

# A Lot of Leg

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# Introduction

So okay. It was all pretty strange at first.

I was confused. Very confused. And I had a lot of questions but no way to ask them.

I guess there's a lot to get our readers caught up on.

My name is Judy. I'm 30-ish, married, American, female, no kids thank you very much, and I work in tech stuff. You can probably surmise that "30-ish" is a strategic choice for "over thirty" because 20-somethings just give their real age, and that I live on one of the coasts in a major metro. Both of those assumptions would be correct.

Other things about me that are maybe more interesting, and probably relevant here:

- My husband Mark and I have been together 6 years (married 2), and have somehow managed to maintain some kind of open relationship. It's hard to explain I guess, except to say that something just has always 'clicked' where our own interest in the other's pleasure simply outweighed any feelings of jealousy, and that we've both worked hard enough on ourselves to fight any anxieties about inadequacy. So when you find out where we're headed with this story, don't judge mmkay?
- It helps probably that both of us are a bit kinky, stay tuned for details at 11.
- Our current 'interest' in that world has been another couple we met a couple weeks before, overall pretty similar profile, named Lucas and Maggie. They're both very tall, lanky, and athletic. Mark and I are pretty fit too, but not to the de-

gree of these two. Where we last left our hero (that's me, lol) I was third-wheeling it with the two of them at some kind of fundraiser for a coral reef thing. Mark, sadly, was out of town on a work trip to Belgium and later Amsterdam. Yes it's weird to me that we are adults.

- I am, at the present moment in our story, nothing but a pair of legs. That's right. Just. Legs. Well okay, I have a pair of hips, and my ass connecting those legs. But everything over the waist? Gone. Not there. Poof. Magic.
- I also get a lot of complements on my legs. And I wore a pretty short skirt the night in question.

I guess, in light of that, I can back this story up to earlier, so we can explain just how that all came to be.

## **First Arrival**

Let's jump in right after we'd arrived at this shindig. We'd gotten our ride over. All of us were dressed up, maybe just a *little* bit. I was wearing a skirt and blouse, Maggie was in a flowery dress, Lucas at least had nice pants on, and not that this is important to the story, but his wrinkly button up shirt was open enough to make it clear there wasn't another shirt on underneath it. Yum.

"You know," I said to Lucas, strategically hooking my arm in his. Maggie had just gone off to leave her coat somewhere, and I wanted her to catch us together when she came back. "It's still weird to be at one of these things and not be working it."

We both took glasses of wine off a tray that was being offered.

“Yeah, I’m sure you can tell we’re both not quite the ‘fundraiser’ demo,” said Lucas. “But Mags used to go to school with Trisha, who’s the director of the reef thing, and honestly we had a pretty good time last year.”

“It um, seems pretty cool,” I said. “At least the fish tanks are awesome.”

Then, something walked by. Two somethings, actually, or really, two rather attractive female someones.

Both of our necks snapped around as watched them pass. I never actually found out who they were, although that question had been on my mind at the time.

Both of them were, how do I put this accurately: Half Girls? Magic half girls?

That is, they were lower halves. Similar to where we last left me actually. But unlike me, they had heads.

Heads attached right to their hips. And that’s all. Nothing else.

Obviously there was some kind of body magic involved. Nothing I’m a stranger to, but not something I have a ton of experience with either.

I’ll jump out and summarize, just for kicks, that said experience:

- Way back in college, we found this bar that had a magic, working, guillotine. Shenanigans ensued. Often. Turns out I am full capable of losing my head if it is not firmly attached.
- Speaking of heads, you know how I said Mark and I can be a bit kinky? We uh, like to swap. I suppose we’re really swapping bodies and keeping our heads, but when most people think of a ‘head swap’ that’s what they’re imagining.
- I’ve learned through experience that the optimal way to take a road trip is without any arms or legs. You can fit more easily in the middle seat (or let’s be honest, the trunk or anywhere else, it’s not like you can do much about where they put you). You don’t need to worry about leg room. And nobody is going to ask you to drive.

- That's mostly it, I just really like bullet points. Story Continues:

"Cuties," I said, lustily under my breath to Lucas.

"I know right," said Lucas.

Just then Maggie came almost running up to us. She had a delighted smile already on her face, looked to see Lucas and myself arm in arm, then gave us another crooked little grin.

"They have a machine here," she said, pausing on nearly every word. "That shorties people."

"That *shortens* people?" I asked, with a raised eyebrow.

"No, shorties – you know –"

Maggie gestured with both hands across her hips. It was not very clear what she was trying to show.

"You just about snapped your neck checking them out," said Lucas, nodding in the direction the two pieces of half-chick eye candy had gone.

"Ohhh," I said with recognition. "That's a good name for those."

