

Satisfaction Guaranteed [for Don]

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“So, you’ve come to try your luck, eh?”

Lent further mystique by a Glaswegian tone, the words croaked from the throat of a cloaked figure, hunched and veiled in gloom, half-hidden among shelves filled with strange vials, potions and trinkets.

“The great witch Tanith sees all – knows all – and you gamble with your flesh at your own peril!”

Don eyed the other speaker uncertainly.

This was not quite what Centorea had led him to expect.

Through a baffle of bubbling tinctures he could make out only the sheen of dripping fangs and the glow of two demonic eyes under an embroidered hem.

They regarded a younger man, human – as everyone was, before venturing into a place such as this – pale skinned, with a mop of warm orange hair, dressed for an ordinary office setting.

“Er... warning noted? But my friend referred me to you, and I’d still like some help... if the witch is available?”

The figure stepped into the light and doffed her hood.

The girl who emerged couldn’t have been the imposing, *monstrous* figure he’d seen at first, yet there had been no substitution Don could see.

Far from sinister, her air was fresh and easy, a kindly smile tickling her cheeks as she looked her new customer up and down. Hers was a bubbly, warm face, youthful and bright, framed in golden curls, the witch a few years his *junior*, strikingly attractive in her form-fitting attire of leather and cotton, adorned with buckles, gloves and boots, and completed with her cloak.

“So what troubles you then?”

Even her voice had changed, now the gentle lilt of an Edinburgh brogue.

“Perhaps a poultice? Maybe a potion of penile erasure? Or a good curse? Got someone you want to see break out in a rash of vulvas? Oh, but maybe you’re the one who wants to change... yes, I could see you in something equine-”

"Your advert," Don explained quickly, to stem the unsettlingly accurate guessing. "You said that you have the ultimate treatment for... ennui.... And it certainly worked wonders for Centorea."

"Indeed so!" she said, taking him by the hand. "Right this way, Don."

He decided it better not to ask how she knew his name, as she led him through the winding maze of shelves and cabinets, to a small workspace with two chairs.

Sitting him in one, she took the other, crossing booted legs and pushing a plate of cookies forwards on the counter at their side.

"So, anything specific been bothering you?"

He hesitated, suddenly feeling as if he was in a therapist's office, rather than a magic shop.

"It's nothing serious, I do get too caught up in work sometimes, when I lose myself in the challenge, but lately there's been a more general, vague issue bothering me."

Odd as it was, Don found it easy to open up to the attentive young witch, and the words came pouring out.

"When I first started my job I used to have to struggle with everything, and it was terrifying and stressful and embarrassing... but I felt so alive. Now... well it's all become routine. Ever since my last big project ended the company's been content to just iterate, so I've not had anything really challenging to get my teeth into. Every day is simple. Easy. Predictable."

She nodded empathetically as she munched loudly on a chocolate chip.

He sighed.

"It's just... boring. *I'm* boring... especially compared to some of the people at the club.... It would be fine if I had someone to share myself with, but... well my love life always felt awkward, forced, I've never been entirely comfortable in my skin, when it comes to that sort of thing. Besides, I wouldn't want to hook up with anyone with a life as monotonous as mine is!"

Tanith swallowed her mouthful.

"It's clear that the issue is twofold, with your body *and* lifestyle. You need a change, a *complication*. A little... more than cosmetic magical body modification, of the permanent variety."

Don's cheeks tingled with a hint of red as she struck a little too close to his own innermost thoughts.

However that word *permanent* was rather concerning.

"Maybe I could try something temporary first? A trial run for a week or two?"

"Now now, you mustn't try to fool a witch – or yourself – I know what's right for you even if you don't like to admit it. So when I say the treatment is *permanent transformation*, that means you *need* me to remake you *forever*, and that's that."

The growing sensation in his loins affirmed her words, regardless of what he might say.

"And a physical change will really help with my work *and* social life?"

