

Amy's Wish  
a John Doe story

The vibrator hummed as Joel slowly ran it up Amy's leg. He moved it gently in circles as her muscles tensed and her body moved imperceptibly, strapped as it was head-to-toe to the board behind her. The appliance finally found a resting spot between her thighs, and Joel turned the dial at its base to bring it to full speed. The whole board shook ever so slightly as her body fought against the bonds that kept it so completely still, and her stomach moved in and out faster behind the sheath of heavy duct tape. Short blasts of air and light grunts emanated from the small tube that poked out somewhere near the middle of her wrapped face, eventually building to muffled moans. Keeping one hand on the vibrator, Joel briefly put one thumb over the end of the tube, and Amy's entire body began bucking uncontrollably beneath its bonds as she came. He released his thumb, prompting a sharp intake of air followed by a long moan, and Amy went limp again, the rise and fall of her abdomen slowing down.

Joel turned off the vibrator and looked at his watch. Nine hours, he thought...impressive. He gave her left breast a quick squeeze through the tape, and grabbed a pair of surgical scissors off the table. He knew she'd be upset, but this much time under heavy plastic wasn't good for anyone. He started by cutting the tape that held her head tight against the board, and she protested with a shake of her head and an "mmm mmm" through her tube. Ignoring her, he finished detaching her from the board and gently lowered her mummified body face down on the bed nearby. As he began to work on the next layer of tape, she kicked her legs petulantly, and he had to smack her ass to remind her who's in charge. She reluctantly let him finish unwrapping her, revealing his slave's naked body, glistening with sweat.

Almost immediately, Amy tucked her arms and feet under her as if uncomfortable with their sudden freedom. She flinched as Joel removed the blindfold and pulled out the wads of cotton that had been packed tightly into each ear, only to bury her head under a pillow. He undid the buckle of her gag, but had to lift Amy's head up by her long blonde hair before she would spit out the drool-soaked ball. She went back to her fetal position and began to weep quietly into the pillow.

"Sit up, Amy," Joel said, quietly but firmly. She didn't respond.

"Sit...up." He repeated himself, this time louder and more deliberate. She sat up on her knees, still holding her hands behind her back, sniffing and looking down at the bed.

"Amy, look at me. Tell me what's wrong." No response. "You may speak," he added.

"Sir, I'm sorry," she whimpered. "I just can't...I need more. The light, the sound, it hurts after so long, I just want to go back in. Can I please sleep with my hood tonight? And...maybe just the armbinders? I promise I--"

"Amy," Joel interrupted. "Go clean yourself up. We'll talk about this in the morning." Amy's eyes began to well up with tears again, but she obediently walked to the bathroom and closed the door behind her.

Joel noticed this behavior more and more after a long session. Amy had become increasingly dependent on being totally immobilized and having her head wrapped, to the point of being unable to cum unless she couldn't see, hear, or move. The crying had been a new addition to the routine, and he worried about her mental health. She had been a fine slave and companion, to the point where he had forsaken all the other young subs in their little community that threw themselves at him, and "owned" Amy exclusively for almost two years now...he needed her as much as she needed him at this point. He just wondered what would become of her if things got any worse. Against his better judgment, he got out the restraints that Amy had requested and got them ready...maybe things would be better tomorrow.

The night passed without incident, and Amy got up and did her morning chores without complaint. She asked her master if she could use the computer for a while, and Joel agreed. He saw her looking up pictures of mannequins and other odd stuff, but didn't think much of it, and headed down to his office to get some work done.

Several hours later, he went back to check on her, and to his surprise, she was still clicking away, and smiling oddly at the screen, which was hidden from his view. She was working so intently she didn't even notice him until he was halfway into the room. "Sir!" Amy exclaimed. "Hello! Can I...may I show you something?"

Joel chuckled at her eagerness. "Go ahead," he replied, "what is it?"

"Well, sir," Amy continued, "You see, um, you know how it's my birthday soon? And you said if I was good I could have whatever I wanted? Even, like, plastic surgery like new tits or whatever? Well, I, um...I made a picture."

"O...kay," he responded hesitantly. "What kind of picture?"

"Here's the thing, I've been doing a lot of thinking, about the way I like to be all day, and like, I did some research, and well, I played with Photoshop and made a picture of what I want to look like." Amy took a deep breath, and swiveled the monitor towards Joel. "Sir, I want this done to me."

