

Powerless Play: Part 2

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“Is it over?”

“Yes, darling, they’re taking the machine away now. You can open your eyes.”

Souad’s voice was soothing, calm, despite the surreal situation.

For a moment, Vivi didn’t dare heed her words, but amid her hesitation she felt a faint draft, trickle across her shoulder.

Through her shoulder.

Eyes snapped open, and she saw the rich smile of her sweetheart, grinning with mischief.

Turning her head, she looked where those amber eyes pointed.

Vivi gasped, as she saw the rounded hump at her side.

An *edge* to her body, where none should have been.

Where her arm was supposed to sit – had sat all her life, until that day.

Instinctively she tried to touch it.

Souad giggled as her lover twitched her other smoothly nullified shoulder.

For Vivi the sensation was overwhelming.

A sudden, intense rush of acute debilitation, as she looked between her two blanked corners, curved shoulders ending with a soft and graceful bump, crowned with a faint divot, tracing the line where her reworked anatomy now met.

The points where her arms had been amputated.

“They look so... soft,” she murmured.

The thought made her want to touch herself all the more, yet that frustrating, perverse sense of denial was itself bizarrely compelling. A feeling of inability which magnified not just the humiliation of her lost bet, but the horny, masochistic little whispers at the back of her mind.

She *couldn’t* touch herself, yet that made her want to more than ever.

Hands rose, to enclose those tender new stumps, and Vivi sighed with satisfaction, as the desire was fulfilled, her plush sides eagerly accepting digits, sinking into their padding to set them throbbing.

It felt as though she were groping her breasts, in sensuality as well as softness.

"Aren't they wonderful?" Souad whispered, as she caressed her lover's shoulders.

Vivi struggled to reply, her knees pressed tight together, feet squirming in the hold of her sweetheart.

"They're so... sensitive!" she squeaked, as fingertips gave a slight twist of that plush flesh.

"Of course, I ensured that all the sensation was retained," Souad explained. "Each of those nerve endings, focused into this tiny space...."

Vivienne could feel her breath, brushing over her edges as the other spoke.

Her body felt so narrow now, sharply constrained, her sides pressing in under the touch of Souad's palms, heat building in her chest despite her undress.

Her panties too felt tight, hot, as the rest of her body reacted to that sensual kiss of fingers against her new erogenous zones.

Lips followed suit and Vivi groaned, pushing that mound into the mouth of her woman, her partner making out with her stump right there amid the clinic.

"You are so eager," Souad murmured between shoulder-smooches. "So-"

Vivi cut her off with her own mouth, leaning in to drive a long, deep kiss into those pretty, pliant lips.

Both women were panting after that, Souad's jeans growing tight about her bulge.

"Don't think that you're the boss now, just because I've got no arms," Vivi reminded her. "I still know how to make you *squirm*, love!"

"I'm looking forward to that," she responded, smirking wider than ever.

"Well first we have to get home.... Where's my shirt?"

Overriding the demands of her desire, Vivi rose to her feet.

Or rather, she tried to.

Shoulders pushed forwards, her body jerking awkwardly, as she tried to move weight which no longer existed.

Blushing, she tried again, ignoring Souad, as the other girl hid her grin with a hand.

Without arms, Vivi had to lean forward far further to stand, and as she got her legs under her she stumbled, thrown off by a dramatically-altered center of mass.

Instinctively she tried to reach out, to catch herself.

Instead, she staggered into Souad's embrace, face planting into that bountiful bosom.

"Do you need a hand?" the Algerian girl asked.

She used two to steady Vivi – by gripping the slighter girl about both bare, aching shoulders, holding her there as if by handles as she helped her back upright.

The Frenchwoman was flushed, chest heaving and face red, as she found her feet.

Her girlfriend still had her grasped, gently massaging those erogenous edges, as if to tease her with her amputations.

"Simply wonderful," Souad said. "You are even more beautiful than my sculpture."

"Well I should hope so," Vivi shot back, as she flexed her shoulders in that strange embrace. "But how long are you going to grope me like this?"

"My mistake."

Souad smiled as she released her beloved, and let her continue with her attempts to dress herself.

Vivi's shoulders felt much too light, but after a few initial wobbles she was getting used to her altered balance.

