

PETER AND LISA: CHAPTER 77

BLOWN OUT OF PROPORTION

Lisa leans back in the bed, feeling the warmth of Peter's body against hers. "I can hear you thinking, Magic Boy."

"I'll try to keep it down."

"It's not the noise so much as the smoke." she rolls over to face him, "So, what's on your mind?"

"Just fiddling with things."

"Things?"

"I've had ideas. Modifying something. And it's not something you'll want to test."

"Oh, really? You think you know what I want?"

"We're getting married so it seems like I should have an idea."

"Tell me and we'll see."

"It's the inflation stem."

Lisa stiffens, "Ok, so you do know me. Why are you playing with that?"

"Trying things out, mostly."

"Right."

"And normally I'd just let Carrie 'accidentally' get hold of it and get her to tell me how it works, but..."

"But she's in SAT's lab and..."

"And I'm not sure it's a good idea to be experimenting on it...her, when she's still...unstable."

"She's always been..."

"You know what I meant. Magically unstable. And, to be honest, I'm not sure you'd be keen on me...testing it on her."

"And what did that pause mean?"

"Pause?"

"You know what pause. The one you didn't say before testing."

"What kind of testing do you think I'd need to do with a magic item that turns someone into an inflatable doll to make sure everything's working?"

"Oh. Yeah, I would not want you 'testing' that on my sister, even if you do own her."

"Would it be better or worse if I didn't own her?"

"You'd be dead either way, so...about the same?"

"Anyway, I'm making it work differently."

"Differently? Differently how?"

"You're still a doll, but you can move."

"How much?"

Peter shrugs, "Unknown, hence the need for testing."

"So what you're edging up to, ever so subtly, is: will I help you 'test' it?"

"Basically."

She sighs in the darkness, "...Maybe."

"Maybe? Really?"

"It's a 'maybe', Magic Boy. I need to think before I say 'yes'."

The Offices of the UKAG, where the piles of message, both paper and electronic, have not magically transferred themselves from the in tray to the out, "Ok, something's bothering you." Tabitha says, putting her hands on the desk for emphasis, "Out with it."

"What are you? My therapist?"

"Closest you're going to get. So spill."

"...Peter."

"What about him?"

"He's got an...idea."

"Uh-huh."

"He's experimenting. Playing around with magic to get it to do something better or different, like he did with the lightsabres."

"Uh-huh."

"Are you going to say anything else?"

"Depends. Are you going to get to the point?"

Lisa sighs, "It's an inflation stem."

"The kind that turns people into..."

"Yes."

"And what's he doing with it?"

"He says he's made it so the doll can move."

"Huh. Kinky."

"Shut up. Anyway, he wants to test it..."

"You mean he wants to turn you into a fuck doll."

"...Yes."

"Interesting. He never struck me as the suicidal type."

"Ha ha."

"So what's the problem? You said 'no' and..."

"Well..."

"You didn't say 'no', did you?"

"I...didn't. I didn't say 'yes'!" she protests.

"No, but you will. If you were going to say 'no', you'd have said 'no' already. So you're going to say 'yes', it's just a matter of how much mental torture you inflict on yourself, and everyone around you, first."

"What?"

"You heard me. If you mean 'no', you'll say it, forcefully and immediately. So anything else means you'll say 'yes' eventually, you just don't want to give in too easily."

"I thought you weren't my therapist."

"I'm not. You're just that easy to read."

"Quit picking on me."

"Not a chance. If you want to say 'no', which, to be clear, you don't, can't you let Her Royal Kinkness have a go? Obviously not with him 'testing' it, but..."

"He said she could do it already so it wouldn't be a fair test. And she'd probably say 'no' just so I had to do it."

"That is true, she would. So, I guess, you're going to have to be a doll."

"Why do I tell you anything?"

"I've got no idea. But don't stop. Your sex life is way more interesting than mine at the moment."