"You've never heard that?" said Lucas. "I thought you were into magic stuff."

"Shh," I said, "I just like to try on boys."

I gave him a look that referenced the previous weekend. Relevant Keywords: #Genderbender #69.

"You have to do it," said Maggie, looking directly at Lucas. "I want a little shorty boyfriend."

"All right," said Lucas, with a shrug. He seemed to be waiting for something else to be added on.

"And stay that way all week?" ventured Maggie.

"Ehh," said Lucas perhaps as a negotiation tactic.

"You'll obviously be shared with people who want to fuck you," offered Maggie.

"All right," sighed Lucas, as if he was actually conceding something in this exchange.

"Wait," I said, pulling his arm in tighter. "If that's what you're offering, I want in on this too."

"Hmm," said Maggie, with a raised eyebrow. "I suppose you two could be a package deal, at least until your *husband* returns from his *business trip*."

"You hear that Lucas? Sounds like you're now my official fake boyfriend."

I slid my hand over into his back pocket possessively.

"About to be half a boyfriend," said Maggie. "Chopity chop, Let's go."

She gestured with her head towards where both she, and the two shorties had come from. As we followed her, she slowed down and hooked an arm around my shoulder.

"You know," she said. "Seeing as how you're muscling in on my man, and also how I'm going to be taking care of your helpless half sized ass, I'm calling dibs on that husband of yours when he gets back."

"Oooh," I said with a grin. "You can get some of that home from a trip wife sex."

"Oh he's going to be the wife," said Maggie.

"If you're turning my husband into your wife," I said. "I'll just have to turn your boyfriend into a slut."

"I guess that's a fair deal," said Maggie with a kiss on the side of my forehead. "Anyway, this is the thing—"

She stopped and pushed both of us by the ass towards a metal shipping container painted black. It had a large silver door mounted on one side and the words "DAS MASHEEN" painted on in big yellow letters.

Lucas and I made eye contact. Then we went inside the machine.

# It's Shorty Time

And when we came out a minute later ...

"Oh my god, look at us," I said to Lucas. "We're shorties!"

"You say that like you didn't just learn that word five minutes ago."

"Shut up. This is great. I feel adorbs like this. And you look adorbs."

"Thanks I guess," said Lucas.

"Oh come on! This is the perfect shape for you."

"That's what Maggie always says too."

"Well she's right! If it were up to me, you'd always be half a dude."

"Yeah, I do get a lot of attention like this I guess," said Lucas.

"Well of course!"

"You know, it's just kinda ... convenient to have arms. Like I'm going to have to cancel rock climbing this week. Again."

"And I won't get my tits fondled," I said, sticking my tongue out. "Life is so hard for half people. Where did your girl go?"

Lucas kind of shrugged with his hips. "Not sure. Knowing her, probably the buffet."

"Which we're too short for!" I said, happily.

"We should have finished our drinks," said Lucas.

"We can get straws!" I said.

"Yeah, if we get the bartenders attention..."

"Lucas," I said, getting in his face. "We're two adorable pieces of ass. Just right here free for the grabbing. You think we'll have a tough time getting attention?"

"Not really," he said with a grin. "I just like seeing you get worked up."

Then he hip checked me into a dude waiting by the bar.

# Uh-Oh

We got drinks. Made out. Danced. Traded butt grabs for bites of horderves, and lap dances for more drinks, and more lap dances for plates from the buffet. We got teased mercilessly by Maggie, who had found some dude named Jim with “An Entire Body” who was “Twice the Man My Boyfriend Is.”

Then we made out a bit more.

And little by little, we had more similar company. As others stopped at DAS MASHEEN, positioned right by the photo booth, we had our own ‘shorties only’ section of the dance floor, did a few more things with others in the same predicament we were.

I found myself looking out over a whole group of us, and realized that I hadn’t yet updated Mark about any of this yet. But my phone was in my jacket, which was back at coat check, and I would need arms to use it, so...

No problem. Just go back in DAS MASHEEN and get a quick restore, snap a few pics, then I would be back to being half-Judy.

Or so I thought.

I went in the machine. Just like before, I stepped on the big green panel in the middle of the thing. The room lit up with red light, and there was a countdown on the screen from five down to zero. Then a zapping noise.

All of that went according to plan, just like it did before when it sizzled our upper bodies away and left us like that.

Zap.

But this time. Not quite the same. I kind of knew what had happened right away.

That about catches us all the way up to where I started.

The only difference from before was that now my head was gone.



What was weird about this was... I could still see everything around me. And I could hear everyone around me talking.

Now, as you might have guessed, I've at least tried out being headless. I'd describe the experience a bit like being underwater, in the dark, with earplugs. Or really, without even the ability to imagine what those things might be like if you had a head.