Her shirt was harder to handle, however.

Laid on the table, Souad had even pulled back the hem a little for her, but without hands to hold or raise it, the disarmed young woman had no way to get *inside* the garment.

Her nose poked at unmoving folds, her lips and teeth struggling to grab and adjust the material, but it seemed impossible to both hold it in place, and push her head forward.

Several minutes passed, her toes clenching in frustration as she struggled, her thighs rubbing together as if to smother that infuriating ache building between them.

It was absurd, to be so unable even to dress herself... and outrageous, to feel such surreal *excitement* at her disability.

"If I may?"

"Fine... but you can't do everything for me. I've got to learn to handle things myself."

"Interesting phrasing...."

Blushing anew, Vivi ignored the tease as she allowed her partner to hold the garment open, for her to burrow her face into.

Head popping out at the collar, she sighed, relieved and annoyed.

Unfortunately, the shirt still wasn't on quite straight, trailing sleeves misaligned with her shoulders, neckline askew.

Flexing her stumps, she tried to turn it, to slip their slight bumps into the pockets of each sleeve, but all she accomplished was rubbing sensual new skin against the fabric, tickling surfaces utterly alien to her body.

Souad took mercy on her girlfriend, straightening the shirt for her, lining up shoulders and neck.

The label was still wrong, poking out her collar, and the material was catching somehow on her left 'arm', not quite sitting flush with her skin, but neither were issues she had any way to resolve, and she'd already accepted more than enough help.

She could live with her shirt being a little uncomfortable.

Vivienne would have to get used to that sort of thing, she reflected, as they set off.

It wasn't as though there was any way to *reattach* her amputated limbs – not after extracting all the nerves to pack back into her nubs and create those *erogenous* new handles.

The thought sent a giddy shiver down her spine as she walked, almost making her fall.

Without arms she couldn't recover from even a small imbalance, and it was only thank to Souad that she stayed upright.

Naturally the other woman took that chance for a kiss... and a caress of those tender shoulders, through her sleeves.

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Walking the streets of Arya armless was intimidating.

Not for any fear of attack or arrest – the metropolitan islanders had heard of armless women before, of course. Rather, the danger was in all the little ways that her reduced body challenged her, and in the attacks not on person, but mind, as so many eyes followed her unsteady path down the street.

Her gait was growing all the more unstable as she met the eyes of passers-by, and saw the looks on their faces.

Utter confusion was writ plainly on an older Asian man, as he dropped his briefcase and stared at the passing couple.

Dismay deepened on the features of a young Indian woman, as she searched for some sign of limbs within those trailing sleeves.

Naked curiosity tickled a smiling African figure with feline ears, as they admired a fellow body-modder.

Desire hissed from a young American's lips, as his breath sharpened at her sight, her striking silhouette silencing him mid-speech, as he elbowed his boyfriend to join in open, envious admiration.

Exclamations in a dozen tongues sounded from a café as they passed, gasps resounding as a gust of wind lifted both empty tubes of fabric from Vivi's shoulders, flailing them wildly about, as if to advertise her disarticulations to the diners.

Whispers were everywhere, alongside the flash of lenses.

"So *perverse*," one woman whistled to her wife.

"I think it's stylish," the other answered, "she looks so *graceful* with empty shoulders...."

Vivienne almost fell, as she heard the couple muttering.

"Relax, and let your body move naturally," Souad advised, ignoring the duo.

"That's easy for *you* to say; it feels like I'm walking a tightrope right now!"

Vivi had never realized quite how high 5'6" was before.

Now, with nothing to break up her long lines, and no limbs to interpose, the ground seemed terribly distant, her feet a far-flung province of her corporeal empire, the only defense against gravity's onslaught.

Likewise, her mind's fortress was shaken by the besieging stares and weaponized words of so many strangers... yet as shameful, as scary as it should have been, Vivienne found herself grinning.

A shy, blushing smile, which met that of Souad, as her lover took her by the hand.

Or rather, by the hollow, dangling sleeve.

"Ahhhh, I'm having such fun!" her lover sang.

Humiliated, horny, and frustrated as she was, Vivi found it hard to disagree.

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"Honey, where's my stick?"

"Hmm? What's that?"

