

Magic Limbs

The bell to the shop rings as a tall light skinned human steps in. His brown hair is combed but on the messy side from the events that transpired through the day. Inside is full of wondrous and mystical items that seem to defy reality in one way, while others simply look a bit more science than magic, but deep down he knows the reputation of the shop and that of the shopkeeper, "*I hope it's still here. Sara would be so down if not,*" he thinks approaching the counter where an elderly man with balding white-haired head, and a white mustache merges with his beard. Dressed in an oriental attire.

While smoking from his pipe he says, "Welcome, who comes to to buy forbidden objects where men fear to trade."

"Afternoon Hank, how's business?"

"A little slow."

"That's not good."

"But I've been having big sales."

"That's good."

"Now, what can I do for you?" he asks, with a smile, twirling his beard.

"That item we talked about the other day? The limb reality rearranger?"

He strokes his beard, "Ah yes, you did want to purchase it?"

"I talked it over with Sara and she and I would love to have it," he explains pulling out the money.

"Ah, this will please the lady," he says, reaching over past several other odd curiosities, grabbing a remote device, "Shall I wrap it?"

"Yes please."

"I will warn you, the lock timer button might get a little stuck at times."

"That's bad."

"But the batteries on this will last a lifetime."

"That's good."

"But the cover on the device to remove the batteries can also get stuck."

"That's bad."

"But given enough time, everything should turn out normal."

"That's good," he responds, completing the purchase.

"We only have plastic bags," he says, as Tim takes the item, and after a moment of pause Hank remarks, "That's bad. Environment you know."

"Uh, can I go now?"

"But of course, enjoy your purchase," he says with a chuckle.

Tim makes his way home thinking, "*They say he's a bit weird, but sheesh, I think he watches too many old shows and tries to emulate them.*" The small single-story home, a quaint little place in a peaceful neighborhood out in the suburbs of the city is a wonderful sight. He

steps into the home, enjoying the smell of a home cooked meal wafting over his face, “Smells delicious love. Is that your famous breaded chicken?” he asks, calling out to her.

Coming out of the kitchen with an apron on that reads “Kiss the Cook” is a petite woman, with shoulder length blond hair with skin whiter than freshly laid snow. With red hot lipstick, she rushes up and gives a hug, “Welcome home, how was work?”

He embraces her, “You know, same old thing day in and day out, but I know tonight will be anything but that,” he says, giving her a tender kiss.

She leans into the kiss, hands running down his side, trailing his hand, fingers running across the plastic bag, slowly breaking the kiss, “Oh? Did you get it?” she asks, eyeing it.

“I did, but before we give it a go, I want to taste what you have cooking.”

She huffs a little, “I guess.”

He laughs, “That eager?”

“Aren’t you?”

“Ahh, well, I am curious, and it's making me wonder just how it's going to feel, you know? This is not going to be like the portals where your limbs are just in a dimensional pocket.”

“It’s going to add a whole layer of realism and excitement to this, I can’t wait, but let's eat, I don’t want you to tire out when we’re having fun,” she says with a playful giggle.

In the quaint bedroom with a long dresser along the sides with white frilly covering, that is covered with knickknacks of their times together. The mirror that is attached is covered with pictures of them and friends together over the years. The couple are undressed, Sara with her smooth completely hairless from the neck down, while Tim is an expression of tender masculinity.

Sara holds the black device in her hands, it's cool to the touch yet the buttons have an odd warm rubbery gel feel to them, “There’s a lot of settings on this, selecting the length of limb to remove, length of time, with open ended options that can be undone with the simple undo button,” she mutters, reading the descriptions engraved into the device, “Oh, interesting, it says if the device runs out of power all changes will be reversed.”

He rubs the back of his head, “good to know we have an emergency get out of jail card there. Though I think we should make sure that no matter what, one of us always has a hand free to undo the changes.”

“Of course, now let me test this baby out,” she says with a devilish grin, holding the device out in his direction.

He tenses a bit, but his excitement down below is quickly hardening, thumping in his chest growing ever faster, harder, “Shouldn’t we do a test first? To know how it's going to feel?”

