

## PETER AND LISA: CHAPTER 81

### DEREPROGRAMMING CARRIE

Peter sits at his home desk, bathed in the glow of his computer screen. Lisa sighs in the doorway and flicks on the light. "You can literally just flick the switch with a thought, Magic Boy, and yet, here you are, working on our website in the dark."

He turns, showing the head mounted on the desk, its eyes closed, face blank as if sleeping, wires running to the laptop from the back of its head, "I'm not working on the website."

"Carrie? What? Why? What?"

"You said that." Carrie replies, her face animating. "We're just trying to fix me up."

"Fix you..."

"We're finding out what code SAT introduced. Then we figure out what we want to change of that."

"All of it?!"

"I told you she'd react like that. You owe me a fiver."

"I'll pay you when you're a person."

"Cheater."

He shrugs, "It's not like you can spend it without my approval."

Carrie sulks. "Of course, Master. Whatever you say, Master."

"Where's the sarcasm setting on this thing?" Lisa waps him across the back of his head. "Ow! What was that..."

"You needed a reminder that my sister is not a thing."

Peter rubs the back of his head. "Anyway, Carrie agrees that we don't want to remove everything. Some of the presets are useful in finding out what's gone wrong with her magic."

Lisa scowls.

"So, obviously, the sextoy and the like are going."

"Obviously."

"But we're also working out how to prevent them being reprogrammed in."

"And a surprise for anyone who does try to use them." Carrie adds.

"Meaning Stone?"

"I mean, definitely him, but..."

"But..."

"Look, here..." Peter points at the screen.

"I'm not a programmer."

"Don't worry, sis, I'm programmed in natural language."

"What does that even mean?"

"The commands are in English, more or less. After all, there's an NI interpreting them."

"NI? I know you don't mean national insurance so..."

"Natural Intelligence. I'm not exactly artificial. I'd have thought you of all people would appreciate that fact."

"Ha. Ha. So, what am I supposed to be looking at? Explain it like I'm Mum."

"I'll do my best, but that's a very low level of understanding. So, what's on the screen is the program. First few lines are setting parameters. How horny I am, how submissive I am, how smart I am, you get it."

Lisa looks at the screen, "Set Horny: Max. Set Obedience: Max. Set Intelligence: Min. Noticing a trend here."

"Would you want a sex toy that's smarter than you?"

"You're not a...ok, fine, what am I looking for?"

"See the bit about memory?"

"Memory: Locked. What does that mean?"

"That I can't look at those memories. The only time they're accessible is when I'm running FuckToy. I guess so I can remember exactly what he likes. CamGirl has the same thing."

"Fucker! I'm going to..."

“Hey, calm down. You're not doing anything, sis.”  
“But...”  
“We have a plan, don't worry.”  
“You have a plan?”  
“Yes.”  
“And I shouldn't worry?”  
“Yes, I mean, no. You shouldn't.”  
“Because you have a plan.”  
“Right.”  
“Whelp, I'm more worried now.”  
“Hey!!”  
“You're in this mess because your plans don't work!”  
“Hey! That might be a valid point, but hey regardless. Anyway, it's not my plan, it's our plan.”  
“Our?”  
“You know, your boyfriend, sorry, fiancé. You trust his plans, right?”  
“Ok, Magic Boy. You, I trust.”  
“Hey!”  
“Mostly.” she kisses the top of his head.  
“Hey!”  
“You deserve it. So, this plan?”  
“We're putting in a root level access so...”  
“In English.”  
“He means, there's going to be a padlock put in. The only ones who can approve a 'code change' are me and him.”  
“Why do you need to be able to...”  
“Because...”  
“Because he's my owner, so I'd have to do any change he wanted anyway. This is easier.”  
Lisa blinks briefly, “Fine. Whatever.”  
“Anyway. Once that's implemented, whenever SAT want to make a change to any of my code, I have to approve it.”  
“Or Peter does?”  
“Right. So, we don't have to worry about Stone fucking around with me, but if Dr Black needs some feature put in to monitor things, we can do it if we trust it. Then we can put better code into the bad things.”  
“Better code? I thought you were going to get rid of them!”  
“Can't get revenge on someone using me as a fucktoy if we've removed the code that lets them, can we?”  
“I...guess not.”  
“Don't worry. We won't let him use me like that. But the function needs to be kept, even if its completely different code inside.”  
“But...”  
“It's fine, sis. All going to plan.”  
“Your plan, right?”  
“Yeah, my...oh, fuck off.”