Souad's voice echoed from the shower, the water on full to rinse out long curls.

"My stick!" Vivi repeated, louder. "The one I use for dressing!"

"Try your bedside drawer!" called the other.

Still dripping from her own dalliance under the waters, Vivi padded over to the small table, and regarded the indented handle with distaste.

She had figured out much of how to manage her immediate needs over the past few days, but lacking arms was still every bit as debilitating as she'd imagined.

Her toes were just a little too big to fit the slit, and too short to grip it if they had.

Vivi dropped down to her knees with a thud, and tried to work her lip and tongue into the niche.

It was not so unlike the procedure she'd followed a few minutes before, in the bathroom... but this time the wood was still stiffer, and there were no hands present to help reach her goal.

The thought made her nethers tingle, lower lips still sensitive from the fun of a shared shower, but Vivi had no time for any further indulgences.

Nor was she willing to wait for Souad to finish.

Assenting to be washed by those playful, probing hands was one thing... a shared pleasure both women anticipated eagerly in the morning... but she couldn't just grind and rub herself against her lover all day.

She had a job.

A life outside of the apartment, and their shared pleasures.

As enchanting as it was, to think of her beloved, caressing her new stumps as she sucked her shaft, Vivi needed a clear head and a professional attitude, or else she was never going to get through her first day back at work.

Besides, she was a *domme*, not some squealing sub, shuddering with want at the mere teasing of her mistress.

Gnawing at the drawer, she managed to tug it open enough to hook with her chin, and recover the rod within.

A simple device, it was a blunt hook on the end of a stick, with a grip to allow her to hold it in her teeth comfortably.

Far from the convenience of arms, to be sure, yet it was enough – just barely enough – to allow Vivi to don her own clothing.

Admittedly, only with great effort.

Her mouth was capable, but clumsy, like her feet. Vivienne had always enjoyed skilled hands and strong arms, but she had never been one of those girls who could pick up a pen with her toes, or tie a cherry stalk with her tongue.

Chomping down on a tool was as much as her mouth could handle.

Stepping into her panties, she bent forwards, praising her own flexibility in her mind as her head dropped down towards her knees.

Hooking the garment with the rod in her mouth, she tugged it slowly up, working it over toned thighs.

Shirt and shorts were managed much the same way, while socks were eschewed entirely.

Inadequate as her feet were, with no hands left on her body Vivi had to make do with toes, which meant slip-ons or sandals.

The thought of how helpless her usual sneakers would have made her was a daunting one.

An escalation of the struggle, the frustrating battle with her own reduced body.

The idea compelled her.

Something about being hapless in Souad's hands really was... *alluring*... despite Vivi's natural dominance.

Three days in she had to admit, being armless wasn't all bad.

If anything, it felt bizarrely, embarrassingly *good*.

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“Sorry I’m late. I’m Vivi, and I’ll be your personal trainer today.”

It was force of habit that moved her shoulder, pushing out the round bump under her shirt, to make the empty tassel of her tee wave in the man’s direction.

He blushed.

She blushed.

The whole gym blushed.

Vivienne’s embarrassment was all the keener there, among so many familiar faces, co-workers and clients, and other gym regulars, their hushed words and furtive looks sympathetic yet intensely curious.

Little wonder why, as Vivi had arrived late and without two of her limbs, wrestling the door open with her toes.

“Anyway, uh, let’s get started,” she said, bouncing on the balls of her bare feet. “Normally I’d... help you stretch... but these days I think people have to pay extra to get stepped on.”

Her portly customer chuckled at that, his eyes lingering on her exposed legs as she stood atop the gym mat, as though he was debating offering up that additional fee.

Instead, he got to work, puffing as he began a stretching routine she demonstrated.

“That’s good. Now push out your arm like this.”

Once more Vivi winced, as her recent remodeling got in the way.

“Just... *imagine* I have arms, and that I’m wrapping my left around my right – yeah, like that – now give it a squeeze. Perfect.”

“This some radical new weight-loss tactic?”

The voice cut across her warm-up, as Melody spoke up from a few mats over.

Vivi gave her business rival an unimpressed glance.

“You never were *au fait* with fashion, were you, Mel?”

“Double amputations are certainly a new one to me. Is that the latest trend in Milan?”

