

Careless What You Wish For

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"I dunno bro, chicks just don't make sense to me. Carly's always drinking, getting rowdy and living it up – she should be totally amped that they don't need me at the bar this month, but instead she's majorly aggro."

Incongruous as the words were, emerging from so gorgeous a girl, Murry made the surreal clash of surfer-bro and supermodel work effortlessly. Her Polynesian tattoos, band shirt and ripped denim jeans seemed only to accentuate her elegance and vitality, even as they hinted at her laid-back lifestyle, crashing on couches and catching new jobs as frequently as she did waves.

"You tried calling her again?" Cassy asked.

"Yeah, nothing. She's probably already out on the town by now."

Cassy held her tongue, as she thought of multiple things she would have liked to say about that, and about the woman, Carly, who had so troubled her precious friend.

Not that Murry showed much outward perturbation.

Despite spending that past night on Cassy's own couch, and even in the intermittent yellow wash of the streetlamps, the woman still looked stunning. Her long, scruffy hair always seemed to settle into a perfect flow. Her supple brown skin was flawless, even without exfoliation. Her voluptuous figure stayed fit despite how she ate, drank, and made merry with regular abandon.

It was only the downturned brows, and the knot of frustration they wore, which belied her casual look. Still, even in her low moments, Murry was gorgeous.

Cassy sighed, as she admired her dear friend anew, giving her hand an affectionate squeeze, in lieu of saying anything she might regret later.

The paler woman was a looker herself, she knew that, but Murry had never been the sort to fall for looks alone. Indeed, she hardly seemed aware of her own beauty, or her infectious, upbeat charm.

Murry had no idea what a catch she really was.

Otherwise she would never have gotten involved with a woman like Carly.

"Things will get better. Not every relationship works out, but you've done everything you can at your end."

Murry nodded at her words.

"Guess so, yeah."

She gave Cassy's hand a squeeze back, her warm smile returning as their eyes met.

"Dude, forget dating, what I need now is a *drink*. You wanna get totally legless tonight?"

Already, she was steering them towards a bar, just ahead down the street.

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"Another round! It's on me!"

Cassy grimaced at the grandiose gesture, even as Murry raised cheers from the energized crowd of patrons. It would fall to her to pick up the tab, if Murry was short.

Still, with her head buzzing pleasantly, and her best friend by her side, that didn't seem so awful.

"Wild in here, right?" Murry asked, half-shouting over the hubbub.

"And you're the life of the party!" Cassy called back.

"Sure, but these two lovely lasses give me a run for my money!"

The bar was heaving that night, and already they'd shared stories and spirits with a dozen different folk, but there was something particularly peculiar about the duo returning from the bar this time.

Perhaps it was just the drink, but the figure to Murry's left seemed to *glide* more than stride, her body a bright pink, what must be some sort of bodysuit hugging her curves.

The woman on the right barely came up to Murry's hips, a firecracker of red curls and bright green garb. And a startling amount of skin, bare, freckled, and sensually, shockingly exposed. That had to be a trick of the light.

That or this bar had a *very* permissive nudity policy.

Given that people all around were yanking off outer layers, baring bouncing breasts and butts with gleeful abandon, it must.

"I'm Dublin," the smaller of the two announced, offering a hand, her own bosom and sex clearly on unabashed display now she stood nearer, the puff of red fluff between her legs all that hid her womanhood.

Her lilting accent, hair and unusual hat and jacket outfit made the kinky leprechaun look complete, and left no doubt as to the origin of that nickname.

“Steiner,” the other spoke, with a slurred Germanic voice, her eyes obscured behind the huge circles of her glasses.

Unlike the rest of her body.

Cassy shivered as she saw... everything. Not a bodysuit – she had bare breasts, just like Dublin – and that pristinely depilated crotch, feminine lips on full display.

“Like the party? I did a little magic to help things along, you see.”

Her heart thudding, she looked back and forth between the near-nude duo, feeling the heat rising in her own hips.

“Awesome right?” Murry asked. “Bet you’d look even hotter if you cut loose like these tw-mmmph!”

Cut short by Cassy’s lunge, Murry moaned into her mouth, as the two women’s bodies came together.