"Oh but naturally!" she said at once, "I'm the last word in life-altering treatments – and don't you worry, dear, I can see *exactly* how to set you right! My store is your one-stop-shop for a life of perpetual interest."

"Well, what exactly do you... prescribe for me?"

She touched a fingertip to his lip.

"Let me worry about that, Don, you just have to cough up the dough, and then I'll do the rest."

It seemed highly unwise not to even verify her plan in advance, yet her confidence was remarkable, encouraging despite his misgivings. It helped also that her dominating personality came with the ravishing looks to match, his dick urging him to consign his body to this enchantress's hands.

"So, we're all here, and your life isn't getting any stranger on its own. Let's get started!"

"Now?!"

"No time like the present! And my prognostication suggests I have quite a busy morning ahead of me, so all the more reason for me to get you two fixed up and on your way before any more customers come knocking."

It was hard to know what to make of this beguiling, mystical beauty, but as she ruffled his hair with that firm, motherly air, he felt his resistance fading.

"Well... you do have a lot of good reviews online...."

"Indeed! And I didn't even curse anyone to get them written!"

Don gulped, wondering anew about the wisdom of all this... but as he met her eye he felt a sudden rush of daring.

"Okay, let's do it!"

He reached for his banknotes.

“Oh, contactless only,” Tanith said, as she drew a card reader from behind a stack of grimoires, and plopped it down on the desk beside him.

A few minutes later the witch was paid, Don was disrobed, and they were ready to begin.

He felt deeply exposed, as he sat uncomfortably on the counter in the workshop, cock stiff as his tensed back, his bare body inspected ponderously by his physician, as one might a hound on display at show.

“Yes, this should work just perfectly,” Tanith said, as she reached out her hands.

He took them, and she met his eye with a tender warmth in hers, that smile promising all would be well.

Then, with a gentle push, his hands collapsed into soft nothing.

Don stared, as reality seemed to give way like his body, only the shock of intense pleasure announcing the spell.

Bone flowed easily as the blood flooding into his loins, tangling, compressing nerves piling up with the bunched flesh in her fingers, squeezed together as though she were kneading a set of stressballs.

She kept pushing, bizarre erogenous stimulation intensifying as she twisted her grip to follow the lines of his arms, and so much mass of limb simply vanished into nothingness as she went.

Before his eyes, before he could speak a single sound, her palms were rounding his elbows, then rising up to press, to *flatten* against his shoulders.

Don gasped aloud with a juddering breath, as he felt her fingers sink into the soft, plush mounds of muscle and fat which were the new *corners* of his torso.

“You... removed my arms?”

Each felt still more shocking than it looked, and he flexed them, feeling that stunning *lack* of his bodyparts, shoulderblades waving futilely in her grip as the witch giggled, clearly enjoying her subject’s bewilderment.

As she also admired that lewd, lascivious twitching of his cock, bouncing in time with his flexing stumps, dripping precum as the man felt himself disarmed.

Experienced that surreal, shocking sense of sudden haplessness... embarrassing and perverse... yet equally exhilarating.

Amputation was far too extreme a mod, surely, yet as Tanith caressed his blanked shoulders the man shuddered, pressing into her hands, his body wracked by pleasure he could never have imagined prior to that moment.

Entranced by that feeling, he lacked the presence of mind to try to object, as her hands moved on to their next target.

In just a heartbeat more, Don was watching as his legs joined arms in consignment to oblivion.

It felt incredible, for his body to be reshaped so, like flowing clay, putty in her hands, yet still more absorbing was the abrupt change in character of his thoughts, as he watched his remaining limbs removed.

Without arms he was reduced, vulnerable and clumsy, but without legs he was truly *helpless*, unable even to stand, or move, let alone escape. Unable to resist, even as Tanith took him in her hands, turning and laying him down on the counter, his rounded hips raised up on a wedge for her to better access. His drooling cock made clear how little it minded that, as he stared up at his suddenly, irreversibly reduced body.