“Of course, we are sweetie, right now,” she says, pressing a button on the remote, which glows at the press.

“Well, I mean ahhh,” he shudders, feeling a pleasing warmth and tingle on the tips of his toes and fingers. It’s like strands of a feather running across his skin, tickling yet a warming pleasure that strands and stretches out and toward him. “Ahh... okay, okay,” he says, watching reality shift and change around his limbs. Like unraveling like someone pulling a single thread from a sweater and unraveling it completely. Further up the arm goes, he insides and everything related to his hands, feet, legs, arms, poofing out into nothingness with a surge of semi-climatic pleasure. A constant burning fuse of delight that draws toward his torso.

“Are you okay?” she asks with concern, her gaze bouncing between him and the limbs that are evaporating away into the ether, wanting to reach out but hesitant to do so.

His cock twitches, huffing, moaning, a growing feeling of pressure building up within his loins, cock aching hard, body feeling a buildup while he lets out a soft deep moan, “Yeah, it feels really good,” he says, taking a deep breath, bucking his hips up to the point his limbs disappear completely leaving perfectly smooth skin, like his limbs were never there, perfectly formed torso.

She giggles, “I like the sound of that,” she says, running her fingers across his aching twitching member, “You are so helpless like this. Perhaps I should get my magic wand and give you a sense of what you gave me.”

He tenses, cock twitching, “I told you, what happened was a bit of an accident.”

Fingers, trailing along his cock head, going down to give it a little kiss, “Yes, I know, why I said perhaps, instead of will,” she says with a playful wink, “Let’s give this baby a go,” she remarks, turning the device on herself.

“Ah, remember we have to have someone with a hand remaining.”

She waves him off, “Relax, only doing my legs for now,” she explains, activating the remote. Within seconds her limbs begin to unravel. She moans, arching her back, placing the remote off to the side, propping herself up as her sex grows hotter, wetter. She gently runs her fingers across her warming vent as her legs turn into nothing but a smoothed round area around her hips. She shudders, “That is just amazing,” she moans, “I can’t feel even phantom limbs, it’s like they were never there, but where they were feels so sensitive,” she shudders running her lower torso against the bed, then up against his, pressing the points where their legs were together, “You’re right it feels so sensitive and good.”

Tim presses his head against the pillow, completely helpless against his lover’s grinding assault, only able to wiggle like a worm at best. Her warm body up against him, excitement building up when her warm sex touches his balls and shaft, enjoying her touch, wanting to press up more, but his current position leaves him wanting and waiting for her next move.

“Enjoying yourself hun?” she asks, grinding herself over his length, positioning her torso over his twitching aching length.

“Y-you can say that deary,” he responds, clenching his butt cheeks, the only thing he can squeeze looking up at her, admiring her lovely form, breasts bouncing with each firm thrust.

“You want this?” she asks with a soft moan, gently herself against his throbbing pillar.

“Yes, please, yes!”

She smirks, trailing her fingers across his chest, gripping his hips, lifting herself up against his twitching member, slowly sliding down it, her warm sex grips his rod, juices flowing down his length, lubricating it to make it easier for her to hilt him deep within her, "I think you're bigger," she groans.

"Well, bigger by comparison now," he chuckles, grunting as he does what he can to thrust into her, but there's little he can do. He admires each move Sera makes, the bouncing breasts, her soft moans, the pleasure of her heavenly petals gripping him, her soft tender hands gripping him while she rides him for all he's worth, pleasure building up in his loins, like a volcano ready to blow.

She tosses him a look, "Funny," but she soon gets lost in the feel. Her body is much lighter, allowing her slender arms to lift herself with relative ease, pounding down onto his body, letting gravity do half the work. Their crotches kiss again and again, gripping his body ever tighter. She continues to use herself as a living fleshlight, quickly pushing him and herself over the edge, the flow of his essence flowing deep within her.

Tim groans, wanting to press himself deep into her, but all he can do is say with heavy breaths, "Damn it Sara. I'd hold you but..." he chuckles.