The next day, Lisa comes home to find Carrie vacuuming, which is amazing enough in itself. The frilly black and white French Maid's outfit is probably less amazing, especially how revealing it is. The vacuum hose snaking out of her belly button and winding around her left arm is definitely more, though.

“What are you doing?”  
“Cleaning, mistress.” she replies slightly robotically, causing Lisa to notice the seams along her skin, like its made of interlocking plates.

“Peter!”

“Master is not home yet. Activating message: 'Hi, Lise'” she says in Peter's voice, “I've been working on Carrie's code, seeing what can be done and the robo-maid is an experiment in that. It's fine and it'll revert on command.”

“Didn't give me the command, though, did you?” she mutters as the robo-maid goes back to cleaning. Lisa lets the whirl of the vacuum fade into the background as she continues working through the wedding guest list, which seems decidedly one-sided.. “Don't you have friends, Magic Boy?” She feels the metal end of the vacuum bump against her.

“Impediment to cleaning detected.”

“What? Now listen, you...”

“Increasing suction.”

“Increase...” Lisa feels the end of the hose clamp against her, the suction pulling at her. “Stop that.”

“Command unsuccessful. Impediment remains. Increasing suction.”

“Don't you daaaaaaaaare!” she protests as she's sucked down the tube like she's in a Tex Avery cartoon, a large bulge moving along to compact into robo-maid's stomach.

“Impediment removed. Enjoy your stay, sis.” It pats its stomach and resumes cleaning normally.

An hour later, when Peter finally arrives home, because of course the meeting was scheduled for the end of the day and overran, robo-maid stands silently. “Honey, I'm ho...what are you doing out? The program should have put you back in the closet.”

“Error: Unable to initiate storage protocol. Compactable waste capacity exceeded.”

“How? What did you suck up that could possibly...oh. Fuck.”

He presses in on its sides, the front of her stomach opening up, revealing a scrunched up, folded and absolutely seething figure squeezed inside.

“Well?” she snarls, her arms framing around her head. “Get me out of here!”

“Unlock storage.”

“Command acknowledged.” there is a click and Peter pulls out the storage unit.

Lisa clambers out, spitting dust, her clothes covered in the detritus of cleaning. “Explain!” she demands, “No, shower first, then explanation.”

Peter slots the storage unit back in, closing up the stomach hatch. He sighs, “Clear that up.” pointing to the spilled dust, “Then revert.”

“Commands acknowledged.”

One shower later, clothes stuffed into the washing machine, hair wrapped in a towel, “Explain.”

“Someone...” he looks meaningfully at Carrie, “...thought it would be funny.”

“Uh-huh.”

“Apparently, I left too much Carrie in the robo-maid code. I'll fix that before we send her back. Make sure there's no lingering...”

“Uh-huh.”

“But this is a good test of...”

“Uh-huh.” she taps her foot dangerously.

“What he means is he's very sorry for what happened and he'll do his best to make sure it won't happen again.”

“And you?”

“Me? Oh, I'm not sorry in the slightest. It was hilarious. I just wish the compaction had worked.”

“Oh, really? Well, allow me to help you with that. Stressball.”

“Heyyyyyyyyy...” she collapses inwards, the small pink ball bouncing onto the sofa cushions. Lisa picks the ball up and squeezes it tightly in her fist.

Several iterations later, Peter is happy enough with the coding controls that Carrie finds herself back at SAT, and that evening, Peter receives a phone call. “Mr Stafford.”

“Dr Black.”

“I assume you can explain why an exquisite piece of magical craftsmanship is currently naked in the lab singing 'Vagina Dentata' from both its mouth and surprisingly toothsome vulva? All while chasing my colleague?”

“Someone must have tried to run the fucktoy program. I made some edits over Christmas.”

Dr Black's sigh carries across the phone line, “I see. And is there a way you can get it to stop? Some of us are trying to work.”

“It will respond to 'fucktoy off'.”

“So simple.”

“Just keep Stone from trying to use it for non-scientific purposes.”

“I am already trying.”

“Also, I'm glad you phoned, I had a thought. Carrie's functions are all coded now, so that should include how it processes magic. Maybe there'll be something buried in there that will help?”

“Maybe.” there's a sound of teeth grinding and a shouted 'fucktoy off!' before she returns to the phone, “Thank you for your time, Mr Stafford. I'll let you know how that avenue pans out.”