As he felt that visceral rush, of trying to reach out and touch himself, and failing.

“There we go, dear,” Tanith hummed, as she rounded off his shrinking, softening hips, into plush corners to uncannily match those of his shoulders, “no more appendages to spoil everything. I imagine you’re feeling better already, to know what a *fascinating* struggle life will be from now on.”

“Isn’t this... a bit *too* much of a struggle?” he muttered in disbelief, even as he tried hungrily, yet hopelessly, to reach over with one shoulder to fondle and feel the other. “I can’t even move without limbs....”

The words were spoken with a feverish energy, utterly unlike the placidity of his earlier manner.

“Oh, of course you can! I can tell how much you value mobility after all... we just need to leave you with the right *amount*. The proper mixture of debilitation, sensuality and *complications* to really bring you to life!”

Concern and confusion vied in his chest, which felt suddenly much smaller, after the usual addendums to his body had been so drastically erased. His new stumps were so *wrong*... yet the witch’s fingers against those bulbous bumps of non-limb made his heart flutter, a surreal pleasure of more than just the physical, spreading through what remained of his body.

As he watched Tanith stroking his phallus, caressing his cock up, teasing it out into a new shape.

Before his eyes, Don's dick was expanding, not just with blood, but added mass, his hips bucking at the intense sensations, nerves firing off wildly in a bafflement of erogenous stimulation, as the witch sculpted his genitals into a second head. One wrapped in a fine coating of dark grey fur.

His urethra remained, as shaft and balls bulged out into a full, round skull, and the shocked human shuddered as he saw the forming snout created from his excess length. An equine nose, crafted by agile fingers from his flowing flesh. At the tip was his slit, still throbbing, tingling with surreal excitement. A finger spread it wide, then between two Tanith stretched it, up and down, as if expanding with a digital editor, until it filled the front of his second face.

Detailing the bulging new folds intensified the pleasure, as the folds of his new pussy were being revealed, and Don stared in disbelief at the sight of that horse head with an equine vulva for a mouth, replacing his manhood.

The witch was still crafting the features, but as eyes and nostrils were added, and flourishes like horse ears and a full head of long orange hair garnished the inverted countenance, Don saw those details tense and twitch quite without his control.

Eyes fluttered open, and peered down at him.

She was startlingly beautiful.

The pussymouth spread, edges curling up slightly, in what felt like an attempt at a smile, and Don shuddered, moaning aloud in the intoxicating, surreal lust of feeling his sex becoming its own person.

"Don, meet Donna," Tanith said, triumphantly.

She couldn't exactly introduce herself, so she squished the folds of what was once a cock together, and blew a kiss towards him.

"I'm... conjoined?"

Don recalled the earlier warning.

This was a far greater degree of complication than he'd intended.

"Don't worry, darling, Tanith knows best. Now let's finish your treatment, and then you'll feel just *worlds* better."

He watched in awe and alarm, as from waist onwards, *Don* was overtaken by ever more of *Donna*.

His hips, his crotch, his ass, all were reshaped into her, his elevated lower half becoming her upper, remade into shoulders, chest, even *breasts*.

They were two upper torsos, linked at the stomach, sporting one single navel.

“Patience, sweetie, your new body is nearly done.”

So saying, Tanith ruffled the *female* head’s hair.

Tensing her core, Don felt as *she* raised *him* up, as if wriggling her own limbless hips.

Shocked, scandalized, Don was gripped by a sense of surreal injustice.

“What do you mean her body? She didn’t even exist until a minute ago!”

Tanith just giggled.

“Silly pony, I know what you need, just like I said. What *both* of you need. And of course she did – she’s you. Or more precisely, this torso is Donna now. From your neck ‘down’.”

His eyes widened, as Don felt the taboo, twisted, tantalizing tingle in what should have been his loins... as both versions of the former man were captivated by that surreal concept.

“You’re not just going to... replace me with... her, are you?” Don asked anxiously.