She leans forward, keeping herself hilted on him, only doing gentle grinds against him to milk every drop out of him, "It's alright, I could give you a hand," she says, pressing her breasts against his chest, kissing him passionately on the lips, fingers gently tracing along his sensitive sides, up around his shoulders, feeling how much he's squirming under her touch, "*He's really enjoying this, perhaps I'd like it just as much,*" she thinks, pondering the thoughts in the back of her mind, enjoying the warm after glow and after care, kiss slowly breaking, "Shall we stay this way for the night?"

He shivers, wiggling a bit, "How about just for a little while then I'd like my limbs back."

"Are you sure?" she asks, drawing little circles on his sides with her fingers.

A tingle runs down his spine, member twitching within her warm vent in its half-hardened state, "Y-yes, very sure," he says, leaning up to give her a smooch on the cheek.

Leaning up against him, she licks along his ear lobe, giving a soft bite, "Oh, alright," she whispers, grabbing the remote and uses it on him.

The reforming of his arms feels just as wonderful as when they disappeared. Strands coming out of the ether, coalescing back into the arms he's always known. A sensitive tingle goes through the limbs with the prickly 'fall asleep' sensation as if he slept on it wrong. Each move of his hands sent another wave of prickly tingles, but over the next minute after the limbs have reformed it returns to normal.

"How's that?" she asks, twirling the remote in her hands.

He flexes his limbs, wiggling his toes, feeling up his arms and legs, "Good. All seems to be going fine and dandy, what would you like to do next?"

"Now that you have your arms back, I want to try having no arms."

"You want to be just a torso like I was?"

"No, I'm thinking of going just armless."

“So, you’ll need me to lend you a hand then?” he asks with a chuckle.

“From time to time. Thinking about the portal fun we had and this, I want to give a try spending a day without any arms.”

“Really?”

“Yes, really,” she says, moving herself over to the remote, reaching for it, “Hope you are ready.”

“I’ll be here to help you love,” he says, “Perhaps it might be good if I…” he says as she zaps herself with the remote.

A soft moan escapes her lips, sex tensing as her legs steadily return while her hands and arms disappear into the ether. The remote in her hands falls away bouncing off the edge of the bed, clattering to the ground, “What was that?” she asks, shuddering as the limb transition takes place.

He sighs, rubbing the back of his head, “Nothing, I’m a bit slow on the draw there.”

“It’ll be fine,” she says, snuggling up against him, kissing him on the cheek.

He smiles, sliding his arm up under her, pulling her claws, gently caressing both smooth ends of her shoulders, feeling her squirm and wiggle against him, her leg wrapping around his.

“H-hey, that tingles,” she giggles, pressing herself closer against him.

“That a bad thing?”

She kisses him tenderly on the lips, “Did I say stop?”

He chuckles, “No, you didn’t,” he responds, giving her a return kiss.

She presses up tighter against him, “There is one thing you can do though.”

“Oh yeah? What’s that?”

“Pull the covers around us, it’s getting a little chilly,” she says with a smile.

Without saying another word, he pulls the cover around them, embracing and enjoying her silky smooth body, the warm breasts up against him, the two spending the rest of the night simply enjoying the other’s touch, while Sara feels excitement and delight in the vulnerability and protection.

Tim is awoken by a loud “Ouch!” He shoots up seeing Sara falling back on the bed, rubbing her foot against the leg, “Are you okay?” he asks, moving over to her, rubbing her sides.

“Yeah, yeah, I stepped on the remote.”

“You should have woken me, I could have gotten it,” he says, going to grab it, giving it a little look over, “Looks alright, don’t want to break it. How are you feeling?”

“I’m fine I said, just like stepping on a Lego.”

He shudders, “Ahh, have you stepped on a Lego before?”

“No, why?”

“Just wondering,” he says, giving her a gentle foot rub, “How’s that feel?”

She wiggles, rubbing her other foot against his thigh, “Much better, but I need to brush my teeth and shower.”

“Let me get your arms back.”

She holds up her foot against his chest, “Wait, wait. Let me try this out for a bit longer.”

“Try this out? Walking without arms?” he asks with a hint of concern in his voice.

“More than that, the entire day without them. There’s something I was left with when I was in bed that day with the portals. Though I still had my arms just unable to access them. Now I can truly feel this.”