Some people get really into it. I admit it can be kind of relaxing. But after just a couple minutes, I'm always ready to get my head back. I like seeing things. And hearing things. I like having a mouth. I especially like the things I can do with a mouth.

So of those, I guess I was still at 2/3. Somehow I could hear. No explanation for that. And somehow I could see, but it wasn't exactly like ... seeing. It was a bit more like just having an unexplained mental picture of what was around me. Which was in more or less every direction for like 10 feet or so before it just became fuzzy and indistinct.

That's how I knew, more or less right away, what had happened. I could see myself, just a lower half, walking around the party. And I could see the heads turn to follow my ass as I walked by.

Still though. I was confused.

Like for one, what happened to my earrings. I really liked that pair.

I could ask the same question about my tank top and shirt, but that hadn't seemed as big of a deal at the time.

It also occurred to me that I didn't have a heart. I was also missing my lungs. My stomach. Shit, now my *brain* was gone.

I knew Lucas would probably just shrug his cute little hip-shoulders and go "Magic."

But I still wanted to make him do it.

Oh wait. How was I even going to ask a question. Of him or of anyone. For that matter where was he? How was I going to find him or anyone when I could only sense a few steps away?

“Oh hey there little Judy,” said someone nearby. I zoomed my focus over to them. It was Maggie. Oh thank god. I walked my ass over to her.

“It looks like she went in the machine again,” said Lucas. He was right beside her hip, her hand resting comfortably on his ass.

Shit they were cute like this. I could see why she made him do it.

For lack of any words to say, I shook my ass back and forth a bit.

“Lucas was just saying you wandered off somewhere.”

Then I thought of something. I stood up on one foot and ‘nodded’ with my free foot.

“Guess she can do yes or no at least,” said Lucas.

“Were you trying to get restored?” asked Maggie.

I nodded my foot.

“Hm, yeah, DAS MASHEEN only works in one direction. It just reduces you to your essentials.”

I nodded. And shook my ass again.

“Well,” said Maggie, taking out her phone. “I better at least show your husband what has become of you.”

It did occur to me that I should have just gone to ask for her help in the first place.

Still, this wasn’t ... all bad. I liked this better than the usual process of being without a head.

I had one more question though. I still needed a good way to ask it.

“Well,” said Lucas, “Guess we won’t get to swap our heads this week either.”

A week. Right. That was the answer.

Womp womp noise.

## Double Uh Oh

Anyway. No reason to become a bum just because I was well, a just a bum. Har har.

You know, the other thing that was a bit frustrating was that I could no longer make any jokes. Still though. I went back to the dance floor. Over the remaining evening I found a vocabulary of dance moves, hip thrusts, toe taps, and twerks.

I wasn't even the only one to return to the machine twice. Also reduced to a lower half sans head were two other girls, possibly the same two who'd caught our attention earlier in the night, and a guy who seemed like he'd already been pretty drunk based on his limited mobility before stumbling on his own feet.

And you know what? I was starting to enjoy this. Sure I couldn't talk (or eat or drink, which I had some real questions about for later). But sure as fuck could dance, and pretty much anyone is down to dance with a random piece of ass that comes their way.

That's how things progressed. I had to watch Lucas make out with a couple other shorty girls. And oddly, it made me a bit jealous. Maybe because he was supposed to be *my* fake boyfriend that night. But probably more because I couldn't do the same thing. Because I didn't have a face anymore.

Finally though, the thing was winding down and we were on our way back. Maggie called an Uber and went to get our stuff from the coat check. That left Lucas and myself just waiting there.

Next to DAS MASHEEN.

"I dare you to go in again," said Lucas, giving me a bump with his hip.

Fuck. I had no way to make a comeback, or to dish it back to him. This was sometimes so frustrating.

"You know it might leave you as just a pussy," he said.

I'm sure he'd like that. Well, fuck that, I decided.

So anyway, then I went back in again.

## **A Lot of Leg**

"So that's the story," said Maggie. "Lucas goaded her into it, so he uh... got what he deserved."

"Huh," said Mark, squinting at me. "So Judy..."

"Yep. Your wife is only a single leg now. And she's got ESM that lets her hear us by the way."

I hopped up and down to confirm this. It was mostly all I had.

We were at the airport, picking up Mark. We didn't really need to park and go inside, but Maggie had anyway, I guess so that I could 'greet' him in this state. She'd even bought a welcome home balloon and tied it around my thigh.

But yes. This was the result of that third visit to DAS MASHEEN. I was now nothing but a single leg. I was a right leg, if that matters, but I suppose to actually have right and left legs, one would need two of them.

"Well," said Mark, "At least she's got some nice fucking legs."