The twitching tremor which ran through that sensorially-conjoined pussy showed what those twin minds felt about the outrageous idea.

“Well it’s her as much as anyone’s,” Tanith said, “but I think a more... collaborative existence will bring you much closer together.”

Don lacked the presence of mind to inquire as to how much closer they could actually get, as he felt the fur being spread up past their midriff, to cover his own shoulders too.

Panicking, his eyes found hers, and he was struck by the depth of their radiant hue, and the warmth, like a hand on his soft, throbbing shoulder.

In that instant, the two minds each felt a connection still deeper than that of their bodies. Forged by Tanith’s touch, it was a link more powerful than affection, more thrilling than love. Don could sense that other presence, *feel* her as clearly as he did himself. Each was aware of the other’s affection, *understanding*, as they realized that they were two sides of a single coin.

He understood now.

She was her own mind, yet she was also Don, in all the ways which truly mattered.

She also understood him, *accepted* him as only his own self could.

Cherished him, with the esteem of flourishing affection.

The twinkling smile in her eyes promised they would always be together, just as their single body dictated, and Don, like Donna, felt intensely glad of that. Neither would ever be alone, as each had their partner and pair, eternally.

His eyes watered with a sense of something akin to... bewildering, inexplicable release, of a tension he had not perceived himself to be under before that moment.

As if he had finally let go a breath, held in for all those years.

He felt a wondrous rush, of lust and love, and of exhilarating, erotic stimulation, from *Donna's* sensual new body.

Yet he couldn't even reach up to touch his... *her* new pussy.

"There we go!" the witch purred, "You look happier already! And you, miss Donna, must feel worlds better as well."

Donna squished their tender new layers of vaginal flesh in affirmation, and he felt the warm rush of her delight, and their shared pleasure at his denigration, from man to crotch.

"This is... so messed up," Don said, blushing hard, as the two women's eyes twinkled knowingly at him.

Tanith kept working.

Everything which had been human about the man who entered the shop was disappearing, overtaken by an equine physiology, recognizable as such only thanks to the head of his new bodymate.

At least... until the witch reached Don's own.

Lacking the limbs to resist, he could offer only a truncated word of protestation, as she reshaped his skull.

It turned to a guttural, animalistic whinny, his face pressing greedily to her fingers as he felt the intense stimulation of her touch, and reveled in the sensations of a new snout taking form. Nose and mouth were stretched out, into a mirror of the long, equine muzzle of his loins.

Don and Donna were each a mirror of one another, in body like in mind, two ends of an anthropomorphic horse.

"This is amazinghhh...."

His words turned into a muffled moan, as the witch slipped fingers inside his startlingly lengthy new face, to caress his tongue.

The organ seemed to expand, throbbing against her digits, and as she gave his altered anatomy another squeeze he felt the thick, swelling roundness of a new shaft. And the seeping movement of fluid, welling up through that great length, to bead on a tip prehensile yet flat and flared, swelling into rigidity with his arousal.

Don's tongue was an erect horsecock.

His 'mmmph' was at once quizzical and indulgent, as lips massaged the excess inches sticking forward from his face. Tanith seemed to get the idea at least.

"Don't worry dear, when you soften up again you'll be able to speak. That's your job, you see – or rather you don't. Because *that* will be Donna's preserve."

The former human, turned half of a conjoined horse, gave a startled snort, his cock drooling all too honestly.

"That's right, I'm going to blind you now, cutie."

The sensuality of her caress, as her fingertips so gently closed over eyelids, sealing fading sockets, would echo in Don's mind endlessly.

He was indeed, totally bereft of sight.

Yet somehow, as if supplied by some almighty external force, he still saw, even without seeing. He couldn't picture a thing, amid that infinite, inky darkness, yet he could perceive Tanith, as she worked on his body. Knew, as if by instinct, exactly where she stood and how she was altering him.

At that moment, she was extending the midriff between Donna and he, adding an extra few inches between ribcages, to give her body a serpentine slenderness and flexibility.