“Alright, if that’s what you want, sure. We can always undo it later,” he says, stretching, placing the remote off to the side.

“Exactly. If I need help I’ll let you know,” she says, heading to the bathroom.

“I’m sure you will,” he smiles, letting out a waking yawn, checking the time, “At least I didn’t oversleep,” he remarks, hearing a clattering from the bathroom, “Are you okay?”

“Yeah, just give me a moment.”

“What are you trying to do?”

“Brush my teeth,” she responds with a grunt and huff, followed by another thud.

“Do you need any help?” he asks, poking his head into the bathroom, seeing her butt on the ground, toothbrush between her toes, “Sara…”

She chuckles, jerking her head to get her hair away from her eyes, “I guess I might need a little help.”

“You think?” he responds sarcastically, helping her up, grabbing her toothbrush.

“I had to try on my own first. I think I could get it, if I tried hard enough.”

“I don’t doubt it, and I won’t stop you if you are determined,” he says, helping her out, brushing her teeth.

“I think I’m good now,” she says, spitting out the toothpaste foam.

“How about the shower?” he asks with a sly grin.

She smiles back, “That sounds good to me deary,” she says, with a playful wink, using her knee to slide open the shower door, stepping inside, “I’ll be waiting. I’ll need you to wash my back and my hair.”

His arousal bubbles up, morning wood getting a good work out, “With pleasure,” he slinks into the shower, turning it on, letting the hot water crash onto their bodies, the soap, gently lathering, his hands gently massaging her scalp as she moans, bodies pressed close together, keeping her close, supported, caressing and cleaning every inch of her body, making sure she’s well taken care of before heading to work. Sara remains on his mind, distracting him a little from his manager hardware store position, but nothing too great, meanwhile Sara is tackling her own challenges…

Thud! “Ow, ow, ow,” she feels the sting in her butt from yet another fall, feeling a bit grateful that her clothes provide a little cushion though the swaying of the sleeves is a little annoying despite how much she ignores it. “Not as easy as I thought to dust the shelves,” she says with a huff, the feather dust slipping from her toes, “I can try that later, maybe I need to work my way up instead of the top down,” she says, standing back up, wobbling till she regains her balance, “Falling is a bit more scary now… and exciting,” she says.

“Let’s give dusting one more try, if that fails, I’ll vacuum,” she states, getting herself hyped. She slips the multi-colored feather duster’s handle between her big toe and the rest. The

handle runs across the soul of her foot, pinning it there as she has a grip on it, "So far, so good," she says, walking awkwardly over to the TV stand, that has all kinds of knickknacks on it, everything except... a TV, as its mounted on the wall above it.

"This will be a good start," she mutters, pressing her foot against the pop open glass front doors, carefully sliding one and the other open, wiggling her body to keep balance while she slides the feather duster inside, cleaning her Blu-ray player, dust kicking up in the process. She leans forward, using the heel of her dusting foot to add to balance, "Careful... careful... ahh...ahhh... achoo!" She falls back, another thud followed by a series of ows.

"I was so close!" she exclaims, the duster having slipped from between her toes, stuck between the player and the compressed wood side. She bangs her foot against the floor, "I can do it," she huffs, rolling over onto her knees, standing back up, "If I can't do it that way I have to use my head," she mutters, looking around, going to the kitchen table, using her foot to pull a roller chair out, "Ah, this will work!" she giggles, rolling herself back into the living room.

She tries to grip the feather duster but it slips through, unable to get a grip, "Oh come on, you can't be stuck now," she grunts, her feet sliding across the handle, clamping her feet together, sandwiching it together, pulling it out of its tight spot, "Success!" she giggles, wiggling in the chair, managing to get the duster handle between her toes, "There we go. I think I can do this," she says, hyping herself up.

Without having to worry about balancing herself she dusts, slowly sliding it across the various figurines, knocking a few over, making her stop what she's doing and spend the next minute or two putting the item back in its place, occasionally knocking over another item, fixing it only to knock over the next, and the next, before she manages to stop the domino effect. It happens at least three times during her time dusting and by the end she's panting, feeling a bit exhausted mentally and physically from it all.

