

Powerless Play: Part 3

<https://www.patreon.com/ralwatt> and <https://www.patreon.com/Gammatelier>

"You know it's not too late to change your mind. This is a lot to spend on a birthday present – what if you don't like it?"

Souad's eyes glimmered gold at that idea, as she smiled down at the squirming Vivi.

"There's no danger of that, Vivi dearest. Nothing delights me more than your reduction... except for your adoration."

Her voice was smooth, silken and sultry, tense with excitement as she admired how her disarmed darling rubbed legs together in reaction to the romantic tease, feet brushing against calves, toes gripping anxiously, as though in anticipation of their amputation.

"You're so *perverse*," the French girl whispered, face flushed.

Souad smiled as she stroked those upturned cheeks, her raised brow reminding her lover that she wasn't alone in enjoying that twisted eroticism.

Vivi pressed on, knees pushing together in her embarrassment. "Okay, *we're* perverse. Gods know I never imagined I could be so... *excited* by armlessness.... But this is such a big step. How will I train my clients? Or get around, when you're not there? Or... well... do *anything*?"

Her bronze beauty beamed all the brighter at those nervous queries, their source quaking with more than mere concern even as she fretted about the future.

"We will figure all out, one way or another," Souad assured. "Perhaps you will stay helpless in my arms, forever...."

The armless woman bristled, blushing all the harder. "Hey, I'm still in charge here, you know! Don't think that just because you're amputating the last of my limbs that I'll just be some sort of... of *sextoy*!"

"Perish the thought!" Souad exclaimed at once.

Yet both women could see the indulgent curl of her smiling lips.

Pulling on the leash around the prone woman's neck, Souad brought them to Vivi's, while her hand caressed the soft, rounded nub of a shoulder.

Despite herself, and her own bold declaration, the paler woman *purred* at the surreal sensuality of that domineering touch, against their favorite part of her form.

Vivi couldn't get used to being handled like that, held and caressed by the stumps of her former limbs, no more than she could grow accustomed to the way that her own disability delighted her, those absent arms not just frustrating, but *tantalizing*.

She adored the strange excitement of seeing herself in the mirror each morning. The fluttering feeling in her chest when Souad touched her in those ways she could no longer accomplish for herself. The surreal delight of being strapped into collar and leash and taken out, as if she were a pet.

"Won't it be wonderful?" Souad asked, breathless already. "You will be totally dependent on me for everything."

The girl shuddered at that, her feet clutching at the sheets.

"But I'm already so helpless without my arms," Vivienne murmured into her mouth, between needy kisses.

"And so horny because of it," her partner replied, giving those plush corners a playful *squish*, to make the woman *shiver*. "Just imagine being a hapless torso in my embrace, riding my sex like a cocksleeve, twisting and shaking and *begging* for more as I stroke your stumps.... I know how much you *need* this, Vivi dear."

Vivi's breath caught in her chest, as the perverse image filled her head. Her shoulders twitched, her toes curling with that tell-tale urgency of erotic thrill which Souad knew so well.

"I cannot wait to see it, to see *you* entirely and *eternally* limbless, my love."

Anxious as she was, Vivi couldn't help but agree.

"If you're ready then?"

The Frenchwoman froze, as she heard the voice of the nurse.

So distracted had she been, with Souad and those perverse fantasies, that she'd never heard the man enter. Looking over, she saw the machine which would take her limbs, open end already humming, hungering for its meal....

Souad met her eye, and the women shared an eager, anxious smile.

