

# Powerless Play: Part 1

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It was a hot day on Arya.

Basking in the sun's gilded caress, afloat in the vastness of brilliantly blue Mediterranean waters, most days on the lone isle were.

Warmth was the foundation of the dense city which had grown up on that little rock, seen in the tirelessly shining skies and smiling citizens.

Grown from the village for which it was named, trade and travelers had made a metropolis of the place, a city-state in the true sense, its bustling harbor offering haven to all.

Yet for all the prosperity of the diminutive nation, the buildings were beige stone and brown tadelakt, the streets verdant with palm and date trees, flowers, ferns and all manner of greenery, growing gaily among the car-free boulevards.

It made the city a pleasure to behold, especially in the company of one so charming as Souad.

Vivienne grinned, as she looked over at her partner. Long black hair hung like a shawl over a figure shorter in stature but thicker in build, mouthwatering to admire. The Algerian woman carried herself with an understated subtlety that couldn't conceal her delicious caramel curves, or the extra addition, filling her jeans so alluringly.

The Frenchwoman's own paler, slimmer figure felt quite plain in comparison.

Unlike Souad, who oozed beauty from every pore, her face was her best feature, or so she believed. Her elegantly-formed features were classically beautiful, her long blonde hair accentuating eyes deep and brilliant as the seas surrounding them, her generous lips making her smiles wide and bright. The rest of her body, however, was athletic more than erotic. Some loved her impressive physique, maintained through great effort. Indeed, admiring gazes often followed her, just as they did that day, taking in her toned limbs and limber frame as she strolled. However, in the view of Vivienne herself, Souad had the far more arousing appearance.

The Frenchwoman had no bodymods at all, let alone any so daring as a *dick*, while her partner looked simply... "*perfect*."

Souad smiled, as her beloved spoke aloud that final word.

Casting her gaze out from the balcony, across the glittering blue waters and baking brown buildings, she swept around, then returned to focus on the brightest spot of all.



"You are, Vivi."

Spoken with the gorgeous smoke of Souad's accent, and the warm adoration of those adoring amber eyes, the words still made her shiver, even a year in.

She smiled, as she squeezed the hand in hers, but that splinter of discontent still needled at her mind.

"Not nearly so perfect as you are, sweetness."

Souad's gentle, patient smile reminded Vivi of past iterations on that discussion, but still she pressed on.

"I was thinking that I'd like to get modded too. It isn't fair that you're the only one with so enchantingly-enhanced a figure. You upstage me everywhere we go!"

"No-one could upstage *you*, my love."

The girls giggled together, as they shared a kiss.

"But *really*," Vivi insisted, "I'm not saying I need a *you know what* – and before you suggest it, I'm not getting anything removed either! If anything, I want some *extras*. A second pair of arms to hold you... to tease you... more hands to run over your curves and slip into your lips, or pinch those pretty nipples. Just like a goddess, perfect for you to worship, able to make you *scream* with bliss."

"If that's what you desire," Souad said. "The piece I sold last month would cover the costs. You recall the one? My *Disarming Girl*.... But I don't know that you need more limbs to make me scream, darling."

A demure smile was flittering about the edges of her lips, expressive yet unreadable.

Vivienne grinned back, recalling that eerily lifelike model of herself, recreated in the image of the Venus, completed by the *absence* of arms.

"You're such a perv, babe. But an armless woman wouldn't be able to fondle those delicious bosoms, or stroke your sex to climax."

"Why not? She would still have her toes. Her knees and shoulders. Her captivating face, and full, succulent *lips*."

Vivi felt a surreal little shiver pass through her, at the passion in her partner's eyes, as she imagined the surreal sight of herself, struggling to make love with a form so reduced.

It was a moment before she spoke, her tone ponderous. "Sounds like it would lead to a lot of frustration, for both of us."

Souad gripped her hands, eyes aglow. "That's the fun of it! A woman with no arms must rely on those around her, even for her pleasure!"

The Frenchwoman chuckled.

"I'd rather just take my pleasure from you, love. Nothing makes me cum harder than making you *whimper* as you blow your load under me – and I know you love it too."

Souad's cheeks showed a hint of blush under their beautiful brown surface, but her smile was as confident as ever.

"You seem very certain, Vivi, but perhaps you should see what you're missing... feel the pleasure of being the dominated, rather than the dominator?"

"Oh, so my sub's going to take charge, is she?"

Souad's smile suggested just that, as she drew her partner in from the balcony, to the waiting boudoir.

"Let us make a bet. The winner decides how we spend our windfall."

Vivi snorted at the dramatics, despite her interest. "And the terms?"

"Victory goes to whoever makes the other woman orgasm first."

"Hah! Only if you're ready to wipe out all that sculpting-cash on better arming me!"

Souad nodded. "But if I win... you become *my* disarming girl."

"Don't think that amputating my arms would change anything! I don't need hands to tame you!"

"Then you've no objection to losing them?"

Golden flame glowed in the amber eyes of the Algerian girl, a sincerity to her words that might have scared Vivienne.

At least, had she not felt a little tremor running up her spine.

A tingling, taboo twinge in her hips at the thought.

Her fingers tightened about those of her sweetheart, as she wondered inwardly if Souad was serious.

She'd spoken so eagerly about the concept, shown such passion in crafting that armless emulation of Vivi's form, yet the French girl had never imagined making that fantasy *real*.

Until now.

“No-one would upstage or overlook you like that,” Souad whispered, “with bare, *naked* shoulders, so helpless, so captivatingly debilitated... you would have to re-learn how to do everything. Even how to make love. I would have so much to teach you....”

