

Powerless Play: Part 4

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“Vivi.... Vivi my love....”

Distant and faint as it was, the voice stirred Vivienne from her doze, as she felt those rich, warming tones wash over her.

Eyes fluttered open, and she peered up as the room swam into being. It had been the clinic mere moments before, but now she was laying in her bedroom, as the fog of anesthesia slowly burned away, beneath the rising sun of her mind.

Those lingering strands of mist swirled around a looming shape, and she recognized that central figure on whom her eyes immediately fixated.

The French girl grinned up, as she saw Souad’s shining features smiling back down at her, lighting up the whole room.

“Happy birthday, beautiful.”

“Did it... go alright?” the patient asked.

“As a dream, dearest. You are beautifully *compact* now,” answered her Algerian angel. “My lovely little *bust*, so deliciously small and *helpless*.”

Blood rose in Vivi’s cheeks at the playful words on her lover’s lips, perfectly calculated to excite her.

She knew better than to try to rise bodily, of course. Living as a quadruple amputee for a year she had internalized that innate immobility of a being limited to wriggling and inching about. Even that limited ability was beyond her now, for she felt nothing from her hips or waist.

She pushed forwards her shoulders, in emulation of arms reaching, as if offering their merest hint of an embrace. Souad gripped them, and the reduced woman shivered, as she felt her soft corners squish to that fond touch, in that way she so adored.

At once frustrated and thrilled to be so totally incapable of returning the contact, she braced her nubs against the touch, to raise her head, and peer down her body.

Breath left her in a small, short gust, as she emptied her remaining lung with a gasp. After so long limbless, a hapless torso with four tender points at each edge, she had thought herself accustomed to reduction. Staring down past her bust, at nothing but plain, unruffled sheets below, she understood now how wrong she’d been.

Tensing on the bed, she felt muscles tighten in her shoulders and under her breasts, clenching along her ribs towards her midriff, yet there was no sensation past that.

Souad was ready with a mirror borrowed from the wall, holding it up to show her amour the area beneath her bosom.

There was *nothing* there.

Astonished, Vivi stared at the small, rounded underside of her body, slightly pink where her hips and stomach had been removed.

Souad's hand brushed across it, and she drew a hissing breath, as she felt the surreal jolt of contact against anatomy more erogenous than even her sex, occurring, in a space her mind still considered to be *internal*.

Smooth as silk and soft like her bust, that new surface bunched and creased against the friction of touch, and the limbless, halved woman squirmed, head and shoulders shivering uselessly as blood rose to her face amid that intense stimulation, all the nerves of legs, hips, ass and more combined, to make that blank expanse overwhelmingly erotic.

"They really did it... I'm just... just a hemi... a head and tits...."

"A darling little *onahole*, ready to be *used*," the other insisted, her darker cheeks a rich burgundy as her desire blossomed across her face.

Vivi bit her lip, her own features pink as she gave a fruitless squirm. A year earlier she would have argued – her pride insisted on that – but Souad had shown her how pointless it was to deny herself. That was all the more true now, with her body rendered so ridiculous, all for her lover's delight.

And her own.

Panting with lust, Vivi's heart pounded in her remaining chest, racing at the mere brush of a nail across the base of her remade body as she felt her own shocking inanimacy.

It would be a thrilling challenge, to try to command her partner with a form so diminutive and disabled, but for the moment a deeper need called to Vivi.

The urge to surrender, to her own delicious debilitation, and her sweetheart's degrading desires.

"Th-thank you," she whispered, pressing her face into a fond hand.

She felt like a pet.

Especially as her partner stroked her cheek, brushing back her hair, thumb gliding over her nose and lips.

"You are so very welcome, little thing," Souad sang. "My pristine package, all the dearest parts of the most delightful person."

So saying, she slid her fingers around her shivering handful of woman.

Vivi flexed, her neck the sole articulation point in that absurd body, as she wriggled with embarrassment in that cradling embrace.

"You are such a cute *cocksleeve*."

Scandalized and delighted by such *daring* depravity, Vivi thrust up her shoulders against those happy hands, feeling how they slipped under her diminished shape, to scoop her from the bed.

Lacking any trailing anatomy, no hips or waist hanging down, Vivi felt almost weightless, rising far too fast, yet she was denied any ability to catch or steady herself.

She relied on Souad for that now, as for all else.

Even pleasure.

Souad was glad to offer it, digits dancing over her, sinking into skin which rose, swelling with sensuality, erogenous new spaces opened up even as so much possibility had been pared away.

It was startlingly exciting, to be touched in so taboo a fashion, and what little locomotion Vivi could muster was already put to work, pressing her new 'base' out against that caress.

Her lover beamed, pressing her whole hand to that soft cushion below her breasts, as above their lips met, in a long, needy kiss.

Vivi sucked at her mouth, as her base twitched and squished between teasing fingers, feeling her underside cupped almost like another bosom, sparking shocking tingles of sensation that spread up into her chest, making her nipples push out, erect and aching, into another waiting hand.

Yet that intense, erotic stimulation was diffuse, her pleasure *unfocused*, spreading across all of her naked new surface.

Souad seemed to notice her reaction, and grinned all the deeper.

Holding her plaything by the corners, she set Vivi on her lap, supported by her shoulder-handles, letting her breasts and base alike squish against her legs and the growing mound of her womanhood.

Unlike trying to balance on her hips, that position felt oddly stable, her form resting on three points. Five, if counting the hands that hugged her sides, gripping to constrain and secure her, and to tease at those perpetually sensual cushions.

She pressed into the touch, despite her growing chagrin.

"Something is troubling you, sweetheart," Souad observed.

Looking up, Vivi had to tilt her head back dramatically, and unlike before that motion shifted enough of her mass that her whole body nearly tipped. Fortunately her boobs too were a significant part of what she retained, acting as a counterweight, alongside Souad's steadying touch.

It was surreal to see the whole girl loom so large all around her, but Vivi dismissed that strangeness, to focus on what she'd seen of herself earlier. Or rather, what she *hadn't* seen.

"Souad," she said sternly.

"What it is, my lovely little bust?"