"We're ready."

~~~

Vivienne stared in disbelief.

It seemed impossible that the procedure was completed so quickly.

How could a reduction so momentous take mere minutes? Yet as the nurse wheeled away the device responsible, she gazed down at a body impossibly abbreviated.

Instead of legs, her trunk stopped at the hip, bowing out into the mere suggestion of a thigh.

In reality those rounded nubs were closer to buttocks, the smooth continuation of her ass, shaped into two corners, only a slight pinkness and tingle lingering in the seams where her legs had been excised, their nerves condensed and re-knit, to create those new, erogenous nubs.

Just flexing them felt overwhelming, as all the sensuality of calves and thighs, of feet, toes and more, lit up within that crude new shape, all her precious anatomy amputated, to leave only two round and jiggling blobs.

Vivi's chest heaved at the sight of those enticing stumps, heart pounding amid the realization that they were *real*.

Her shoulders tensed, and their upper counterparts wagged fruitlessly in the direction of their new partners, as she tried reflexively to reach out, to touch herself.

Cheeks stained pink, as she felt the absurdity of the gesture.

Having been armless so long already, she should have been used to that particular debilitation, yet she was feeling it anew, as she was confronted by her enchanting new shape.

She was unexpectedly *small*.

Flexing her hips, the plush piles of those padded nubs wobbled, and she gave a low, urgent gasp.

"So *sensitive*," she hissed.

Once more she bent, arching back and pushing out waist and shoulders alike, in the maddening urge to somehow touch herself.

It was, of course, entirely impossible.

The frustration had her smallclothes itching, her nethers aglow with absurd and confounding sensuality, as though, somehow, her embarrassing debilitation, her denial of even that small act of agency and autonomy, were itself a part of her pleasure.

"I see that you like my gift, sweet-pillow."

Souad's words deepened her blush, and she desisted in the embarrassing effort, instead laying back on the bed and glaring up at her girlfriend.

"It's a gift for *you*, remember? It's *your* birthday! S-so I hope that you like it, because there's no way any other girl would let you amputate her limbs like this, just for your kinky fantasies!"

"For that reason alone? Perhaps not."

The Algerian angel wore a devil's smile as she pulled the reduced woman close by the collar.

When she'd had legs, such an act would have hurt.

Now, without limbs to weigh her down, she slid easily atop the sheets.

Souad took up her truncated charge.

Hands felt intense, against a body helpless to hold itself, to move or touch or relieve those enticing sensations which wracked it.

Held her tight in that soft embrace, voluptuous curves cradling Vivi like a trophy, the twitching torso was carried out of the room.

She was intensely grateful that she'd thought to wear shorts that day.

~\*~

Emerging onto the street, Vivi was dazzled.

Not by the brilliant sun, beaming down hot and hard overhead, but by the refracted radiance of dozens of glittering points all around her.

Eyes.

Most were organic, captivated with the fascinating figure unveiled to them.

A few were the cold and clinical stares of phone cameras, capturing for posterity a moment well worth posting online – for as easy as it had been to dismember herself, Vivi was a rarity even among rarities.

A woman who had given up *all four* limbs.

She had grown used to turning heads as an amputee, but never before had she turned them like *this*, her remarkable shape making her the center of all attention.

Skin prickled, a tingle of excitement and surreal satisfaction mingling with the self-consciousness to make her squirm, as she saw the allure she held, reflected in so many gaping faces.

Vivi had longed to captivate others with her body, yet now she did she was shivering at the shocking exposure, twisting as if to hide her shamefully exciting stumps, even as hips and shoulders burnt hot under the sweltering sun.

That motion only displayed all the better her tidy new corners.

“They are *enchanted* with you,” Souad said, lips tickling her ear. “A person reduced to a plaything in my arms, so beautiful in the depths of your dismemberment....”

Vivi bit back a moan at that thrilling thought.

She was breathless by the time they stopped, overcome by more than just the sensuality of her transformation. It was only as she was lowered into a seat, balanced precariously against the raised back, that she realized they weren’t at home.

It was their favorite restaurant.

Customers there had grown accustomed to seeing an armless girl over the recent months, admiring her efforts, as she fed herself salads with her feet, or clumsily sipped soup with a spoon between her toes.

Now they were gawping and whispering all over again, as that same girl wobbled atop her chair, swaying in place on her ass, her limbs utterly absent, leaving only sensitive pads, too short to hold her steady.

"Julio, the soup for two. And a bottle of the Chardonnay."

Souad spoke normally, as though it were any other afternoon, but the waiter couldn't help but eye Vivi, along with the rest.

"We're celebrating," the Algerian girl continued, loudly ignoring the stares. "My sweet Vivienne just had her limbs amputated for my birthday – and doesn't she look divine?"

Whispers became a buzz, as people muttered and gasped to one another, and Vivi twitched in her seat, trying to kick Souad under the table.

The effort only enhanced her humiliation, as she almost toppled from the chair.

Naturally, her sweetheart caught her by the shoulders.

"Careful, my love. You must get used to this. To being totally, utterly unable to use your limbs, now and always."

"Just you wait until you take me home," Vivi whispered back, "I'll have you helpless in my stumps...."

The thought was thrilling of course, yet there was an odd element to the fantasy as she pictured her lover, trembling in overwhelming bliss from her ministrations.

It was the idea of the challenge.

Of the sheer difficulty Vivi would surely face, in making good that promise. In attempting to master her beloved without limbs. Somehow that certain struggle, that display of debilitation which Souad so adored, was alluring in itself, perhaps more so than the fantasy of commanding the other's pleasure.

The thought lingered in her mind for some time, until the meal arrived, to present a more pressing problem.

A fine French onion soup, with fresh baked bread and wine.

The liquids came with her usual straws, yet even leaning in to take a draught was precarious now, without legs to stabilize her.

If she tipped even a little, she would surely fall.

The chair had never seemed so high before.

Without feet, pressed to the ground, she seemed almost to be floating in the air.

It was dizzying.

Her shoulders wiggled with fright, as Vivi started to topple.

