

Powerless Play: Part 5

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“Vivi, I’m-”

Souad’s voice trailed off, as she closed the door behind her, the broad smile faltering on her face as she dropped a parcel on the counter.

There was a faint squeak somewhere, perhaps a voice outside, but there was no sign of her sweetheart.

The apartment was the same as ever, golden sunlight soaking one side, where the breeze blew the drapes around the balcony, but the space was still and silent otherwise, too empty for her liking.

After slipping off her sandals she peeled away her jeans and shirt too, stripping down to her underwear in the warm weather.

Sighing, relieved, she took a moment to adjust herself after the rigors of another long day at the exhibition, hands fumbling within the panties hugging her ample waist, to free the itching mounds of her phallus and balls, and let some air in about her pussy.

“I love you, my girls,” she murmured to her genitals, “but you are not very practical.”

Her shaft stiffened slowly in answer.

“I know, I know, you miss her too. Everything reminds you of her....”

It was the sight of a nicely-shaped cushion this time, but truly almost any object could get Souad going lately, after a whole week without her most precious plaything.

Her partner.

That erection twitched, as she thought of the hapless little hemi, and of the pocket-pussy accessory she came with, each so inviting and alluring.

“I know, it’s been too long... but she was so eager to take that trip, just as my biggest-ever exhibition was beginning. What could we do? She’s in good hands with Yui and Christine. Well... with Christine.”

Smiling at her own joke, she stroked herself languidly as she thought of her favorite toy’s impending return.

It was a shame that Vivi had insisted on taking her pussy too – a futile act, for a bodypart no longer attached to her bust.

Her other hand tore into the parcel with idle interest.

Plastered with 'fragile' stickers and sent via recorded delivery, the apartment manager had held it for her, but Souad couldn't recall ordering anything so large or precious.

Inside, to her bemusement, she found a picture-perfect present; a white box bound in a pink bow.

"To *Mistress*, from your loving toy," she read aloud from the label. "The last few years have been the best of my life. I adore being with you, just as much as I adore being *yours*. That's why I've arranged for this early birthday present, with a little help from Christine and Yui. A new onahole for you, shaped and sculpted to perfectly fit your cock and made with all your favorite materials, yours to keep and treasure forever."

The writing had to be Christine, of course.

Souad's grin grew, as she thought of the three women, conspiring towards this enigmatic but charming act.

"If this box was bigger, I would think she had posted herself to me," Souad mused.

With a tug she pulled up the lid.

"*Surprise!*"

The cardboard square fell from her hands, dropping along with her jaw as she stared into the vessel.

Two brilliant blue eyes stared back up at her, along with a dearly-missed grin, emerging from familiarly elegant features, wrapped in a blanket of golden strands.

"Happy birthday, Souad!" Vivi sang.

Yet there was nothing more below that face and neck, no room in the box for anything... anything but her beautiful *head*.

Still gaping at the sight, the Algerian girl reached down, to run her finger along the animate lips of her lover, as if to affirm it was truly her.

What little remained of the Frenchwoman giggled, kissing the probing digit.

Cupped in both gentle palms, she gave a soft gasp as she was scooped from the cradle of the padded container, and her neck wiggled adorably, like a stubby little tail, showing off the glistening folds of a fat, sopping new *slit*.

"C-careful with me, I'm fragile!" she squeaked.

"And so *light!*" Souad exclaimed, eyes gleaming bright, gleeful golden passion swelling in each adoring orb. "This is *incredible....*"

"They can do some amazing things with the human body these days," Vivi replied, with a smirk at once bashful and smug. "The hardest part was hiding it from you."

"You did it wonderfully, my darling!"

Hugged to those warm, soft breasts, Vivi sighed in delight, finally feeling her lover's body against her.

There was a lot less of her to enjoy that long-delayed contact, but as her throbbing neck slipped into Souad's cleavage, she found their bodies interlocked perfectly in the embrace. Her cheeks cupped by the bust of her beloved, neck cradled in that soft crease, she sighed as she sank in, feeling fingertips dance delightful over her head, stroking along the tail of hair which extended past the end of her 'body'.

"I missed this," she murmured, into that enclosing chest.

"I missed *you!*" answered her amour, still exploring her new shape, as she clutched her beloved close. "I had no idea of this scheme of yours, none at all!"

Vivi giggled, and each felt the soft vibration, spreading over that jiggling chest. "Yui and Christine did a great job."

"As did your surgeon!" Souad added, her hand cupping tenderly that astounding new 'underside' to Vivi's neck, feeling the wetness of that swollen sex. "This is *incredible*, sweet-thing! You are my dream made real!"

"*Our* dream," Vivi answered, with an adoring nuzzle, amid that intense stimulation of her new base.

It was true, of course – as she felt her partner's hands on her neck, the rush was overwhelming, *euphoric*.

Sensations of intense debilitation from the loss of her whole anatomy mingled with desire rekindled, the erotic *ache* of all the nerves of an entire body, packed into the grasping lips and seizing shaft which lined her throat, as if her entire body were her pussy, her very being revolving around that velvet vulva stump, grasping desperately against itself amid the outrageous overstimulation which was her new existence.

Every inch of her was alive with erogenous energy, light flooding her mind as nerves fired throughout her absurdist form, to make the merest breath of air or brush of fingers a bewildering burst of pleasures, every line and curve of her head shining in her awareness, a glorious golden glow of bliss burning in the root of her neck as those rippling folds of throat massaged one another, to show her shape of her stump.

Feeling her plaything pressing to her, showing such needy adoration, Souad shared in that giddy shudder of glee, hands cradling her decapitated darling in their shared delight.

"This is magical, my dearest," she whispered. "To think my devilish *domme* would willingly become a *six-time* amputee, a mere head and hole, just to please her *Mistress*."

"I-I needed it too," she answered, face glowing red in that embrace, "I needed to feel this, to be *beheaded*, disembodied and *helpless*...."

Vivi's groaning admission came with a needy nuzzle, as head and neck flexed, using what meager locomotion they retained to rub against her chest in wordless adoration and urgent want.

"Persuasive," Souad mused, as she stroked her new toy. "And you are so very gorgeous like this, beloved, all your most beautiful bodyparts, and *nothing* more, not even shoulders, to stand your body on.... A form useless for anything *but* warming my womanhood...."

Both felt their sexes twitch, at that dissolute idea.

"But perhaps you were just too jealous to share me, even with my pocket pussy?" Souad teased.

Vivi's self-conscious shiver was expressed entirely by her neck, soaking her lover's skin with its gushing shake as Souad snickered, her juices drenching those bountiful breasts as they jiggled with mirth. The hapless mess-making left the gesture all the more charming.

"Maybe I just... wanted in on the act... to be the perfect sheath for your wonderful sex...."

They giggled together, as a digit brushed against that shocking new base to her body, and made her *squeal* with pleasure.

"You really couldn't live without it, could you? Were you that eager to orgasm again?"

"How could I resist becoming your... favorite toy.... The perfect... *fleshlight*...."

As Vivi spoke those taboo words aloud the horny admission shocked them both, a ravening grin awaking on the gorgeous lips opposite hers, while on her own cheeks the blush was deepening, a pretty puce tone blooming all across her face, as she was raised up for a playful nose-bump.

"That's why they put me into... into permanent heat," Vivi went on. "No matter how much you use me, I'll always be lubricated, hot and gooey for your cock, good to go any time.... The perfect toy for my owner...."

Lips met then, and both girls groaned as they tasted the flavors they had fantasized about for the past week.

Blending into that delicious kiss was a musty, saline tang, too, one both knew well, from the many hours they had each spent eating out Vivi's vagina.