Legs shouldn't have been plural. I wanted to correct him but had no way of doing so. Fuck this was driving me nuts.

“She was fully there when I called dibs on you though. And given that Lucas is well —”

She showed Mark something on her phone. He raised both eyebrows.

Then they started making out.

God dammit. God fucking damn it.

Not because I was jealous. Far from it. Because I was horny. And being just a leg, well, do the math. I wasn’t able to get very far in the department of getting laid.

All that I had gotten was jacked off onto by Lucas, with an assist from Maggie. Excepting someone who was really into feet, that seemed to be about all I could offer as involvement.

Still I could hop. I had no idea how I was even able to balance like this but I was. And I still had the same “Extra Sensory Magic” (as I’d learned the term) that let me see and hear, along with “Nutrition Replacement Magic” that solved the lack of being able to eat or drink.

So I’d been able to stay this way. For a while.

Mark and Maggie composed themselves again, and Mark scooped me up with the rest of his luggage and put me mostly into his backpack. Then we started heading back to the car.

“You said she’s like this until Sunday?”

“Saturday midnight,” said Maggie.

“It’s what – still only Wednesday here?”

“Yeah,” said Maggie. “She did say I could be your replacement wife though. She said I could have wife sex with you.”

“Is that true, leg-wife?”

I was being unpacked and tossed into the back of Maggie’s car with the rest of Marks’ luggage.

I nodded my foot.

"Nice," said Mark, tracing a finger up and down my thigh. "You know, honey, I hope you realize that I'm absolutely going to have to turn you into a lamp."

Shit. How could I blame him for that. I just wished I could actually laugh.

## Epilogue

"How does it feel to be back?" said Maggie, handing me a glass of whiskey. I was on their couch. It was Sunday evening. I'd been restored finally almost a whole day.

I breathed in a deep breath.

"It feels fucking great!" I said. Letting go of the breath. Tasting the air rushing out of my mouth. Tasting the whiskey in the glass.

"It wasn't bad being like that," I added. "Actually it was mostly really fun to just hop around like that, but I just ... you know, a week is a while to go without getting ..."

"Sex," said Maggie, matter of factly.

"Yes," I said. "And food and talking, and making out with people, and you know, all the good stuff."

I stretched my arms up in the air. It was even nice to have a bit of a sore back from the gym.

"Well," said Maggie, picking up her purse from the kitchen table. "I thought it would only be fair, given that Lucas was at least a bit responsible here, if you had a chance to uh... enjoy him a bit."

Then she pulled him out. And tossed him over to me where he landed in my lap.

"Oh fuck," I said. I started laughing.

I picked him up, stroking what little there was of him. Well, what there was wasn't necessarily "little." But it was ...

Yeah, it was his dick.

And that was all. The end. Maggie had let him run around as half a guy for like a day, before deciding through some kind of arbitration I was not party to, that his 'crime' merited a stronger penalty than just being half a dude.

"I mean, I was the one who went back in there," I said, starting to fondle Lucas to attention.

"Sure, but he both dared you and tempted you, and I think he might have known more than he was letting on."

"Yeah, probably," I said. "Of course..."

I paused to make sure Lucas was fully at attention.

"Of course there was the other weekend when we said we were going to head swap with the guys, and then just ... didn't give them our bodies."

"And we just dropped them off at Ashley's? I really liked that. We need to do another boy's weekend together."

"Well yeah," I said. "So on that topic. There's just a small mix up here."

I unzipped my pants and showed her.

"Oh wow," said Maggie, her eyes growing wide. "And you're already hard?"

"I got what you want from the waist down baby," I said, giving myself a stroke. "Also, what's even better, is this afternoon I could come onto my own tits."

Maggie's eyes were fixated on my cock. Sure, borrowed from Mark, but now it was mine.

"So you and Mark already swapped... I guess not bodies, but ... halves?"

"Kind of," I said. "He's actually um..."

I picked up my phone and brought up a picture.

"He's a shorty with your legs?"

"Yep. And currently at a his card game with a bunch of bros."

"Well," said Maggie, reaching down between my legs. "Uh, sorry for the mix up I guess."

"Not at all," I said. "And you know, I still think I want to hang on to this little cock boyfriend you've got, just for fun... since he did trick me into turning into nothing but a leg, then he at least got to be a living dildo all week while I just hopped around."

"That's only fair."

"Plus," I said, setting him down on top of my dick. "My dick is just a little bit bigger. And now I'll have a picture to prove it."

I snapped a photo on my phone.

"Fuck this is hot," said Maggie. "Can we fuck already."

"Definitely," I said, kicking my pants the rest of the way off.

"You know," she said, "Even after I spent all week riding this same dick of yours, I am definitely ready for another round here."

Then. Yeah.