Souad was there, of course. Unseen, under the table, the intact woman's toes pressed her back against the seat.

"Thanks," she murmured, as she caught her breath.

"I will always catch you, my darling."

Trying not to let her smile show, Vivi resumed her meal.

The soup and wine were no problem, if she was careful not to lean too far, and both were excellent as always. What bothered her was the bread.

Golden and pungent, it sat by her bowl, taunting her.

Souad was watching, waiting, a knowing grin on those full, fond lips, as she enjoyed the sight of her sweetheart struggling.

When she'd had arms, Vivi could have reached for it with a mere thought, torn it up and dipped in the broth to devour it as she pleased. While she retained legs, she would have broken it carefully between her toes, and then fed herself the pieces, along with sips of soup. Without either, she had no way to enjoy that charming bun but one.

Girding her emotions, she leaned in, buttressing her breasts against the table's edge.

Face flushed, she bit into the bread where it lay, atop the warmed plate, chewing and tugging with the twists of her head.

Crumbs were sent flying by the absurd efforts, and several times she almost dropped the bread itself, but like a dog worrying at a bone, she eventually bit through.

Her reward was a sip of soup, to go with that mouthwatering chunk.

"Well done!" Souad said, smirking across the table at the chewing torso-girl. "Although perhaps next time I should help you... so that they don't ban us from the restaurant."

"We've done worse here," Vivi reminded her.

Just a week past, they'd played an intimate game of footsie under the tables, each using their delicate soles to tease the other's legs and crotches, until Souad had almost squirted on the push carpet.

The memory still made Vivi grin, her hips tensing with the image of her partner's face, just barely holding back climax.

Souad seemed to be thinking of that too... but this time Vivi was defenseless, as the other woman reached out with her foot once again.

Tender tickles set her shivering, toes tantalizing the tingling stump at the edge of her seat, and Souad's giggles drew more eyes still, as she pleased her partner under the table, teasing and kneading the delicate new mound of former thigh.

"W-wait, Souad!" Vivi gasped, "I-I can't- you'll make me-"

Shaking in voice and body, her words wavered as she did, vacillating between pressing her sensual hips and sex against those silk soles, and trying futilely to escape them.

Surely, the other customers must see them, must realize what was happening... yet still Souad pressed her, even as her heart raced and her head swam.

She had never realized how intense it could be, to be brought to such dizzying heights, without the assurance of a safety net.

To be driven to the brink of orgasm, without arms or legs to fend off the pleasure.

Their eyes met, and she saw in those burning points of amber the assurance.

Souad's determination, to make her sweetheart *squeal*, right there in the restaurant.

"Oh gods," Vivi groaned.

Yet she knew not what she implored of them.

As those soft toes slipped under her panties, in through the open chasms of empty shorts, she ground herself into the trampling touch, her soaking pussy grinding slick against Souad's sole, even as heels kneaded her hungering hips.

Vivi was so helpless, so shockingly reduced and surreally sensual, and there was nothing she could do but be *used* under her sweetheart's feet.

Her voice broke, into a low, groaning moan, as climax surged through her sex.

Bucking, she overbalanced, almost topping backwards, but Souad held her upright by her leash, openly bracing her with table and toes.

Squirming, rubbing and writhing, Vivi could only cum in hapless bliss, as she felt every inch of her absurd new body.

By the time it was over, Souad was already scooping her up from the seat, making half-heard excuses to the staff as she escorted her lover out.

Cradled in her arms, feeling the wetness at her hips, Vivi was overwhelmed. Embarrassed yet elated, confused even as she was compelled, shocked by the sheer, visceral thrill she'd felt, to be *used* that way.

Made to cum in her pants, right there in front of *everyone*.

She had been unable to stop herself, denied any control over her own body, betrayed by her own hunger for that beautifully abbreviated shape which trapped her.

It enticed her even now, amid her humiliation.

*Thrilled* her.

It was shocking to find herself so incapable of resistance when the pleasure came, yet that revelation only aroused her more, just as her denial did.

She was unable to caress her own sopping sex, unable to fondle her own exquisite stumps, unable to use her own enticing new body the way her lover had... and that thought made her heart race all over again, as she pressed herself against her tormentor.

When finally they were outside, Souad whispered to her. "Was that as good as last time?"

"*Better.*"

~\*~

“Shit.... Okay that was fucked up. I used to be so *good* at this game.”

With a resigned sigh Vivi braced with her hips, then leaned in, to prod her nose at the keyboard.

She enjoyed some small satisfaction in striking the target key, while triggering none of the others in the process.

That, at least, was progress.

The stream preview switched back to her, framed neatly against the high-backed chair in which she sat.

“Well, maybe we’ll get there next time, chat. I know it was going better back when I had legs, but I swear I can beat this even without them, I just need to get used to working the trackball with my shoulder.”

She sounded confident, despite her misgivings, but then she could hardly admit to her viewers how deeply horny it was making her, to work a trackball with her delicate shoulder-stump.

To distract herself she scanned the chat window, to see what fresh critiques her viewers had.

“Hmph, you try playing this game without hands or feet, mister. You probably wouldn’t even make it to the first boss in a *year*, never mind in your first week.”

The messages scrolled onwards.

“I told you last time, *Souad* chose these – you think I’d dress myself in lingerie for a gaming stream if I could wear something normal? And no, she doesn’t dress me! That’s what my stick is for – I’m perfectly capable of putting on clothes! I just... can’t get them out....”

A string of ‘whip’ emotes proliferated through the subsequent reactions.

“I’m not ‘whipped’! I could have had her get whatever clothes I wanted, I just didn’t think I needed to dress up all fancy when I’m sitting around gaming in my underwear!”

The emotes continued unabated.

“Look, she might play around with my clothes, but I’m still the one on top in the bedroom – you should see how I make her *shiver* when I stroke my stumps against her chest or sex.”

The emotes turned to lewder iconography, and Vivi giggled, waving a shoulder at them.

“You’re incorrigible! Anyway, I have work, so you can go fap to your favorite limbless beauty somewhere else, perverts. See you next stream!”