Neither quite knew what had come over them, as their hands slipped under clothing, pulling, unbuttoning, *ripping*, but both wanted this. Wanted one another.

Cassy realized, as she tasted those sweet, soft, seductive lips, so eagerly spreading to let their tongues intertwine, that they’d *both* been holding back.

She whined in desire and relief, as Murry’s fingers found her nipple-rings, slipping inside to pull and *twist*. Shuddering against the other woman at that stinging pleasure, she cupped, kneaded and kissed her immaculate darker breasts in return, squishing their flesh together and delighting in the two-tone contrast, as they massaged their sensitive bodies into one another.

A knee between her thighs, she ground herself atop it, popping the stitching of her skirt to better expose her sex.

“Oh shit that’s good,” Murry panted, pulling her in closer by her piercings. “I gotta have more.”

Cassy had never acted like this before, yet as Murry smooched her she pushed the gorgeous girl up, onto the bar, sucking tongues and stripping one another.

Naked as she climbed atop her amore, her nipple-rings hung down, waving in the air, brushing against the erect points of those bountiful domes on Murry’s chest. Tantalizing the other with their caresses... just as Murry in turn drove them both wild, bucking her hips against Cassy. The surfer girl shivered, feeling the tickle of those soft follicles that formed a

round patch over the paler woman's netherlips, and letting her in turn enjoy the smooth, slick, soaking sensation of their darker, damper counterpart, already drenched with desire.

Totally nude, save for the matching kneesocks Cassy had bought them, the girls grated their pussies against one another, each making their partner ever hornier, sexes soaking, tensing, twitching together, bare asses waving in the air with their wild, wanton abandon as they scissored atop the counter, in full view of a cheering audience.

Many were themselves engaged in similarly salacious acts, but none could claim such intense, erotic exultation as the idols to which they worshipped, gasping out at the center of the room in orgasmic ecstasy.

Kissing, caressing, cradling one another, they climaxed, in a moment of euphoric intimacy, their hearts beating like one, as they clung and came together.

Finally, urges fulfilled... for the moment... they collapsed atop the bar, side by side.

"Murry," Cassy panted, "that was...."

"Bitchin'!"

She giggled at the atypical, yet entirely fitting response, and they shared another, calmer kiss.

"It really was!"

Murry's hand brushed up, along the oh-so-exposed curve of her thigh, and she shivered as those affectionate fingers slid so naturally into her nipple-ring once more, cupping her breast, giving a gentle tweak.

The moment was only mildly undermined by the drunken hiccup which escaped her full lips.

"I wish we could be together like this all the time," Murry said, as the smell of beer passed.

"Same," Cassy admitted, flushed, yet making no effort to pull away from her hand, "but... preferably not legless in the future."

"Really? But I love how disarmed you are like this...."

Cassy blushed all the more at the tease, neither woman noticing the antics to one side of the room.

Where several patrons appeared to be shrinking, limbs receding and bodies re-coloring as they transformed into the shapes of various utensils and other bar accoutrements.

"Your wish is my command, ja!"

The slurred proclamation went similarly unheeded, at least at the time, but neither woman could miss the results.

Laying together still, caressing one another's bare forms, Murry and Cassy were sinking into each other's bodies.

"Shit this is trippy," Murry muttered between makeouts, but Cassy just kept kissing her.

Arms melted into abdomens, hands hugging hips as they flowed together, the two drunken lovers alarmed, yet aroused by the intoxication of more than just alcohol. They kept smooching, snuggling, pressing themselves close, even as their bodies were reshaped. Feeling their arms melt away it was impossible not to be stricken by the shock of that sudden, intense helplessness, yet they were too infatuated with one another to fear what that could mean for them.

Their legs still moved, and Cassy trailed a foot up Murry's thigh, even as she felt her own fusing with the limb.

Even as soft, rounded shoulders, bare and devoid of limbs, pressed and stuck in place, side by side, they kept kissing, caressing with knees and toes instead of hands.

Her remaining digits struggled and fell short of their hips, however, making both women shiver with lust as their sexes throbbed for attention.

It was so perversely thrilling, to lack the limbs with which to touch them. To be denied the ability to self-pleasure.