"You said you wanted to keep my pussy."

"Just so!"

"Well why isn't it on my *body* then?!"

The Algerian gave a guilty giggle, yet there was no apology in her eyes, burning brilliant gold as she rubbed at the remaining bodyparts of her plaything.

"We never mentioned keeping it *attached*."

"*Souad*."

"I have it right here, my love."

Grinning feline, her arm left its place on Vivi's side, to reach over to the table by the bed. Extracted in those enviably elegant fingers, was a plastic cylinder, a tube with a familiar form, shaped like so many of Souad's playthings.

A plastic fleshlight.

Vivi gaped at the sight, as Souad unscrewed it. It had to be a joke, another masterful tease... yet what was revealed was unmistakable.

Soft and pink, *real* flesh expanded as the cap was released, sopping wet lips puffing out, mons bulging about the sides of the toy, as Souad held up an orifice with a deeply familiar shape and tone of skin.

"You turned my pussy into an onahole?!"

"Don't be jealous, dearest," Souad cooed, "*you'll* always be my favorite plaything! Your pussy is simply there for when I need some relief!"

Vivi's guttural *groan* of lust made clear how she felt about that, despite her insistence on ire.

"But I... I can't *feel* anything from it now," she murmured, as she watched the other woman stroke those stolen folds.

"Of course not," Souad said, "it's not part of you after all! You have your wonderful, unbroken *surface* to enjoy instead."

The thought gripped her, depraved ideas dancing about her head, but Vivi kept focus. "If... if my pussy is an onahole now, then how do I *cum*?"

Souad's smile turned sadistic, sending a surging rush of sensation down what little spine Vivi retained at the gorgeous sight.

"You wanted to be my *sextoy*, sweet thing, and like any other sextoy the answer is simple. You *don't* cum at all, my darling."

Staring up in dismay, the toy saw how sincere her lover was, and felt a renewed rush of masochistic *need* in her diminutive body, as she wriggled in place, rubbing against her tormentor.

Beneath her, another sex was expanding, Souad's cock pushing its way down her jean-leg as she spoke.

"Are you ready for fellatio?" Souad asked brightly. "Since you have just the *one* hole now."

"Oh my gods, I'm going to kill you!"

Her holder burst out laughing at the indignant bust, her mirth only growing as Vivi bit down on her finger in protest.

"That is 'I'm going to kill you, *Mistress!*'" the woman corrected, with a motherly waggle of the pinned appendage.

Vivi's shiver was adorable, the hemi sucking as much as biting on the digit filling her lips.

As powerless as her body had become, her mind too seemed incapable of resisting so enticing pleasure, even as she railed against the teases which brought it.

"I'm gonna thuck your dick 'til you beg fuh merthy!" Vivi insisted. "*Mithtrethh!*"

“Go right ahead and get started,” Souad said, leaning back on the bed.

Her plaything whined, rubbing her squishing base against that growing bulge, still contained wholly within clothing.

She couldn’t even free it with her mouth the way she used to – that would have required being able to move her upper body to reach it.

Even if she’d been so capable, she could only pleasure her partner, not herself, her diminished body offering no option for release in return.

It was exactly as Souad had spoken... she was just like a real sextoy.

Vivi’s wanton *lurch* surprised even Souad, as her plaything threw herself forward with a thrust of her head, flopping down face-first onto that expansive crotch, to rub needily against her cock.

A hand cupped her base, as if to show her again where so much of her body had been taken, gripping fingerfuls of tender flesh to make her groan aloud in her perverse pleasure, as she rubbed the region where her mind insisted a pussy should be into a receiving palm, all too happy to correct her error.

“It seems that you’re greatly enjoying my little surprise,” the Algerian woman observed. “I think you will love being a true sextoy, my precious, a plaything made for *my* pleasure.”

It was humiliating to admit, even to herself, but after living as a limbless pillow for so long, her mind and matter alike were responding as conditioned.

It was outrageous and cruel... degrading... totally dehumanizing... a debasement she had never imagined, let alone agreed to....

It was making her *quiver* with excitement.

Vivi’s arousal was surging as she experienced her own nullification.

“Or would you prefer that we restore this to your body somewhere?” Souad asked, a knowing smirk belying her innocent tone as she twirled the fleshlight in hand. “I’m sure it would fit well between your tits... if you *don’t* want to be my sextoy after all....”

“Please, j-just use me already, Mistress!” implored her hapless cocksleeve.

Vivi shocked herself with those words, yet they felt thrilling to speak, her debased body jerking and straining, lips fumbling with Souad’s jeans amid her thirst.

The girl’s other hand offered a lifeline towards that end, unbuttoning the garment.

A moment later, with a waft of thick, heady musk, that towering shaft was rising free and proud, gleaming in the light as it rose up past a face pressing gratefully into its side.

Planting adoring kisses along that length, sucking hungrily at the sack beneath, Vivi felt her partner's pleasure, the grunting tenses of legs and hips exciting her, elating that part of her still hungry to control and dominate, as she felt the way her mouth made Souad *squirm*.

Her control lasted only a moment, of course.

The hand on her base lifted, and with it Vivi rose, sliding up that stiff rod, until her mouth met the tip. Lips eagerly pulled it in, pushing back foreskin as the heady taste of cock and precum spread against her tongue, her body tensing to try to slip itself onto her lover.

Even with that much help, she couldn't do it – could no more raise and lower herself than she could run a marathon – but Souad understood clearly her wishes.

Upended in those hands she squealed aloud with alarm as she hung in the air, but those sounds soon became ones of satisfaction, groaning, purring murmurings of pleasure, as she was lowered down her beloved dick, tongue and lips working against the sliding expanse of savory skin, as Souad started to *pump* into her face, flooding her with scent and flavor.

Clenching, twisting and grinding her shoulders against that wonderful grip supporting her, Vivi gave all she had to sucking her sweetheart, swallowing every inch of that immense rod impaling her, feeling it ascend through her throat as she sucked and kissed it.

Breathless, she snorted with her exertions, huffing the smells of that beautiful brown lap all around her, the notes of her Mistress' womanhood driving those rippling motions of her throat, the caress of lips accentuated by eager inhalations, until Souad cried out with bliss.