Ending the broadcast took a couple of attempts, as she manipulated the trackball against the soft padding on her shoulder.

That done, she reviewed the figures for the broadcast, and grinned as they confirmed her suspicions – a new record high for viewership, subscriptions and donations.

It was a relief that at least *one* of her jobs was taking off, in her new, post-limb life.

What would be a greater relief was getting out of that chair.

After double-checking that she was off-air, Vivi gave a sigh, as she let herself slump sideways out of the seat. The sensation was as surreal as ever, but with her body hot and tense, her hips clenching with wanton passions, it was well-past time.

As she flopped down onto the bed by to the desk her loins gave out a slurping *pop*, sending a shiver up her spine as a length of rubber appeared from her crotch.

It bent with her, and she had to twitch a few times, to wriggle herself off the flopping horsecock dildo.

So big that it made a slight bump on her belly during streams, she was far too embarrassed to admit to her audience that she needed such a thing to support her during her broadcasts – which meant keeping it buried in herself for hours on end.

Shaped cushions or padding would have worked just as well – or even better – but Souad had insisted on this as the means to hold her in her seat.

Despite Vivi's protests to the chat, it was hard not to give Souad what she wanted.

At the least, it was more stimulating to be slid down that huge shaft, than simply balanced or strapped in place.

She loved the feeling of it, filling her so perversely, especially when Souad had set it to vibrate, as she had that morning.

Vivi would have to punish her for it later... or at least attempt to.

Her 'sub' seemed to turn the tables on her ever more often and easily, with each passing day.

For now, finally free, she rolled onto her back, basking in the pleasing post-stream calm. It had been a good one, full of challenges and teases, yes, but satisfaction too. She was finally starting to make progress, gaming with her shoulder and face. Then there was the simple pleasure of hanging out, enjoying herself with her viewers as she slowly mastered her remaining anatomy.

It was all so much *fun*.

She'd also never looked cuter.

Her reflection met her eyes, in the mirror overhead.

Souad had suggested the addition, and it had been an excellent one, letting the limbless woman take in her full remaining body whenever she lay on the bed.

It was still startling, how small she was.

Vivi remained there for a few minutes, just admiring herself as flexed her stumps and felt her chest and sex pulse, her four corners all aching, tension making her tingle with desire.

Her curves were so much clearer like this, the elegant arcs of her shoulders unbroken by arms, the curve of hip and thigh unspoiled by legs.

She wanted to touch herself, of course, and a smile spread slowly across her cheeks as she experienced that teasing frustration anew.

It was bizarre to be so excited at *not* getting to grope her delicate pussy and bust as she felt herself throbbing in need, but somehow the denial was its own delight, as she looked up at herself in the overhead mirror, and admired what she'd become.

A body truly beautiful, to the point that hundreds of people clamored to watch her stream, and heads turned every time she was walked down the street.

Impractical, of course... but she was learning to manage the challenges.

It was fulfilling, figuring out how to mitigate or endure her limitations.

Unlocking the phone propped beside her with a face-scan, she used her nose and the device's primitive voice-to-text feature to send a message.

"Time to get dressed for work."

Flexing her trunk against the bed, she thought eagerly of the hands already on the way up from the studio to assist her.

Glancing at the time, she grinned.

It was just early enough for a quickie before they had to leave.

She sent a second text.

"Get that joystick of yours ready. I want to play my favorite game."

Vivi was already squirming at the thought of it, even before Souad appeared, to slide her onto that eager erection.

It was wonderful how the woman melted against Vivi, just feeling her lover's pussy *grip* her adorably twitching dick, moving in answer to her commanding *clenches* and rippling *strokes*, puppeteered by Vivi's imperious pussy.

At least until her lust overcame her, and she pinned her playmate down beneath her body, hands groping at those defenseless hips, cock *grinding* into that pliant pillow-girl with her thrusts.

\*\*\*

"I'm not sure this is a better solution than the stroller."

"Hmm? But my love, you protested so strongly to being wheeled around, like a 'helpless baby'."

Souad's tone was innocent, even a little hurt, as if she had no reason to think Vivi might object to her current predicament. She adjusted the strap over her shoulder, and stroked the head by her hip, as the blonde girl glared up at her.

"I'm gym *staff*, not a gym *bag*!"

Souad giggled at that, a lyrical, lilting tune that never failed to thaw Vivi's icier moods.

"Are you sure? We could give you a zipper, and it would certainly be a safer occupation...."

As she swayed with the larger woman's steps, Vivienne had to admit that her protest was undercut remarkably by the clear resemblance.

Her collar was snug and tight about her neck as usual, but now that she lacked the ability to walk on her leash, Souad had concocted a cunning alternative, making use of the denim shorts she had provided her partner for the day. With one end of the leash affixed to the collar, and the other hooked on one of the belt loops on Vivi's waist, her girlfriend was transformed, worn about the shoulder as a stylish duffel bag.

It was *deeply* humiliating.

Especially as they passed familiar people and places, and so many strangers and acquaintances turned fascinated eyes their way.

Yet that attention was a perverse source of pride too, that her form could so captivate, her surreal shape and life enthralling, even arousing those they passed.

What troubled her more than all those people watching was *how* each looked at her.

Before it all began Vivi had always wanted stares, turning heads and whispering voices, but the timbre of the talk had changed. The gazes were distinctive, all alike in some ineffable way. They didn't meet her eye, but nor did they shy from it.

As though what they observed was less a person, independent and capable and equal to them, but something else.

Something *lesser*.

Not all saw her that way of course, but enough did to set spark to the oil that crept through her core, and kindle a flame in her hip and chest.

They were looking at her like Vivi was a mere *sextoy* to her lover.

Of course that was quite unacceptable.

No matter how the thought compelled her, it was too degrading to entertain, let alone to *desire*.

"I'm your amour, not your accessory!" Vivi insisted. "Can't you just... carry me in your arms?"