An extra gasp escaped Murry, as she felt something penetrate her breasts, a momentary sharp pang as her nipples were gilded by matching rings to those adorning Cassy.

The shared moan that evoked came from a single chest, one adorned with not two, but three of Cassy's beautiful piercings, the nipple-rings linked, chained between a triad of hills, connecting their triplicate breasts with new lengths of clinking metal.

Chains, binding their boobs together, just as their bodies were.

The discomfort soon faded into the dull throb of pleasurable desire, as their movements tweaked at that trio of weighted teats.

Cassy tried to reach up, to touch that stunning two-tone middle tit, where their skintones seemed to meet, but she could only wave her blank shoulder helplessly.

"This is so hot," she murmured in giddy glee, as they kissed again, hearts thudding, heads pounding with the rush of that surreal merger.

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Cassy's head was still pounding when she awoke the next morning, but with a decidedly less pleasant timbre to the beat.

Still laying atop the counter in the middle of the bar, she was much too sober, her throat parched and her head aching.

Her mood was elevated, however, to see Murry's face, still at her side. She must have fallen asleep on her friend's chest somehow.

"Morning," the other said, apparently awaking at the same time. "Hell of a night, huh? I need a drink. Water for now."

She seemed to tense, a sensation which Cassy could feel somehow, but the woman didn't move.

"Huh, must be lying on my arm. Do a gal a solid and scratch my nose, will you?"

Cassy would have been glad to oblige... had her own limbs heeded the call.

As she tried to move her arms, she instead felt, on her right, nothing. On her left... she gasped as the air swished over smooth, supple skin, so light and soft and very sensitive, yet existing in a location where no such surface should be.

"No way...."

She recalled the surreal intimacy of the night before. The tantalizing helplessness, and the horny, happy squirming.

Gazing down, she gaped at the sight of her smooth, blank, limbless shoulder, the blade and clavicle waving futilely with no arm to operate.

Its opposite wasn't even a bump she could flex – where her shoulder should have been, there emerged Murry's head, and *her* shoulder in turn, equally armless, that pristine brown skin shining in the morning sun.

Between, was one body, a single merged form, split straight down the middle, a shared torso, three breasts with those sensual, perverse chains to link them, and a triad of legs too, perfectly framing their exposed dual womanhoods.

"*Wild*," Murry said, staring, raising their central leg and flexing the symmetric set of toes in their sock. "Here I thought I just dreamed all that sexy stuff! Lucky we still got *some* limbs left, huh?"

It felt deeply odd for someone else to move her body, but Cassy rather enjoyed it as Murry manipulated their extremities, both those they retained, and the wagging bumps of those removed. Grinning shyly, she couldn't help but press her – *their* – left foot to the side of the right, toes curling around the socked form, in a strange parody of holding hands.

“Woah, I can feel your side same as I do mine,” Murry exclaimed. “This is cool!”

She sounded unperturbed, as she examined their shared shape, as they felt their combined body, enjoying the sensations of one another, but exotic and original as it was, the conjoined duo were almost helpless now, totally armless, naked in the middle of the deserted bar.

And they were stuck like this.

Pushing with their legs, trying to somehow lever their hips apart did nothing to separate them, their body stubbornly stable in the wake of the merger.

“Musta been Steiner,” Murry suggested, “she did say she was a genie, but I thought it was cosplay.”

There was no-one present with the presence of mind to point out that few cosplayers were so dedicated as to turn their legs into vapor.

Steiner wasn’t answering to shouts for her to come fix them either.

Cassy probably ought to be been alarmed, but Murry was right there at her side, so clearly still enjoying herself, and their merged form felt so very... romantic. She loved the sensations of Murry’s body. The shocking sight of herself, of *themselves*, made her blush and squirm – which set off Murry too. The merged women wriggled, feeling their form, beautiful and erogenous, yet hapless to indulge the desires burning in their chests.

“Hey, focus dude, we can’t just lie on the bar all day.”

She was right of course, but that was easier said than done. Their body had become so sensitive, curvaceous and inviting... and yet wholly unable to touch themselves. Unable to touch anything, save with their clumsy, sock-clad feet, and certainly far from equipped to pick themselves up from the counter-top and get dressed.

