

PETER AND LISA: CHAPTER 83

FUCKBOX

“So, what happened at SAT this week? Any improvement?” Lisa asks.

Carrie takes a deep breath, unselfconsciously naked as usual, her skin smooth in modesty mode, as much of a concession to Lisa as she's allowing. “Well, the white lightsabre popped after I fuelled it up, but all it did was make me glow. Disappointing.”

“So the changes are working?” Peter asks from beside Lisa on the couch.

“Yes, Master. Research-Carrie's code seems to be working. But she's not the only genius in my head, I found a way of draining some of the magic off. Without her help.”

“Which was?”

“I made myself magic-powered.”

“What?”

She smiles, “I made myself magic-powered. Right now, instead of all that boring normal stuff like eating and breathing, I'm living off the mana I generate.”

“How?”

“Easy. In the really big changes, when your body just can't work normally because it doesn't exist or is a mannequin or something, the magic takes over and keeps you functioning. Well, as far as my body's concerned, the default state is to work like that. So...” she turns, a little starburst appearing on her left buttock reading 'Magic inside'. “The future of dieting. It probably won't work for most people who have a functioning mana cycle, but it takes some of my excess away. Not all of it, though. Keeping a body running doesn't take anywhere near as much magic as you'd think, but it should slow down my issues.”

“And it's safe?”

“Sure. I mean, Mimi hasn't been human for years and it must be working the same way.”

“Not the best examples.”

“Regardless of what shape she's in, she's undeniably still alive and functioning.”

“In a way.”

“Works for me. And it's me that counts for this one, right, sis?”

“I guess.”

“And it means I'm much cheaper to keep around. Don't even need pet food.”

“Did I ever feed you pet food?”

“Obviously not. You're far too nice for that. But, you could if you wanted, right?”

Peter sighs, “So the mana is rising more slowly?”

“So Dr Black's tests say. Probably reduced it by 33%? More or less. Anyway, there's also a new exe forming, Lightsabre_white_plus. So I'm shovelling the excess in there to see what it'll do.”

“Why?”

“Why not? White 'sabre's pretty safe as far as what could happen goes. Better than random, anyway.”

“I guess.”

“That's the spirit, sis. Hey, this is progress. If we can figure out a couple of other things to draw it off, I might even be marked safe to get back to my life.”

“We'll see.”

Lisa pushes herself off the seat, “Ok. Got to cut and run. Tabitha wants to talk to me about expanding the work the UKAG does. Something about other legal support matters.”

“Aren't you the boss?”

“So I'm told. But Tabitha actually runs the place now that Tracy...” she stops, pulls on her coat and vanishes out the door.

“Well, *that* was awkward.”

“She still feels guilty about Tracy.”

“Yeah, I get that. But she shouldn't. That's pretty much all on me”

“Are you...”

"I'm dealing with it, Master. However..."

"However?"

"I might have left something out of my report."

"Because?"

"Because a certain someone would freak."

"And I won't?"

Carrie snorts, "Don't be stupid. You're unfreakable. I should know. I've tried to freak you enough."

"Let's assume I am. What did you leave out?"

"Another exe got completed. Before I figured out the magic-power thing, I was doing some product testing for SAT."

"And what were you testing that would make Lisa freak?"

"Well, it's an extension of the Minimal Lover..."

"That's not a good start for Lise not freaking, I agree."

"And it's even less, well, more, no, less. More restraint, less me."

"Meaning?"

"Meaning our community is like the BDSM community only more so in how fucking complicated we make fucking. I should probably just tell you that it's being unofficially called the fuckbox and let you figure out why she'd freak."

"That would do it. How did that get completed early?"

"How do you think? I pushed into it."

"Do I want to know why?"

"Probably not."

"I assume there's something else you want to tell me?"

"Well, duh. Confession is good for the soul, but do toys even have one?"

"Stop deflecting."

"But it's fun."

Peter raises an eyebrow.

"Right. Getting to the point now, Master. There's a reason I'm like this," she gestures at her featureless body, "And not just because it makes sis back off a tiny bit. I've been barely anything more than a pussy for most of the week and I haven't been fucked in all that time, so I am horrrrrrrny as fuck. Removing my pussy helps, but there's a lot of frustration built up there and as magic makes people horny, which is probably why our community is quite so kinky, and right now I am powered by magic, so, even without a cunt, I need to be fucked!!"