She huffs, looking at the time, "That took two and a half hours? Oh boy, no wonder that felt way longer than normal. It was," she says with a giggle, taking a few minutes to lean into the chair, enjoying the accomplishment of having dusted one piece of furniture, "How about I try vacuuming next? That can't be too difficult right? I just hold the handle between my legs and just walk back and forth. Super easy, right?"

She glides the chair across the floor to the closet, looking at the round door knobs, "Ahh... maybe this will be a bit difficult," she mutters, scrounging up her face, leaning back in the chair, placing the soles of her feet on the knob, slowly twisting it, "Dang it!" she grumps as it slips between her feet, but slowly, surely, she manages to hear that click, "Yes!" Then the knob slides back into place before she can pull the door open.

"Dang it!" she grumps, undeterred she continues to twist, turn and pull, till finally she yanks the door open with just a crack, "I knew I could do it!" she giggles excitedly, only to have her foot hit the door and close it with an audible click, "Oh, come on! That's not fair!" she exclaims, repeating the process albeit a little quicker than before, quickly getting the door fully open before getting her celebration.

Her eyes focus on the beautiful red air-vortex vacuum cleaner, wrapping her legs around it, she pulls it out, sliding it toward the outlet with a bit of worm wiggling, along into the living room, and to the nearest socket, “Now all I need to do is plug this in and then we’ll be cooking... oh my, I don’t think I can cook. Perhaps I can try to make a sandwich later?” she mulls over the idea, unraveling the chord, grabbing plug between her toes, and within a few attempts she gets put in.

The vacuum burrs loudly, causing her to jump and scramble to turn it off, “Ah...” she says, catching her breath, “I guess I accidentally turned it on when I pulled it out,” she says, hitting the button that unlocks the handle, “Now to just get up, turn it on and vacuum, easy peasy lemon squeezy,” she remarks, hitting the power button, the engine humming within the vacuum, sending vibrations through the handle and between her legs.

“Ohh... I never... focus, focus,” she says, pushing the vacuum forward with little baby steps, legs tightly gripping the vacuum handle, occasionally using her knee to push the handle up as it slowly slides down her body when she pulls down, but when she pushes forward, it steadily slides up her legs, running across her panties, making her shiver and moan.

She grinds herself against the vacuum, making erratic vacuum lines in the carpet as she pushes it forward with less and less thought, “I need to do this more often,” she mutters, panting, her sex twitching, aching, yet the vibrations are never enough to fully succeed at what her body is getting after, but despite her gross inefficiencies and dropping the vacuum handle twice, she gets the carpet *very* clean.

She huffs, and puffs, leaning back in her chair, “That was fantastic... I wish I could pour myself a glass of wine or something after that,” she giggles, looking at the time, “It’s two past noon? Where does the time go?!” And as if on que she feels a rumble in her stomach, “I need to eat,” she looks at the messy cord on the floor, “But first,” she says with a slightly defeated sigh, taking a moment to get the process to wrap the cord back up in order. She tries to use her feet and viciously struggles with it, but when she slides it between her toes and she simply guides the chord up and down around the vacuum it becomes a much easier affair.

“At least it’s easier to put it away than taking it out,” she says with a pleasant sigh, sliding the chair into the kitchen, rolling across the faux hardwood floors, “Time to make a sandwich,” she mutters, feeling at ease at least that the wrapped bread, paper plates and lunch meats are all within leg reach. She places them on the floor, flopping the wrapped lunch meat on some paper plates that weren’t flipped upside down and left as a “lost cause” to turn around.

“I think I’ll forgo any condiments and see if I can just make a basic sandwich,” she says about to start when she stops herself, noticing the condition of her feet, “How foolish of me. To think I wouldn’t wash my feet before making a sandwich. I want to eat it, and it not be disgusting,” she reasons, going over to the kitchen sink.

She looks at the high angle of the sink, the twist knobs, the saving grace of a yellow bottle of antibacterial soap within foot’s reach. The process was to stay the least, a wet mess with water running down her legs, getting her shorts wet, the bottle of soap bouncing out of

reach but thankfully after getting enough soap to leather and wash her feet, followed by ruining half a roll of paper towels as she cleans and dries her feet.

