

PETER AND LISA: CHAPTER 78
BEND ME, SHAPE ME

"What do you mean, 'S.A.T. want us to test something'?"

"One of Carrie's little oopsies. They're not sure it can be traced to what...she thinks it was. And obviously, they can't test this on Carrie."

"Don't they have any people they use to test these things before they inflict them on us?"

"Heh."

"What?"

"You said 'us'. You're part of the community now."

"Yeah, yeah."

"One of us. One of us."

"Back to the question?"

"They don't have many testers and the ones they do have are tied up with other stuff."

"So, as we have to be the ones to test it, what do they want us to test?"

"Well..."

"Peeeter, you're stalling. Out with it."

"They want us to check that it's the bondage gear that's made Carrie stretchy."

"Didn't quite catch that. Speak up."

"They think, well, Carrie thinks, that it's the bondage gear that..."

"The...They know we have that?! Why do they...? How do they know that?!"

"Talking to Carrie, maybe?"

"I am going to kill her!" she sighs, "Can you get her to not spill our kinky secrets?"

"A bit late for that."

"We don't know what else she's told them. Or what she's planning to. She might be doing it just to wind me up!"

"I mean, I can probably get her to do it, or not do it. Are you sure you want me to?"

Lisa pauses, "Yes." she whispers, "Yes. Do it."

"This weekend, when she's back. Just expect it to find interesting interpretations to piss you off."

"Of course. She is still Carrie, after all. So, back to us, they want us to do what exactly?"

"Test Carrie's idea."

"Which means? Getting me nice and tied up and then?"

"Trying to bend and stretch you to see if they're right."

"Fun."

Later that night, Lisa kneels on the bed, the array of black straps lying around her, glossy black against the bedsheets, "There will be no pictures sent in for evidence."

"Of course not. I'm not sharing you with S.A.T."

"Damn right you're not."

"They've undoubtedly got enough on their hands with Carrie, for one. Two of you would be a bit much for anyone..."

She swats at him, "Arse." she looks down at the straps, "So, my twisted mad scientist, where do we start experimenting on poor, helpless, little ol' me?"

"Start small and work our way up." he picks up one of the straps. Lisa holds out her arm as he wraps it twice around her wrist, the slightly stretchy material sticking to itself. "Now, let me know when it starts to be uncomfortable."

"Well..."

"Physically uncomfortable." he corrects, moving behind her. He bends her arm into the small of her back, before leaning his head on her shoulder. "Ok?"

"I'm fine, Magic Boy. This barely counts any more."

He pulls on the strap, tugging her hand up her back. "Still good?"

"I'm fine, Magic Boy."

"Ok. Look to your left."

Lisa looks at him suspiciously as she turns, bumping her cheek into the back of her hand.

"What? That's..."

"A fair bit of stretch there, wouldn't you say?"

Lisa's fingers wiggle before she turns away. "Uhhh-huh."

"Can I tie this off while we try how far you can go without magic?"

"Yeah, sure." Lisa replies numbly as Peter loops the strap under her arm, tying it off.

Pulling on her other arm, her hand is only up to her shoulder-blades before she gives a grimace of discomfort and taps out.

"Can I try it with the strap?"

"You have my permission, Magic Boy. Just get on with it." With the strap around her wrist, he pulls her arm into a mirror image, her hands framing her head.

Lisa turns towards the mirror, taking in the strange sight and waves. "Ok, what next?"

In response, Peter takes her hands and folds them back, tucking her fingers out of sight under the straps around her wrists.

"That is a lot more bendy than I'm used to."

"Legs?"

"Why not? We both know you're not going to stop until I'm wrapped up tighter than a Christmas present."

"Speaking of, the Christmas party at E's..."

"You want to bring that up now?"

"She wants a reply to plan." he replies, securing the straps around her ankles.

"Fine, fine, I'll let you know."

"Back or sides?"

"Sides. I think."

"Ok." He puts his hands on her shoulders, "Just lean back." and lowers her onto the bed, resting her head on the pile of pillows.