Joel had to stare for a minute to even figure out what he was looking at. "Amy," he began, "that's some really creative artwork you've done there, but that's ridiculous. I don't even think it's physically possible. I mean, where would you--"

"Sir, I've looked it all up and I think we can do it. I mean, you know that doctor at the special clinic? The one that gave that one girl a second pair of boobs? And made your friend's ponygirl into a real pony, by sewing a pair of legs onto her shoulders in place of her arms? I know he can do this."

Joel scowled. He had talked to close friends in the community about Dr. F and his talents, but never when Amy was around, at least as far as he knew. "How did you know about him? No one's supposed to know about that."

"Listen." Amy's voice went down half an octave, a voice he hadn't heard from her since they first met. "I know some of the things your friends have gotten done to their 'pets', I know it costs a lot of money, and I know you're a billionaire." Amy's dropping "out of

character" was so jarring, Joel was rendered momentarily speechless.

"I also know," Amy continued, "that none of your buddies want their secrets to get out. It would be a shame if someone found out about it, right?" Joel half-expected some story about a manila envelope that was ready to be sent to the local newspaper if she wasn't heard from, but honestly the threat was enough. "And you have to admit, this is a lot more fun way of shutting me up than killing me."

Amy smiled and the familiar look in her eye and lilt in her voice returned. "I've been good to you, right sir? I mean, you love me, right? The way you love a nice loyal pet? Can you have them do this to me, please?"

Joel regained his composure, and for a while just stared at Amy and shook his head. Finally, a wide smile broke out on his face and he laughed heartily. "I'll make an appointment for tomorrow," he said. "Get ready for a long drive."

\* \* \*

Dr. F's "clinic" was tucked away deep in the mountains, nearly an hour from the nearest town. After going through exhaustive layers of security, Joel and Amy finally sat before him in the sub-basement where he did his work.

The doctor looked at the printout of Amy's "prototype" picture and sighed. "You realize, she'll have to go through extensive psychological testing to make sure she really wants this, that she's not crazy or brainwashed or anything like that."

"I understand completely." Joel chuckled. "Unfortunately, doc, I think you'll find she's quite sane."

Amy waited outside and read magazines while the men spent the next hours discussing technical details, of which she heard little snippets through the door. "...bone grafts over each socket..." "...cochlear excision and airway redirection..." "...hyperbaric treatment for advanced scar reduction..." "...chip implant for vital sign monitoring..." "...recessed inlet valve..." "...donation of excised parts to other interested parties..." Her pussy dampened in anticipation as she listened. Occasionally she glanced outside to see some of the other patients as they passed by, some with missing parts, some with extras. At one point she swore she saw a girl with two heads, one with angry red scar at the base of its neck. *Some people have weird tastes*, she thought.

A few days later, after all the details were squared away, Amy lay on the operating table, wrists, ankles, and neck strapped down, with red dotted lines drawn neatly in various places. Per Amy's request, she was getting everything done at once. She smiled at Joel.

"Last chance to back out, you know," Joel said.

"I know. But this is the way it needs to be. This is how I need to be."

"I guess so. Happy Birthday, by the way."

"It is, isn't it? You'll probably have to remind me from now on...I might tend to lose track of the days."

The nurse, ignoring their little exchange, finished her work taping the IV to Amy's side, and began attaching the bag containing the anesthetic. "You ready?" She asked.

"Ready," Amy replied, confidently. She looked back at Joel as the nurse opened the valve and clear fluid began to drip down the tube. "Thank you, sir. I love you."

Joel just smiled as he looked into Amy's soft blue eyes for the last time as her eyelids fluttered and closed.

\* \* \*

Joel sat reading the newspaper when a beep from his cell phone interrupted him. He picked it up and glanced at the message, which came from the monitoring app telling him that Amy was awake. He casually folded up the paper and ascended the stairs.