Toes curling, fingers clutching, she hugged her girlfriend to her hips as she came deep inside that small form, emptying herself through dozens of trembling squirts, while between her thighs her pussy soaked legs and sheets alike with the gushing reverberations of her echoing orgasm.

By the time she was finished, both women were left panting. Still wrapped around a slowly softening cock, Vivi needed help even to pull away, but that too was a source of excitement for the horny hemi, as she basked in her own lust, and the radiant pleasures of her partner.

If Souad chose, she could have worn her like a cocksleeve all day, and Vivi could have done nothing about it.

Part of her dearly needed that, as she throbbed all over, her reduced body feeling all those erotic areas ache. Her breasts, her shoulders, her base and lips, each was tingling with want, for a release she could only imagine, as she hugged the cock filling her face, and pictured it flooding her pussy instead.

Fortunately for her, she was allowed a reprieve from that teasing contact.

Brought up, she was laid atop the larger chest of her lover, those knowing hands kneading gently at her trembling form as it sank into the supple valley surrounding it.

"That was wonderful," Souad whispered.

The voice rose all around Vivi, and she shuddered as she felt her own flesh echo that sentiment, more excited than ever.

Shoulders rubbed against playful palms and boobs, a delicate base grinding itself into steadying digits below, as the sextoy felt herself cradled on all sides, lips gripping gratefully at those of her user.

"Isn't it better this way... my beloved?" asked Souad, between kisses. "Is it not delightful... to surrender your orgasms to Mistress?"

Absurd as it was, Vivi gave a wordless whine of assent.

Denied any share in the release, Vivi was more aroused than she could have conceived, squirming in her desperation as they snuggled, Souad talking, teasing as she cleaned that pretty face, and straightened the stray hairs of her plaything... then affixed once more the collar which Vivi loved so much.

She would never be able to walk in it, of course, but that snug, secure band about her throat felt steady, stabilizing... grounding her in her new body, just as the hands holding her did.

They ran down her shoulders from the accessory, caressing the curves of her bare breasts, now near a quarter of her mass, and rubbing her featureless base.

She wore nothing, yet her nudity only exposed the shocking *absence* of anything to hide.

Her ass had evaporated, leaving behind all its soft sensuality in her new torso-stump.

Her pussy was a plaything, encased in plastic, the property of another.

Vivi had nothing left to hide, on that delicate, deprived form.

That contradiction left her wonderfully *exposed*, defenseless and ridiculous as she sat atop a tummy jiggling with gleeful giggles, her own boobs wobbling along with its ripples.

"You are so *pretty* like this! And your bust has become *magnificent*!"

Adoration overcame her indignation, and Vivi melted into the role of pet, a graceful nose pushing forwards into the bowl of that outstretched palm, nuzzling doglike, the only way she could return such a touch.

"So, how do you enjoy this daring new you?" Souad asked, as she ran fingers through soft golden hair, and felt her plaything purr.

"It's a lot," Vivi murmured, "but it's *amazing*. Your cock felt so huge, almost as big as my whole body, and when you came... gods, it was like the whole world erupting with your ecstasy...."

She shivered, lust shaking her lip, as she pressed her cheek to that steady hand.

"I'm so worked-up still... it's so frustrating... and exciting...."

Face bright with the embarrassing admission, she leant all the more into the dehumanizing attention being paid to preening and petting her head.

"Good girl!" Souad sang, to her treasure's clear delight. "Do you still insist that you need a pussy to be my pet?"

Whining, that imploring head shook, even as it sank into the hands ruffling hair and rubbing cheeks.

"I'm glad my little plaything approves of her final, *perfect* form," Souad spoke back, as she teased out a small tangle in those long locks. "After all, forever is a long time to be my toy, and I couldn't bear it if you weren't happy, my lovely little condom."

There was a strange excitement in hearing those words... in imagining being like this forever, perpetually pent up and needy, a hapless pet in her owner's hands.

"But you *can* bear keeping me edging for years on end?"

Turning serious, Souad looked deep into her eyes. "Would you really want it otherwise?"

Vivi faltered, rather than admit her embarrassing feelings to that piercing gaze.

Instead, she rolled herself forwards with a bob of her head, flopping down against Souad's shoulder to nestle there, in the heavenly cradle of her beloved's bosom and arms.

"Happy birthday, *Mistress*."

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Loath as they were to move, the lovers did eventually rise for a shower, as well as to put fresh sheets on the bed.

Accustomed as she was to being carried about, and set down to watch Souad performing chores, those parts of the evening were almost normal, as was the small meal they shared after.

Vivi ate less than ever, of course, her reduced organs neither requiring nor capable of accommodating the full feeds which had been lending her torso an increasingly plush aspect of late.

Her boobs still bore some extra fat, but that was welcome, a helpful counterweight for her head as she sat on her soft base and felt the minute motions of muscles in shoulder, neck and chest, pulling and squishing her various tender spots.

She longed to touch them more directly, of course, but the very idea was a contradiction, a fantasy never to be consummated, all the more enchanting for its impossibility.

Souad helped her instead, gently showing Vivi her shape with the mirror and with hands... lips... toes... ever maintaining the loving tantalization which had her toy breathless all evening through.

It was almost a relief to retire for the night.

In bed, Vivi found herself held deep in an embrace which engulfed her as never before.

Until a day ago she had slept as the little spoon, hugged tight to Souad's body, enveloped in arms and legs, but now she was too small even for that. Instead she was cradled more like a teddy, her edges sinking in, embraced by softness on all sides to make her shiver in bliss.

Head resting atop Souad's chest, the little toy was left bashful and blushy as they talked and snuggled.

"You think you will be comfortable like this?" the intact woman asked, sincere in her concern.

"Just don't roll over," Vivi retorted, poking out a tongue at her.

"You don't want me to sit on you?"

The innocent look on her face made the French girl burn all the brighter, as she imagined that bountiful, bubbly butt, pressing down atop her head.

"M-maybe in the morning," she suggested.

"Gladly, my horny little hemi!"