Their clients were each resolutely staring at the mats, as they puffed and pulled at their muscles.

"Come Vivi," piped up Petiri, "you call up, you say you're not coming in for some days, now you return without your arms?"

"Well if you *must* know, I lost a bet."

She muttered the words soft and fast, as if they might escape notice that way.

Petiri cocked his head, looking confused. "I'm sorry, my English is poor. Did you say you were... beaten in... a *wager*? You agreed to... have your limbs cut off, if you lost?"

Her features flushed all the more, as the absurdity was driven home, her ridiculous gamble and the irreversible results making her cheeks and stumps tingle... along with her sex.

"That's about right, yeah – but it's not like I needed them that badly! I can still PT with the best of them!"

"Wow girl," spoke the muscle-bound man opposite, "that's one hardcore bet. You had such great arms too, really toned, amazing definition...."

"Thank you, *Clint*, I am aware."

She made the name an expletive, as she felt her shoulders flex with self-conscious sensation.

A few remarks like that were all it took to make Vivi feel the depths of her debilitation all over again, even as she mourned all that hard work, wasted efforts spent improving limbs, just to have them removed.

"I think it's a bold statement," Melody said. "It's giving 'my routines are so simple, you won't even need *arms*'!"

"Better a simple routine than a simple mind."

A soft 'ooooh' rose from several of the gathered gym-rats at that, Melody retreating from the verbal spar with an irritated blush of her own... yet she was soon grinning again, as Vivi proceeded with her session.

Her client was new, and his posture was a total mess, beyond correction with mere commentary.

"It's more like this, here!"

She stuck out her shoulder once more, and the man stared, blankly, at the small bump, a mere suggestion of an appendage.

"Ugh, let me just show you...."

It felt bizarre, to press her shoulder against his arm.

So very short, it felt like the contact was *inside* her, the intensely sensitive bulb of muscle squishing against his forearm.

That also brought her face very close to his, but that, at least, she was used to.

Fumbling, squishing her stumps and nose against him, she slowly corrected the position of his arms, overcoming the inaccuracy of those simple corners to her torso with sheer persistence and added verbal instruction.

His matwork, however, was another issue.

Fortunately, he proved more than willing to let her handle him with her legs, as he lay beneath her on the floor.

Her toes might be clumsy, much as her shoulders were, and she wobbled whenever she took a foot off the floor, but it was better than kneeling, and pressing her face into his thighs or feet.

It felt good even, to see how the man ceded, so pliantly, to the every dictate of her toes.

"Perhaps I should teach all my clients this way," she joked, as she pressed her sole to his chest, to push him flat once again.

"I'm going to lose customers," Petiri muttered.

~\*~

“So you really didn’t get in any trouble, showing up late and de-limbed for work?”

“Like I said, Christine, I work for myself, so no-one complained.”

“Sounds like your boss must be quite a pervert, to have her only employee get double amputations like this.”

Vivi blushed of course, yet she smiled as she returned Kiana’s look.

After two weeks without her missing limbs, some truths had become hard to deny.

“You have no idea, honey... it’s a *rush*.”

“But doesn’t it make everything you do a struggle?” asked Christine.

“Of course! But that makes it better! I can’t just do everything the easy way anymore, simple chores or... sensual things. It’s made me learn a lot more patience, but it’s not just frustrating – it’s weirdly satisfying as well. Even if I didn’t plan for this... you’d be amazed how much of a win it is, to finally manage to pour milk with my feet, or put on a shirt straight, or just pick up a dropped sock with my toes for the first time.”

Kiana looked amazed. “So... you really don’t miss having arms?”

“All the time,” Vivi answered.

She was breathless with more than mere exertion, and her chest rose visibly, as she looked down once more at herself.

At her shoulders and sides, more exposed than ever in her swimwear, sand from the beach still stuck to her knees, beyond her ability to brush away.

If she’d had arms, she would have used them for better purposes anyway.

It was so long since she’d masturbated, since she’d caressed her own breasts and sex, and felt the satisfaction of touching herself just right.

“Vivi?”

She blushed, as her friends noticed her silence.