Joel walked slowly into the bedroom and turned on the light. He walked over to the bed where Amy lay, and stood for a minute to take in the sight of his toy, starting with her hips and ass that now formed lower terminus of her little body. With no legs in the way, the curve of her buttocks continued around to the front, looking almost like two eggs laid alongside one another. Sandwiched between them was her inviting pussy, its pouting lips exposed to the world, its crown of short blond pubes the only hair left on her body. He continued his gaze upward, past her nicely-toned stomach that moved slowly up and down with each breath, up to her healthy-sized breasts that still resisted the pull of gravity. The air conditioning in the room kicked in, and, Amy's dark pink nipples hardened as he watched. His eyes followed the contour of her ribcage to where it curved smoothly to a rounded-off shoulder on each side. Amy was beginning to stir, digging her shoulder blades backwards into the mattress a bit in a morning stretch, then turning her head to each side as her neck made a soft cracking sound. It was Amy's head that was her most striking feature now. It still retained its eye-pleasing oval shape, with its high cheekbones and round little chin, but other than that...there was nothing. Her former face was now a smooth expanse of skin, unblemished and unscarred, without a hint of a bump or valley where her eyes, nose, or mouth had been. Her hair was similarly removed without a trace, and on each side of her head, just a tiny pinhole, barely noticeable to the casual observer, from which came a puff of breath every few seconds.

Finally, Joel grew bored with staring and decided to let Amy know he was there. He hopped onto the bed next to her, shaking it, and Amy's little body jerked in surprise. Her head turned in the direction where she felt the motion, almost out of force of habit; there was clearly no longer any reason for her to "look" in any particular direction. Aware of his presence, Amy squirmed on the bed, wiggling her hips and shrugging each shoulder as a greeting. She knew better than to do more than that--she still wasn't allowed to "speak" unless spoken to. Joel waited another minute before he moved towards her; he liked to keep her guessing as to what was going on. Sometimes he would rouse her this way and then leave the room for an hour or more just to confuse her. Today, though, he was ready to get her up. He placed one hand on each of her armless shoulders and

gave them a squeeze, and Amy rolled them around in a circle for him. He then ran his fingertips across her breasts, carefully avoiding her nipples, then ran one finger down between her tits, past her belly button, and tantalizingly close to her already-moist pussy, but then stopped. Amy raised her hips up a few inches as an "offering" of her cunt, but Joel roughly pushed them down with both hands in admonishment...today he was going to make her wait.

He decided it was time to get going with their morning. Leaning on his left hand, he took his right hand and ran it up and down her face. Amy loved the way this felt, as it was her only way to really sense what it looked like. After a few seconds of this, he "spoke" to her, Helen Keller style, pressing his hand lightly on her face as he formed letters in American Sign Language, as they had practiced for so long before her surgery. One by one, the letters formed a sentence.

"Good Morning. Sleep well?"

Amy nodded.

"Bathroom?"

Amy nodded again, this time with more urgency. Joel lifted her up like a baby and brought her to the bathroom. She had her own toilet, with a round bucket on top molded especially to the shape of her ass, which held her in place while she did her business. He placed her securely in the seat and then sat on a stool next to her. After he heard the flow of liquid stop, he raised his hand again to Amy's face.

"Finished?"

Amy shook her head and blushed a bit. For all her sick fantasy that brought her to this state, she was still embarrassed about shitting in front of him, which Joel found amusing and quite endearing. She had always requested that he leave the room while she does it, but he rarely bothered to, and she had no way to know if he was there or not anyway. He sat and watched as she emptied her bowels, her belly visibly straining a bit. He waited a minute or so after the last splash before asking her again if she was done. This time she nodded, and he carefully picked her up and put her face down across his lap before thoroughly wiping her, front and back. He gave her a playful smack on the ass as he flushed, and she wiggled her ass at him in return. He flipped her over so they could "talk" again. "Feel better?" he signed. This time she decided to answer in words, alternately shaking, nodding, and twisting her head to each side, she made her special code for each letter, slower than his hand signs, but remarkably efficient after months of practice. *Yes. Thank you so much*, she finally spelled out.

"Time for breakfast," Joel told her, and headed downstairs carrying his possession in his arms. He walked past the kitchen and into a room where her feeding machine was kept. He laid her face down in a small receptacle with a padded bottom, then reached over to the machine and pulled over a tube with a small valve on the end. With one hand, he spread her ass-cheeks apart, revealing her puckering little asshole, but also, a little metal grommet embedded in her skin right above it. He slipped the tip of the tube into it, then gave it a quarter turn to lock it in place. He then turned a key and pressed a green button on the machine, and a white liquid began churning through the tube and into her

feeding hole. Amy squirmed a bit as the cold liquid first entered her digestive system, but then lay calmly while it finished. The machine shut off automatically after a carefully-measured amount of the liquid nutrition had entered her. Joel disconnected the first hose and plugged another, thinner one in its place, then turned the grommet clockwise again until it clicked. He pressed a white button on the machine, which emitted a loud sucking sound. A thin stream of yellowish liquid, a mixture of mucus and other fluids, dripped into a small tank on the side of the machine. There were only a few ounces today, as usual; the output was higher on the occasions where she had the misfortune of getting sick, but her exposure to germs was pretty limited.