Instead, the duo just explored with their eyes for a while, directly, and in the mirrored ceiling over the counter, which let them run their gazes all over that erotic merger of their bodies, even if they lacked the hands to do so directly.

They had collars now, the two noticed, with gold rings attached, much like those decorating their breasts, a second length of chain linking their heads together.

As if to remind them that they could never part again.

Cassy had seen nothing like it before, and her lust blossomed into a spreading slickness in their hips. Between both pairs of lips.

“What the hell?! Are you two still here?!”

The bar's owner looked outraged, confused by their surreal shape, yet more concerned by their presence in his domain, well outside of opening hours.

"Yeah, uh... we're sort of a bit stuck."

"Yeah well stick somewhere else, we're *closed!*"

Irascible and unreasonable, the man shooed them from their repose mercilessly, ignoring all argument.

Rising from the counter was the first of many challenges that morning, the duo forced to use their legs and rock themselves over to the edge, and as they landed on their feet they wobbled, suddenly, startlingly unstable as they tried to balance with limbs which no longer existed.

Cassy clutched the discarded mound of cotton which represented her shirt in their feet, wondering if it would even fit them both now, but she realized to her embarrassment that it was a moot point – they had no hands with which to dress themselves.

"What are we going to do?" she mumbled to Murry.

It was the barman who answered.

"Get gone before I call the cops, that's what!"

Pushed out through the doors, stumbling and staggering on their ill-coordinated tripod of legs, they were thrust headlong into the open morning air, still naked, save for those stylish knee-high socks, and their sensual body decorations.

Quiet as the streets were, they drew every eye to be found as the conjoined couple walked, wobbling down the road... yet embarrassing as it was, daunting and degrading as their armless, exposed form felt, Cassy found herself grinning.

Murry was by her side, smiling as the sun warmed their skin, and as their eyes met, they each giggled, lips connecting too, in the only form of shared touch which was possible.

Surreal as their body was, Cassy had never felt sexier than she did then, kissing her bodymate.

"So... last night didn't exactly go how I expected," she said finally, "but it was a lot of fun."

They were just starting to get the hang of their altered stride, and it almost broke as Murry snorted in laughter, throwing out their middle leg.

"Dude, that was a wild party!"

Cassy giggled in turn, at her unflappable friend.

"Yes, that pink German woman was very drunk!"

"I wonder how long before this wears off?" Murry pondered, as she gave a demonstrative flex of their merged shoulders.



Cassy thought back to the figure of Steiner, remaking patrons into barprops, and those half-heard words spoken in response to their ill-considered wish.

"I don't think it will."

She couldn't help but grin as she answered.

Murry's beaming features were radiant that morning, as she took another step, and they felt their breasts jiggle, the chains jangling against their bare skin.

"Oh... kinky!"

She gave their shoulders another wave, as if trying to reach up and fondle their self, but seemed to grin all the more at their inability to do so.

"Shame about my arm tats, and all my clothes are never gonna fit now. But we can probably get someone to help get more... and help us put them on too... or hey, could just not bother, right? Just be a couple of awesome naked chicks!"

"With no arms," Cassy reminded her, sending a giddy little shiver through their shared nerves.

"Yeah! Sexy, right? Jerkin' off's gonna be a pain in the butt, but it's kinda cool only being able to look and not touch."

Daunting as their form was, it thrilled Cassy to imagine the life they would have together now. Perpetually aroused, connected yet unable to caress one another, save with a fumbling foot, or their affectionate lips, or by humping clumsily against the furniture.

They met for another kiss as the conjoined pair walked, moaning into each other's mouths.

"You really don't mind being stuck like this permanently then? Armless and everything." Cassy asked after, feeling a shared tingle of excitement just speaking the words.

"Nah, sounds rad to me, so long as you don't mind being my permanent plus-one!"

"I've never wanted anything more, my love," Cassy whispered, "I'm never happier than when I'm with you."

It was the first time she'd ever seen Murry flustered, the blush showing even on those beautiful chocolate cheeks, and it charmed her all the more as her lover nuzzled their noses together in bashful delight.