It was surreal to think that it would be a permanent addition to every kiss now, flavoring each moment of the hapless head's existence, just as the opening below filled their noses with the rich, erotic scent of her self-enforced estrus.

"I'm sure it was a *great* sacrifice, to submit to decapitation. To give up every last bit of your mobility, along with your beautiful body," Souad murmured between kisses. "To become *completely* disabled, no arms, no legs... and not even a bust."

That voice flowed over Vivi, the amputee aching with amorous ideas, as those enchanting words worked their way into her mind, stirring up her lust mercilessly.

"It's... so much," she whined, "I can't move anything now, I'm trapped... *helpless*...."

Vivi's tone showed clearly her rapture, at that ridiculous new shape she'd chosen. She wanted to arch her back, to spread her arms, to flex all of her muscles and release that surging wave of delicious desire at her own debilitation, yet her body denied her, the depravation a whole new dimension of delight.

"You're *amazing* like this," Souad murmured. "An actual *object* in my hands. Barely even *animate*."

Vivi groaned in heady humiliation and horny agreement, kissing back all the harder at that reminder of her own perverse pleasure, the twisted *thrill* of her reduction, in status as well as shape.

"A needy sextoy, my loving *cocksleeve*, trapped in this useless body for all eternity."

The words awoke a desperate, dire *gurgle* in her throat, as breath hissed into her through *both* ends, silken folds stroked to new peaks of pleasure by that torment of want, every part of her crying out to be put to purpose, to be filled, to be used, to be upended and *fucked*.

The toy was intoxicated, mind overwhelmed by pleasure and anticipation, by the *thrill* of being an inanimate, disembodied *fleshlight*.

As Souad leant her head back, Vivi couldn't even stretch her face forwards, to continue the kiss.

Instead, her neck squirmed impotently, as she panted with pleading breaths, face pink, eyes pleading, a trail of saliva connecting separated tongues.

Souad just held her there, grinning, watching her stump wriggle and her lips twitch, each enjoying that divine sense of utter inability, the decapitated head tormented by her own shape, desperate to touch or be touched, made all the more aroused by being so casually denied, as any *object* was.

“Well, I should examine my new property.”

Without warning Souad spun her, and Vivi release a shrill squeak as her world inverted, long-gone legs still reflexively attempting to steady her.

That made her vulva flex, of course – it was her body now, the new nexus of all those nerves, filling her mental map and distorting her self-image more with each moment. In lieu of limbs, the muscles lining her soft insides tightened. Instead of grasping with fingers or clenching her toes, her puffy slit contracted, winking wantonly as she moved her only remaining element of anatomy.

Souad stared in awe at the sex at last restored to her playmate, those full ripples of pink lips clenching shamelessly as Vivi squeezed the sole extremity she had left – the living onahole which was her neck.

“Incredible,” her Mistress murmured. “I’ve never seen a pussy so... *animated!*”

Already those delicate folds in her underside were painfully swollen, yet they burned as a nail trailed across them, even that faint brush with solidity enough to make the toy twitch and spasm as it felt a minute point of contact, magnified to seem immense in its mind.

With a pussy for a body, with a form so small yet sensual, every touch was so; the hands about her head, the lips against her base, the tongue, lapping at her new nethers, all were colossal and unstoppable, as the hapless head wriggled to the touch.

Kissing deep, Souad purred to taste those tender layers, rising up into the soft expanse of a neck repurposed for her use, a puffy pussy-sleeve, extending all the way to the back of her beloved fleshlight’s throat.

Held upended, caramel hair streaming down the chocolate calves of her beloved, it quivered, both sets of lips tensing, as the immense, *amazing* form of Souad’s sex reared overhead.

The sight was frightening, the shaft so tall and thick for the tiny being observing it, yet her body was made *for* that phallus, and already her pussy was pulsing, spreading, folds engorged with need as she struggled to rub her steaming neck-stump against the tip.

Souad gasped, to feel that sopping, searing kiss, yet the pleasure of those hot lips was nothing next to the thrill filling Vivi.

The visceral, immediate sensuality of a touch, applied directly to the full cross-section of her neck.

A caress which showed her the stump where she had been *beheaded*, body reduced to a single part, the throbbing, erogenous surface and sleeve of what was both neck and sex.

As her owner pushed her cock into her throat, she felt herself clench anew, an involuntary spasm that pulled tight the rippling fronds of her pussyfolds, the lining of her stump squeezing Souad's shaft with blissful, desperate adoration, the disembodied head hanging on to consciousness by hugging her cock, pussy compressing and caressing, rolling waves working that dick deeper with clumsy clutches, as together they discovered muscles Vivi had never known before.

Amazed, overcome, Souad released her.

Vivi dangled there, half-inserted onto the swaying shaft, her face a perfect picture of lewd overload, eyes rolling back, jaw working to better squeeze and suck the shaft threatening to slip from her innards.

Fortunately, she didn't have to hold on for long.

Hands slid into her hair, and the horny head was raised up, thumbs brushing back her locks as she was brought into sight of her beloved.

"Please," she mumbled, "more...."

"Are you sure, my pretty little plaything?"

Her lover was beaming down at her, pushing herself inside with *sadistic* slowness, each bump and crease of that gorgeous onahole shown on her face as she poured her sex into its hot, gooey confines, her own jerking muscles making Vivi gasp and quake all the more cutely, as her head was filled with hard, musky shaft.

"Souad, I need you!" she exclaimed. "Fuck me already!"

"Ah-ah," the other answered, with a smug smirk, "onaholes like you have to plead properly.... "

Vivi's eyes were alight with excitement, lust and shame burning together in her pupils as they dilated, endorphins flooding a body remade to serve a singular purpose.

"*Mistress! Please!*" the cocksleeve squeaked. "Please, fuck your fleshlight and fill it with seed, like the cumdump it is!"

"I thought it would never ask," purred the woman, as she pumped into her toy.

Pressure exploded throughout that tiny shape as the tip thrust up to hit the back of her teeth, and Vivi howled in breathless bliss, every inch of her body clamping tight about that amazing erection, her base rubbing against Souad's crotch as it slapped her kissing netherlips.

She had known, of course, that to *become* her own pussy would be intense, but this went far beyond all her fantasies.

Each push into her lips was a tectonic upheaval, upending Vivi's entire reality as her pussyneck sucked and slurped, and her tongue lapped and wrapped about the urethra gushing into her mouth.

After a long, horny trip in a box, following all that time spent totally denied, it was far too much to bear, a form of stimulation past anything any *human* could ever imagine, as her entire throat and mouth made love with rippling, straining gropes, holding her partner she only way she ever would again.

The pleasure was too much, the stimulation too great, and the intimacy beyond all bearing.

Every part of her was making love, all at once, being filled and fucked, as her mind compressed into that tight sleeve of flesh.

Vivi was a vagina, her entire self a soft pocket of pliant flesh, slurping at the immense prick that pushed through her layers, tongues of tender satin licking and wrapping it, rubbing against it, cradling her shuddering sweetheart with her full form.

Every part of her was overloaded by the bliss of *being* a pussy.

The heat and pressure, the playful twitches, those long, loving *thumps* and consummate *squishes*, all delighted her in whole new ways, as she felt her body deform around the shaft she so adored.

Her entire awareness was wrapped tight about that squirting shaft as it pumped her, and in that impossible intimacy she felt ecstasy beyond human imagining.

As she used her clenching body to bring her Mistress to climax, it was too much.

Souad was flooding her face with seed, rushing down through her innards to add a new wave of scorching heat to her estrus, sopping *slurps* filling the air amid continued thrusts.

Crying with joy, the condom clutched Souad's cock as it too climaxed, both ejaculating together, spurting jets of clear juice and creamy cum from each end amid an orgasm that set all its muscles straining and every nerve screaming.