Her day's nutrition and purging of fluids taken care of, Joel brought Amy back to the bedroom to get dressed. He laid her down on the bed, where she shook her hips suggestively, hoping he'd finally take her, but today was going to be frustrating for her. "Stop it", he signed, pressing his fingers firmly into her blank face. Reluctantly, she lay still. Joel slipped her into a pair of panties, then grabbed a bottle of talcum powder off the dresser and lightly sprinkled it over her, turning her over to get both sides. He then lifted her ass up to slide her into one of her special garments, a tight latex bodysuit especially tailored for her limbless state. He worked her butt inside it, slid it over each shoulder, then carefully zipped up the front. He checked that everything was straight and smooth, and nodded approvingly.

Next he rummaged around in the drawer to find her next accessory, a short leash attached to a steel collar, which he carefully secured around her neck. He slid her off the bed and onto the floor, where she balanced gracefully on her buttocks. She wobbled up and down in anticipation knowing that it was exercise time, which she always looked forward to.

Joel patted Amy twice on the top of her bald head, and gave the leash a little yank. Amy took off without hesitation, swivelling her hips back and forth to move herself along the floor. She kept up a steady pace as Joel walked ahead of her, keeping only the tiniest bit of slack in the leash. Her balance was excellent now, a sharp contrast from when Joel first took her home in her new state, and she fell dozens of times a day during her training, marring her otherwise perfect face with bruises. After leading her on a full circuit of the upstairs hallway of the mansion, he carried her downstairs and placed her back down to continue her walk. The carpet wasn't as conducive to her butt-walking, so she switched to hopping. Slowly and deliberately, over and over, she'd scrunch her body up, then spring forward with a mighty effort that lifted her a few inches off the ground and moved her forward about a foot at a time.

Joel let her hop ahead of him until they reached the living room, yanked the leash as an indication to stop, and then picked Amy up. "Time for a few hours on the pedestal. I have some work to take care of. You'll stay still, I hope?"

Yes *sir*, she replied, nodding.

He brought his latex-clad prize to the living room, in the center of which stood a six-foot marble pedestal with a round pillow on top. He carefully centered her hips on the pillow and placed her upon it. Amy sat obediently as Joel stepped back to regard his display piece. She looked beautiful, just a tight hourglass-shaped torso covered in shiny black material, with a smooth round ball of flesh sticking out the top. It amazed him how long

she could sit like that. He knew part of it was based in fear, as she didn't know how far off the ground she was, or what would greet her at the bottom of a fall; in this case, he had the floor nicely padded around the pedestal, but for all she knew it was concrete. "You wouldn't want to break your neck and paralyze yourself," he always told her. "Wouldn't be much of an existence at all at that point, would it?"

Joel sat himself at a large oak desk in the corner and did his morning's work, filling out some contracts and making phone calls. Occasionally he'd glance back to make sure his toy was still in place on its seat. For a moment he just stared at her in wonderment at what she'd become...that this young, beautiful woman, with beauty, education, and all the money she could ever hope for, had decided to live the rest of her life as an object. Her glowing, expressive blue eyes, button nose, and pouty red lips all plucked from her head and expertly smoothed over, her toned arms and long, shapely legs hacked off one by one by the surgeons and tossed into a bin as Joel watched.

He thought about the weeks of recovery she went through, her face at first a hideous mess before going through dozens of procedures to redirect her airways, to smooth over the front of her skull, to attach the expanse of donated color-matched skin, and to sew it all together seamlessly using advanced techniques that cost millions and were unavailable to the general public.

And all this without a hint of regret, either, Joel thought, judging by the way she held her head up proudly, happy to be on display as a work of art in the middle of his house.



Joel's reverie was interrupted by the sound of a ringing doorbell. He checked the security monitor, and saw a tall brunette, dressed only in a short leather skirt, low-cut



top, and thigh-high boots, waiting at the door and fixing her makeup. He made his way to the front hall and opened the door. "Vicki," he greeted her, "on time for a change, I see. Come on in." He took in her skin-tight outfit and high-heeled boots. "You on your way back from a client, or do you dress like that all the time?"