Still deeply aroused, but denied any ability to act on her desire, the reduced toy twitched, fidgeting with her shoulders, but Souad barely noticed those feeble gestures as the woman was drifting off.

Eventually, despite all the stimulation, she relaxed, and Vivienne felt herself floating atop her lover, as sleep finally took her.

Perfectly comfortable, impossibly aroused, her dreams were intricate, erotic and absurd... in perfect concert with her new shape.

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As exciting as it was to be used as a cushion, face trapped in the sweaty cleft of buttocks, balls and pussy, put to work eating out her mistress, Vivi couldn't vent the vigor which filled her that morning, no matter how she plumbed those succulent netherlips with her tongue.

"Harder!" Souad gasped atop her. "*Deeper!*"

Her voice seemed muffled, more distant than before.

As the woman rose again, to let her panting pet draw breath, the plaything saw why.

The Algerian girl had her own mouth buried in the drooling mound of Vivi's former vulva, the disembodied accessory streaming with juices of its own, trailing between clit and tongue as Souad made it twitch and tense, just as the Mistress' own fluids were flowing out across her hapless hemi below as Vivi smooched her swollen folds.

"N-no fair!" the pet protested, "I should be feeling that too!"

"Now now, my precious, you mustn't be jealous. There's plenty of me available to play with *all* my toys."

The outlandish statement was so absurd that the other couldn't even answer, at least before that bountiful butt descended once again, to embrace nose and lips in succulent sepiat softness.

Nose pressed into steaming balls, mouth groping desperately at the delicious rolls of clenching vagina and the delightful derriere squeezing behind, long, dragging *sniffs* sounded out, as she huffed Souad's nethers.

"That's it, my beautiful buttplug," the woman sang. "Breathe deep, delight in my scents and savor my body as I cum, sweetie!"

Vivi could only obey, her sinuses tingling with the sting of ass and sex as she snorted those thick smells, her tongue burrowing through sticky creases and ripples to swirl inside that hugging caress of pussy, setting her senses flaming with pleasure, muscles tensing with throes of passion for every part of her magnificent partner.

Gripped in the surreal pang of *envy*, felt towards her own detached vulva, her body tried to climax from the intoxicating tastes and lavish aromas, yet no amount of humiliating huffing of ass and vulva could grant her release from her longing and adoration – instead, she fell all the deeper in love, with her twisted Mistress, and her depraved desires.

"Mmmh, *gods* yes," Souad gasped, likewise muffled by a face full of womanhood. "Make me cum, my love!"

As she heard those sloppy, sensual smooches up above, Vivi felt even the strange sting of true *jealousy*, burgeoning in her burning chest as Souad teased her with the sounds of pleasures she was so starkly denied.

Such thoughts grew all the more acute, as with each pause granted her for breath, she watched it sliding down the dick which had worn her face the day before.

“Oh come on,” she exclaimed, in her next respite, as her face steamed and shone with want. “At least... at least use me for *that!*”

“How sweet, my toy pleading to be played with,” Souad panted. “But there is no wrong in... *mmmph....* In using my... favorite *fleshlight*, however I like! So my favorite *cocksleeve* shall have to wait her turn!”

Grinding her ass back down atop her lover, Souad spread her sopping womanhood, forcing Vivi’s nose deep inside as her diminished darling made out desperately with her undulating innards, sucking, licking, *biting* in her desperate delirium, groping at sweltering cheeks with her stumps, kneading her aching base against those pungent balls as she drank down her darling Mistress’ sex.

Vivi had never cum just from giving head before, but were she capable of the act, she would have erupted into orgasm a dozen times over in that moment, as she worshipped the beautiful body of her wonderful lover in every way she could.

At once titillated and tormented, she was limited to smooching pucker and lips as she heard the lovemaking between woman and onahole above.

Vivi couldn’t deny that it was incredibly hot, of course... but it should have been *her* riding that erection.

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That sense of ridiculous resentment for her own former bodypart intensified over the coming few days, as they grew more accustomed to Vivi's new existence together, and as Souad took every opportunity to remind the girl of her newly chosen place, as one of many playthings.

Frequently Souad would delight in masturbating in front of her, the hemi left on the table or dresser while Souad jerked off – using Vivi's own fleshlight pussy for relief that her bust couldn't possibly share, and obviously enjoying the sight of her indignant lover, wiggling and wobbling her breasts as she was wracked by arousal.

It seemed Souad meant to make certain that she never forgot her horniness, not even for a moment.

She kissed her sweetheart all the deeper, nestled her little body all the harder against her for that, each time she was granted the lesser satisfaction of embrace, her own body once more filled with cock and cum, to leave her breathless and giddy with delight, often near delirious thanks to her rampant desires.

It was almost fortunate, that both women had work on the third day post-reduction.

Vivi needed the break.

She had hoped that it would be a chance to relax.

To let that lust, whipped to fever pitch, finally recede, quelled by the calm of a few hours of play and chat.

Naturally, her audience had at once disappointed and charmed her with their reactions to the new form before the camera, but more startling had been the results when she got past the initial shock and self-conscious discussions, and tried to actually *game*.

Sat atop her desk, clad in her most modest bra, Vivi grunted, lurching and straining her neck, as she tried to work the trackball wedged between her boobs using her chin, and was once again frustrated by the clumsy, inconsistent motions accomplished.

"Why not my shoulder?" she said, reading the live viewer reactions. "I told you guys earlier, I *can't* do it that way anymore... I was able to use my shoulder for controls because I could bend my waist and push with my hips. I, uh... well... I can't really do that now I'm a hemi...."

Predictable teases, puns and probing queries flowed freely across her screen.

Vivi tried to ignore them and keep playing, but in her determination she flicked her trackball a little too sharply, and she felt herself wobble, almost overbalancing.

Straightening her head, she sighed, abandoning the controls.

"Okay, it *might* be kinda hard to play this game with my body," she admitted.

“Why would I have my hips ‘reomved’?” she read aloud. “I told you earlier, I just... I like being compact and cute, and Souad’s birthday was coming up... it’s kinda almost a tradition at this point, a birthday reduction.”