“I never imagined just how difficult the simplest things are without arms and hands,” she says, playing with the slide seal bags to unseal the meat, pulling the little plastic clip that gives her access to the bread, which she accidentally smashes one in the process. She drops a few slices of meat on the floor, and the feeling of the cold meat between her toes sends shivers through her. The whole process takes a solid thirty minutes to complete and when done half the ingredients have gone to waste.

“Finally! I did it!” she giggles, “Now to just...” she attempts to grab it with her feet, trying to contort it forward toward her face, but the flexibility is just not there and the sandwich slips from her tootsies, flopping onto the ground. With the exasperated sigh she says, “I deserved that one.” She takes a moment to collect herself, looking down at the mess, “I’ll make a second sandwich and then clean up,” she mutters, repeating the process albeit with half as much mess made.

She safely slides her completed sandwich off to the side, out of the way while she takes a fair bit of time to clean up the waste, overcoming the difficulty of just tossing it all into the trash, with the one saving grace that wiping up the floor with her feet is easy enough.

When all is said and done her stomach growls loudly, she slides off the chair, worming her way over to her meet and hungrily chowing down on her victory, enjoying the fruits of her labor, “*I’ve never tasted so something so delicious in my life,*” the tears of success rolling down her cheeks when she hears the door open.

“Honey I’m home! I hope you were able to manage your day well enough,” he says, walking into the kitchen to find her with a half-eaten sandwich on the floor, some of it covering her face, “Sara! Are you okay?” he asks, rushing down to help her onto her feet, picking up the plate, and placing it on the countertop.

“Yeah, I’m fine. I was just enjoying my lunch.”

“Your lunch? It’s practically time for dinner.”

“Ah, I guess time really flies when doing little tasks.”

“You wait here, I’m going to get the device and get your arms back.”

“Wait, wait.”

He stops and turns to her with a concerned look, “Yes?”

“I want to go a bit longer.”

“Are you sure? You were struggling just to eat a sandwich; I can’t imagine how your entire day went.”

“Exactly. I’m enjoying myself, finding a struggle in the everyday tasks.”

“What about your job?”

“I’m on vacation for a week, remember? I should be able to do it for that long.”

“A whole week?”

“Yeah, anything wrong with that?”

He rubs the back of his head, sighing, “Alright, but you sit down and I’ll make us a good dinner.”

“Don’t worry too much about me, I’ve already eaten,” she says, licking her face clean. He shoots her a little look, “I’m making *us* dinner and there’s nothing you can do to stop me.”

“Oh yeah?”

“Yeah, what are you going to do, slap me for treating you?”

She puffs her cheeks.

He chuckles, “Hey, you decided to do this, I have to have a little fun, right?”

She gets up, walking over to him, giving him a head butt.

“Ow! What was that for?” he asks, rubbing his head.

“Nothing, wait till you really do something. I’ll show you what I can still do,” she says with a wink.

“I get it, but I’m still making us dinner, you’ve had your hands full dealing with...ow!” he exclaims getting another head butt, “What about that one?”

“I’ve been hands free all day.”

He chuckles, “I suppose so, will me saying lending you a helping hand give me another head butt?”

“No, but it will give you a kiss,” she says, kissing him on the cheek.

“That I can live with,” he says, cooking themselves up something nice and delicious, which he could easily help Sara eat without causing a big mess.

The next couple of days, Tim would ask her if she’d like to go back and each time she’d refuse, adamant about wanting to really immerse herself in going with a life without arms. She was stubborn and by day four, he had given up on all hope of talking her out of it before the end of the week.

Sara took her time working on getting things done. Using the chair to dust across the living room, using the tools around the house to compensate for her lack of arms. She’d clean and dust one room at a time, using the couch to lay down and wash the windows, discovering it is much easier to simply put the spray on the cloth, then wipe the windows down to get a lovely clean.