"Yes," she quipped. "Charming as always I see. Where's my princess?"

"On her throne," Joel replied, gesturing towards the pedestal as they crossed the threshold into the living room.

"Ooh, so pretty today. May I?" asked Vicki. Not waiting for an answer, she grabbed Amy by the waist and held her up over her head like a baby.

Joel laughed and shook his head. "Have a seat, I'll grab you a drink."

Vicki sat on the couch with Amy in her lap and stroked her. "*So cute*," she said to herself, and gave Amy a big wet kiss around where her mouth used to be. Amy tilted her head to one side quizzically, unsure of who was holding her. Vicki ran her long fingernails across Amy's bald scalp, which apparently answered her question, and Amy bobbed up and down excitedly in the lap of her new playmate.

Joel walked in with two glasses of red wine. "Thanks, let me just put this down", said Vicki. She deliberately placed Amy just a bit too close to the edge of the couch, grinning evilly as she took her glass. She watched as Amy slipped down ever so slowly, frantically trying to wiggle her butt back to safety, before she finally succumbed to gravity and slid to the ground with a thump, landing on her right hip and shoulder before rolling on her stomach, propped up by her tits.

"That's not nice, you know", Joel said, shaking his head.

"I know. All in good fun, of course. Hey, how do you tell her to crawl again?"

"Just tap her on the butt a couple of times."

Vicki did so, and Amy obediently began to move along the floor, "inchworm" style. She pressed her forehead into the carpet to gain traction, then rounded her back, pulling her hips in, and finally sliding her body forward, a process that gained her about six inches at a time. She began a painstaking circuit around the room as Joel and Vicki talked.

"So here's the time I'll need help over the next three months", Joel began, handing Vicki a piece of paper. "I know it's short notice, but do you think you'll be able to watch her this weekend? I need to fly to Tokyo."

"Ooh, goody. I was hoping you'd ask. I just got a new outfit to try on her."

Vicki was the only one of Joel's friends he had trusted to see Amy's new form so far, and was functioning as her "babysitter" when Joel was out of town on business. She had grown very fond of Amy and always looked forward to her visits. She was quite affectionate with her, spending whole weekends dressing Amy up in different clothes like a doll, cuddling and doting on her, and only occasionally inserting obscenely huge

objects into her orifices. (Joel always told her he didn't mind as long as she didn't do any permanent damage; after all, Amy had literally all day to do Kegel exercises to tighten up for him.) Amy was always excited to find out she'd be sleeping over at "Aunt Vicki's" house.

The two chatted on the couch for a while, glancing over occasionally at Amy's painfully slow progress. Vicki slipped her hand not-so-subtly down her panties and touched herself as she watched Amy bump into a wall and struggle to turn herself around.

"You know, I'm still willing to move in and become a full-time nanny for your little girl here", she said hopefully. "You're a pretty busy man."

"Sure, you just want to live in a mansion. Besides, you'd never let me get my hands on her", Joel replied.

"Damn...you see right through me."

Amy made the mistake of crawling under a chair, and got her head and shoulders stuck underneath before realizing it. Vicki's fingers moved faster as she watched Amy flop around helplessly trying to extricate herself. After a minute, she finally got up and went to her rescue. "Poor thing", she said, dragging her out and rocking Amy in her arms as she carried her back to the couch. She went back to her stroking of Amy's head and neck and began fingering the zipper dangling there. "Can I take this off?"

"Sure, play all you want, just don't touch her pussy. I'm, uh, withholding her orgasm today."

"Hmph. That's not very nice", she said, peeling Amy's clothes off and going to work on her erect nipples, pinching and rolling them between her fingers. Amy writhed in pleasure and frustration.

Joel laughed. "Not nice to you, or to Amy?"

"Both."

"I never said you couldn't get off. It's too bad Amy can't do it for you."

"Funny that you say that. I forgot to tell you about the new trick we worked on last time I babysat her. Watch this."

Vicki hiked up her skirt and slipped her own panties down. She sat Amy between her legs, and hesitantly put her hand to Amy's face. She was still learning how to "talk" to Amy, and she had to think for a moment of how to form each letter. She slowly pressed her hand down three times...E, A, T. she slid Amy down until her head was between Vicki's thighs.