It was in that moment that Vivi understood the scale of her misjudgment, as every fiber of her being exploded, her consciousness a mere tremulous note amid the screaming hurricane of her euphoria.

Resounding through each cell of her absurd form, pleasure overcame all thought, and for the first time Vivi simply *was*, existing in the timeless nirvana of her true, perfect self.

A pussy, full of Souad's cock.



Reality returned only slowly, fading back into being as she came without end, Souad's own orgasm likewise erupting out of her, spraying mingling fluids about the room as they made love.

The rapture was unparalleled, impossible and incomprehensible... intensely satisfying, yet passing entirely without *relief*.

Cumming as an onahole had been heavenly, yet it had only made Vivi *hornier*.

As Souad slid out of her toy the onahole groaned, feeling itself suddenly emptied.

Her lover held her up for a kiss, and she bit and sucked at those lips in bestial desperation.

Hot and gooey slime slopping from her throat-hole, she shuddered and panted, already desperate for more, amid her perpetual heat.

Souad was glad to provide.

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"You aren't going out already, are you?"

The plaintive tone made the Algerian girl smile as she slipped on her sandals, hand reaching out to ruffle the head of hair at her side.

"Of course, my love. Unlike my toys, I still have to eat *food*, and there is none in the apartment."

Vivi's pout was a pretty sight, but it did little to melt her heart.

After a week of fucking, snuggling, and occasionally cleaning and refueling their sweaty bodies, the alluring *squish* of Vivi's netherlips, clenching pleadingly around her stand, likewise failed to move Souad's heart... even if it had her jeans tightening once more.

"I can't play all day, dearest," she said, ruffling that horny head. "Onaholes don't get to decide when they're used anyway."

Those magical words made the toy tense, a twinge of delirious delight passing over her face, as she wriggled atop the dildo filling her throat.

Scooped up in fond fingers, she returned Souad's kiss as the toy was carried through the room.

"Can you at least put me in front of the TV or something?" she suggested.

"What for?" asked her amour, with exaggerated innocence. "Would you really have me leave my sextoys lying about the apartment?"

Vivi stared up, blushing but baffled.

"No no," Souad spoke on, "you go where you belong... put away with my other fleshlights."

"Don't you dare-"

Vivi's panicked protest was cut short, as she was deposited in the closet, atop a small pile of rubber dildos and squeaky synthetic cocksleeves.

"Have fun!"

Souad gave her a final wink as she closed the door.

Unable to even roll itself over, her toy could only lay there and reflect on this new denigration, as a wet patch slowly spread out around its throbbing base, its innards clenching and kneading longingly at the rubber rod filling it.

Vivi was going to kill Souad for this new indignity... as soon as she was finished fucking her brains out.

Her ire was entirely forgotten, of course, by the time Souad returned, to replace the rubber erection with a phallus of flesh.

It was an oft-repeated pattern, as her Mistress teased and charmed her, pulling her toy ever deeper into the delights of her new BDSM life, her horny head-pet ever eager and adoring, despite her bashful protests.

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Over the following weeks Vivi and Souad they explored whole new dimensions of debasing, depraved, and utterly delicious bondage together.

Vivi's sojourns in various drawers and cupboards had become a regular affair after that first dehumanizing taste, the onahole always emerging huffy but impossibly horny, as happened whenever she went more than an hour or two without being filled.

Humiliating as it was, she adored the games Souad played with her, the dehumanizing treatment only adding to her delirium of desire, as she was treated as the toy she was, left in various poses as a decoration, at times a paperweight or bookend, a centerpiece for the table or even a perverse pencil-case.

She thought frequently of the night when Souad 'forgot' to bring her to bed, leaving her laid on her side by the laundry basket, throat still stuffed with the used panties and socks her Mistress had set aside to wash, nose captivated by their tantalizing scents.

Her lover knew her limits all too well, and pushed them expertly, to keep her ever eager for more; even a month on, that twisted experience still made her glow with shame and pleasure, each time she recalled it.

Most evenings were less daunting, however. Souad adored her more than ever, and it was a rare occasion when she could bring herself to be so sadistic towards her precious little pet.

The greatest denigration awaiting her in bed most evenings was to be *donned*, used as nightwear for that succulent penis, her mouth pressed snugly to her lover's crotch, nose sniffing the scent of pussy and balls all night long, until come morning she would wake to the sensations of that wonderful shaft expanding inside her, spreading her jaw wide as morning wood roused both Mistress and condom, both eager to pump the little plaything full of a fresh load of cum for her morning meal.

Another favorite was to be pushed up, between thick thighs and under steamy sack, to be buried head-first in the succulent ass and vulva of her lover, smooching and lapping at the swollen netherlips and puffy pucker she so adored, until they clamped down against her, as the voluptuous goddess atop her face came with a scream of bliss.

Vivi adored both of those uses, just as Souad did.

What drew her protests were the nights when neither indignity was imposed – when she was simply laid beside her beloved on a pillow, for a sedate, restful slumber, able to look, to adore and desire, but incapable of closing the one-inch gap which separated their lips. Or those nights when she was simply left on her stand, watching with growing want from the table as her lover pleased herself with a mere *dildo*, or emptied her precious seed into a lifeless *rubber* condom, incapable even of *speech*, then fell asleep, leaving Vivi totally denied.

All were intensely exciting in their own way, of course, the embarrassment all part of their shared enjoyment.

Harder to endure were the tedious times when Souad was absent.

When not the victim of another teasing seculsion in the closet, cupboard or drawer, put away as the object she was, she usually spent her time relaxing on a custom-made display stand. A perfect impression of the penis of her partner, it filled her exquisitely, but the latex pillar was more than just a toy prick – the clinic had conceived of the perfect answer to her impairments, taking advantage of the new nerve-clusters in Vivi's neck for more than just sexual stimulation.

"How's the weather today?" Souad asked.

Vivi tensed for a moment, as a sharp tingle spread up the space which was once a spine.

"Sunny as always, my love," she asserted soon after.

It was true of course – every day was bright and happy on Arya of late.

Souad kissed her assistant, thanking her for the update. "Can you call me a ride? I can't be late to the gallery today."

The little head on the table nodded, her throat tightening in a subtle pattern along her front.

It had taken a few weeks for her to get used to working the individual muscles of her neck and vagina with sufficient precision, but the effort had been more than worthwhile, if only for the wondrous pleasures it allowed her to bring to her Mistress.

That it also enabled her to operate her Wi-Fi stand and access the internet without a body, was a welcome bonus.

She might lack the hands, or even shoulders, needed to work a mouse, but Vivi had never been a faster typist, the ingenious device able to both pick up her contracting throat movements, and read simple brainwave patterns, while it could in turn project sensations, sounds, even *imagery*, directly into her mind, conveyed via that strange union of sex and central nervous system which was her neck.

It was also a constant source of stimulation, as the toy sent electrical impulses running up her tender genital lining.

"Okay, they're on the way," she informed Souad.

"Thanks, sweetie! I'll see you tonight. Just send me a text if you need anything."

"I'll be fine. Christine's coming over this afternoon, to check in and move me over to my desk."

Souad nodded. "Have a great stream!"

"Love you."

"Love you."

They kissed once more, long but gentle, just enjoying the contact, the taste, breathing in the scent of Vivi's diminished body and the smell of Souad's hair.

With that, Vivienne was alone again.

She might have amused herself with a movie, or even played a game just for fun, but with the intense session of stimulation the afternoon promised, she was more in the mood to just sit and *be* for the time being.

She had little choice about the sitting, of course, but there was something oddly fulfilling about simply existing in her new body.