A little propped up on her folded arms, Lisa stares down her body as Peter begins to push her legs outwards, stretching the gap between them wider and wider until they're straight out to her sides, still feeling no real strain. "Ok to go further?"

"I guess."

"Close enough." He pushes some more and then more still, until her legs are pressed along her sides, feet waving by the pillows.

"That is very strange looking."

"Look pretty good from here." He lowers his face, licking along her presented lips. Lisa squirms as his tongue teases her.

"I thought...we were...testing things?"

"Do you want me to stop?"

"Don't you daaaaaaaare!"

He pulls back as she bucks her hips into his face. "Further?"

"Huh?" she replies blearily and then watches as her legs cross over her chest, moving back until they're almost horizontal, thighs pressed together above her hips. "What are you planning noooooow?" she moans as he pushes, her bones bending like rubber around each other, wrapping her legs into a spiral. "That is...that is a lot more than I expected."

"Still doesn't hurt?"

She shakes her head. "Not even a little. You could probably hogtie me with my own limbs like this."

"Maybe later."

"I never said I'd let you!"

In response Peter uncoils her legs, letting them settle against her sides. "Next stage?"

"Why not? We've come this..." she stops as Peter takes her foot and pulls her leg upwards, putting his hand on her knee, bending it backwards. By all rights, that should be agony, but it bends smoothly and painlessly as if this is perfectly normal behaviour. "Ok, that looks extra freaky."

"But it feels..."

She shrugs, "It feels fine."

Peter nods and releases his grip, her leg flexing back to more or less normal. He eases her legs back to their proper position. "Can you roll over?"

Lisa pushes with her leg, which apparently is still working normally, and ends up face down, "Ok. What are you 'testing' now?"

"Seeing how far the effect extends."

"Meaning?" Peter responds by pushing her legs up, his hands walking down her body as she curls up until her feet are framing her head in an impressive backbend.

"Anything?"

"Nope. Feels as natural as the rest."

"Further?"

"Go for it." He pushes her forward, her knees meeting the bed, her hips against her head. "Ok, that feels weird."

"Further?"

"How can you get any furth..." he pulls on her ankles, pressing her hips further against the back of her head. Lisa gets the strange sensation of her lips parting around her skull, spreading over her head as Peter pulls, her head sinking into her pussy. "Blatherskite! Blatherskite!"

Immediately the pressure pulling her deeper vanishes. Peter releases her ankles and steps back.

"A little help here, Magic Boy? You've got me knotted up good."

He unties her, easing her limbs out until she's back to normal, the straps still dangling from her wrists and ankles. "Are you ok?"

"Yeah, yeah, it was just like...my head was being swallowed up. I don't want to get that close a look at my...you know?"

"Ok. So no triple folds. Do you want to stop?"

"You've still got a gleam in your eye. I'm good."

"Now I know that's not true."

She swats half-heartedly at him. "So, what now?"

"Testing the rest of the idea. Try and hold still." He takes her arm and pulls. Lisa watches as, instead of popping out of its socket, it just stretches. And stretches. And stretches until Peter's backed up to the wall, still holding her hand. She wriggles her fingers. He walks back towards her, her arms pulling back to its proper length.

"Why didn't you let go?"

"Carrie said when she did it, things snapped back like a rubber band and I didn't want to deal with having made you punch yourself in the face."

"Smart boy. Can we say Carrie was right? I mean, she'll love it if we can."

"Well, to really confirm we'd have to repeat her exact experiment."

"Which is?"

He pinches her nipples.

"Ahhhh, of course it is. Go on."

He starts to pull and Lisa yelps, her sensitive nubs refusing absolutely to move as far as Peter wants it. He stops. "Hmmmm. I guess they must have used the clamps on them."

"Absolutely not. You are not coming near me with those vicious things."

"Ok no clamps for now..."

"Not ever!"

"...so now that we're done testing. Do you want to have some fun with these?"

"I might be able to be persuaded."

