

Dissection Becomes Her

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Limbless Edition

“So what made you go into surgery?”

Swirling the wine in her glass, Maxine pondered Cass’s query, her cheeks taking on the same rich red hues as her tumble-down locks.

“If it isn’t too personal a question, I mean.”

Regarding her housemate opposite her, she admired the beautiful blonde-headed figure just as she admired the keen intellect which moved it. She’d seen Cass at work in the hospital, and no med student had ever seemed so adroit in all manner of surgical methods. Even the old-fashioned slice and dice of manual operations, unguided by modern electronic assistants. As a housemate too she was above reproach, always kind and patient, affectionate, and of course entirely gorgeous, with a face and figure which were hard to believe could have developed entirely without surgical intervention.

The past few months had flown by, since Cass moved into the house.

Perhaps it was the wine, but Maxine felt ready to open up a little.

Metaphorically.

For now.

“Well, for me it started when they brought out those new cosmetic processes around ‘47. I was just a kid, but seeing how they were able to... *remake* people, the *transformations* that were possible, it was fascinating.”

Cass nodded, taking a sip of her own drink.

“I noticed you read some pretty... out-there journals and papers still. Even now I don’t think many people would accept surgeries like those... but they’re amazing to see. The surgeons are almost like artists, creating something totally original from the bodies of their patients.”

“Exactly!”

Maxine was surprised by her own eagerness as she replied, but it was the first time she’d ever heard those thoughts repeated by anyone in the flesh.

"I've always wanted to do work like that! To reshape a person into something *surreal* and *sensual*, a work of art made from a willing subject... a whole life transformed into something unique. A living sculpture...."

It was definitely the wine, at least in part, but her arousal was driving her too now, as she poured out her innermost thoughts.

"It would be... incredible for the patient too, of course, to become someone... some *thing* utterly inhuman, *less* than human, yet so thrillingly surreal and twisted.... A creation whose very existence is the greatest taboo.... Their body reshaped eternally into a form made to amaze and shock, and of course to delight...."

Cass mirrored the way Maxine squirmed in her seat, both women rubbing thighs together, light faces pink, breaths coming short as they imagined it.

"Perhaps you'd... like to see my basement?" Maxine proposed.

Cass grinned.

"I thought it was off-limits. You have a padlock on the door and everything."

"I think I can trust you. Besides... I could give you such an amazing makeover down there...."

Leading the way, Maxine found she swayed with each step, the walls looming up unexpectedly fast to either side as she traversed the formerly straight corridor.

Cass took her shoulder, to help steady her step, as they descended into the sterile theater she had created from a once dank and dingy basement dungeon.

The operating table gleamed, polished metal ready, eager for its first task.

Cass would make such a wonderful subject.... Materials so beautiful were rare even now, and she couldn't wait to get her hands on... *in* that enchanting woman.

"Just have a seat and relax," Maxine murmured, as she prepared a syringe. "It won't hurt a bit, after that first prick at least."

Cass was grinning back at her, the other woman practically panting with her own excitement, yet for some reason the prick seemed to sting at Maxine's own neck, rather than that of her housemate.

She stared down in confusion, at the needle, and the extra hands which had guided it into her.

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Maxine's mind was clearer by the time she came to.

That was how she could tell that the table under her was her own.

The reflection overhead was Maxine herself, her beautiful body laid bare in the full-body ceiling-mirror she had so thoughtfully prepared for her future patients, that they might better enjoy their dismemberment.

Below, cool metal pressed against her naked form, trapping her splayed wrists and ankles, pushing her up into the piercing light of an array of lamps, *presenting* her for the looming figure of her surgeon.

Cass.

In full regalia, the woman peered down, smiling as she admired her patient.

Fifty years earlier eschewing a mask would have risked all manner of infection, but Maxine could already feel the cocktail of neobiotics coursing through her veins. Those tiny, engineered life-forms would relax muscles, protect against all contamination, stanch bleeding, promote scarless healing, and even annul all sense of pain.

Or, in the case of the dose she had prepared... transform the sensation into something better.

"Wh-what are you doing, Cass?"

She knew, naturally, but somehow it seemed necessary to ask regardless.

The golden-headed girl grinned from one ear to the other.