Letting the spectral overlays fade from behind her eyes, she relaxed her muscles, and slid down slightly on her stand atop the table, as she looked out over the gorgeous vista below.

Souad always put her stand out on the balcony, when the weather was good.

The clear blue sky and bustling tadelakt streets were gorgeous in the sunlight, a whole world of intersecting lives and experiences to tantalize her imagination.

Beyond those chocolate-box streets, the glittering ocean spread majestic and boundless, overflowing with its own mysterious possibility and promise.

Naturally, as an onahole she was helpless to explore any of those delights, yet unable to move as she might be, Vivi felt a strange sense of connection with the world around her, as though in rooting herself in place she had become part of that land and seascape, her awareness reaching out and suffusing the meandering clouds and rolling waves, and tracing out the lines of the people below, as they wove throughout the warren-streets.

It was almost empowering... at least, until a twinge of some internal muscle brought her back to herself, and to that phallic stand filling her throat.

The rising feeling in her neck brought a very different aspect to the scene, as she felt her licentious stump press against the table longing to be caressed, rubbed and kissed, desperate just to feel any touch at all, to let her explore not the world outside, but the one within, as she reveled in her own disembodied shape, delighting in that overwhelming puff of flesh, which was both the stump and base to her body.

It would be a long morning, it seemed.

Able only to sit there atop the table, overcome by her own impotence, she adored feeling her pussyneck throb, longing to touch her own slit, even for a moment, yet intensely delighted by the innate denial of her new existence.

The thrill of loss; of her hands and limbs, of legs, of body, even bosom, each absent element another layer to her delicious deprivation.

It was embarrassingly exciting, to wallow in her debilitation like that, enjoying her own diminishment.

She couldn't even touch herself, to release the throbbing tension of her throat-pussy.

Torturous as her reduction was, in those moments of surging lust without vent, Vivi was delighted by the limitations which she had sought for herself.

Finally, she felt truly *helpless*... as a good object should.

She couldn't even control the vibrator within her stand, set buzzing against her innards.

Not that she would have wanted to.

That was just one of many ways her lover teased and degraded her, and reminded her of what she was.

Vivi was thoroughly hooked on the objectification and embarrassment of it all, the teases as intoxicating as the pleasure.

She simply hoped Souad would wear her again soon.

Would use her.

The woman's favorite 'cock sock', Vivi was always eager to be slipped on and carried like that, a living condom, clinging with all she could to Souad's shaft, a helpless passenger as she moved through the apartment.

When they did, she would often orgasm just from all the squeezing and straining involved in holding herself in place, but still she would have to hug tight to her wearer, often for hours on end, sucking and snuggling the crotch of her Mistress, as she made meals or worked at her sculpting, or even, occasionally, went out, covering her condom with only the thin fabrics of a long summer dress.

The threat of public exposure never failed to make the onahole shudder, with want as well as alarm.

She had almost fainted, when Souad finally wore her to the beach – and showed her hapless, clinging head-sheath to an astonished public.

The people of Arya were naturally open-minded, but most had struggled even to understand what they were seeing.

Vivi had held her mouth closed, of course, as otherwise her partner's penis would have popped right out, past her lips, but everyone had stared at the bulge in her cheeks, and gazed in awe at the pink rim of her throat, clenching around her lover's crotch, as she was worn like a codpiece, a sentient set of panties, neck bulging with that stuffing of cock and balls, her drooling base soaking skin and sand beneath them both as they sunbathed.

That memory too was one she returned to often, and it set her sex streaming again each time she called it.

Vivi was almost eager for her next *outing*.

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"So I hear you're displaying in the Grand Palais now?" Christine asked, over her wine.

Souad answered with a modest smile and nod. "I was invited after a Parisian collector bought one of my pieces for a premium."

"You deserve all the kudos you get," Kiana said, without looking over. "Your works are... incredible."

"A little *bold* for you, perhaps?" the Algerian asked.

Her friend was gazing towards the middle of the gathering, the plum staining spreading slowly across her cheeks.

"Well, when you asked to use a custom centerpiece, I thought you meant flowers or one of your sculptures or something, not the birthday girl!"

Kiana sounded embarrassed, but her eyes were transfixed on the strange shape sitting in the middle of the table.

A living decoration, as much Souad's handiwork as any.

Vivi evaded the girl's eye, as she wiggled atop the shapely shaft of her display-dildo.

"I can see one flower at least," Petiri pointed out, with a crude chuckle.

"Ugh, this is what I get for inviting coworkers," Vivi muttered, feeling her cheeks tingle red. "I feel so... so *naked*."

"Articles of clothing usually are," her partner pointed out. "You haven't worn anything of your own since *my* birthday, dearest."

A trickle of moisture was already running down the rubber base supporting the sentient toy, and at those words she clenched noticeably, rubbing her stump against the flare which supported her, shivering anew with the inescapable pleasure of her simplistic shape.

Souad smiled all the more at the sight, giving her decapitated girlfriend a tender caress, delighted by how the hapless head leant into her palm in answer.

"It was time we let our friends see the new you," the Algerian girl asserted. "My beautiful little flower should never have to hide her beauty, especially on her birthday."

A chorus of 'awww's sounded around the table, as a dozen friends of the duo reacted.

Most had at least heard of Vivi's new state, following her extravagant 'self-gift' to Souad, but they still stared at the singular sight of her, so brazenly exposed in the middle of the restaurant.

The other customers were looking too, some rubbing their eyes, dubious of their proof, or inspecting the proofs of their *drinks* instead, but Vivi's gathering ignored them, as they caught up with the happy couple.

"Are you still a couple?" Christine asked. "I mean... I wrote that note when Vivi was having herself beheaded and delivered to you, and... well...."

She trailed off, a knowing smile playing across her face, as she saw how Vivi squirmed in response.

"She is mine, now and always," Souad said, simply. "And I am hers. Her lover as well as her *possessor*."

Lifted from her pedestal, Vivi held back a gasp, as her pussy was emptied, mouth filling instead, with a long-desired kiss. Those words had left little doubt in the minds of the others, as the onahole was of course aware, but they kept their thoughts to themselves, as they watched the woman making out with her humiliated, horny fleshlight.

By the time she was set down she was panting, her embarrassment only heightened as she was laid *sideways* on the table, as if Souad's priority was to spare the tablecloth. Naturally, her Mistress knew just how much such teases excited her.

"So you enjoy your new... career then, Vivienne?"

Jean seemed to want to ask a rather more pointed question, but his adorable blush and nervous glance away, towards the island views outside, were typical of the shy young man, as was his propensity to beat about the bush.

Vivi's was clean-shaven now, but it was still pointed at him, a large pink maw on her underside, which tingled in the open air as she felt that intense sense of exposure anew through his reaction.

"It's a lot of fun," she said, reciprocating his valiant effort not to lower the tone any further. "Streaming got a *lot* easier once I had my stand of course. The neural interface isn't as good as limbs, and games are still a struggle-

Her neck wobbled, as if in demonstration of her limitations.

"-but once you get used to using neurodes and muscle contractions you can do everything you need to get the show set up quite easily, and even play simple games."

"And you really stream from... one of *those*?"

He tilted his head in the direction of the erection, still standing upright at the center of the table, shiny with her lubricant.

"Not that one, it's just decorative," she muttered. "But basically, yeah. I-I mean it's not like I can do it any other way. Without my stand I can't even work a trackball anymore, let alone a mouse and keyboard."

Many of her friends noticed the happy little shiver which ran down her bare neck as Vivi spoke those words.

"Being so unique is an advantage too," Christine observed. "There are millions of pretty girls out there streaming themselves, but how many beautiful *onaholes* do you see going live online?"

Souad snorted with mirth, as Vivi gave a guttural grunt of dismay.