Her shoulders fidgeted as she looked over the reactions.

“Hey, this isn’t ‘RIP streams’! I can still play turn-based games once I get used to this, just like how I learned to play without my legs! It’s just gonna be a bit slower now I can’t use my stumps! Anyway, you perverts are all about seeing me struggle, it’ll be great!”

The thought was rather exciting for Vivi herself too, that daunting obstacle stirring a flutter in her chest.

Yet another way she’d made life harder for herself, once again.

“No, I’m not a masochist, I just like a good challenge! And *no*, I’m *not* giving up streaming to be a full-time cocksleeve for Souad! I’ll have you know she’s like putty in my lips when we make love! Just this morning she came so hard in my pussy that she almost passed out!”

Inwardly she smiled, even as she was arguing with her audience.

They didn’t need to know that Vivi herself had only been a needy and frustrated observer to that particular salacious show.

Streaming was frustrating too, but like her sex life, there was something compelling in that.

There had to be, she supposed, that she kept removing more of her body each year.

Vivi felt almost sad to think that she had already run out of ways she could continue to debilitate herself.

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"I thought you didn't like anyone intruding on your workshop, '*disrupting* your flow and *stifling* your creative energies'."

Souad chuckled at her lover, her hands continuing to glide over those smooth, supple breasts.

"It's true that I do not much like people watching my process," she admitted, "but I don't think this counts. After all, you aren't here as an *observer*, you're serving as a *paperweight*."

"Paperweight?! I thought I was a life model!"

"You *were*, but there is only so much you can model now, sweetheart."

Perched on the table, her own naked chest pinning down the sketches outlining the larger pair her partner was presently sculpting in clay, Vivi's cheeks puffed up indignantly at that.

Her expertly-performed pout was wasted, as a clay-stained cloth was tossed over her.

"Hey! Paperweights aren't... uh... cloth-racks?"

She squirmed as she spoke, managing to dislodge the fabric with some effort from her face.

"Perhaps you're multifunctional," Souad suggested. "You certainly find many ways to pleasure me."

"And you find infinite ways to *tease* me," answered her still-indignant toy, now wrapped in the fabric like a scarf. "Little help here?"

Souad reached out, but her hand stretched past Vivi, to collect a tool from the wall. The hemi gave her shoulder a headbutt for that, and the gorgeous woman towering over her burst into a beaming laugh, returning the touch with a kiss.

"Patience, my love; this sculpture has yet to attain one tenth of your charm and beauty."

"You silver-tongued succubus, no wonder you talked me into this mess."

"As I recall, you didn't take much convincing," Souad shot back, smirking at how her beloved blushed.

She stroked her beautiful living bust on the brow, before returning to her inanimate artwork.

Those soft stubs at the corners and base of Vivi's body were burning as she rubbed herself against table and cloth, but she was powerless to pursue the retreating hands, already sinking once again into the shining clay to continue to shape her subject. Instead, Vivi flexed her shoulders and jiggled her tits as she watched, starting to ache all over again, with the familiar pangs of frustrated passions, flaring with her resentment towards the sculpture.

It was strange to feel envious of inanimate objects, yet Souad was tending to that model with such licentious tenderness that her lover couldn't help but long to swap places.

"How about we take a break, and your favorite toy gives you some stress-relief?" she suggested hopefully.

It had already been a month since she had a lower half, since she felt the release and satisfaction of her own orgasm, yet still she was hooked on the chase, despite its futility, those moments when Souad climaxed inside her made all the more thrilling by her own perpetual edging, her mind and body eternally hopeful, as if she might somehow reach a second-hand ejaculation were she used enough times.

Besides which, she hated to see any *other* sextoy bringing her girlfriend gratification.

"Hmmm, that *would* be nice," Souad mused. "Alright, a short break."

Once more she stepped over to the table, her apron visibly starting to rise as she reached for her plaything... but once again her hand passed Vivi over.

Instead, she scooped up her fleshlight.

"Hey, hold on, I meant *me*, not that pretender pussy!"

Holding in a giggle at the adorable indignation, Souad unscrewed the cap, and turned the toy to show the sopping folds to their former owner.

"It looks like the real thing to me... and you certainly loved it when I fucked it in the past."

Vivi wriggled in place, bust wobbling in her outrage as she watched her greatest rival once again usurping her place. "Because I was still *attached* to it back then!"

"Well I'm very attached to it still! There's nothing like a real pussy for quick, effective relief. Or slow, sensual relief, actually. It is *just* the thing for pleasure of all kinds."

"I'm gonna bite your balls when you fuck me tonight," Vivi promised darkly.

As irate as Vivi might act, both women had a twinkle in their eye, and Souad was careful to turn her to give the perfect view as she masturbated herself.

Infuriating as it was, to play second-fiddle to her own sex, the abbreviated woman was breathless by the time she saw Souad's toes clench and cock spurt.

There was something intoxicatingly twisted in being relegated to watching whenever her girlfriend masturbated, her own womanhood a mere senseless sleeve for the girl's cock.

As humiliating as it was, Souad knew it made her incredibly horny... which was perhaps why she did it so often.

Vivi kissed her own drooling cooch gratefully, when it was presented for her to suck clean.

For all her protests, she had yet to refuse the offer of a faceful of pussy, and the thick, musky scents of her own former anatomy were all the more alluring when blended with the creamy cum from her lover's cock.

"How wonderful it is, having a self-wash mode for my onahole," Souad observed.

Her words made the hemi's head all the redder, as she kept eating herself out.

Wedging the handle between her toy's tits, to leave the pair locked together in fruitless cunnilingus, the intact woman stepped away.

"I really must run a few errands while I'm stopped in my sculpting. See you at dinner, my darling. If you haven't spoiled your appetite...."

Vivi answered only with a muffled groan.

Souad beamed back, as she was slipping her shoes on, still watching the absurd show as her lover lapped at her own disembodied labia, worshipping those wet, sucking lips of stolen womanhood.

"I'm so glad that the two of you are starting to get along!"

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"Hello miss, would you care to try our new fragrance? Essence of jasmine blossom, fresh from the mountains of Morocco."

