

PETER AND LISA: PART 41A
CARRIE AND TRACY: PART 1
FOR SCIENCE!

“Go on, you know you want to.”

“But...”

“Come on, it’ll be fun.”

“But...”

“Go on. Just this one thing.”

“That’s what you said last time.”

“I was right, though, wasn’t I?”

Tracy sighs, looking around the scattered pieces on the bed that were normally Carrie. At present, she is split into literally dozens of pieces. Not just arms and legs misplaced, that would be almost normal, but each finger and toe is taken apart at the joints and splayed out around soles and palms in a star. Her arms and legs, likewise taken apart rest in vaguely appropriate places, her hips, stomach, chest and head all in a detached row down the middle.

“For someone who is in pieces, helpless, and supposedly under my power, you sure are being bossy.”

“Sorry. But you wouldn’t believe how good this feels. Now go on, finish up the experiment.”

“Yes, Dr Frankenstein. For science.”

“Science!” Carrie agrees emphatically, the pieces along her right side twitching. “Bugger. Dramatic hand clenches don’t work so well when I haven’t got hands.”

“You’ll have to work on that.” Tracy reaches out as Carrie muses, pinching her nose and pulling. Carrie crosses her eyes to look as the nose easily pops off into Tracy’s hand.

“Cool. Now do the ears.”

“How many pieces are you planning to end up in again?” she asks as she pinches each ear and pulls it away.

“I don’t know. That’s the point, to find out how many I can be in. Am I getting more difficult to take apart? It doesn’t feel any different from this side.”

“Not really. Still feels like they’re only loosely held on.”

“Ok, keep going.” Tracy winds her fingers through Carrie’s hair, feeling the strands rubbing against her fingers. She pulls, wincing a little at the Velcroey tearing sound that accompanies pulling Carrie’s hair away, holding what looks like a very realistic auburn wing in her hand.

“Let me see, let me see.” She holds up the hair. “Oh, wow, I wasn’t sure that was going to work.”

“You what?! You told me this was safe!”

“It is. And I was sure. I just wasn’t, you know, 100%.”

“Carrie, you can’t just keep doing this. This isn’t a game!”

“Sure it is. Look, if anything bad happens, Peter will fix it.”

“If he can.”

“What?”

“Nothing.” She drops the wig of hair onto the pillow above Carrie’s head. “You still haven’t been to the doctor’s, have you?”

“Oh, not you, too. No. There’s nothing wrong with me.” Tracy casts a meaningful sweep over the assembled pieces, “This is not serious. It’s under control. And that’s why we’re doing this so when I do have to go, I can give a lot more information.”

“So, nothing at all to do with the fact that you’re a kinky little pervert who likes being made helpless?”

Carrie looks directly at her. "Well, sure, if you want to bring facts and stuff into things. Now come on, I'm not done yet. Onto the fun things. You can take your time for these."

"Yes, Mistress."

"Oh, come on, I am so clearly the sub in this relationship. At the moment, anyway."

"For a sub, you give a lot of orders."

"Didn't catch that. You put one of my ears upside down so everything's half-muffled."

"Oh, well." Tracy ignores the offending ear, her hands tracing down Carrie's shoulders to her chest. Carrie bites her lip as Tracy's hands caress her. She closes her eyes, her dismantled body shuddering as Tracy's breath slides over them, her tongue and lips tenderly circling Carrie's stiffening nipples.

"Shall we try something naughty?"

"Oh, yes, definitely."

Tracy bites the engorged nipple, eliciting a sharp gasp from her helpless lover as she pulls away. Carrie bites her lip, looking on as Tracy pulls back, tugging on the nipple. She feels the slow pulling stretching her nipple out, eyes closed in pleasure, until she hears a gasp and feels a stinging in her breast. She opens her eyes, taking in Tracy's shocked face a few feet distant.

"What happened?"

"You...your...it...stretched! To here! It didn't hurt?"

Carrie shakes her head. Well, her neck twitches which is the same thing in her current state.

"I didn't notice, just felt like you were playing. Letting go stung a bit, though. Like being pinged by a rubber band. I wonder how far..."

"Let's find out, shall we? For science."

"Science!" she takes a breath inwards as Tracy pinches her and starts to pull. She watches her nipple stretching out, not feeling the strain she logically thinks she should, just the feeling of fingers squeezing her pleasantly as Tracy slowly paces backwards.

At three feet, she stops, "It doesn't hurt?"

"Nnnnnnn." She tries to shake her head.