"Just... don't tell Carly," she muttered back. "She'll flip if she thinks I dumped her for you."

Cassy felt an abrupt boldness at the idea. "Didn't you though?"

“Well yeah, but you know how you gotta handle things with a chick like her – let her down easy, you know?”

Quite what Murry might have planned in that respect, as a conjoined amputee, was hard to say, but she never found out.

A hand clamped down on her squishy, sensitive shoulder, gripping tight, making both girls gasp.

“So this is where you were!”

Shocked, the two twisted at the unexpected touch, but without any arms of their own, they were powerless, even against Carly’s one.

Her features contorted, the woman clutched their chest-chain and dragged them along, their three legs struggling to stay under them and keep the painful tension off their teats.

“It’s not what it looks like!” Cassy called out.

What it looked like was hard to say, but Carly seemed to have figured out the key points well enough.

“You think you can just hang me out to dry, Murry? Hell no, if anyone’s getting ditched here, it’s you!”

Hefting them up to their full height by the breasts, Carly hooked them onto a long, crooked nail, sticking a few inches out of a telephone pole.

Held in place, chains caught firm, they squirmed as their breasts were tugged, nipples throbbing as Carly’s single hand savaged their skin.

“How long were you cheating on me, huh? Is it just her, or others too?!”

Brutal, unyielding, her tickles targeted their exposed underboobs and the open dips which were once armpits, even sinking down to stroke tantalizingly at their pussylips, the nude pair groaning at the perverse interrogation play.

“No way babe, it was just a spur of the moment thing!” Murry insisted.

Degrading as her touch felt, detestable as her love-rival was, Cassy couldn’t help but quiver and grind their legs together, as she and Murry were stimulated so relentlessly.

Each could feel every part of the other’s body, their curling, twitching toes and their arching, elegant back, their rocking hips and abused boobs, and their matching, full pairs of lips, upper and lower, all four practically drooling.

Moaning aloud, they met, in an intense, sensual kiss, gusting wind caressing their thighs and sides, fondling their hips and brushing over their womanhoods in lieu of hands.

“Ugh! It’s obvious you two are obsessed with each other,” Carly growled, “well it ends here! Whatever freaky shit you did to get stuck on each other, you can undo it right now!”

“But dude, I don’t have magic powers!” Murry protested, “we’ve got no way of undoing anything!”

“Well you aren’t coming home until you do!”

Stalking off with a final snort of frustration, she left the two there, relieved yet unsatisfied.

Their breasts were still caught on the pole, their sexes soaking and their chests aching to be held, gripped and groped by hands they no longer possessed.

“Damn... I can’t believe I got dumped again,” Murry sighed.

“I can’t believe she left us stuck here,” Cassy replied, still squirming.

She felt painfully aware of how exposed they were, yet, humiliating as the incident had been – might well continue to be – it already felt a small price to pay, for their newfound connection.

“I guess... I don’t mind so much, when I’m stuck here with you.”

Murry blushed at the surreal yet romantic sentiment, and Cassy felt her rising arousal, in the way her thighs rubbed together, and her nethers tingled.

“I suppose I lost one lover but gained another,” she said, with a wry smirk.

“Damn right you did,” Cassy affirmed, as the two shared another kiss.

“Dude, I am so hot right now,” Murry gasped, as they shivered together, raising her outer leg to stroke along their shared middle calf.

“Gods yes,” Cassy agreed, “I love when you touch us like that....”

Panting and squirming together, they swapped smooches, trailing up and down one another’s necks, breasts just barely accessible too thanks to the pole, their lips kneading those tender, delicate domes of femininity. At the same time, their feet caressed one another, gripping and fondling as they struggled to find sufficient outlets for their infatuation.

“But... how are we meant to get off this stupid nail, before anyone catches us like this? And, how do we get home after, without arms or money? We can’t even cover ourselves with a trash-can lid....”

Their whole lives, in fact, would be an ongoing series of such kinky struggles.

“Mmmh, that really was the best party of my life,” Murry moaned, through their increasingly amorous kisses.

“Same,” Cassy giggled.

She couldn’t wait.