Even as she spoke her torso twisted with the embarrassing energy filling it, as she wondered if she might not *prefer* this.

Souad acted oblivious.

"My arms are not so strong as yours were, dearest. They get tired."

"At least get me a wheelchair then, instead of that silly baby carriage...."

The responding question was obvious before she heard it. "*Voluntary* amputees don't qualify, remember?"

"Well we can buy one ourselves! I may not be getting many clients at the gym, but my streams are doing better than ever. Everyone's entranced by my beauty."

It was hard to look smug while being worn as a satchel, but Vivi managed it.

~\*~

"You're my personal trainer?"

Vivi felt herself wobble at the directness of the young athlete, but with a deft flex of her core she stayed upright atop the desk.

"Yes, I asked them to leave me here so I could meet you. I'm Vivienne. And I believe you're Luca, preparing for a gymnastics competition?"

The effeminate young man flicked back a lock of golden hair, with a sulky look on his face, as though wondering if he was being pranked.

Vivi pressed on, ignoring him.

"Normally I'd shake your hand, but as you can see that... wouldn't work. So instead let's get right into the warmup."

Luca didn't move.

"You're really going to help me prepare? For an international event?"

"Of course. I may not be in a position to compete, but I used to be quite the gymnast myself, and I know everything worth learning about training and fitness."

"But... how can you understand what's happening with my body, when you can't even feel it?"

"You see, that's why I use a slightly... unconventional form of weight training. Instead of a medicine ball, you're going to use... well... me."

Vivi smiled, a bashful hue tinting her cheeks as she struggled with her core, trying to maintain her position long enough to assuage the youth's doubts.

It was frustrating to realize how hard keeping upright had become, with her base so soft and sensual. She almost wished she had Souad's dildo for support again.

Fortunately, having already paid for the session, it wasn't too long before Luca gave in and got started.

His hands were hesitant, as he gripped her about the chest, fingers sinking into the slight layer of pudge which had accumulated below the nubs of her shoulders.

She was careful not to let out a sound as he lifted her up.

Luca's own gasp was all the louder as a result.

"You're so light! Almost like a real exercise ball!"

“Why thank you! I *have* lost a lot of weight recently.”

Her grin brought out a reluctant smile in return, the goofy smirk making the athlete look rather cute.

“Now, get moving! I want to feel those muscles work!”

It was a strange thing, to use one’s self as gym equipment. Like her sojourn as a hip-bag, it felt dehumanizing, quite degrading in a sense, and yet... there was fun in that too. A sense of abandon and shameless, *inexplicable* pleasure, at being turned and twisted and pumped up and down in the hands of this near-stranger, her torso useful only for its mass, while her head spoke instructions to her student.

“Now, arms straight, hold me all the way out. You have to be able to balance like this, without breaking your posture.”

Unlike at the start of the session, Luca was quick to obey, thrusting the hapless woman forwards.

That static pose let her take in all the watchers about the gym again, and Vivi gave a little shiver as she caught the eye of her smirking colleagues.

Melody in particular seemed delighted by the surreal sight.

Fortunately, the next stretch kept her distracted.

“That’s it, push your hips up, and clench your toes – don’t you dare drop me!”

Supported on her tummy, Vivi wobbled in place, still subconsciously trying to adjust her balance with the bumps of hip and shoulder, as Luca held her atop his feet.

“I-I won’t! Just don’t ask me to start juggling you!”

For the young man it was already a challenging posture, his arms flat on the mat to brace his shoulders, his core working to raise both the pillars of his toned legs, and the torso perched atop them.

As light as he’d claimed his ‘exercise ball’ to be, his pose was sagging to one side, his feet having to spread wider, the ball of one pressing against her boob.

To her chagrin, Vivi realized he was groping her other breast with his toes.

“Focus now, you’re starting to tip! Raise your right side!”

But it was too late.

With a grunt, Luca’s leg slipped from under her.

Vivienne screamed as she fell, tumbling, torso twisting in the air, trying to catch herself with phantom limbs that evaporated in the effort.

Fortunately, she had a soft surface on which to land, her butt thudding down on the head of the athlete beneath, while her breasts pinned the arm attempting to rise and catch her.

Collapsing together, she squirmed against him as the man struggled to extricate tangled limbs, or pull his head out of her crotch.

By the time he did, he was blushing bright pink.

Laughter resounded all about, as he picked up the puce torso atop him, and set Vivi down on her back.

"S-sorry about that! I, uh... got distracted and... lost my balance...."

"Just don't do that at the competition," she replied, breathless from the fright.

And the humiliation.

Mel, Clint and the others were all staring again, but this time Vivi couldn't defy those judgmental looks.

It might have been the client's fault she fell, but the accident had shown clearly how limited she was now.

Unable to even bat away a groping hand – or foot – and incapable of catching herself should she topple.

The fall was a moment of fear unlike anything she'd felt since her amputations, but it was also intensely, agonizingly embarrassing.

As was her continued immobility, as she lay stranded on the floor.

Luca was quick to excuse himself, but that left the limbless trainer alone on the mat for the rest of the session, too embarrassed to ask anyone else to collect and move her, let alone to attempt the struggle of flopping her figure over onto her front, in order to inch about under her own steam.

"If Luca's done using you, perhaps my clients can have a turn with the 'equipment'?" Melody mocked, as she guided a woman through various stretches, a few mats over.

"As long as you teach them not to break it this time," Vivi shot back.

The barb made her rival grimace, returning to her work, but that minor win did little to salve the limbless woman's ego.

Soon other spare exercise equipment started to pile up on the free space of the mat around her, waiting to be tidied up.

A few jokes were even made about tidying *her* away with it.

All in good fun, naturally, yet disconcerting for one unable to move from the spot.

She was very glad when Souad returned, at the end of the hour.

She asked about Luca as they left, of course, but the answer was no surprise – he had *not* booked a second session.

\*\*\*

“Wow, so you really almost broke Luca Giovanni’s neck?”

Vivi snorted. “Don’t be so dramatic, Kiana! I’m not that heavy anymore!”