For the clerk it was the usual routine, her target just another passing shopper who'd stepped into the boutique, but she blanched as the curvy young woman turned towards her.

"I will pass, thank you, but my girlfriend would love a sample."

Spoken with a smoky North-African lilt, the woman's French was as beautiful as her beaming face, but it was the *second* head peering out from that figure which gripped the attendant's attention.

Hands frozen around the bottle, still held aloft as if posing for an advertisement, the Parisian girl stared down at a second, paler face, just below the first. It was looking back up at her, wearing a bashful smile.

"Yes, please, I love jasmine," the apparition spoke.

The clerk was still hesitating, however, as she tried to make sense of what she was seeing on the front of the larger woman.

A pretty head and perfectly formed shoulders sat atop an ample bosom, all wrapped in a stylish red shirt, perfectly accentuating the girl's golden locks.

But that was it.

No matter how long her eye lingered on those smooth, shapely corners, no trace of limbs emerged.

As much as she gaped at the nub of a torso beneath those breasts, there was no sign of it extending down into a stomach, let alone *legs*, the girl's underside resting instead atop the hips of the woman wearing her, pressing against the obvious bulge in the darker girl's jeans.

Vivi wore an awkward but understanding smile as the stranger stared at her, shifting uncomfortably in her harness.

"Should I dab some on your... uh...."

The clerk trailed off, still eying the smooth lines of empty shoulder and the mild dip of an erstwhile armpit, as if searching for the amputee's equivalent of a wrist.

"My stump will be fine," Vivienne offered, pushing forward the bump at her side, where it poked out past the straps of her harness.

She held back any sounds as the glass dabbed at her skin, already embarrassed enough without moaning in front of the staff.

"Are you... okay?" the clerk asked, clearly unable to just let the moment go unremarked as her customer sniffed at her own side.

"Fine thanks," Vivi said. "I do like the scent, but I don't think it's really Moroccan jasmine."

"I... I meant your *body*," the clerk replied, blushing but stubbornly refusing to be distracted. "You poor girl, it must be so hard for you.... Were you in an accident?"

"Yes, I stubbed my toe one too many times, so we paid for a hemicorporectomy, so it would never happen again."

Vivi resisted the urge to roll her eyes as she answered, taking a certain satisfaction in seeing how the other woman paled still further at the absurd response.

"You mean... you mean you *wanted* this?"

"Well, a certain someone talked me into it," she admitted, "but don't you ever wish you didn't have to be on your feet all day? Turns out it stops being a problem when you don't have any."

The woman's eyes bulged at the thought.

"But your *arms*..." the Parisian muttered.

"I was hungry during our flight to Paris," Souad cut in.

Her fingers cupped the un-scented edge of her lover, and gave a demonstrative *squish*, Vivi reacting with a shiver and a hiss of breath, as she squirmed in the Y-shaped bindings, strapping her to Souad's chest.

The clerk was looking almost green as the girls bid her a good afternoon.

They were a few tables away, before the duo let themselves laugh, their muffled snickers held back behind Souad's hands as they left the boutique.

Outside, Vivi gave a sigh, able to relax again, and leant back against her sweetheart, head resting in the cleft of those twin 'cushions' which held her so comfortably.

"This is so *embarrassing*," she murmured. "I forgot how... how *prudish* people are, outside of Arya."

Even as she spoke, heads were turning to follow their progress, whispered remarks and looks of alarm rippling down the boulevards in their wake as Souad walked them through the city.

The color rose in Vivi's cheeks, the remaining part of her enjoying the stir she was creating.



"Forget anyone who would think less of you, my love," her sweetheart counseled, stroking her head. "We have one another. We will never need anyone else to approve of anything we do."

Vivi kissed her hand, as it ran down past her lips, leaning into the cover of those fingers with her brow and cheek.

Souad rewarded her with the head-rubs she ever hankered after, bringing a charming renewal of the rouge on her cheeks as they snuggled mid-stroll, bodies pressing together with every step, Vivi's base rubbing against her bulge adoringly.

That gentle friction made the diminished woman long to be worn backwards again, the harness reversed to hold her face-to-face with her lover, Souad's sex squeezed in between her breasts as if she really were no more than a cocksleeve.

Of course that was impossible in so public a place.

Even just walking innocently there were many cameras pointing their way, alongside countless eyes.

Neither woman let those attentions trouble them.

As a streamer Vivi had accepted that she would never be anonymous, all the more so with her chosen body. If anything, the buzz might help grow her audience, as people posted and speculated about the surreal figure.

~\*~

"Oh my gosh, Yui, you've really *changed!*"

"You're one to talk, Vivi!"

Clad in the simple work clothes of a young professional, a short skirt and pressed shirt hugging her body tight, the redheaded Asian woman had appeared quite ordinary at a distance, as the couple wandered down the banks of the Seine to meet her. It was only as they reached the small bistro and Souad took a seat, that they understood why she hadn't waved, or risen to meet them.

She *couldn't*.

"You look wonderful, my dear," the Algerian girl chimed in, as she unstrapped her charge, and set Vivi upright on the table.

"And you're still so *thin*," Vivi groaned. "I put on so much weight after I had my limbs done...."

Yui grinned, flashing her a knowing smirk. "I still work out every day – my partner helps with that – and I learned not to eat as much."

"Well you're rocking the limbless look," answered her friend. "You seem so much more confident and bubbly than when we were at college."

"Awww, thank you Vivi," beamed the bashful girl in the wheelchair. "It's been a few years now, so I forget sometimes that not everyone is used to the real me, but it truly has been amazing."

"What's the story?" Vivi asked. Edging herself a little closer, with small shuffles of her bust and shoulders, she leant in closer for a conspiratorial whisper. "Hungry girlfriend?"

Yui looked confused at that, but her friends just laughed.

"Actually, after I got my current job I saved up to have it done, as well as to get this chair – it's state of the art, lets me get around, use my phone and even do office work anywhere in the world. I've been travelling for a few months now, while still clocking in back in Singapore each morning."