“Oh, sorry! I was just thinking about it. It’s still a lot, obviously... but I don’t regret it. I felt so plain before, and now people can’t keep their eyes off me... and even forgetting about that, it’s just... really *fun*. It’s kind of like I’m competing with my own body, doing a little better every day. I’ve even started playing videogames again!”

Gesticulating so eagerly with her shoulders looked absurd, yet she had given up trying to break that habit when Souad had told her how cute it was.

Christine looked almost envious at the grin Vivi wore, rubbing her own shoulder as she walked.

"You always did love a challenge, I suppose.... And it is an amazing look. It really brings out the beautiful curve of your back, and your breasts look so much bigger too...."

Kiana was also blushing at the descriptions, but she seemed hung up on the practicalities still. "A challenge is one thing, but can you even *be* a personal trainer without arms? How do you demonstrate lifting and stretches and all that?"

"With my stumps and with my words... and sometimes my feet."

"Woah, and your clients don't mind you trampling on them as they work out?"

"My first client after the amputation booked a whole year of sessions in advance."

"Damn, I knew gym bros were pervs."

"I don't think it's a gym thing.... Some guys are just weird about that stuff. When I accidentally stepped on his cheek I think I heard him say 'mommy'."

The women burst into giggles, as Vivi pulled a plaintive face, imitating the recalled expression.

She stumbled, however, too distracted by her re-enactment, and her shoulder bumped into a waiting hand.

"I don't believe that only men would like you to step on them, sweetness."

Radiant in a sun-dress and broad hat, Souad's smile lit up the hillside and the ocean out beyond, better than any solar splendor.

Her fingers tightened about Vivi's naked stump, and the bikini-clad girl shivered, panting from more than mere exertion, as she was held by that supremely sensitive bump.

"Thanks... I'm still not used to wearing sneakers. My feet feel so trapped inside them...."

"No wonder you chose to go hiking."

Their eyes were locked, as a second hand reached up, to caress Vivi's cheek, just as she longed to do to her sweetheart.

The denial of such simple contact made her shoulders twitch in that knowing grip, in turn setting her thighs pressing tight, against the rising warmth in her hips.

She wanted to touch more than just her girlfriend's face.

Souad's eyes were shining, golden and gleeful to see her beloved struggling so sensually, and once more Vivi felt the surreal intoxication of their shared pleasure.

The mutual enjoyment of her impotence.

"You're so beautiful in that dress, Souad...."

"Your shoulders are divine, laid bare like this, my love."

Christine sighed. "Good grief, you two, we're only half an hour from the chalet, can you hold it in until we're out of the sun?"

~\*~

"Are you serious?"

Souad chuckled, the sound half-heard over the blowing fan. "Always, beloved."

Her arms hugged the bare shoulder and bust of the slender girl, and Vivi leant back, into that warm, soft embrace, pressing her shoulders against those full bosoms and encircling limbs.

Even irritated as she was, it felt exquisite to press their bodies together, feeling skin on skin in the wake of that long, sensual shower-session, the thicker girl's sex already stiffening once more against Vivienne's toned butt.

"You can't really mean for me to go back down the mountain wearing this."

Her blush deepened as she spoke, her toes clenching torn wrapping-paper tighter on the bed before her, yet even as she protested, her shoulder-stump was stroking against Souad's chest, as she nestled deeper into the larger woman's embrace.

Souad shut off the blow-dryer, and pressed her nose into the feathered gold of her lover's cascading locks, taking a deep breath.

"Why ever not?" she asked at last. "My divinely *disarmed girl* will look wonderful in it."

The collar was beautiful, supple leather, stitched with stylish embroidery spelling out her name.

A cute and kinky accessory, perfectly suited to her delicate neck.

The greater problem was the *leash*, laid beside it in the box.

Tan hands raised the neckpiece up, turning it over for Vivi to admire.

"I thought it would be the perfect gift to help with the descent. Don't you remember how many stumbles you suffered, on the way up?"

"A normal woman would suggest holding *hands*," Vivi retorted, lips pouting.

"I would offer, if you had them."

Over her shoulder, lips met, Vivi's frustrated moan deepening as that long, thick, playful tongue pressed into her mouth.

Humiliating as it felt, to be taunted with her own disability, she adored how easily Souad could press that button.

The collar slid shut around her throat, with a comforting *click*.