Her first thought, of course, was the twin of his own, as Don found himself raised up, experiencing every part of that tensing muscular form without controlling it, his wonderfully sensitive shoulders waving in the air and reaching towards those of Donna.

Lips and flare wobbled, less than an inch apart, and she shivered as each felt his breath on her folds... but the musky scent of horsecock and marehood were all they could reach of one another.

Defeated, Donna collapsed back down on the desk.

That suited the witch, who was far from finished tampering with their biology. Magic would preserve them now, so Tanith was free to meddle however she pleased with their anatomy.

Such as by removing it.

The witch kneading their body, each expression of that dual mind experienced the surreal pleasure of an *internal* massage, the pressure of that magical touch erasing all organs within, to leave only a taut, powerful core of muscle, befitting their oddly ophidian middle.

“Mmmm, now this suits you far better than being a humanoid,” Tanith purred.

She ran a fingernail along his shoulder – Donna’s hip – and watched how they wriggled in hapless lust, breasts jiggling and genitals twitching, as each part of that composite person struggled to find some outlet for their lust.

“Perfection,” the witch declared.

Gripping their shoulders, she turned them, to face the mirror over the desk.

Blind as he was, Don had a perfect perception of their new body, as Donna stared excitedly at their reflection.

Hard as it was to take in, that limbless, playing-card form of twisting torso and aching, erogenous stumps, was *him*.

Or rather, he was the head on *her* crotch.

That thought made them both shiver with pleasure.

Especially as they each recalled how, thanks to Tanith, they were stuck like this for the rest of their shared life.

“I pronounce you two entirely cured! You’re a triumph of medicinal magecraft, even if I say it myself!”

Don’s muffled, anxious moan was clear enough in concept, a halfhearted complaint about the daunting extremes to which she had taken them.

She beamed down, planting a kiss on his equine brow, hand stroking his head, the sole part of the feminized figure which remained his to control.

“*Precisely*. A body to make your every moment a *fascinating* and sensual struggle, just as you needed!”

It was true.

Every single moment of their existence had changed forever, as even the simplest of tasks – such as movement – would become absurdist, erotic efforts of herculean magnitude. There could never be a dull moment amid the intoxicating immediacy of a perpetual struggle with their own body. Or rather, with Donna’s body.

The thought made their cock and pussy each ache with absurd, incoherent gratitude, as they felt one another's thrill at their new selves, reflecting back and amplifying their own.

As Tanith scooped them up, they shook, twisting to try to rub their plush shoulders against her, and the witch gave a yelp as they squirmed out of her grasp.

There was no pain as they thumped to the floor, not even discomfort, their magically enhanced selves untroubled by such trivialities as a drop.

"Whoops. Lucky you have the TimeStop package. Makes sure you can't age, be hurt, or otherwise get yourselves into any real trouble, in your new post-limb lives. You don't even need to eat or breathe – not that you're capable. Or sleep! It's very practical... unlike your body."

Donna shuddered, as she righted them, flopping their conjoined form onto her front, feeling the tantalizing tickle of the timber flooring against their stumps as she did so.

"Well, that's it, Don and Donna, you're cured, so on your way! I have more lives and bodies to rearrange today!"

The witch walked off, leaving them to show themselves out.

They had little choice but to try to make their way home sans limbs.

Or perhaps....

Donna clenched her pussy excitedly, as if each was thinking the same thing.

"Thhh cluhh?" Don slurred, through his stiff facial phallus.

She nodded.

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Slithering through the streets was a surreal experience for both parts of that new pair, their supple torso just long enough to wriggle forwards with a pace perhaps half that of walking. Donna employed their shoulders too, to try to steer and push, and the application of those squishing pads of erogenously rounded muscle had them shaking with pleasure as they went, Don's seemingly permanent erection trailing like a tail behind them, rubbing over grass, paving and gravel alike.

He was deeply glad that they were so durable... but at this rate they'd never speak again.