"You convinced me, Maxine. Last night I mean. I had a feeling for a while, watching you read all those... salacious surgery reports... seeing how they affected you. Just as they do me...."

"Then... let me up," Maxine suggested, eyes wide as the affirmation made this all seem ever more real, "even if you don't want to be my canvas, we can find someone else, someone to work on together!"

"I already have the perfect subject," Cass replied, scooping up a shining scalpel, "I adore the possibilities of surgery... the potential for such perverse transformations, *perfecting* a person into something else entirely.... But I saw it in your eyes, that you want – *need* – something more. You could never be satisfied with operating on others...."

Cass trailed the blade across a defenseless thigh, the faintest pink line glowing, tingling in its wake, as Maxine's body grew hotter, skin sharply aware of every touch now.

It couldn't be real, couldn't be true. It was some strange and surreal nightmare after reading too many stories and journals.

So why, as the horror of her impending fate crept over her skin and tightened around her mind, did it bring such intense... *intoxicating* excitement? Why was she shaking at the touch of the knife, pressing *needily* into that dangerous edge, yearning for its touch as she might for the kiss of a lover.

The tip trailed over, to brush against the already-swollen lips of the seeping slit between her legs, teasing her with the proof of her own arousal.

"Materials this beautiful deserve to be put to use," Cass whispered.

"But Cass, this shot you gave me, when it wears off the neobiotics will imprint on... any form I'm in! Anything you do to me will be—"

"*Permanent.*"

Matching that shocking, seductive, whisper, the knife pressed to Maxine's shoulder, and both women moaned aloud, as the patient shivered with the intense surge of *sensuality*.

"You'll be a wonderful work of living art... for all time."

Maxine could only watch, eyes wide, as her surgeon sliced through her.

No blood squirted.

Fearsomely cold and impossibly hard, the scalpel passed through flesh with ease, the dazzling point penetrating her like the thrust of a lover. The following edge split surface skin and fat, expertly parting layers of muscles as Cass opened her up. As Cass *showed* her the sensations of her own anatomy, through the act of dissection.

"Wait!" Maxine gasped, through the tensing of her chest and throat.

She was feeling the elements of her limb, as the scalpel slid deeper, lighting up fibers and vessels, revealing form and structure through each cut. Each stroke of the blade was a fresh burst of twisted, impossible sensation... erogenous as well as outrageous... and Maxine was panting, trembling, as she felt the thrilling pleasure of her limb being amputated.

"You can't... do this..."

"I can."

Cass was peeling back the layers now, the ends of muscle and the folds of skin, to expose the ball of her shoulder. She sliced again, and Maxine felt her hand twitch, fingers jerking.

Then came the snip of scissors, and the limb went numb, a dead weight on her shoulder.

"Oh gods," whimpered the patient, as she shuddered atop the table, "I can't feel my arm!"

“It isn’t your arm anymore, my dear.”

The thought was terrifying... yet as it filled her head, Maxine felt the soaking heat in her loins, her crotch drenched from more than just the physical sensations.

Her surgeon leaned in, smiling as she trailed her fingers over an inert hand, and up, towards the red gash of her joint.

“You’re just materials now, the raw ingredients for something new.”

Maxine’s moan was thick and heavy, the pleading sounds of one pushed to desperation.

Cass held her there, suspended in that anguish of eroticism and surreal, masochistic energy.

“Or are you saying this isn’t what you want after all?” she asked, as the blade tickled over the bulges of her heaving breasts, metal tingling against her nipples. “Should I leave you in one piece after all?”

Of course she should – it wasn’t too late to reattach her limb entirely, the neobiotics restoring her body to wholeness – yet Maxine spared no thought for that idea now.

The caress of this tender, captivating surgeon, so impossibly resculpting her flesh, was utterly irresistible.

“Don’t stop!” she cried out, as that torturous desire seized her anew.

“Of course....”

Her surgeon gave a twist, and with a soft pop, Maxine felt her shoulder grow suddenly light.

Empty.

She watched as her severed appendage was lightly tossed aside, thudding down on the trolley of tools by Cass’s hip.

Her body ended at the shoulder now, with a neatly trimmed nub, musculature and skin already being reshaped under her surgeon’s hands and needle to round out the bump, blood vessels and nerves meshing together anew, in a far simpler form than any which should have been there.