Tracy shrugs and takes another pace backwards. Then another. And then another. She stops when she bumps up against the bedroom wall and stares back. "Fuck! How long is that?! I could go skipping with this!" Carrie's eyes widen a little, "And it doesn't hurt? Really?!"

Carrie shrugs, her extended nipple bouncing in Tracy's hand. It slips from the pinched grasp and snaps across the room. Carrie winces, hissing in pain as it resumes its normal proportions. "Now it does!"

"Awww, poor Carrie. Do you want me to kiss it better?"

"No biting."

Tracy leans in, gently kissing the breast. "No promises."

A short time later, "So, explain."

"Explain what?"

"Well, let's start with this..." she pinches Carrie's nipple and pulls it back, "...and we'll see where we get to."

"I don't know." Tracy gives her a sceptical look, running her nails along the nipple, "I don't!"

"Ok. Well, as you're a self-declared genius and this area of high weirdness is kind of your specialist subject, I'm sure you'll think of something."

"Not with you doing that! It's...kind of distracting."

"Ok, I'll save that for after you've got an answer." Carrie opens her mouth, "That I'm satisfied with." and closes it again.

"Well, if you're going to be mean about it... Ok, so assuming this is connected to everything else like this, it must be coming from something we've played around with and I've acquired."

"I'm pretty sure we haven't tried giving you skipping rope nipples yet. I'm fairly sure I'd remember something like that."

"True. But it's still the logical place to start. So what have we played with that could do this?" she thinks, "No, not that, no, no, no, definitely not...I think we're down to the flexotard."

"I thought that just made you extra bendy."

"It does. But that gives you a bit of stretch."

"Six-fucking-foot nipples of stretch?!" Tracy replies incredulously.

"Well, sure it seems a bit much, and it didn't feel the same really. The flexotard really didn't make it feel all that pleasant, just doable."

"So?"

"Hey, I'm working on it, ok? Even genius takes a bit of time."

"Sorry, sorry."

"Right, so, I can't see what else it could..." she stops, and giggles, "...oh, that could be awesomely fun. Especially if I get to see her face."

"What? Who?"

"Damn it, can't rub my hands together in cartoonish villain glee."

"What are you talking about?"

"I think I might have a better idea what caused this." Tracy gives her a go-on-then look, "I think it's the bondage gear."

"Really? How on Earth do you figure that?"

"Well, ok, it's a bit of a stretch." Tracy groans, "Sorry, didn't mean that, but that gear makes it more comfortable for all the fun stuff, and it does it like the flexotard. So, that makes you more flexible, and the restraints do go further into impossible territory. No way could the flexotard get anyone as thin as that corset did."

"Kind of weak ..."

"Well, if you want to put me back together, we can grab some of the clamps and see if they'll work on you."

"Me?! Why me?"

"Because we can't tell if it's the clamps or me on me, can we? Come on, sweetie, it's for science." She waits, "You're supposed to go 'Science!' at that."

Tracy gives her her hardest look, "Excuuuse me for not being up to date with geek humour."

"You're forgiven. Satisfied?"

"For now."

"Excellent. The experiment can continue. For science!"

"Fine. Science!"

Carrie's arms twitch, "Sorry, trying to clap enthusiastically. Being like this is kind of a pain."

"Awww, poor test subject #1. Still, the experiment must continue, mustn't it?" she takes a grip of Carrie's breast and pulls it away.

"At least I'm your number one test subject." She bites her lip, "Although if my mistress could stop that, I wouldn't be having quite as much trouble collecting my thoughts."

Tracy gives the severed breast a last squeeze, placing it on the bed and pulling off the other one, letting it jiggle in her hand before setting it aside.

"So, there's not a lot of you left to remove."

"Not much. Try the nipples again. Only try to think about them coming off. Visualisation seems to help a lot in getting things to happen the way you..." she cuts off with a gasp as Tracy plucks one of her nipples off. "You could give me some warning!"

"I could. But someone apparently has to be reminded which of us is test subject #1 and which is a real person." She plucks off the other nipple, the areola pulling with it, laying the teat beside Carrie's chest.

“Ooooh, cute. Someone’s been practising their dom talk.”

“Maybe.”

“Now do my face.”

“Your face...?”

“Yup. Go on.”

“How? Why?”

“I want to see what happens. Why else? Ok, ok, just try my mouth then, just peel it off.”

“Just like that?” she reaches out.

“I guess. Just pinch and pull.” She stops talking as Tracy’s fingers pinch on her lips and peel them away leaving a smooth patch of skin behind and the disembodied lips grinning broadly as they dangle from her fingers. “Can I still talk? Ok, guess I can. That’s so cool.” She stops as Tracy places the disembodied mouth on the pillow, upside down, running her finger along the smooth flat back.