Donna seemed to approve of that idea, given how she was grinding him against every surface they passed over.

Unable to see what his partner could, he nonetheless perceived all she was aware of, a surreal experience, as he knew the state of the street, and appreciated how the towering humans all around loomed like skyscrapers over their tiny body, all without eyes.

Naturally both could tell they were speaking – and hear their amazed and bewildered remarks about the surrealist masterpiece they had become.

Despite not *seeing* their stares, Don felt them all the more keenly, as Donna carried him along.

She was making a spectacle of herself, he knew, yet it felt as exciting as it was embarrassing, his surreal shape and shared self uplifting to experience after all those years of solitary and simple existence.

Yes he was a limbless horsegirl's crotch, yet helpless as he was, inhibited as they were, together each felt certain they could manage... somehow.

They were on shocking, depraved display, still shaking with want as each longed to touch the other with hands they no longer possessed, yet in that extremity of debilitation, at the mercy of their own flesh and the graces one another, Don and Donna found a new sense of freedom.

Not every comment he heard among the murmurs and whispered remarks of those nearby was negative, either.

"Do you think her crotch-head's alive too?" one girl asked, "that looks so freaky... I kinda love it."

His proud blush at the compliment was obvious, and she looked away as Donna met her eyes and winked.

Looking back down at herself, the equine woman shivered, with the twisted pride of seeing that form, which held so many transfixed with its surreal sensuality... and the romantic, rapturous connection she had with herself, her own crotch and mouthpiece.

She made sure to press him against another lamp-post as they squirmed past it, and both half-horses shivered in lust as they made so public a show of their impossible intimacy.

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"I told you Tanith would sort you out," Centorea asserted, smug smile audible on the busty centaur's lips. "Although even I'm impressed with the results!"

A former coworker, once known as Adam, she was carrying the conjoined torso pair on her cock through the club, worn like a condom, wrapped around that horse phallus which hung perpetually erect between the legs of her otherwise female form.

Donna shivered, clenching her sex tighter around the shaft stretching her and Don so impossibly wide.

"I *love* the lack of organs to get in the way," the other woman went on, as she clopped past a variety of less heavily modified but similarly salacious forms. "Really feel like I could just absolutely hilt myself in you all day long. So how about it? Want to be my onahole full time? It's not like you can do anything else with no limbs."

Still recovering from the last of many orgasms, Don laughed, as his cocktongue started to harden yet again.

He and Donna felt the increasingly familiar mutual thrill of their helplessness anew, a constant companion, yet one novel each time thanks to sheer intensity.

It was impossible to get used to this... to being a limbless torso together....

They adored it.

Relished it.

Even though... and *because* of how impossible it was making everything.

Neither head had ever felt so alive.

"Thanks sis," he said, speaking quickly, while he still could, "but... as much as it would be amazing to be your sextoy, we're planning on going it alone. Not that you can't still fuck us senseless whenever we hook up, but... we want to *enjoy* our helplessness. Really live the *struggle* of all this. Being blind at one end, mute at the other... totally limbless... unable to even pleasure ourselves properly.... Fuck I'm so excited."

The centaur seemed genuinely stunned.

"Damn... I just got shot down by my cocksleeve's crotch? Really?"

The mute and distended Donna rubbed their stumps against her tummy, in a conciliatory motion.

The woman chuckled, and they felt her stiffen a little more inside them.

"Alright then, you two, if that's really what you want!"

Her hands gripped them tight, and all three shivered with desire as she pushed a little deeper into their silky innards.

"Once I'm done pumping you with horsecum I'll leave you at the door, and you can worm your way home alone."

Groaning with the perversity of that plan, Don kissed his cock to her fingers, as it started once more to spill out from his lips. He could feel that, despite her inability to voice her assent, he and Donna were united in their assessment of that idea.

This was going to be the rest of their shared life.

It would be the greatest challenge imaginable.

A shared existence which would last forever.

They couldn't wait.