"I am not your adult entertainment channel!"

"Aren't you?"

"Hey, respect for your boss."

"Sure thing, 'Boss'."

Several days later, Lisa slumps through the door, "Fine."

"Fine? What fine?"

"Fine, I agree. I've had a lousy day. Doll me."

"You're sure?"

"Apparently, if I don't say 'no', the 'yes' is just a matter of time."

"That's not quite the enthusiastic 'yes' I was looking for."

"Oh, Master, please turn me into a sex doll and fuck my brains out."

"And that's just sarcastic."

"Just get the stem."

"Are you sure?"

"I'm sure enough to give it a shot. So get the fucking stem and we can start 'testing'. You'd better

‘test’ me good, though.”

”I don’t think you mean test when you say ‘test’ there.”

”If you don’t get on with it, you’ll never know.”

”Ma’am, yes, ma’am.” he salutes, heading to get the stem.

The bedroom, as fast as possible later, Lisa lying on the bed, “Last chance to back out.”

”You know me better than that. No backing out.”

”Restore before or after sleep?”

”Hmmm, probably before this time.”

”Deflate?”

Her breath catches, ”...No. Why all the questions?”

”I’m not 100% sure you’ll be able to talk once changed.”

”Not sure...definitely changed back before and not deflated, then.”

”Ready?”

She takes a deep breath, “Doll me.”

Peter presses the stem against her navel and Lisa gasps. The change takes instants that last for hours as she watches the shiny vinyl crawling over her skin, feeling the light hollowness that comes with it spreading. She presses a hand on her belly, feeling the shiny, slightly slippery surface give as if there’s nothing underneath it. Seams rise down her sides, her breasts inflating with empty air into hemispheres standing proud on her chest as her nipples twist into plastic nubs. She feels her lower lips parting, becoming the circular ridges opening around a sensitive vinyl tunnel. Her butt inflates, pressing against the sheets, lifting her hips up, as the air and vinyl flow through her limbs, fusing her fingers and toes into mittens. She feels the change flowing up her neck, thoughts getting fuzzy as her mouth opens into another circular hole and her head just empties out, her brain replaced by nothing but air, her eyes staring out as they flatten into painted on details, and it’s done. She’s become nothing but a sexdoll.

”Can you move?”

She turns her head slightly. She raises one arm, her vinyl skin crinkling as it moves. She pushes herself up off the bed, but walking is difficult. She’s too light, turning her movement into a stumbling slow-motion leaping walk, like an Apollo astronaut on the Moon. It’s tiring and the bed calls to her. Dolly belongs there. She lies down, her arms and legs naturally falling into an open position like a good Dolly.

”How are you doing?”

What a silly question. Dolly is fine. Well, Dolly would prefer if her owner was using it, but it’s fine. Dolly beckons with her mitten hands. She wants to be a good Dolly, wants to make her owner happy. Then owner climbs onto the bed. Dolly wraps her vinyl arms around him, pulling him closer. Dolly feels him enter her and what little mind there is in her air-filled head shatters in an explosion of pleasure.

When she’s pulled herself back together, she can feel her body absorbing her owner’s cum in both holes as her owner pulls the stem out. Dolly immediately feels heavier, flesh and blood replacing air-filled vinyl until Lisa is sitting panting, wide-eyed on the bed.

”Was it good for you?”

”It was...I was...I wasn’t...” she tries to pull on her scattered thoughts, “I could move. It didn’t feel right somehow, but I could do it. But I couldn’t think. It was...it was like I was someone else, no, not just someone else. I was Dolly. Just Dolly, only thinking how to please my owner. Of being used like a good Dolly. And when you did, it was...everything.” she shivers, “And I know that wasn’t what you had in mind, Magic Boy, but you need to fix that part rather than the movement before I let that thing near me again.”

Peter contemplates the stem for a few seconds, “Sure, no problem.” and he puts it back on the bedside table.