“Ok, how the fuck does that work? There’s a mouth, complete with tongue, but it’s all closed off at the back. I mean, how is that even vaguely possible?” The mouth makes a muffled reply, Carrie giving pleading looks with her eyes until Tracy looks down, “Oh, right.” She flips it over.

“Magic?”

“Very helpful.”

“Well, I don’t know how it works, do I? That’s the point of magic. It just does, no matter how impossible.”

“I can see that.”

“And now...”

“You want me to do your eyes, don’t you?”

Carrie flutters her eyelashes, “Maaaaaybe.”

“That is very strange, how your voice is up there.”

Carrie snorts, her nose toppling over, “And the rest isn’t?”

“Ok, that’s a surprisingly good point for a test subject. Fine, eyes it is.” She pinches by Carrie’s eye and peels it away. It blinks in her fingers.

“Whoa, that is very weird.” She closes one eye, “Better. Looking two different ways is very vertigo inducing.”

“I can bet.” She puts the closed eye down and pulls the other off. “There. Nothing else to pull off.”

“Weeeellllll...”

“Seriously? This isn’t enough for you.”

“Just one more thing to take off. I promise.”

Tracy sighs, “Ok, fine, hit me, TS1.”

“Oooh, TS1, I like that. My very own pet name.”

“So? What’s left of my toy to remove?”

“Well, there is one thing...”

“What? You’re in so many pieces there’s nothing more...that...oh, you are not serious.”

“Pleeease? Pretty please? With sugar? And a cherry on top?”

“You are insane.”

“Obviously. Just think of it as the world’s most extreme Brazilian wax.”

Tracy stops, stares for a moment, “Insane.” She repeats under her breath as she reaches towards her lover’s hips. Carrie gives a little yelp as Tracy’s fingers close and another as she pulls. She bites her lip as Tracy peels her sex away, her body trembling.

“There. Done. Last piece.” She places the strip of sex onto the bed. “Satisfied?”

“Well...”

“No! You promised! No more pieces!”

“No more pieces. But that doesn’t mean we’ve run out of things to test.”

“I should just leave you like this. Except you’d enjoy it too much.”

“Probably.”

Tracy sighs a little, “Ok. TS1, what else do we do?”

“Well, can you put me back together a bit first? Probably don’t need to be in quite so many pieces for the rest.”

A short time later, once Carrie more closely resembles a disassembled mannequin than an Airfix kit of a woman, “No, that’s probably enough. No point being too normal.” Her disembodied mouth says as Tracy finishes affixing her hair into place, her eyes and sex still existing separately, her breasts resting besides her, limbs arranged around her torso and hips. “I don’t really think that’s a problem.”

“Ok. Let’s see if we can do something fun with this. Pick up one of my arms.” Tracy does so “Ok, now stick it somewhere on you.”

“On me?!”

“Yup. We’re giving you some extras. Go on.”

Tracy pulls up her t-shirt, pushing the arm against her side. “That doesn’t feel any different.” She lets go and the arm drops back to the bed.

“Ok, so we can’t share. That’s not fair. Try it on me. Somewhere other than its rightful spot.” Tracy tries pressing the shoulder against Carrie’s hip but it just rolls aside when she let’s go. Carrie’s disembodied face pouts. “Unfair. Fine, one last thing. Something smaller. Try an eye or something.” Tracy picks up her eye, placing it on her chest, but it, too, doesn’t stick, slipping off as Carrie tilts her chest. “Well, fuck. I was looking forward to trying that out.”

“So we’re done?”

“Weeeeeelllllll...”

“I really should know better than to ask, shouldn’t I?”

“Probably.”

“Fine, but this is the last thing before I put you back and we spend an evening as normal people.”

“Normal? How dull.”

“Carrie...”

“Ok, ok, once we’re done we’ll be a normal couple and do normal couple things. Now, onwards. For science!” she clenches her hand.

“Science.”

“Attagirl. Embrace your inner mad scientist.”

“So, TS1, what are we doing with you?”

“Couple of things. First, could you blow me up? As everything’s detached, it would be good to know if that still works.”

“Ok, I guess that’s not too weird. Which makes me suspicious.” She picks up Carrie’s arm, sucking the thumb into her mouth and slowly blowing. The disembodied breasts quiver as they swell.

“Oh, yeah, that feels good.”

Tracy stops blowing. “I think we’ll keep those like that. Makes ‘normal couple stuff’ more interesting.”

“Ohhhhhh, that kind of ‘normal couple stuff’. Maybe it won’t be so dull, after all.”