Leaning over, the limbless woman steadied herself against the table with chest and bust, to take another sip of wine.

It wasn’t the most secure dinner seating, forcing her to work her core hard, especially as the various courses of the meal came out, but with her dearest friends gathered for a birthday meal, Vivi was determined to show them what she could do.

Her torso, at least, was fitter than ever, and already she’d managed bread, soup and the fish course, only relying on Souad to cut her food.

She targeted the last morsel of steak with the fork strapped to her shoulder.

Even lacking any actual limb there, retaining only muscle and fat over the empty socket, her shoulder-blade and soft stump could still flex just enough to let her feed herself.

So long as the food was soft, but not too soft, sticky enough to adhere to a clumsily prodding fork, but solid enough not to fall apart as she waggled it awkwardly up towards her mouth.

The meat was delicious, and she savored the hard-earned final bite.

“Your balance is so good now,” Christine remarked, as she sipped from the glass in her hand. “When you first had your legs done you couldn’t even stay upright, let alone move around like this.”

“Of course! I’ve trained hard! I may have given up my job at the gym, but that doesn’t mean I don’t work out! Souad and I exercise every morning.”

“I don’t think sex counts, honey.”

“If it did, we would be exercising *four* times a day,” Vivi’s lover teased. “Although I do most of the work – it’s more like masturbation, with an especially eager onahole.”

“*Souad!*”

Vivi gave a squirming shiver, as her sweetheart so casually exposed her insatiability... her *inability*.

“Sounds like this did wonders for your sex life at least,” remarked Raul. “Perhaps I should propose the idea to my girlfriend too?”

“Oh definitely, she’d love having a limbless toyboy to tease and ride!” Vivi answered.

She grinned all the more, to see the bashful blush spreading over her friend's face.

"And your streams?" Kiana asked. "I know you're patient, determined even, but... don't you get pissed off, getting stuck so easily? It's been months and you're like ten percent of the way into the game."

Vivi hesitated to reply, but the moment felt right.

"I tell chat I'm patient, but I'm not really *that* patient really."

"Indeed not," Souad cut in.

Vivi gave her a glare, but it wavered as a tender hand reached out, to caress her cheek.

The others grinned, as they saw a shoulder-stump press up against that touch, rubbing needily into the soft embrace of knowing fingers.

"Anyway, *trolls* aside," Vivi went on, "the reality is that... well... I'm just having fun. I *like* struggling through games, trying to manage without hands or feet. Doing everything with my shoulders and face... failing over and over, until finally I just barely eke out a win.... It's so *satisfying*. Just opening the game and choosing my save file is touch, so when I do it feels like a little victory. Just like in regular life, I suppose."

"That explains so much," Raul murmured.

"I told you so," Christine gloated, poking him in the side. "Our Vivi's a total masochist at heart!"

"Am not!"

"Oh yeah? So what was all that you were saying to me last week, about that dream where Souad held you upside-down, and pounded you like you were her personal onahole?"

Vivi felt her cheeks burn, as she stammered to answer.

"Gracious! I think I know what my little toy wants for her after-party celebration," Souad exclaimed.

"Oh my gods, fuck you both!"

Christine grinned all the more at the flustered torso-girl. "Would that count as a threesome?"

"Two-and-a-halosome at best," Kiana proposed.

"Perhaps not even that many," Souad mused. "We don't count my dildo, so should my *fleshlight* be any different?"

Vivi shuddered, a horny, humiliated whine escaping her throat.

Even she couldn't explain why that depraved concept had her so deeply aroused... yet her sex was soaked at the idea, her body leaning into the other with a pleading need.

"Good girl," Souad whispered, brushing her cheek.

Had Vivi the ability, she would have jumped the other woman, then and there.

Fortunately, she was rescued by the dessert course.

Perhaps in apology, her partner fed her the *panna cotta* by hand. Of course that was also an excellent opportunity for Souad to tease her all the more, tickling her lips with the spoon, or pretending to overbalance, and pressing her chest to the throbbing shoulder of her excited partner.

Delighted with herself, with her sweetheart, Vivi couldn't help but join in the giggles and gropes, rubbing her nubs against the woman at her side, until the two couldn't resist any longer.

They shared a long, deep kiss, hands massaging her aching back and tender hip, as her body pleading to be brought once more into her lover's embrace.

Alas that they had to wait, at least a while longer.

"Damn," Raul said, as they parted, "for moment I thought you were giving us dinner *and* a show. I'm kinda envious...."

"I think at this point it's safe to say you have no regrets giving up your legs as well as your arms?" Christine asked.

At the start of the night she might have answered more conservatively, but several glasses deep, and with so much less mass to absorb the alcohol, Vivi was buzzed.

"None," she said emphatically. "I love my body, even though it's a struggle!"

"*Because* it's a struggle," Christine reminded.

Vivi brought her fork down on the plate with a clink. "Right!"

The implement, dislodged from its strap, clattered on the porcelain.

"It's embarrassing and frustrating – and Souad definitely doesn't help with any of that – but it's so exciting too.... It's thrilling to be this helpless, and have to wrestle just to eat dinner, or get dressed, or start my stream.... And I *love* how gorgeous I am like this, how sensual and sexual, how soft and... *helpless!*"

Amid her drunken delight her whole body shuddered, the visceral emotion surging through her, shoulders, hips and vulva all aching with pleasure.

"The way Souad looks, *stares* at me, I've never felt more beautiful. And the way she *touches* me...."

Bronze digits danced against her cheek, as the two played with one another, Vivi's lips chasing the fleeting touches, until she caught one finger, and bit fondly at the tip.

"You are insatiable, my beloved," the larger woman declared.

"Because you're always teasing me, making me horny when you know I can't touch myself."

"You love that more than anything."

Vivi groaned at the apt answer.

"How can I help it? When you hold me... stroke my stumps or pussy... your hands are incredible, and I feel amazing in them."

Audience forgotten, Vivi leaned into the hands of her amour as she spoke.

"I want to hold you back so badly, but I love that I can't. *Won't*. Ever again. All I can do is squeeze you with my sex, to make you gasp and shudder with me...."

"You hold me perfectly with it, my precious. I'll never want for anything more than that embrace."