"*Lucky*," Vivi murmured. "I can't work shoulder switches like those anymore – turns out my lower half was good for one thing at least-"

"Two things," Souad cut in, with a playful grin.

"-but I'm starting to get good at using my nose and chin, even my tongue, even if I need Souad to do the typing parts of my streams for me."

"You look *amazing* as a hemi," Yui said, leaning in to kiss the offered forehead in lieu of a handshake or hug. "So cute and compact and helpless! And I *love* the armless look on you, just like a little toy! I'd give you a cuddle if I could!"

Both friends understood the hint of color on her cheeks at those words, as each felt that familiar tingle of pleasure, at knowing she *couldn't*.

"So how do you like your new body?" Yui went on. "I thought about different shapes for myself, but I never imagined going quite *this* far. It must be a lot, not being able to get around on your own... having no way to touch yourself... dress yourself... even turn yourself over...."

"It's amazing," Vivi admitted, voice husky with obvious lust, as they both indulged in that deliciously depraved thought. "Every day's a new challenge, and Souad never runs out of ways to show me just how totally *helpless* I am. Some nights I'm her pillow, some days I'm a doorstop at her shows, or a tool-holder when she's sculpting. Or a toy-stand, for her... fleshlight.... And of course she uses my shoulders and base to jerk off every evening...."

Those final admissions emerged as a series of surreal, sordid whispers, as Vivi shuddered with the thought of that perverse play, taunted by her own pussy, masturbated by the stumps, her body ever eager, yet unable even to perform that simple act of *release*.

"W-wow, sounds pretty hardcore," Yui mumbled, brushing her own edges against her chair at the outrageous idea. "You're basically a sextoy now...."

"Don't say it so loudly!" Vivi whined, almost toppling with her horny, humiliated energy.

"Sweetheart, you are fooling nobody," Souad crooned. "And there is no need for my lovely little onahole to be shy about what she is!"

Vivi groaned, even as she rubbed her shoulder against the teasing touch of her tormentor. "You see?! She's a demon, a *succubus*! On the flight over she put me under her seat like I was baggage, and used my face as a cushion the whole way!"

Each amputee shivered, as one recalled and the other imagined it, Vivi still able to perfectly picture the outline of those succulent toes, sinking into her chest and lips.

"Sweetheart, you can't say such things without mentioning that it was *you* who asked to be my footrest," Souad reminded her, with another playful pat. "And such a comfortable, soft cushion you were, for perspiring soles, tired from walking...."

Releasing a horny, *humiliated* whine, Vivi seemed almost canine, the sound turning a few more heads among those polite diners still pretending not to stare at the sight of the tiny creature, leaning into the embracing hands of her teasing Mistress.

"I am so looking forward to the flight back," Souad went on, adding yet again to her blushes.

“Well it’s obvious you two have fun together,” Yui said, smirking. “But Souad, you’re still working, right? Don’t you get bored when you’re on your own, Vivi? Or feel scared that you’re so... vulnerable?”

“I did at first,” the bust admitted. “But I have a special implant – a wifi link, just behind my ear.”

She turned her head, but without a hand to move back the lobe, it was hidden. As the only person present with such anatomy, Souad’s fingers exposed the little bump in Vivi’s skin.

“If I press my head to my shoulder just right and hold it there, it sends an alert along with my location, to summon help. Not that I’m ever far from rescue.”

“The beauty of my pack,” Souad said, flicking the harness about her shoulders.

Yui giggled at that. “It’s adorable, seeing you carried about like a little baby! And so good of Souad to do so much for you too....”

Vivi might have pointed out that this had all been Souad’s *idea*, but that embarrassing misunderstanding had become ever more accurate over the past year – especially with how eager she herself had been for that final reduction.

Yiu was still speaking, addressing the Algerian girl now. “It must be tough, having a partner so dependent on you.”

“There are advantages,” she answered, beaming back.

“I’m not totally helpless either,” Vivi pointed out.

There was a strange note in her voice, a faint hint of longing, but it vanished quickly.

“I’m actually earning *more* now than when I was a PT!” she went on. “Turns out that there’s a big audience for struggle streams.”

“And a lot of perverts who want to watch a helpless head and shoulders flailing with herself?” Yui asked.

“I can manage more than you think,” the Frenchwoman countered insistently. “If it didn’t take so long to type I’d still be entirely solo-streaming – I still do some days, when Souad’s busy – and I’ve actually *beaten* two games since my last reduction!”

“I don’t believe that walking simulator should count,” piped up her partner. “Especially considering that with your gameplay it appeared more of a *slideshow* simulator....”

Vivi glared at her.

"Anyway, I'm not immobile in the real world either. If Souad leaves me on the floor I can kinda *shuffle* myself around the apartment, by rocking my shoulders and head."

"Alas that you can't do anything useful while you're down there," Souad spoke. "Although your 'walks' do cut down on how much vacuuming I have to do."

"Like a little roomba!" Yui burst out, beaming.

Vivi plowed on, disregarding both of them. "And when she leaves me on the right surfaces I can turn on the TV, start and stop the washer and dryer, even work the microwave."

"Like an enchanting kitchen timer," cooed her gold-eyed girlfriend. "Vivi can emulate quite a few of my favorite appliances in fact...."

Vivi's blush came with a self-conscious little *wiggle* of her shoulders, which set her chest shaking atop the table.

A passing waiter, laden with plates, gawped at the sight of her for too long, and with a yelp he struck the antique railing opposite, and toppled headfirst into the waters below.

Amid the commotion involved in rescuing him from the river, the humiliated hemi focused on more mundane catching-up with her likewise disabled friend, while those with limbs handled the soaking server.

Both were glad to have someone like-minded to gossip with, sharing anecdotes, discussing shows and books, makeup tips for the digitally-challenged, even recollections of awkward moments post-operation, all without judgment, or any expectation to justify or explain.

Some time later everything had calmed down and their lunch arrived, and so the catch-up was put on pause while they ate.

Sipping her soup from the spoon Souad held, Vivi was watching how Yui managed with only a straw, looking rather impressed.

"You move like you were *born* limbless," she blurted out.

The Singaporean smirked, a smug look on her face as she twisted in her seat, as though to pose.