"You want me to have sex with you?"

"No! I don't want to have sex with you! I certainly don't want to make love! I don't even want to be fucked! I neeeeed you to fuck me. Well, I need someone to fuck me, but the number of options is pretty low right now. You could try our illustrious Keeper and co, but I figure there's a good chance she lets me stew as part of my punishment. Sis is clearly right out for all sorts of reasons. I wasn't about to give Simeon and the rest at SAT any fresh ideas, not after what they did the previous times. And, because of the punishment, there's no way you'll let it be Tracy, so, frankly, who else?"

"Lise..."

"Is not here and won't find out. Unless you tell her."

"Which I'll have to. I won't lie to her for you."

"Well, fuuuuuuck! Why do you have to be so devoted?!"

"Why don't you just turn your horniness down?"

"Great plan! If I'd thought of it earlier in the week, maybe. But now? I haven't got the ability to concentrate long enough to even open that package, never mind do something like that. And besides that, I don't want to find out what happens when all this pent up energy has nowhere to go! So, please, please, please, Master, as your toy, I'm begging you, fucking fuck me!"

"I'm not fucking my future sister-in-law."

"Ok, ok," she closes her eyes and her body collapses inwards into a rounded pink cube that bounces on the floor as she drops, "How about now?" she asks as her mouth grows through one of the faces,

“Not your sister-in-law. Not a person to cheat with. Not anything but a toy that is designed to be fucked, and I know that because I'm part of the team that fucking designed it!”

“You know that's not...”

“I! Don't! Care! You can turn my mind off. Make me nothing but an inanimate fucktoy. Sis might be pissed, but you wouldn't be cheating on her any more than she's cheating on you with her vibrator!”

“I can get a vibrator...”

“I've tried that!! I've tried everything! For fuck's sake, I've tried vibrators, and dildos, and worked my fingers to the fucking bone! And! It's! Not! Enough!”

He lifts her up, her lips purring in pleasure at the touch. “[Pause horniness.](#)”

Carrie shivers, “That won't last.”

“Won't have to. How does this work?”

“If you're using the real box, you press on a panel, say the part you want and there it is. I can do that myself.”

“But the manual command also works?”

“Yeessssss?”

He presses one of the sides, “Pussy.”

“That is the opposite of helping me not be aroused.”

He presses another side. “Pussy.”

“Wait, whaaat? How?”

“Pussy, pussy, pussy.”

“Stop that! I'm...” he presses the panel beside her mouth.

“Pussy.” her mouth vanishes, replaced by a very wet set of lips, one on each of the cube's faces.

Peter places her down. “[Unpause horniness and cum until you're fully spent.](#) Just like a good fucktoy. [Then return to normal.](#)”

The cube convulses, and convulses, and convulses.

Ten shuddering minutes later, the cube finally quivers and expands in the puddle of its own excesses, “Ewwww. Sticky!” a towel flumps onto her. “Thank you, Master.”

“Now, when you feel overwhelmed like that again, you'll repeat that command. Only next time, put a towel down first.”

“Yes, Master.” she replies, “Ugh. Going to need a shower before Sis gets back or she'll get precisely the wrong idea.”

“Probably. Don't forget to let Dr Black know about the multiplication, are we calling it a feature or a bug?”

“Probably a feature. A very popular feature. Who doesn't love multiple pussies? Or boobs?”

“Who indeed? [Privacy.](#)”

Carrie's face goes empty in an instant.

“Now, I've been thinking about it and you might have had a point. So, if Lisa isn't around when you get super-horny, come to me and present yourself as the fuckbox. Acknowledge.”

“Command set. When I am super-mega-unbe-fucking-lievable horny, I will uber-fuckbox myself.

Or, if Sis isn't around, will present my fuckbox to you for use.”

“Good girl. Now, [Fucktoy](#), show me that setting in action.”

“Voice imprint acknowledged. Loading Fucktoy.” Fucktoy licks her lips, “Hello, Owner.” she purrs, seductively walking up to him, her body losing its anodyne, censored smoothness, “How may I, mmmmm, serve you today?”