“Haha! I can do it!” she exclaims, pressing the handle of the vacuum cleaner tightly between her legs, the vibrations kept far enough away from her sensitive regions to keep her focus, while she takes half-steps to push and pull the vacuum with seemingly relative ease. The erratic lines gone as the smooth streaks of the vacuum have taken their place. Still, everything took *much* longer than it did before, but now she could allocate time to do it, and have lunch at a reasonable time without creating a *total* mess.

On the sixth night, Tim is in bed, pleased with the knowledge he has no work tomorrow, “Are you doing alright in there? Need me to come in and brush your hair?”

Sara hops herself out of the bathroom and shakes her head, “No, I’ve actually got it, look at this,” she says, sitting down, propping herself up against the wall as she holds the brush firm

between her toes, using the soul of her foot to provide extra stability. She lowers her head and brushes her hair with surprising effectiveness.

“Well look at you, if I didn’t know better, I’d swear you were born that way. When did you get that flexible? And why did you never tell me that you were?” he chuckles.

“Funny,” she says, finishing, getting back onto her feet, “Just you lay there I’ll be there and I’ll be right there,” she says giving a playful wink, “Oh, I hope you didn’t bother to put on any pants to bed.”

He chuckles wiggling under the smooth bed sheets, butt naked, “Nope.”

“Perfect,” she says, taking a moment in the bathroom, using her body to turn off the lights, “I hope you’re ready for a fun time,” she says, sauntering over, swaying her hips with each step.

“I am, but are you sure you don’t want to undo the changes now?”

“What can another day hurt?” she remarks.

He sighs, “I figured as much,” he says, reaching up to help her into bed, pulling her under the covers, gently running his hands along her sides, “You’re not squirming as much when I rub your shoulders.”

“I think I’ve gotten used to it and it's not as sensitive.”

“I see,” he says, reaching down to gently cup her smooth breasts, caressing around the warm spheres, fingers caressing her nipples, “Now, what would you like to do?”

She grins, “I have an idea that you will really enjoy.”

He quirked an eyebrow, “Really now? What is it that you had in mind?”

She kicks off the covers, “Here let me get behind you.”

“Don’t mind I do,” he says, positioning himself in front of her.

“Rest your head on my breasts.”

“What is this my birthday?”

“I’d smack you if I could,” she chuckles.

“You could if you wanted to,” he replies, resting his head against her bust, feeling how soft and supple they feel, head slipping between them, “Okay, now what?”

“You relax and keep your hands to yourself as I do the rest,” she says, wrapping her legs around him, the soles of her feet caressing and rubbing his half-mast cock.

“A-ah... what are you... ohhh,” he huffs, watching her, hands gently caressing her legs, as her soft feet caress his length, “Have you been using lotion? Your feet are so soft.”

“Are you saying my feet were rough before?” she asks giving his length a little squeeze between her feet.

“No, no, not at all.”

“Good, and what did I say about keeping your hands to yourself?”

“What? Can’t I give you a little something back with a gentle caress of your beautiful legs?”

“I suppose you can,” she says with a smile, bending down to kiss him on the forehead before continuing to rub his length, her toes squeezing along his cock head, helping him get ever harder with each passing rub.

He softly moans, grunting, hips bucking up into the air but she forces him back down with his feet, “You’re surprisingly good with this,” he says, gritting his teeth, watching his length get hold between her big toe and the second. Pre-cum lubricates his head, making her squeeze all the more elegant and delightful as she rubs it down his length, pumping his member with one foot, and caressing the top of his head with the other.

“How does that feel? Pretty awesome right?” she asks, her excitement rising with each breath, pumping his twitching member faster, feeling it throb and twitch under her feet, enjoying his warmth against her smooth naked body, his building excitement, everything on him, to provide relief from a hard day of work, feeling his build up as if it were her own.

“It’s wonderful,” he moans, bucking harder, caressing Sara’s thighs, holding her closer, enjoying the comfort while his pleasure builds ever higher and before he knows it he unleashes himself, his essence spewing forth coating her dainty feet and himself with it, “Ah fuck,” he mutters between heavy pants.

“How about you clean the mess you made then?” she asks with a giggle rubbing her feet against his spent length.