Amy went to town on Vicki's crotch, rubbing her smooth face up and down Vicki's pussy lips while Vicki moaned in pleasure. She gradually picked up the tempo, moving her face side to side and finally using her chin to find Vicki's clit, pressing and rubbing it as hard as she could. Vicki's eyes rolled back in her head and she began playing with her own

tits. As she neared climax, Vicki took charge, getting up and flipping Amy around so her head hung off the edge of the couch. She placed one hand under Amy's head for support as she rode it, bucking her hips wildly and screaming as she came. She slid to the ground, spent, leaving behind a glaze of pussy juice on Amy's face.

"Quite a show", Joel remarked dryly.

Vicki stood up and straightened out her clothes. "Thanks. She's very talented, you know. Anyway, let me clean her up."

"No, don't worry about it...I think I have other plans to keep her 'busy' for a while. Here, hold her while I get the frame ready."

The "frame" was a wooden square hanging on the wall in a side room, with a bunch of notches and grooves in its sides, and a soft cushioned pad mounted inside it. Joel opened a large trunk that sat on the floor beneath it, and took out a curved metal bar about two feet long. He slipped one end into a notch on one side of the frame, then motioned Vicki over. He took Amy from her, and holding her against the pad with one hand, he pulled the bar over her midsection and locked it in place on the other side. Amy's body settled until the bar sat right beneath her tits. She shivered at the feel of the cold metal, but hung there quietly, idly wiggling her ass and lolling her head back and forth as Joel and Vicki admired their wall decoration. "Want to get some lunch?" Joel asked.

"You're just going to leave her there like that?"

"No, I don't think so...too boring. Hold on a second."

Joel rummaged through the trunk and came out with a few goodies. The first was a pair of metal clamps, which Joel placed on each of Amy's already-hardened nipples, her little body thrashing around wildly as each one dug its teeth into her flesh. Next came a long, vibrating dildo, into which Joel put two brand-new batteries, and switched it on. He touched the very edge of it against Amy's pussy lips, which were nearly dripping with moisture at this point. Joel withdrew the toy after a few seconds of teasing, and went back into the box for a bottle of lube.

"I thought you weren't letting her cum yet."

"I'm not", Joel said with an evil grin. He slathered the dildo generously with lube and then began working it into Amy's tight asshole as her body visibly tensed. "You see", Joel said, "One thing you may have noticed about Amy is that she's always been totally incapable of orgasm if nothing's touching her clit or pussy." He worked the last few inches of the shaft inside Amy, and attached two straps on its base to the side of the frame to keep her from pushing it out. "It's a fact that comes in handy on days like this."

They watched Amy as she struggled to deal with the intense stimulation. She was trying to remain stoic, but the flat expanse of her face began turning crimson, and she began to thump her head against the cushion in frustration. Finally, unable to take it anymore, she began flailing her head around in her unique code, begging for release. *Please, no, it's too much, I need to cum. Please, ple--*

Joel "silenced" her by grabbing her roughly under the chin and shoving her head back into the cushion, holding it still. With his other hand he reprimanded her, forcefully pushing his hand into her face with each letter. "You know better than to talk back. Now I'll have to make sure you stay quiet." With that, he grabbed another, smaller metal band, which fit neatly around the sides of her head and across her forehead, and locked it in place. Amy's neck muscles tensed in effort, but her head was unmovable. For good measure, he put a third strap across her wiggling hips, and Amy finally lay completely immobilized against the wall. The rapid pace of her breathing was the only evidence of the distress she was under.

"And I thought I was mean to my subs," said Vicki, shaking her head.

Joel just smiled. "She'll be fine...let's go."

\* \* \*

Two hours later, Joel bid Vicki goodbye at the front door and hung up his coat. He had monitored his vital signs while he was out, and Amy's pulse, originally racing, seemed to have settled down over the last hour or so. He made his way to the back room, where the loud hum of the vibrator could still be heard. Unsurprisingly, Amy was much as he had left her, save for her nipples looking a bit more puffy and red, and a long line of thick liquid dripping from her pussy lips. With one finger, Joel scooped up a small sample of her juices and tasted it. He then undid the straps holding the dildo in place, turned it off, and pulled it gingerly out of her, being careful not to let her asshole prolapse. He carefully removed Amy's nipple clamps, then went to work on unstrapping his toy from the wall. Upon having her head freed from its bonds, Amy made a point of turning her head to the side and up towards the ceiling in protest for what he'd done. Joel was amused by her ability to look pouty, with as little as she had to work with.