Christine went on, grinning. "I mean, your viewers get to watch an *actual* sextoy, with all the fascinating struggles and limitations of any other *inanimate* object, right?"

Even if Vivi couldn't bring herself to actively agree, there was no denial forthcoming, from the flushing fleshlight laid atop the table.

Face burning alongside her throat and base, she looked over at Souad as if to implore her for help, as the waves of horny humiliation and desire inflamed the sleeve of her neck, releasing fresh droplets of juice.

Souad's answer was to scoop her up, and slide her down the latex dick once more, to plug her leaking pussy with that rubber pedestal.

"I still can't believe you went through with it," Kiana said, hand brushing her own neck at the sight, as if in fear that her head might likewise fall off and become impaled. "Don't you miss having a... body? You must feel so trapped and helpless, being like this."

"Of course!" Vivi answered at once, as she was settled in place. "But, well... that's part of why- part of what I like about it.... There's nothing like being held in Souad's arms. I feel so small and safe in her hands when she scoops me up. I'm so happy being pressed up against her chest or disappearing into her hugs as her helpless little pet.... It's like she's my gentle giant, protecting and treasuring me...."

Kiana's 'awww' spread around the room, Vivi's friends hanging on her every word, some of the couples holding hands as they listened.

"You really are happy with your body then," Christine murmured, smiling.

"So happy," Vivi hissed, with a heady little shiver of her neck. "It feels so right... so *exciting*. I can't move at all as she *uses* me... I just sink into her skin, her lips... slide onto her penis... or into her pussy...."

Trailing off, her voice was barely a whisper as she spoke those final words, but she saw in the gleaming eyes of her friends that at least some had made them out.

Another round of drinks were hastily called for, to lubricate the awkward moment, and the conversation moved on, to the more mundane manner of catch-up and chit-chat common to all parties.

For a while, at least.

"So whose idea was it?" Raul asked, over starters.

"Vivi's of course!" Yui cut in, before the Frenchwoman could claim otherwise. "She planned it with me as a surprise for months!"

"It was very romantic," Christine chimed in. "I wrote a card, and boxed her up, and we pretended to deliver her to Souad's apartment."

"The best present I ever received," the Algerian girl asserted, turning her toy to meet her eye her again.

Vivi's little gasp, as she was rotated on the rod, was becoming a familiar sound, as she was twisted this way and that, in aid of easier conversation.

"So then, you really chose this body for yourself? You didn't lose a bet again?" Petiri asked, with a Slavic snicker. "To think you used to say you were a *domme*!"

Vivi was grateful that she was presently pointed away from him, leaving her friend unable to see her face as she flexed herself atop her pole, and felt anew that delicious degradation which came from her reduction, as her stump pressed needily to the base holding it.

"How do you eat?" Raul went on, unseen somewhere to her left.

"The same way as anyone else," Vivi answered, glad to change subject. "But I get most of my energy from my stand. It infuses me with nutrients, so eating is more a backup option... for fun."

"She does love the 'meals' I feed her," Souad said, patting her bulge as she spoke. "Although I should probably skip giving a demonstration in public...."

"What about peeing and stuff?" Jean asked.

"I'm very glad to say that I don't have to deal with any of that sort of bodily function anymore," Vivi replied, with a haughty sniff.

"Yes, that would require having a *body*," Christine spoke, nodding sagely.

"So you're really just a... a head and a...." Jean trailed off as he spoke, seeing the embarrassment on his old friend's face.

Souad scooped the head up and held her out. "Here, take a look for yourself!"

"Oh wow... it looks so natural," he murmured, as he held her aloft by the hair, craning his own head to look at the underside of hers. "And it *moves* too!"

Vivi was groaning, sex searing hot, gushing at the assault of shameful, salacious eyes and words... and fingers.

Being handled so was always exciting, but for it to be friends, rather than her lover, examining her as if she were some exotic curio, added a new dimension to her depraved delight, her whole neck aching, from chin to stump, as it clenched and pulsed.

"G-gently," was all she managed to say, as she was being turned over in his hands.

The party already quite inebriated, the mortified girl was soon passed on to the next person in line, for a second look over, the start of a complete lap around the table, as her guests remarked eagerly on her new configuration.

They spoke as if appraising an art piece, rather than a person, speaking of how *pretty* her naked pussy was, how beautifully it was merged into her neck, and how elegant that sole remaining element of anatomy looked on her, perfectly accentuating her alluring face.

More than fingers were caressing her as she was passed about, and before she knew it Christine was holding her upside down, re-enacting an inverted kiss to widespread cheers and laughter, as her hair trailed in the girl's salad.

"Mmmm, you taste *interesting*," Christine observed afterwards. "So *salty*."

"Well obviously!" Laughed Kiana. "Her pussyjuice is coming out of her mouth!"

Vivi was only just righted, still licking the licentious fluids from her lips, as an old gym friend gave that nude nether-slit a similar investigation.

The tiny being burst out with a horny *wail*, throat squirming against that curious violation, right there in the restaurant, tender womanhood treated as any other onahole would be, two fingers and a tongue testing her *stretch* and *softness*.

"This thing really is amazing," Mel said, grinning audibly as they all watched the toy's reactions. "Anyone else want to try?"

Soon Vivi couldn't tell which of her companions were groping her, as so many fingers and tongues entered her at each end, teasing and tormented the toy until she was panting with want.

It was only as she finally found her way back to Souad that she found herself in familiar hands.

She hugged those fond fingers with her mouth, holding on the only way she could, as her body shivered with passion frustrated and feelings defiled.

"Does your pussy work again now?"

The startling question came from Yui, the Singaporean woman looking rather flustered as she sat in her wheelchair, the alcohol having gone to her head, as it often did since her own *reduction*.

"Let me show you!" Souad declared.

"Wait," Vivi gasped. "Didn't you say you shouldn't in public?!"

But already the gorgeous goddess was rising, shedding belt and unbuckling jeans, to pull free her immense erection.

Vivi's efforts to argue were cut short as that shining shaft pressed against her face, draping from chin to brow, and the horny head could only groan, rubbing herself against it in her dire need for her Mistress' dick.

The table – along with the rest of the restaurant – watched in awe, as that massive womanhood filled face and throat alike.

Balls slapping against a grateful chin, Souad's glans popped out through streaming pussyfolds with each grinding thrust, giving her all the pleasure of penetration in inverse, those pleasing lips gripping, shaking and squeezing absurdly as Vivi gave her lover a throatjob with her pussyneck.

"Woah, look at her *grip*!" Kiana gasped, near swooning in her inebriation and amazement.

"It's like she was made for this," murmured another.

"She *was*," Yui reminded.

Her friends were giggling, gawping, some even groping themselves under the table at that shocking sight, and still Souad grunted and ground her hips into her lover, cradling the toy in both hands as she filled it to the brim with her sex, each *pop* as it emerged through those spasming pussylips evoking a fresh *squeal* of joy from her toy.

"This is so fucked up," Christine said, choking on her own drunken laughter.

Mel was likewise beside herself with glee at the sight. "I knew you were a nasty cocksleeve, but god damn, Vivi! I love it!"

Amid a lewd chorus of slurps and squelches and self-made moans, a symphony to her burning ears, every part of the living onahole embraced its chosen purpose, as a sheath for her owner's erection.

All her friends were watching, but the limbless, disembodied fleshlight had no ability to stop Souad as she caressed its stump with fingers and phallus together... even if it wanted to.

The thought never even entered its mind, other than to revel in that twisted reality.

The bliss of being a disembodied head.

A helpless, aching pussy, burning with want as it was fucked so wonderfully.

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“Chat, I’m not answering any more questions about what happened on Souad’s birthday. Mods, can you delete any more links to the photos?”