"I like to say I was *born to be*."

"You rock it," Vivi insisted. "It feels almost strange to imagine the old you now."

Yui's face lit up at that, the validation plain to see.

"For me too," she murmured. "I look at my old photos and almost don't recognize myself."

Souad joined the others in nodding, likewise able to entirely understand. "You don't have any regrets, then? About the many things you can't do, or won't do?"

Yui's smile was broad and deep, leaving no room for doubt as she shook her head.

"This body makes me happy in a way nothing else ever could have. I *love* my limitations, they're a part of me too."

Nodding quietly, Vivienne felt a shiver pass through her chest, as she realized how apt those words truly were.

"You understand that, don't you?" Yui asked, seeing her expression.

Vivi leant over towards her lover, and Souad held her cheek with a hand, in their familiar gesture of affection and assurance.

That was better than holding hands had ever felt.

"I... I never thought I'd say it, but I couldn't go back to being full-bodied... or able-bodied," she admitted quietly. "It can be embarrassing... humiliating... *degrading* even... but it's addictive too. I love how *debilitated* I am like this, how *everything's* a struggle.... Even the tedious parts excite me now...."

"That's what happens when you spend a year edging, my love," her partner reminded her. "Pleading for a release you can never reach...."

Vivi headbutted her arm.

"What's wrong?" the Algerian asked, with feigned innocence. "You were imploring me to fill those pretty lips just this morning."

"*Later!*" hissed her blushing hemi.

"Wow, you really do like this, uh... toy treatment," Yui murmured, her own features bright pink at the brazen discussion. "I mean, you're all flushed and squirmy just thinking about it."

"Okay... fine," Vivi muttered, looking away, towards the glittering river. "It's true... nothing's ever felt more *right*, than when Souad's using me as her cocksleeve...."

Yui burst out laughing, and Vivi stared up, scandalized at such mirth, in response to her heartfelt confession.

"I *knew* you were a hopeless pervert!" spoke the chair-bound girl.

The hemi huffed at that, trying to ignore those at adjacent tables, who had heard the outburst.

"It's not *just* that! Other people don't get it, but... well, you've experienced it, so you know how... thrilling it is... to be reduced... to be helpless, barely animate, completely debilitated, unable even to pleasure yourself... and to *know* you're trapped in this body forever.... It's almost... *reassuring*."

Breathless, she paused, a tremor passing over her, as emotion surged in her breast.

Yui nodded slowly at that.

"Being helpless really is... amazing," she confessed.

Vivi brightened. "Right? I love feeling so... so debilitated, so *impotent*-"

"You *are* impotent," Souad cut in.

All three shared a horny, heady laugh at the absurdity of the moment, past caring about the sidelong looks or muted mutterings of the other diners.

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A very light but quite delicious quarter-portion of lunch consumed, Vivi was strapped back into her harness for a walk together with Yui, along the beautiful riverside.

Souad was the only one moving under her own power, of course, but she seemed quite content to take in the sights while Vivi and Yui, finally at around head-height with one another, continued their heart-to-heart on any number of topics, from the challenges of dating while reduced, to the pleasures of being lowered in the hands of a spouse, directly onto a waiting dick.

Perhaps it was that latter topic which led the Algerian girl to excuse herself for a while, when they reached an acceptable-seeming public restroom.

Set down on a bench, Vivi remained outside, watching the sunlight dance atop the rippling Seine, while she and Yui waited.

"You really hit the jackpot with her," the Asian girl observed.

"You know she's the one who got me into all this body modification stuff, right?" Vivi retorted.

"That's what I mean! You have no idea how tough it is to find a partner who'll love you for what you are, when you're something so *different*. There aren't a lot of ladies who would want to date a living bust statue."

Vivi nodded quietly, a wry grin on her lips.

"I complain, but I know I'm blessed. I've never met *anyone* as wonderful as her."

Yui leant over in her seat to bump foreheads with her friend, her waist-strap keeping her in place.

"We're *both* lucky," she said.

As boats wafted gently along in the water, and walkers passed, variously shocked, outraged or intrigued past the unusual duo, Vivi felt the familiar heat of her stimulating body building once again, but this time it was different.

A sense of *satisfaction* swelled, amid the pleasures pervading her chest.

"That's why I want to do something for *her*."

Vivi spoke in a hushed tone, craning her head to look for any sign of Souad returning.

"Oh?" Yui asked, immediately intrigued. "I thought all this already was for her."

"Well, it was for both of us. But... she always arranged everything. It was her work that made it possible, and her imagination and encouragement that took me this far. That's why... I want to take one final step for myself."

Yui looked down at her friend's base, resting atop the bench.

"Not like that!" Vivi said, giggling. "Souad thinks that my body's 'done' like this – reduced as far as anyone can really go – which is certainly the case for procedures available on Arya – but I want more. I *need* more! I love the *struggle* of it all, but it's still too easy!"

"Easy, you say," Yui muttered, smirking at the gesticulating shoulders of her half-size friend.

Vivi went on, too impassioned to reply. "There are some new techniques they're working on in Switzerland, which can produce some *wonderful* results. Forms that would make me *perfect*, totally, eternally *helpless*.... Not even able to move an *inch*."

The brilliant blue light in those eager eyes shone as Vivi spoke, and Yui saw clearly the desire in the young woman... the burning *need* to be still more debilitated.

"You don't want to talk to Souad about this?"

Vivi shook her head. "I know she'll adore making me totally disabled, being able to turn me into a true toy... an *object*.... She'll love it almost as much as *I* will.... But she'll love the *surprise* too! I just need someone to help me make some arrangements."

"I'm happy to help, but you can't just do it behind her back, via email or something?" Yui queried.

Vivi shook her head. "Whose fingerprint do you think unlocks my phone?"

"Ah... of course. But then, how will you keep track of how things are going?"

"We just need a code, so that it looks like normal conversation."

Yui wriggled in her seat, starting to grow just as excited as her friend. "Wow, I'm going to be like your... secret agent."

"Exactly! And your mission is to get this hemi some help, finding her final form."

"I can't wait to see it."