a teaser. If I didn’t like it, this would be all you did, but I do ‘mew’ so you’ll be going further. What’s on your mind for me?”

“Well, fine. You clearly know me too well.”

“I knew it. Sneaky, ‘mew’ sneaky Magic Boy.”

“Which means you know I’m not telling you until I have to.”

“Oh, really?” she arches her eyebrows, “Bear in mind I have sharp claws and I’m very close to some very tender areas. Snickt snikt. ‘mew’”

“And I can turn my pretty little kitty into a pretty little kitty picture. If she wants to scratch, that is.”

“No ‘mew’ fair.”

He strokes her, scritchng her head. “I never promised to be fair.”

“Ooooooh, ‘prrrrrrrrrrr’, evil, evil, evil, Magic Boy. ‘mew’ Don’t you dare stop!”

“If I keep doing this will you agree to do what I want?”

“‘prrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrr’ Mmmmmmm, not a ‘mew’ chance. I’m not that ‘prrrrrrr’ easy.”

“It’s a good thing you’ve already agreed to doing it then, isn’t it?”

“Not ‘mew’ fair.”

“I warned you.”

“So?”

“You still made the bet.”

“Because I thought I’d ‘mew’ win!”

“Oh, really? And what did you have in mind for me?”

“I don’t ‘mew’ know. Although, ‘mew’ I’ve seen a naughty French maid’s outfit that you’d look ‘prrrrrrr’ delightfully hilarious in.”

“I’m starting to lose sympathy for your plight, you know.”

“Big bully.”

“Well, if you’re going to be like that, I’ll let you make the call.”

“What? ‘mew’”

“Well, on the one hand, I could get some karmic payback for kitty Lisa eating me.”

“How?” her eyes go wide, fur standing on end, “By you ‘fssssss’ eating ME?!”

“It would be fair.”

“Fair?!”

“You did eat me, remember?”

“And option 2? 'mew' I mean, you know I'm going to choose option 2 whatever it is now.” She hisses, glaring up at him, slowly starting to lick her fur flat.

“Maybe.”

“Maybe! What could you 'fssssss' do that's worse than that?”

“Well, we haven't opened Carrie's Christmas present...”

“WHAT?!” her fur undoes all her previous work as she arches her back, “That thing?! 'fssssss' You want me to....What I...It would make me...Do you really...Do I have to...”

Peter winces as her claws dig into his thighs and she bolts, scrabbling over the smooth floor and out the door to their bedroom. “Well, she took that better than I expected.”

An hour and a half later, Lisa pads back to him, patting his arm to get attention, “Yes, kitty?”

“Ok, 'mew', so I've calmed down. Mostly. I did make that bet, so I did agree to all this and I have to take the 'mew' consequences like a big girl. And I should trust you not to do anything terrible to me. So, I'm back to make my choice. And then I shall have my vengeance upon you, in this life or the next. 'mew'”

“So you've made your choice is what I'm hearing?”

“Yes. And, totally unrelatedly, 'mew' you can magically repair clothes, right?”

“Good. What have...wait, what?”

“I might have taken out my frustrations on your wardrobe, 'mew' but I'm sure you can fix those right up, right? I mean, except for the Spider-Man boxers. Those were just too embarrassing to survive.”

“Well, I can probably turn my non-house-trained kitty into a replacement, I guess.”

“Not once today's up you can't. 'mew' Not unless I let you and... 'prrrrrr’” she purrs as he gives her scritches.

“Oh, I think I could persuade you.”

She squirms out of reach, “‘prrrrrr’ No 'mew' fair!”

“So, savaging of my clothes aside, do I get a snack or a toy?”

“Way to make this harder, Magic 'mew' Boy. Door number two. I can't have you eat me, it just....” she shivers, “... so, by default, 'mew' you get to turn me into your helpless fuck toy, I guess.”

“I keep telling you, Lise. You are never helpless.”

“You're not arguing about the rest, though 'mew', are you?”

“I'm not, no.”

She bites her lip, nipping it with her fangs, “Let's get it over with, then. 'mew'”

A little later, Lisa stares at the collection of leather and latex on the bed: a pair of tight shorts, a hood, a pair of hoops for her shoulders, and a cupless roller bra. “That's it?!” she asks, rubbing her now furless arms, “I've worn more material in the shower!”

“It's more than you're wearing now.”

She glowers at him. “Not the point.”

“Right.” he hands over the shorts and Lisa struggles them up her legs.

“Jesus H fucking Christ! The collar suit isn't as tight as these fucking things and that is literally skintight.” she finally gets them to fit, the shorts digging in at the upper edge of her legs. Next she takes the hoops sliding them up her arm, finding them equally tight when they pinch on her shoulders. “You do the 'bra', Magic Boy. I won't be able to tighten it.” she reaches for the hood, struggling it over her hair as Peter pulls on the roller, “Jeez, let me breathe a little!” she gasps as he locks it and she finally manages to get her face aligned with the hole. She stares at herself in the mirror. “Fuck. I feel more exposed with this on than I do when I'm actually naked! How does that work?” she pokes at her cheek, “And what are these holes even for?”

“That's where the ball gag goes.”

“The WHAT?!”

“Which I am not suicidal enough to even think of including today.”

“Awwww, you're soooooo sweet. But, just because you're not doing that, don't think I'm going to forgive and forget that you did make me put the rest of this suit on.”