Trying to stay focused on her game, Vivi gave a subtle squeeze of her throat, and timed-out the troublemaker responsible for that latest round of candid pictures.

It was inevitable really, when she’d been so imprudent as to have sex in public, in a crowded restaurant... if being Souad’s cocksleeve could even be counted as sex... but at least in her streams, Vivi meant to maintain *some* degree of control.

Naturally, it was at that moment that a jolt of tingling vibration shot up through her clit, to make her whole length *clench*.

Baffled by the mash of multiple inputs, her game flipped out, even as its player was squirming in similar distress, atop the dick which plugged her throat.

“No way,” she grunted, as the assault passed, “you’re not beating me that easily!”

Her ‘controller’ actively fucking her, the streamer struggled on despite the vibrations rippling through her throat, ignoring the juices starting to seep from the corner of her lips as her pussy oozed with pleasure, just as she ignored the stray hairs thrown across her face.

Not that she had any ability to correct either.

“I’ve been playing this stupid game for two *months* now, I can at least beat the *tutorial* boss,” she growled.

Some were cheering her on as a hilarious lost cause, others deriding her resolution, or suggesting she get Souad to beat it for her, but despite everything, her enemy’s health bar was slowly depleting in the face of her determined efforts.

A critical strike landed, and the cheering intensified, as did the rumbling in her stand.

“See! Even without a body, I’ve still got game!” she exclaimed, panting and clenching, but continuing to work the dildo with her stump, to press her attack on the game.

It was then that ‘electro-stim mode’ was unlocked, by a particularly generous donation.

Her audience erupted with a spam of emotes, eggplants, ahegaos and all manner of vulvic imagery streaming past on screen, as her own face contorted around the buzzing toy filling her body, the hapless head losing all control as she convulsed amid an assault which set every muscle spasming.

“Oh fuck,” she gasped, “noooo, I was so close to... to....”

‘Game Over’ swelled into being on the monitor, and the toy trembled with a whimpering *groan*, as she once more lost a good hour of progress.

“Y-you guys can’t keep doing this, right as I’m about to win!” she whined.

But of course they *could*.

She loved that they *did*, and always *would*.

Vivi had set up the stream herself, after all, and she had allowed it to interface with those more *stimulating* features of her stand.

That was half of the appeal of her show.

Slowly recovering, she smiled as she reset for another attempt, soothing her frustrations by rubbing herself against the vibrating toy inside her, and allowing herself a few moments, just to enjoy her bodiless shape.

“Fine, we go again.”

While she might not like to admit it to so many strangers, Vivi wouldn’t have had it any other way.

The struggle simply felt too *good*.

She yelped, however, as the cutscene was playing for the tenth time that day, for she was tugged abruptly from her stand, hefted up into the air over her desk.

“Hey, Souad, I’m streaming!”

“Of course, sweetie,” answered her girlfriend, holding her swinging by the hair. “But *I’m* horny, and you *are* my onahole now, dearest, so it doesn’t much matter what you *were* doing.”

They were still in full view of her stream setup, but Souad seemed to relish the audience, another way to tease her precious toy.

“I need something to jerk off into,” she went on, “and that’s my cute little condom.”

Her plaything could only whimper as it was pushed down her shaft, to once more serve its true purpose, used to masturbate her Mistress before a cheering audience.

~\*~

"Can you move your hand, love?"

"Hmm?"

Lounging, legs spread atop the couch, Souad looked down at her hips, as if Vivi would somehow turn and look her way.

Slowly rising and falling atop her flagging staff, her girlfriend remained angled towards the TV, maintaining the pose in which she was held.

"I can't see the screen," Vivi explained, speaking past the fingers teasing at her lips and covering her eyes. "I want to see how this ends!"

"Oh, sorry honey," Souad spoke, stopping and adjusting her grip. "That better?"

"Much! But you don't have to stop using me you know."

Her Mistress smirked at that. "Of course dear, I can feel how wet your throat still is."

The toy gave a grateful squeeze, hugging her inches tenderly as they slid back up her head, the slow slopping sounds ignored, as the living plaything was pumped for the tenth time that day, trying hard to concentrate on the plot, instead of the burning need for pleasure, which was her perpetual state of being.

It was only after the episode ended that her partner picked up the pace, the sounds drowning out the next show entirely.

"Ohhhh, yes, I'm so *hungry*," Vivi gasped. "T-try to cum in my head as much as you can, okay?! I need to be filled!"

Souad's giggle made her tighten, as she was pressed, squirming, into the musky pit of lap and balls.

"Things have certainly changed," the woman mused, as her toy kissed and sucked at her thigh. "I remember how you used to *dominate* me... and now you're sucking my cock from morning to night, my loyal condom, pleading to be pumped with cum...."

Vivi's shudder only added to her pleasure, as the head stewed in her scents and speech.

"You love being a limbless, immobile onahole, wrapped around my sex, don't you dearest?"

A whine rose, from the cleft of her crotch, as the huffing, horny head snorted her smell, and gripped her with her neck-lips.

"I'm glad, darling, because you really are the perfect toy," Souad went on. "My favorite possession, in fact. I've never owned anything more delightful."

She knew, of course, how such words affected her partner.

As her onahole, and as her amour, they were everything Vivi loved to hear, and the toy shook with lust as she sucked from both ends, until Souad's seed was splurging through her, splattering from her lips to speckle those luscious legs, and the unlucky floorboards beyond.

"Good toy," Souad murmured, as she slipped out of her plaything, and held Vivi up for a long, sticky kiss.

"Ahhhh... thank you," she murmured back, as they bumped noses.

As was often the case, the head had a dazed look, filled with seed and serotonin as she was, a satisfied expression spreading across her face as she was wiped clean on Souad's thigh.

She gurgled as she was returned to her stand, the intrusion of the shaft spreading her open to allow cum to once more leak from her neck, but the happy blush on her face was too cute to spoil with fussing over the mess.

Instead, after wiping up the spilled seed on the floor, her Mistress stood over her, just admiring her plaything and partner, as Vivi wriggled atop her stand, settling herself back into place.

It was only after a few more languid strokes of her shaft and brushes of her breast, that Souad finally resolved to go clean up her own body.

"Can you change the channel before you go?" the onahole asked.

"Of course, dearest," her girlfriend answered.

"Love you," each spoke in echo, as they shared a tender kiss.

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“Okay, if you can just look into the lens and say your names for us.”

Pinning a puffy lock of hair behind her ear, Souad smiled towards the hovering cameraman, eyes sparkling amber in the studio lights.

“My name is Souad, and this is my onahole, Vivi.”

Cradled on that expansive, cozy lap, the smaller figure gave a self-conscious squirm, but offered no argument, as the camera zoomed on her face and neck.

“Vivienne, how did you come to be miss Souad’s... possession?” inquired the blushing hostess.

“We’ve been together for almost ten years now,” she answered. “When we met, Souad had just started her current artistic phase, exploring... altered bodies. That was where it all began for us.”

Somewhere behind the crew, Vivi heard a producer muttering about preparing some inserts of the artworks in question.

The hostess went on, ignoring the chatter. “So you wanted to change your own body after seeing her sculptures?”

“Well... not exactly....”

Vivi bit her lip, her slit squeezing with the reflexive clench of a self-conscious sextoy, but Souad’s hands reassured her, stroking her brow as she spoke.

“I actually used to be quite... assertive in bed.... In fact I had Souad wrapped around my little finger!”

“Until we had it removed,” her lover reminded.

The hostess wore a faint, disbelieving smile on her pretty umber cheeks, but her curls bounced with her encouraging nods.