"Does it feel good?"

It felt tight. *Right*. A leather band snug with her skin, holding her securely by her sensitive neck.

Blushing, Vivi nodded, a grin spreading across her lips, despite all her bluster.

"Isn't this better than pretending to be a top? I know you adore being my armless amour, helpless in my hands... humiliated... horny... helpless... and so very happy."

The words send a shudder down her, from collar to ankles, her toes squirming against those of her girlfriend, as hands rewarded her with the touch she craved.

Her collar was another form of embrace, cradling her head in her sweetheart's grasp, hugging her throat, even as those heavenly hands were engaged with her breasts and netherlips.

"Yes!"

Vivi groaned the words, overwrought to feel her hapless form held so, her lover's legs encircling her own, fingers teasing at her delicate vulva and trailing up to tweak her aching nipples.

"Good girl."

A kiss on her shoulder made her stumps tingle with pleasure too, setting thighs rubbing, as if friction alone could salve the stirring of her sex.

"Now, are you ready to try on your leash?"

"Yes... th-thank you," Vivi gasped, as she pressed back harder against the other.

It clicked against her neck, as it locked in place.

With a gentle pull, it helped her rise, giving balance, direction, to a body still struggling with the absence of arms.

Standing upright on her feet, naked and breathless on the end of the leash, Vivi felt strangely *stable*. The ground no longer seemed so shockingly distant and dangerous.

On that line, connecting her to her lover's hand, she was safe.

Should she waver, Souad would support her, always.

Somehow she knew Vivi better than the Frenchwoman ever had herself.

She had even known how much Vivienne would love *this*.

As with all of life, giving up her arms made love a struggle.

The simple act of asserting her wants or enacting her will on the other woman was rendered impossible, when Souad could tame the *domme* with a mere tease... inverting her wants with a caress of fingers or lips, against those intense, sensual stumps.

In her inability, her *taming*, she found her desires burning all the hotter.

Soaud hadn't *taken* her arms.

She had made Vivi *give* them.

The thought was a thrill, twisted and addictive.

A hand on her shoulder held her against her beloved, as she turned to press their chests together.

To push against Souad, and grind her sex into that rising erection.

"Down, girl."

Blushing red, Vivi sank down to her knees, guided by her leash.

That thick, succulent sex was waiting, tip already leaking glistening drips as it twitched with Souad's own passion.

"Aren't you going to... fill me?" Vivi asked, looking up past that overshadowing shaft.

The grin turning down at her made her shiver, as she realized the answer was *no*.

"Maybe later. When I decide *I* wish to."

Vivi shivered, to feel once again how helpless she was to claim her own pleasure.

Hard as she pressed knees together, the brushing of thighs did little to salve her enflamed womanhood, as it throbbed with want for the cock at her lips.

She kissed it, groaning in frustration... in delight.

Her corner pressed against the lower reaches of the phallus, and both girls groaned with the thrill of that twisted touch, as shaft pushed up against shoulder.

"Oh gods," Vivi whimpered, "touch my stumps, Souad!"

She did, the reduced woman shaking as if it were her labia itself being caressed in those commanding hands.

“Being armless is the best,” Vivi muttered, grinning, giddy, her glee spilling over as she rubbed her nubs into those fingers.

“You know, I had an idea for *another* artwork,” Souad murmured, as she traced circles around those throbbing, sexual shoulders. “One still more wonderfully... *reduced*.”

On her knees, the Frenchwoman groaned, biting her lip, even as that commanding cock smeared against her cheek.

Souad went on, as her partner planted another kiss on the twitching tip. “Mmmh.... I was thinking of calling her ‘Limbless Lover’... for how she adores her own condition.”

Vivi stiffened, her shoulders pressing harder into that wonderful hold. “She’d be... so *helpless* like that.”

Souad nodded. “Of course.”

“Defenseless and totally dependent. Like a little pillow in your arms....”

“Perfect for me to snuggle, my loving little pillow,” the intact girl agreed.

“That would be... crazy. To give up having legs like that. It couldn’t possibly be... worth it....”

Souad just smiled down at her... then resumed rubbing her stumps.

Vivi shook in those hands, flexing shoulders and toes in her hapless want.

“We’ll... start saving up!”