“Oh, so spending quality time with me is dull, is it?”

“You know what I meant.”

“Maybe. But you said a couple of things, so what else is going on in your warped and twisted brain?”

“My mistress knows me too well.”

“Damn straight. So?”

“Fine, you caught me, the other thing is, well, unzip me.”

“Why?”

Carrie shrugs, “To find out what happens, of course.”

“Of course. For science.”

“Science!”

Tracy shakes her head with a smile, reaching for Carrie’s collar bone She fiddles before pinching out the pale zip and pulling down, opening her chest up. Her torso collapses like an empty bag.

“Well, I guess that answers that one. I wonder if I have other zippers now?”

“You want me to check, don’t you?”

“Pleeeeeease?” Tracy picks up a breast, feeling around it for the zip. “You’re just doing that make me squirm, aren’t you?”

“Possibly, TS1. Aha.” She pinches the zip and pulls it down, unzipping the breast which promptly sags.

“Aahhhh! Wow, that was...I was not expecting it to be that intense.”

“Oh, that was intense, was it?”

“Uh-oh, you’ve got your evil mistress gleam in your eyyyyyiiiiiii!” Tracy smirks, pushing her hand into the empty breast and just keeps pushing, her hand, then her forearm, then her entire arm vanishing inside the breast. She pulls her arm out, looking down at it.

“How was that?”

Carrie pants, “Mistress is far too good to me.”

“Yes, yes, I am. I wonder if you’re all one inside...”

“That’s it, Mistress. For sciiiiiiiiii...” Tracy pushes her arm in again, rummaging around until it emerges from Carrie’s chest. Carrie stares down at the hand emerging from her chest,

“Cool. Chestburster.”

Tracy turns her hand slowly as if it was looking around and pulls it back. “How does that even work? I didn’t push in as far.”

“Magic.”

“That’s not a good answer.”

“Nope. More experimentation is called for.”

“Quite so, test subject. For science!”

“Science!”

She zips up Carrie’s chest, watching as it reinflates, and Carrie squirms, and then pushes her arm back into the breast up to the elbow. “How does that feel?”

Carrie pants inarticulately.

“That good?” she pushes her arm in deeper, feeling it vanish into the breast. “Now, what’s the inside feel like.” she feels around, “Nothing. There’s no inside. That’s too weird.” She pushes her arm in deeper, feeling around, “A-ha! There’s something” Carrie whimpers as Tracy pushes deeper, “Hmmm, something in the way but I think I can....just...” and a hand pushes itself out through Carrie’s nipple. “Oh, wow, did not see that coming.” she looks at the breast on her shoulder, her hand emerging from it’s stretched out teat, the rest of her arm inside its impossibility. “Hmmmm, tight.” She wriggles her hand back in, enjoying, at least privately, Carrie’s gasps and moans and whimpers until her hand slips back and into the nothingness inside her breast. She pulls her hand out completely, inspecting her arm as Carrie recovers her breath.

“Wow, that was..different.”

“Good different?”

“Oh, yeah, definitely good different. I wonder how much space there is inside me.”

“Well, I couldn't feel any sort of edge until I really tried to find one, lover, so I'd say a whole helluva lot. I wonder...”

“Uh-oh, aren't I supposed to be the mad scientist?”

“Not at the moment, Test Subject One. Now, hush, your mistress is thinking.”

“Don't strain yourself.”

“I won't. Let's see if that works once you're closed up.” she pulls on the zip, feeling Carrie's boob gaining weight in her hand as it becomes solid.

“Hey, didn't you want to do 'normal couple stuff'!”

“After the experiment, Test Subject. We must prioritise, after all.” She teases Carrie's nipple, pretending to ignore the moans from the bed, until she manages to wriggle her hand inside the teat, finding nothing beyond it. “Very interesting. And now, we'll test if you're as empty as it feels.” She pulls her hand out.

“Do I...do I get any sort of say in this?” Carrie pants.

“No. Not after that strain yourself remark.” she replies sternly as she lifts up Carrie's lips, pressing them back into place, followed by her eyes. “Now to get some peace and quiet out of you.”

“What do you...”

“Shush, Test Subject #1 You're distracting me.” she stretches out Carrie's sex, pushing the moaning head inside. She follows that with her arms, legs, breasts, hips and even her torso, all fed into the increasingly slick lips before she stops forcing them apart, letting them snap back to their normal size. She lifts up the remains of her lover., licking along the quivering lips, “Don't worry, love. For us, this is normal couple stuff. And I know you're enjoying it as much as I am.”



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