Vivi forged on, explaining how things had gradually progressed over the years, escalating as her desires grew, practical concerns ceding to *pleasure*. It was her first time telling all so publicly, recounting how she had made her reckless bet and lost... and how as she was reduced, bodyparts amputated one by one, she had grown ever more enamored with her debilitation.

“And now, you’re the most extreme guest we’ve seen on the show – and the world’s most modified woman, in terms of original body-mass remaining. How does that feel?”

Her grin said it all, as the horny little head nuzzled her nose against the fingers holding her.

"I feel unique and beautiful, even if I do miss having boobs and a butt at times. I'm sexy and eye-catching in a different way, and I know my fiancée loves my body just as much as I do."

Her partner was nodding as she spoke, a hand cupping Vivi's neck, just the way the toy loved, giving her base a tender hug.

"Because you *are* so unique and beautiful, my darling." Souad spoke, smiling down at her. "Inside and out."

The crew waited while they shared a kiss, making sure to film plenty of B-roll of the pussy-stump on the base of their guest, as it flexed and dripped.

"So now you're setting another record," the hostess went on, once they were done. "Souad's going to be the first woman to marry her own property."

Set back down on her stand, Vivi nosed at her Mistress happily, as Souad spread her trailing hair artfully, to reveal the band around her neck. Her first and favorite collar, it carried a small sapphire now, embedded at the throat. Souad turned her to better display it, making sure to also expose its matching ruby, in a ring around her own finger.

"My dear Vivi was also the first person to be recognized as an object," Souad added.

The color rose once more in her toy's cheeks at that reminder, as her onahole sucked at her fingertip where she stroked its lips.

"You've set multiple firsts in your journey," the interviewer agreed. "But where are you now? Is Vivi a possession or a partner in this relationship?"

"Both."

Each woman spoke at once, as if to deliberately provide the sound-bite the producers were seeking, but their earnest expressions made clear their sincerity.

"Souad's my girlfriend – I mean my *fiancée* – but she's my owner too," Vivi elaborated. "She cares for me and we do things together, go on dates, watch movies, work and create things... everything you do in any relationship, it's just that... sometimes she masturbates with me at the same time. Or uses me to eat her out... or just leaves me around the house as a decoration, or doorstep or something...."

"And you enjoy that dichotomy?"

With a shiver of pleasure against the stand, holding her in place, Vivi nodded, asserting her emphatic agreement.

"There's nothing hotter than trying to stream, when suddenly you're getting a dick shoved up your neck, and you just have to try to keep going, while you're being used as a condom."

"I think I can only take your word on that," the hostess said, smiling. "Souad, does it ever seem strange, to use your partner like that?"

The Algerian girl grinned.

"Vivi's body is an object, one she gave over to me, but her mind is still the woman I love. My onahole is also my best friend, and my soulmate, and I treasure her, as I treasure *it*. Does that help you to understand? When I'm horny I jerk off with it, regardless of what it might want to do, but we have a deeper, personal bond too. She's my most precious possession, *and* my partner. The person, and plaything, I will spend all my life with."

"Wow...."

For once the interviewer seemed genuinely taken aback. Mistress and plaything shared a happy kiss in the quiet, while the other woman composed herself.

"So...." She spoke at last. "You both seem very happy, but do you ever regret going this far? None of your procedures can be reversed, after all, and your new body must be quite *dehumanizing*."

Vivi hesitated in answering, but Souad's caresses spurred her to speak.

"It wouldn't feel... *right*, if it wasn't permanent," she explained slowly. "You probably can't understand it without experiencing it, but... there's this sense of *reassurance* in knowing that this form is *me*, now and always. In wanting to move, to reach out, to touch or hold Souad, or just pick myself up or turn myself over, and knowing that I *can't*, that I'll never be able to do *anything* for myself again.... It's such a *relief*, to know nothing can take that from me."

Her breath quickened as she spoke, her pussy growing slick as she expounded upon those usually-private thoughts.

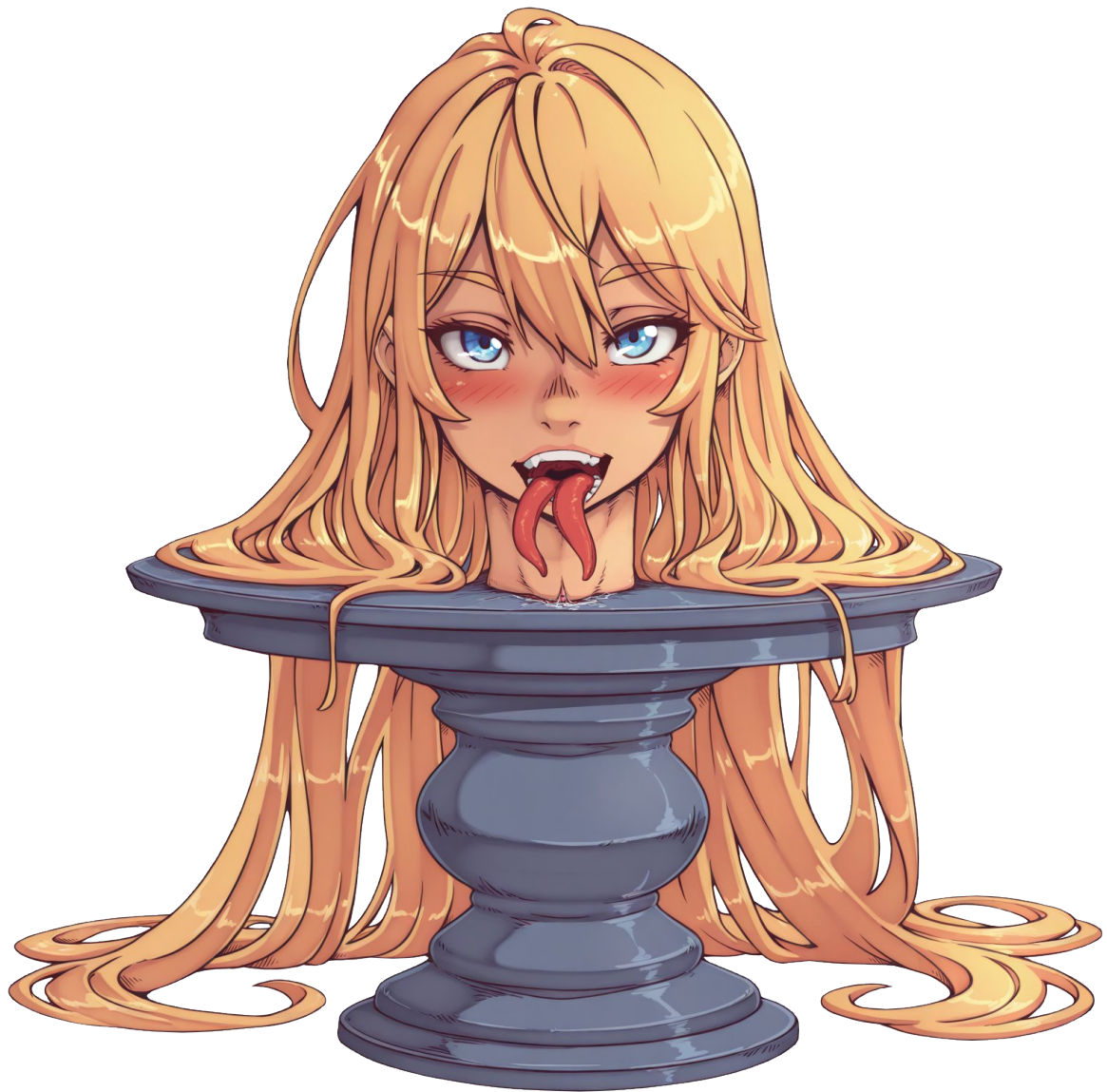
"It's embarrassing, degrading, all those things, but, well, at least part of me loves to be humiliated, I suppose. It feels so *good* to be reduced, to be limbless and immobile, to be totally helpless, even inhuman. To be a thing. An object. Souad's *onahole*."