He looks up at her, “The mess I made?”

“It wasn’t my dick that made it now was it?”

He chuckles, “Fair enough,” he says leaning up to give her a tender kiss, enjoying the tender time with each other, drifting off into another night of embracing sleep with the one he loves...

“Wake up! Wake up! We’re late!” exclaims Sara, practically pushing him off the bed.

“Huh, wha?” he remarks slipping and falling off to the side with a thud, “Ow...” he says, working to get himself untangled from the bed sheets.

Sara rushes over to him, “Sorry I should have better set the alarm, but we need to get to hospital.”

The fog in his mind instantly dissipates, his heart race increases, “Hospital? What happened?” he asks, quickly standing up.

“The appointment with the doctor. We can’t miss it. Now hurry, help me get dressed and let’s going.”

“Appointment? What appointment?”

“Oh, you’re having one of your moments again, are you? It’ll become clear soon just help me and go to the local hospital on 11th Downer’s Street.”

“I know where it is,” he says, rubbing the back of his head, “*Did I really forget a doctor’s appointment for her?*” he thinks as she rushes him to get dressed, “If there’s a doctor’s appointment, we should get you set back to normal.”

She tilts her head, “Back to normal?”

“With the remote,” he says, going to grab it.

“A remote is not going to bring me back to normal, now come, we’re late enough as it is!” she exclaims, rushing downstairs.

He takes a deep breath and sighs, grabbing the remote, putting it into his pocket, “Guess we’ll use it when we get there,” he mutters, heading downstairs, taking her to the hospital.

“I know this has been a big inconvenience for you sweetie with all that has happened, but I appreciate that you are sticking by me through this.”

“What are you talking about? I love you; I am not going to be unconvinced taking you to a doctor’s appointment. I just wish you told me sooner and weren’t so adamant about not using the remote before bed.”

“Again, with the remote, what do you mean with that?”

“The one we’ve been having fun with all this week? That one?”

“Oh... oh! That one, hun, I don’t think there’s a time for that right now to play with that remote.”

He pulls into the hospital’s parking lot with a curious look, “Huh? This is the perfect time.”

She giggles, “You devious little soul, or did you forget why the point of the appointment?”

“Sorry Sara but I don’t have the foggiest of what you are talking about.”

She sighs, “The car accident did do a number to your memory, didn’t it.”

“Car accident? What car accident?”

“Let’s get to the doctor, and I’ll let him know you’re having another episode.”

“Sara? Car accident? Look, before we go, let me just use this remote, oaky?”

“Dear I don’t have those eggs in me right now, the remote isn’t going to do anything,” she says with a little chuckle before her face grows serious, “But with your memory I’ll forgive you, at least this time,” she says with a concerned smile, “Now let’s go.”

“Sara,” he says, grabbing onto her shoulder, “This remote isn’t for that. It’s a magical remote that can make limbs appear and disappear. We used it on each earlier in the week and you wanted to go a week without it. Remember?”

“I don’t know what you are talking about. It would be nice to get my limbs back from the car accident, and I know we were looking for it, but the magic shop didn’t have it remember?”

“Wha? No, no, no. It’s right here,” he says, pulling out the remote, “I brought it with me. Now, if you just let me, we’ll have your arms back in a jiffy.”

“We don’t have time for this Tim... but if it makes you feel better, we’ll do it. Go, zap away.”

“You’ll see,” he says, taking aim with the remote, hitting the button and... nothing. His heart starts to race, “But... this can’t be,” he says, playing with the remote, only to notice that the button for limb removal is stuck, “It must have gotten stuck when it was stepped on or dropped...”

“Tim, love? I know you mean well, but we have a doctor’s appointment to go to?”

He takes a deep breath, calming himself, “I know... I know, let’s get going,” he says, getting out of the car, helping her out.

“Thank you.”

“Anything for you,” he responds, his mind going a mile-a-minute, *“Something must have happened. We’ll do this appointment, and better understand the breadth and depth of this change. All of reality couldn’t have changed to fit her condition... could it? One thing is for sure that once this is done, I need to head back to that magic shop, perhaps Hank will shed some light on the situation.”*