"Someone did mention being hogtied..."

"Someone also mentioned no fucking way, you twisted bastard."

Minutes later, Lisa finds herself face down on the bed, her arms and legs wrapped together into a bow pressing into her back. "I swear I said no hogtying!"

"You didn't blatherskite out of it, though, so it was just play resistance."

"Arse."

Peter reaches down, rubbing her butt, "It is a very nice arse, yes."

Lisa bites her lips, "It is. That's not the point."

"Do you really want me to untie you?"

"...No."

"Exactly." he replies, stroking his hand along her knotted limbs. Lisa tries to resist purring.

"You're still an arse."

"And you're still pretending not to enjoy this." his fingers find her slit, coming away very wet.

"Rather badly at that."

"Yeah, well, someone's taking his sweet time getting to the good..." she gasps as she feels Peter's hand sliding inside her, "...fuuuuuuuuuck!"

"Looks like that's still stretchy."

"What...was...your first...clue?" she pants as Peter twists his hand around inside her.

"Can I see how far..."

"I thought we were done experimenting."

"Science never sleeps."

"Fiiiiiiiiiiiiine." she moans as he pushes in, "But...don't try...climbing inside me..."

He stops before he gets very far, elbow still outside her. Instead he pulls his hand out, his other hand joining it and pulls them apart. Lisa shrieks as her sex opens wider and wider, only to snap back the instant Peter isn't applying pressure.

"Are...you done playing and...ready to...finish me off?"

"Maybe one thing more."

"Ok, Magic Boy. One thing. And I mean one thing."

"Does this hurt?" he puts his hands on her forehead and starts to pull back.

"Stop, stop, stop!" he does, "Yes, that hurt!" she feels a strap wrapping around her forehead and beginning to pull her back.

"How about that?"

"It's fine, but...what are you...?" her head rests between her shoulder blades, able to see the pale skin of her 'bow' above her. Peter pulls the straps around her chest, securing them in place.

"How's that feel?"

"Weird. But I'm used to weird with you."

Peter smiles and pulls on her shoulders, getting her more or less vertical. Lisa finds herself staring upside down in the mirror. She sees Peter moving, pulling his phone off the floor.

"We said no pictures!"

"It's not for SAT. It's to show you what you look like now."

"Sure it is. If you make it your wallpaper, you are dead!"

The phone flashes. "Well, I wasn't thinking of doing that but now that you've given me the idea..."

"Don't you dare!" he puts it back, reaching for something else. "What are you...oh, no, no, no, no, you are a dead man, Stafford, a dead fucking..." and the clamps bite down on her.

The S.A.T. offices/lab, the next morning, where Dr Black stares through her thin glasses at her screen, cables snaking across the desk to a small pedestal holding a pinkish ball, "Simeon, could you possibly explain why I have an email from Peter Stafford in my inbox? Concerning some sort of...product testing he was doing for me? I feel sure I'd have remembered asking about that sort of thing."

"You did lament that it would be very hard to test the hypothesis your newest project had presented..."

"I did. I often express disappointment that I lack time and resources to pursue everything. You don't usually arrange one of our contributors to perform the testing instead. Especially not one from one of the old families. You remember them, they're the people who keep us operational."

"Is he complaining?"

She scans through the text. “Thankfully not. He’s provided feedback that suggests it was correct. Fascinating. Oh, he also says if you ever call his partner a ‘frigid bitch’ or anything even remotely similar again, he’ll be extremely unhappy and will come and ‘discuss’ the matter personally with you.”

”She is a...”

”She is now a valued colleague as she’s been doing your work for you, Simeon. You will be sure to treat her appropriately, won’t you?”

”Yeah, sure. How’s the project doing?”

”Remarkably well. When it digitised itself, it made investigation so much easier.” She turns back to the screen, where a wireframe image of Carrie’s head slowly turns, “Carrie, update the hypothesis file to confirmed.”

The frame stops turning, eyes swirling in a processing state as the pedestal lights blink, before it resumes its slow rotation.