“Hah, even with no arms you know that I’d have you shuddering and pleading for release before the night was out.”

Vivienne spoke the words with authority, the confidence of great experience in doing just that to her partner... yet the thought of it, of the *challenge*, was oddly compelling.

So too was the image filling her head, of a shape so striking, so *simplified*, only two limbs, one head, and a lithe, twisting trunk in between.

Her sex tensed at the thought of it, and she realized she was wet.

“Perhaps you would even learn to love being hapless in my hands?” Souad suggested.

The Frenchwoman shivered at the thought, slipping from those alluring lips, so close to her ear.

“But this isn’t a fair bet. If you win you get your fantasy fulfilled. If *I* win then I become all the better *domme* to you.”

“Oh, are you concerned? That you really will cum for me first?”

“Pfft, you may be gorgeous, but I could make you orgasm with just my pinky toe!” Vivi retorted.

“You are welcome to try, *after* I win our bet.”

Vivienne bit her lip at the thought, the shocking idea of being so limited that she might have to resort to her feet to caress her beloved.

But as strange... as *exciting* as that extreme state of bondage might seem, there was nothing to fear.

“I feel sorry for you, Souad – you worked so hard on removing my arms in clay, only for all the fruits of your labor to be spent on adding extras to the real me.”

The Algerian woman grinned wider than ever, as her erection pushed up through her dress.

“You do seem very confident.”

Vivienne nodded, her hair dancing about her shoulders. “Of course! It’s like taking arms from a baby!”

“So it’s a deal, then?”

Still, as she pushed Souad down, her fingers tightened nervously about the other woman’s hands, as she wondered how right she really was.

And as she imagined that this might, just might, be the last time she held hands with her beloved.

*“Deal.”*

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“That’s it, girl, moan for me!”

As she spoke, Vivi squirmed atop the thick shaft between her thighs.

A practiced motion, her toned legs let her grind her sex along Souad’s dick in slow gyrations, her silken vulva stroking the woman’s length in a protracted kiss, teasing from root to head and back as the beautiful round belly above it shook, with the girl’s gasping groans.

Soaud was so beautiful like that, laid out naked, bountiful curves rocking with her lover’s words, moved by the domme’s desire in hypnotic arcs, nipples waving, toes curling and fingers clutching.

Their hands met, digits interlocking, and Vivi grinned as she looked deep into her lover’s eyes, and saw the adoring light of passions perfectly cultivated.

Bending over, Vivienne tasted her, and purred at the notes of cocoa and coffee in her sweetheart’s kiss, domineering tongue stroking into a willing mouth.

When they parted at last, a beading string of saliva still linked their lips, broken only by Souad’s breathlessness.

This was how it always was, and ever would be.

She was close already, from the protracted teasing, but she knew Souad was closer still – she could see it in the pleading twitches and jerks of that dick, and the little squirts of precum soaking their crotches.

Her lover was putty in her hands, despite Souad’s surreal fantasies about the absence of those same extremities.

“Ready for me to win our bet?” the Frenchwoman asked.

Laid out under her, the other girl grinned, a mischievous glimmer rising in those glittering pupils.

“You’re the one unready.”

“Whaaa-”

The query became a yelp, as the larger woman rose, toppling Vivi from atop her.

In one swift motion the would-be domme was pulled by her gripped hands, turned over on the bed and *pinned*.

Knees were hemming in her thighs, hands pressing her own down into the pillows left and right of her face as, within a veil of flowing hair, her partner stared down at her, with a look of *hunger*.

"You're *mine*, my love!"

Souad had never spoken with such force, so powerful and *predacious* in energy.

Vivi was helpless under her, incapable of lifting the other's weight, able only to shudder as that tender mouth kissed and *bit* into delicate breast and shoulder, planting kisses along her neck yet keeping her lips wanting.

She gasped, as that tantalizing touch reached her nethers too, needy pussy petted by the searing head of that swollen erection, brushed and tickled until it *burned* to be filled.

Vivi was powerless to satisfy her throbbing vulva, even as she felt that hanging phallus press to her folds, kneading her sex so sadistically.

A mouth came into reach at last, and she kissed Soaud deep and hard, barely cognizant of the tongue now intruding past her own lips, too focused on the startling, enticing pleasure of that totally-changed partner.

Riding atop her beloved, Souad pressed her breasts down atop the other's chest, grinding nipples together, and as Vivi gasped aloud into her mouth she finally *thrust*.

Wet folds *squished*, and both women shook, as they shared the sensations of those enflamed layers of labia, and those sucking, kissing, *aching* ripples, deep within Vivi's vagina, slurping so lewdly with each rough drive of that delicious dick.

More came hard and fast, stirring up her innards, filling her to the limit, *using* her pussy as if it were a mere *tool* for masturbation.

As they stared deep into one another, she saw the passion in her soulmate's smile, a perverse, domineering desire Souad had never before shown.

No longer were they making love – for the first time in her life, Vivienne was being *fucked*.

"Wh-what are you doing?!" the smaller woman asked, panting and shaking in that powerful embrace.

As she spoke, Vivi felt herself clench harder, spasming muscles clutching the cock that filled her, as her legs spread, toes twitching, her hands gripping Souad's all the tighter.

"Winning the bet," answered the larger.

Vivi's hands tightened in Souad's, as she imagined it; her life as the armless playmate to this goddess of beauty and desire, hapless to resist as she was thrown down and used, dominated and defiled by her beloved in ways she had never dared dream.

Screaming aloud, Vivi climaxed.