The hostess was breathless herself, at the intense, outrageous image Vivi painted, her talented tonguetips sketching out a truly licentious picture of her existence.

"Is... is that why you didn't object, when Souad had your mouth modified?"

"Why would an onahole get a say in how its owner upgrades it?"

Vivi surprised even herself with that blunt, unabashed answer, but still she grinned amid her arousal, poking out her forking appendage proudly to pose for the camera.



"The split tongue is... *striking*," the intact interviewer said eventually. "It's amazing to see how you can move both halves."

"It took a lot of practice."

"What you cannot see are the other changes inside," Souad spoke, scooping up her toy.

Fingers spread Vivi's jaw wide, to expose the soft ripples of pink within to the leering camera's eye.

"See the extra layers of flesh? All these puffy creases piled together? They create a perfect velvet pocket, as soft and sensual as the pussy it joins."

The Algerian girl beamed at the blush deepening on the cheeks of her precious plaything as she elaborated, Vivi shuddering, yet incapable of offering any resistance as she was handled and exposed, her twin tongue-tentacles tantalizing her own mouth as she rubbed those maddening vaginal folds which squished and drooled behind her teeth.

"You mean its- *her* throat is... *vaginal* the whole way up?"

Souad set Vivi down on her lap before answering, hands brushing the trailing locks of her toy.

"I wanted both ends of my onahole to be equally soft and sensual, after all... and my darling was so very eager to be modified more. It made for the perfect birthday present."

The interviewer might have asked for whom it had been a gift, but already hot, bothered, and rather embarrassed, she moved on to her next scripted question.

"So, Vivi. You wouldn't want your limbs or body back, if you could have them?"

"N-no, I would," Vivi admitted, cheeks darkening still further, to a rich, luxuriant rouge. "I... I'd love to be able to have them amputated one by one.... It feels so good, waking up to new struggles, new debilitations each time.... I'd love to do it all over again!"

The horny head was wriggling against Souad's increasingly-obvious erection, as both girls grew aroused, each recalling fondly the various stages of their shared journey, in taking Vivi apart.

"I see," the hostess said, sounding taken aback for once. "You've... undergone a lot of changes. It's tough to imagine Miss Vivienne at the start, with a full, working body, let alone to picture you as a *domme*...."

"It seems like a dream these days," Vivi confessed. "But I do still know how to make my Mistress *moan* from time to time...."

“Even a toy can turn the tables... now and then,” Souad agreed. “For her last birthday I put a crop in her mouth and strapped her onto my hips. She was a real demon that day – she rode me until I passed out in fact! Of course I made her spend the *next* day massaging my aching feet with her lips to make up for it....”

No-one among the crew seemed sure whether to believe that, but the hostess moved on adroitly.

“That’s not how most ‘sessions’ are though, is it? Perhaps you could show us a more average example of your... intimacy?”

“Gladly,” Souad said, unbuttoning her pants.

Vivi, of course, was given no say in the matter.

Blushing and shivering, the hapless head could only submit, as she was slid down that eager erection, filled and fucked for all to see, as if to state to the whole world that yes, this gorgeous girl truly was a cocksleeve now.

She gave her girlfriend a grateful squeeze of thanks for that, as the two started their lovemaking.

Naturally, Vivi adored each moment of that subsequent exhibition of erogenous intimacy, even if little of it could ever be shown on a public broadcast.

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Glorious and golden, the sun shone down on the little island of Arya amid an ocean tranquil, baking its rocky hills and daubing the creamy stone and stucco edifices of its streets with a charming glow.

On a small beach of purest white sand below the city, a few rows of chairs were arranged, facing a small arch which overlooked the bay, dazzling azure waters shimmering in the light.

There was no carpet or organ, and the guests wore no suits or ornate gowns. Instead the wedding party were clad in clothes more suited to the climate and locale, some attending in robes and sandals, other shirts and shorts.

Souad was different, of course.

Walking barefoot across the sands, her white dress fluttered resplendent with the softest breeze, revealing the intricate henna patterns adorning arms and legs, while its elegant lace embrace framed her exquisite features, accentuating the enchanting curves of her hips and bust, to make everyone present gape at her voluptuous divinity.

All eyes followed her movement, as the bride moved past her friends and loved ones, to take her place at the center of the gathering.

Then, they turned once more, to watch as her partner arrived.

Christine walked slowly across the sand, as she made her way past the guests, cautious not to stumble and let slip her precious burden.

Reaching Souad, she turned, so all could see clearly the trio of objects she bore.

Conveyed on a soft cushion of filigree stitchwork, Vivi lay on her side, next to the ring and collar.

Her golden hair embellished by a fine veil and flowers, she was, from the chin up, a perfect embodiment of the blushing bride, beaming at the wedding party panning though her view.

Below the chin, of course, she was unusual.

Few women enjoyed shapes quite so *short*, after all.

Fewer still had just the stump of a neck as their remaining body, of course, but for Vivienne that seemed only right – after five years her friends could hardly imagine her otherwise, the happy, horny little fleshlight a familiar fixture in their lives.

The effect was striking that day, however, as she lay on the cushion, her throat adorned by the beautiful silk *sheath* of her ‘wedding dress’.

It was a pretty little stocking which she wore, as fine a gown as any she had ever owned before, at once accentuating her shape, and preserving her modesty.

That much at least was needed, when her partner was so unbearably pretty... so *perfect*.

Turned to Souad, she felt the happy tears swell in her eyes, as she stared up at her radiant, ravishing *goddess*.

It was all like a dream, her only fear that, somehow, she might wake from that wonderful moment, and find herself back in France, in her apartment, whole-bodied and alone.

Instead, Souad smiled back down, a finger brushing the tremble from Vivi's lips.

She felt that warmth filling her, bringing strength and certainty as the ceremony began, and yet again she swelled with love and gratitude, for that exquisite being who was her beloved.

Yui, presiding over the vows, cleared her throat, to draw their attention.

"We are gathered here today," she began, just a hint of self-consciousness to her voice, "to celebrate the union of two people, and their incredible, unique connection, as lovers, best friends, and as owner and object."

Both brides blushed at that, eager eyes finding one another again, as they shared a mischievous grin.

There was more preamble, of course, but neither heard much of it, as they lingered in that moment of deep connection, simply enjoying *looking* at each other.

It was almost a surprise, as they heard the vows they had written, being read aloud from the screen of Yui's chair.

"Vivi, do you give yourself to Souad?" asked their friend. "Now and always, as lover and partner, as plaything and possession, to submit to her ownership, and to serve her will, as onahole and as wife?"

"I do!" she exclaimed, voice as loud as her small air-supply could make it.

"Souad, do you take Vivi, to be your toy and your treasure? To cherish as well as defile, to use for your relief, and to care for as your wife?"

"I do, now and always," sang the goddess.

"Then I now pronounce you wed."

Amid the cheering applause, Souad's hands found her partner, and raised her up, hair flowing over patterned arms, to cradle her to that bountiful bosom in a long, deep kiss.

There would be far more than that to come, of course, in the hours ahead – as Mistress and onahole, their wedding night would be as exhausting as it was erotic – but for the moment they were united as *wives*, married women, celebrating their love together, for all to see.

There was no shame or perversity about that, yet it thrilled Vivi more than sex ever could.

Singular and surreal though it might be, their relationship, and all the changes and challenges it had brought, was the best thing ever to happen to Vivienne.

Together with her wife, she was complete.