~~~



Some hours later, back home after the end of the party, the real celebration began.

Vivi might have used the hook they'd screwed into the bedpost to disrobe, as she usually did, but that night, drunk on more than just wine, she was glad to accept Souad's help.

Her lover gently slipped the garments from her body, hands sliding over the smooth shapes of shoulder and bosom, cupping her hips and caressing her sex, as the happy little torso squirmed to her touch atop the sheets.

"You are so beautiful, my sweetness, so lovely, with no silly limbs to get in the way."

Fingers squeezed playfully at her sides, and Vivi groaned, pushing out her shoulders into waiting palms, feeling the erogenous thrill of being gripped just right.

It was the closest she could come to holding hands with her beloved.

"I... gave them up for you," she groaned.

Those golden eyes gleamed with mirth, as they shook slowly, side to side.

"Not only me, beloved. You wanted this too, remember? You gushed at dinner over how wonderful it is, to be free of your appendages."

Noses met, in a giggling nuzzle.

"You were right, of course. You're simply divine like this."

Souad brushed a stray lock of hair aside, as she clutched her girlfriend tighter, whispering to the reduced woman as Vivi flexed and bucked beneath her.

"You love to feel your helplessness, don't you? To revel in being so *totally* impotent. You can't even sit up, or stroke my cheek, or squeeze it back.... My sweet little sextoy...."

That knowing touch on hapless shoulders tightened, even as her heart sped, to set heaving her bare chest.

"Time for my precious pet to have her birthday present."