Amy fell into Joel's arms as he undid the main strap. She continued to "look" away from him as he brought her upstairs, back to the bedroom, and laid her on her back. Perhaps she's paid her dues for today, he thought, beginning to undress.

Joel straddled Amy on the bed and laid his semi-erect member on her face. She immediately perked up and went to work on it, nuzzling it and bringing him to a full erection in a matter of moments. Her hips began to rock again in anticipation she'd finally get what she had waited all day for. Joel slid down, dragging his cock between Amy's tits, down her stomach, and then laid it to rest against her pussy lips. Amy began to tremble, trying not to seem too eager to have him inside her. Joel put his right hand on Amy's face.

"Tell me what you want."

She whipped her head around frantically in response. *I want to be fucked.*

"Tell me why."

*Because...it's what I'm for. It's all my little body can do now. You see me try to move around, to do anything, I'm useless for anything but having a cock stuck in me. I was made this way so I would be nothing but a nice tight pussy and ass for you to use. So please, sir...please...use me.*

And with that, Joel finally inserted his throbbing dick into Amy's welcoming pussy, which practically sucked it in by itself. The tension visibly left Amy's body as she had her first orgasm almost immediately, then another. All the muscles she had left in her body jerked spasmodically, her head flailing from side to side, her back arching, her hips moving in rhythm with Joel's pumping. After what seemed like an eternity, Joel pulled out and began masturbating furiously. On cue, Amy lifted her head up to provide him a target, and Joel obliged, spraying her face with rope after rope of hot white cum. Amy's head dropped back down to the mattress with a thud, and she lay there exhausted, her rapid breaths making an audible hiss through her earholes as the cum dripped down in every direction.

\* \* \*

Spent from their intense lovemaking, Joel and Amy engaged in what passed for pillow talk. It was one of the few times he allowed her to speak her mind.

*That was the best day ever. Thank you so much for making me into the beautiful fuck toy I always wanted to be. I never imagined it would be so good.*

"My pleasure."

*I think the best part is when you had me on the wall and you made me completely still. Sometimes, it's weird, but I'm sad that I can still move around so much. It's too bad they've taken everything they possibly can from my body.*

"Well," Joel mused, "it's really not *everything*, not just yet. I've been doing some research of my own, you know."

*What do you mean?*

Joel thought for a moment. "Hmm...well first, the whole area around each shoulder is just useless meat...we could probably take both of them off somewhere around here", he said, moving his hands down to her neck and drawing imaginary lines with his index fingers, starting from her collarbones and stopping at a point right alongside each breast.

Amy shivered and wiggled in anticipation. *Ooh, that sounds cool. What else?*

"I guess there's a good chunk of the pelvis that could go, and then we could take off this part of your hips," he said. He used the side of his hands in a chopping motion to indicate a line going from each hip to a spot next to her vagina. "We'd keep some bones there so your pussy doesn't just fold in and flop around, but basically you'd come to a point at the bottom. I'd miss your nice round ass, but that's OK."

*Wow. I wouldn't be able to move around at all after that. No more butt-walking, no*

*rolling over, nothing. I won't even be able to sit!*

"Nope. I guess I'd have to fit your pedestal with a special seat. Or better yet, I'll just have a big rod installed on it that'll go right in your asshole and hold you in place."

*Oh, God, yes, Amy replied, her body gyrating in excitement.*

"And there's one other thing, it's just a theory at this point..."

*Tell me, please...*

"Well, did you know that if you remove one lung and about half the liver, it leaves enough space for the human brain to fit inside the chest cavity?"

*Are you saying what I think you're saying?*

"Yup. We can get rid of that silly blank head of yours and end the top of your body right about...here." With one finger, he traced a line going straight along the top of one shoulder, across her neck to the other. "There really wouldn't be much left of you at that point, or much of anything you could do. Just a squirmy little blob with two tits and a cunt."

*Amy shuddered. Oh my God. That's so scary, but so exciting. I can't even imagine what it would be like. How would I even communicate with you then?*

"I guess we could come up with something by pushing your stomach in and out. Wouldn't be too efficient, but it would work. And when I'm inside you, you can squeeze me with your pussy muscles to talk."

*Why did you have to put that thought in my mind? God, this is so exciting to think about. You know, for my next birthday...*

And with that, Joel got up and made his way out of the room, leaving his toy on the bed excitedly waving its head around. Eventually, he thought, she'll figure out she's alone and shut up. Smiling, he turned off the light and closed the door.