A soft, padded mound of folded over skin and fat, stitched together and woven through with muscle to allow articulation, yet with nothing for those structures to operate.

Just a waving little stub, where once was her limb.

“You really... cut my arm off....”

“Forever,” Cass affirmed, planting a gentle kiss on the stump.

It was as she felt that contact, stimulating a surface which should never have existed, resonating with the sensations of the neobiotics re-knitting her flesh within, that Maxine realized the overwhelming weight of reality behind her surgery.

She stared over at her amputated arm, at her own hand, lolling limp over the end of the cart, then back at the pink corner of her torso, able only to wobble no matter how she flexed or strained.

“Careful now, you don’t want to overexert yourself while you’re healing, or else you might have a scar.”

Cass spoke the warning as casually as she might remind a patient not to chew their nails.

As she began the process of stealing Maxine’s remaining arm.

Forever.

Intoxicated, *infatuated*, Maxine moaned deeper with each delicate cut, pressing gratefully into the knife’s edge, whimpering in hapless lust as she was dissected so wonderfully by her seductive surgeon.

The sight, the sensation, of being totally disarmed, was beyond Maxine’s ability to process.

Her torso unbound by upper appendages, she sat upright, marveling at the lightness of her shoulders, staring down at the soft, sensitive bumps of her jiggling corners, so similar to the larger mounds of her breasts.

“Beautiful,” Cass whispered, as she ran her fingers over Maxine’s shoulders, then around to cup her chest. “You look just wondrous with those unnecessary parts removed.”

She dearly longed to match the motion, to fondle her new stumps, or massage her throbbing bosom, but she couldn’t.

Never again would she have fingers, to caress herself, or hands to hold and squeeze.

Her hands were flopped on the table beside her, one laid across her leg, a dead weight pressing against her squirming thigh.

Parts of her no more, discarded like mere medical waste.

She couldn’t even slip a digit down, between her thighs, to ease the blazing flames of her womanhood, as she experienced this surreal depravity of surgical sexuality.

The best she could do was try to grind herself against those useless hanging fingers, as Cass pushed her down for a deep, delicious kiss.

The two made out atop the table, that single pair of hands teasing and kneading at her breasts and shoulders equally as she shuddered with want, desperately, *delightedly* grinding her remaining anatomy into the divine digits which had so flawlessly dismantled her.

Using her own severed arm as a sextoy was a new low, and a high unmatched by anything yet. Every part of her remaining body was aflame with the thrill and sensations of dismemberment. Maxine howled through the surgeon's lips in her depraved euphoria, as she ground shoulders down on the metal tabletop and into welcoming palms, and rubbed her aching netherlips against those flopping nails which were once part of her.

It was the greatest orgasm of her life.

At least to date.

Cass had yet to start on her hips.

"Ready for round two?" she asked, brushing the blushing cheek of her sculpture.

"Take me-" Maxine panted "-take me apart!"

The same fascinating, erotic and taboo process which had severed her arms played out again at her hips.

Maxine groaned anew as she felt the knife splitting open her flesh, but this time her voice was thick with desire, instead of dismay, the patient trembling and straining with her shoulders to try to touch herself as she felt her remaining limbs being harvested.

As her final limb was fully severed, popped out of her pelvis like detaching a piece from a doll, Maxine came again, what little remained of her body squirming and quaking at the unparalleled, utterly perverse pleasure.

She only wished she had more bodyparts to amputate.

Dislocated at the joint as they were, her legs looked huge as they were carried away, yet a great deal of material remained on her hips, extending out around the removed bones. That was necessary for Cass to use in building up a plush, rounded continuation of her wonderful ass, wrapping around her butt and sides. Layers of fat added jiggle, and rounded out her base into a magnificent new rear, flared and voluptuous, with an *obscene* jiggle as she tried to flex her missing legs.

"This is it," Maxine whispered, "I'm really... totally helpless now.... I-I can never be a surgeon...."

She thrilled herself with the masochistic admission, yet what excited her still more was Cass's response.

“You won’t even be a *person*, my darling.”

Maxine kissed her back needily, as her sculptor kneaded the padding of her handles, the corners which were once limbs.