“Of course not. Shall we start?”

“Do I get any real say in that?”

“Not really.” He takes her wrist with one hand and presses against the ring around her shoulder with the other. She feels a sharp sting followed by a gentle rubbing sensation across her arm as Peter pulls it away. She reaches over, her fingers tingling as they probe the hollow cavity carved in her shoulder. A cap of the same shiny black material covers the end of the arm in Peter's hands. Her hand curls into a two-fingered salute to its bearer.

“Charming. Can you point your fingers so I can slide this into place?”

“Say 'please'.”

“Please.”

“No problem.” she flattens her hand looking at her shoulder to watch as he pushes her arm inside. Her fingers tingle and go numb, the feeling progressing up her arm until there's a flash of warmth as the loop and cap fuse together. “That feels...odd. Where, exactly, is my arm?”

Peter shrugs as he moves to her other arm, “Nowhere. This just vanishes the parts.”

“And you're sure you can get everything back?”

“One, yes. All SAT gear has a guarantee. Two, now is a bit late to be asking.” he presses the other ring and repeats the process.

“If you make even one, single, solitary Venus de Milo joke, I'm kicking you out first thing tomorrow and getting Ola back.”

“Noted. Do you want to lie down? It'll make the balance easier.”

“Sure, fine.”

“Say 'yes, Master'.”

“Say 'Not on your life, you sadistic bastard'.” she leans back, flopping down without her arms to guide her down.

Peter runs his finger along the lower edge of the shorts.

“Oh, that is not fair.”

“I'm trying to find the catch.”

“Suuuuuuure you are...” she feels the sting running through her thigh, feeling it fall sideways to the bed. She dutifully points her toes, feeling a tickle against her sex as her leg vanishes inside her. Well, not technically inside her, that feels different. *Brain, now is not the time! Of all the weird thoughts to give me while I'm being made into a helpless...Stop that right now, Brain.* she looks down her abbreviated body to where her other leg is completing its path to nowhere. “Let me guess, Magic Boy. This isn't helpless enough for you?”

In response, he presses a stud somewhere in the waist of the shorts and lets her hips fall away onto the bed. She gets a glimpse of a smooth shiny plane across her waist before it rolls out of sight. The next stud is on the underside of her bra and her stomach falls away. Peter turns it around and feeds her belly into her chest, which at least gives her a better view of the leather-wrapped ball that is her hips.

“There isn't much of me left.”

“Nope.”

She feels him pressing studs hidden in the bras, the sting and rubbing against her breasts feeling too nice before Peter lifts them off her chest, leaving smooth circles behind, placing them in front of her hips, her pale skin standing out against the dark leather.

“Almost done.” his finger strokes her cheek.

“Is that supposed to reassure me?”

He presses the stud apparently resting by her eyes. What's left of her shivers, feeling the slice run along the inside of her face and Peter carefully lifts her viewpoint away, leaving a flat plane in the front of the hood. He places her resting against the swell of her hips, using her breasts to stop her face slipping. Her nipples are tantalisingly close to her mouth, stiffening before she shakes her head to clear the unwanted thought, but that doesn't move her face an inch, which makes her more than a little dizzy.. Her faceless head stares back unnervingly until Peter lifts it away from the alleged bra and slides her head and shoulders down into the strip of latex.

“Now what?” She gives a mix of a gasp of surprise and grunt of effort as Peter tightens the roller

buckle, pulling what's left of her chest inside itself until only the buckle is left. "I can't feel it. I can't feel...anything. Because I don't have anything..." she starts to breathe faster.

"It's ok, Lise. It's ok. Let me get you together."

"Uh-huh. Together. Together sounds good. Back to fucking normal sounds better, though."

Peter doesn't appear to hear her as she feels him pressing her breasts against her hips, the smooth edges of both merging together in a warmth to melt the shiny material away. She feels him rolling her hips, the weight settling partially on her breasts before he lifts her face up. She closes her eyes as her view swings wildly up to the ceiling, feeling the smooth surface of her waist against the back of her face, warming, melting, merging those parts together until she can feel herself properly, her whole body compressed into just those parts. A helpless little fucktoy. She feels Peter undoing the shorts, sliding them off much more easily than they came on, placing them with the buckle. She can feel the sheets on her skin, wriggling as much as she can, which is practically nothing. She bites her lip, eyes darting around as Peter lifts her up, shivering as his fingers touch her skin.

"Still want to go back to fucking normal, Lise?" he asks. She gulps as she realises she hadn't groused quietly enough. "Or shall we give that present a proper workout?"

Some time later, she flexes her fingers, peeling the sweaty hood off her head.

"So?"

"So what?"

"So, was it as terrible as you imagined?"

"It was...it was..." she pauses, "...well, of course it felt fantastic. My entire body was one big erogenous zone, which is practically cheating. Every touch was just..." she shivers. "But I was still a...still just a thing. A toy. Just a fucktoy. So, no matter how good it felt...if I hadn't lost...if you hadn't won..." she shivers again, "Let's just say I wouldn't get your hopes up for that to happen again."

"Whatever you say." he kisses her neck, "At least until the next time you lose a bet like that."

"Oh, no, I've learned my lesson. No more going all in for me. And if Carrie or Sarah ever find out..."