This wasn't how it was meant to go between them.

Vivi would have protested, but scooped up by those irresistible arms, she had no chance to object.

No will, to refuse so tantalizing a prospect.

She should have been *commanding*, controlling the pleasure of her partner, to bend Souad to her will, even without the use of hands or arms... yet cradled as she was against her

lover's chest as a toy, irresistibly reduced, her feelings were a tangle of surreal, shameful desire and delirious, *delicious* sensuality, as if *she* were the one being dominated.

"It's my turn to take the lead tonight. You told me just what to do at dinner, remember? Now your dream comes true."

Vivi broke into a giddy, bashful grin, as she nestled her breasts against the gorgeous brown bosom, trailing kisses over each inch of silken skin in her reach.

At her base, she felt the brush of something harder than lips or hands, and groaned, grinding her hips down, atop the shaft rising to meet her.

"I can't wait to wear you, my love. A cutely squirming cocksleeve to decorate my dick, writhing in bliss at your own helplessness as I pump you with seed!"

Netherlips burning, she panted with breathless passion, as desire spread through every corner of her truncated form.

"Are you ready to be my onahole for the evening? My limbless fleshlight, to fuck senseless."

The words were crude, lewd and degrading... yet Vivi nodded as they set her shivering once more.

It was so perverse, so *embarrassing*, yet she desired it more than anything.

Not just to make love, but to be fucked.

Twisted and masochistic as it was, she wanted to be *used*.

Like the limbless sextoy she had become.

Twisting against Souad, she pressed herself down on that twitching shaft, desperate to impale herself on her lover's dick.

She needed some help, lining herself up.

Hands on her waist, Souad leant her against the bed, hips raised, shoulders and head trailing, and *thrust* inside, filling the tender folds of her lover to the brim.

Hips met with a meaty smack, as Vivi was stretched around Souad's sex, her own silken lining stretching, spreading folds sucking, hugging at the smooth shaft which massaged them, groping at the pumping phallus with lewd slurps and squirts, the only action her body could exert.

Shoulders strained, hips waving, absent limbs trying to reach for the woman who held her, as that immense erection hilted in her, over and over, making her gurgle with glee and need as she pumped herself against it as best she could.

Without legs in the way, Souad could drive incredibly deep, their hips meeting with every bucking drive, a song of slick kisses and smacks sounding out from abused pussylips.

“Is this how you dreamed it? The first time I *used* you as my condom?”

Vivi gave a whine, as she chewed at a twitching lip.

It was so much better.

Her whole body was moving with each hit, hanging unsupported from the hands and dick that defiled her netherlips, and left her face contorted with bliss, saliva she couldn't catch trickling from the corner of her cheek.

“How perverse you are, my love, to be so delighted by this. So excited, to be reduced from my partner, my perfect, pristine Vivienne, to my depraved, desperate *sexdoll*, drooling and clenching your hips to feel my cock unload into you....”

In answer, Vivi gripped all the more, holding herself on that incredible cock with all the muscles which remained to her, embracing Souad's erection with every part of herself.

“Please, cum in me!”

Hands found her shoulders, and raised her up, sinking into plush handles, holding her by those beautifully amputated arms as they made out.

Feet pressed in too, toes gripping, kneading her hips with each thrust, steadying her in place to better drill into her depths with those crude, animal convulsions.

Pinned by her stumps, pleased by them, driving to new heights of erogenous ecstasy, Vivi arched, crying out into the lips of her lover, as she came amid their climactic kiss.

Every part of her was overloaded, the pleasure too intense to bear.

That penis pumped seed into her core with thick hot spurts, filling her like the condom she was.

A limbless onahole, lost in the overwhelming bliss of being *used* just as she dreamed, filled first from one end, then the other.

Nothing existed but Souad and her toy torso, linked in purest ecstasy.

Nothing else was needed.

It was some time before Vivi could think again.

For a while after they just lay together, Souad caressing her corners, kissing them, making tender love to the parts she'd taken, even as she let her sex rest in Vivi's depths.

For her part, the French girl was glad of that, for she could return the affection freely, with each fond squeeze, her squishing vulva gripping Souad in lieu of limbs.

"Happy birthday, my love," Souad spoke at last.

Vivi *purred* against her, not yet composed enough to answer.

"Ah, you are the sweetest!" the Algerian exclaimed. "So small and helpless, so compact, so *sensual*, hugging my sex with your pussy.... It was *wonderful*."

"Beyond wonderful. *Incroyable! C'était tout à fait merveilleux!*"

Souad chuckled at the eager answer of her partner, clutching her so eagerly by the cock.

"But as an onahole you have so much extra mass, no? I think, for my *next* birthday, we shall have to make you more *compact*."

Intoxicated by taboo pleasure and twisted infatuation, Vivi found herself nodding.

"That sounds... *right*," she whispered, as they nuzzled together, her nethers tightening about the phallus still filling her. "Just wait... I'll make you orgasm until you're screaming for mercy, my love!"

"Of course! We'll make you the perfect cocksleeve, my sweetheart."