

Amy's House is Enchanted

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"You know what Jay," said Amy, walking up the steps to her house.

"What's that?" I asked, following her a step behind.

"This is a J-Squared situation," she said with a smirk.

"Sure," I said, skeptically. I had no idea what she was talking about.

"Cause we're going to smoke a J with Jay—" she said, turning and freezing in place, finger guns pointed at me, mouth agape.

I laughed genuinely, burying my face in my hand.

We had clicked right away at a neighborhood gathering just down the street. She'd invited me over to share a joint with her as things were winding down. She had an infectious energy and shared my goofy sense of humor. With red hair and freckles, she was the kind of girl I fell for easily. As we kept flirting, it seemed more and more like it was only a matter of time before we'd end up together.

"So we're neighbors or something, right?" she said, unlocking her front door via the keypad.

"Yeah I'm over on Charles Street," I said. "I like this porch."

"It's a bitchin' porch," she agreed, opening the door. "Want a beer?"

"Sure, thanks!" I followed her inside.

As soon as I entered the house I felt a weird vibration in my body, starting at the back of my neck, and spreading over to my shoulders and back. Before I could react it surged in intensity, focusing on both of my shoulders.

The weird feeling stopped almost as suddenly as it started.

Then my arms fell off. I felt them just sort pop loose and they hit the hardwood floor with a soft thud.

"Oh fuck," said Amy, smacking herself in the face.

"What the f--"

"I'm sorry!" she said, brining me into a sudden and emotional hug. "I forgot about the enchantment."

"What ... enchantment?" I said, accepting her embrace, such as I was able to.

"Uh," she said, drawing back a bit, but still holding on to my hips. "There's a spell on our house that makes it so guys aren't allowed to have arms in here."

"That's crazy," I said. I looked down at my detached arms still on the floor. Amy let go of me and bent over to pick them both up.

"Crazy awesome," she said, using my detached arm to gesture at me. "You don't need your arms to smoke a J anyway."

"Yeah, I guess not," I said, laughing.

"Besides," she said, "You're cuter without arms anyway."

She tapped my ass with a swing of one of my arms.

"Thanks," I said, with a laugh. "I mean..."

I shrugged my empty shoulders.

"I'm cool with it," I said. "Just would have been nice to get a 'Hey heads up my house is haunted by a stoner anarcho-feminist thought experiment gone awry; that'd have been cool.'"

"It's not even like that," said Amy, shaking one of my hands at me and fighting back laughter. "We only cast the spell because there was this dude named Kyle who was always breaking our shit because he was a drunk idiot."

"But," she continued, "We did keep it around because hashtag disarm-all-men, and also because it's really funny."

"Yeah," I said, nodding. "It's just some 'armless fun."

"Let me put these away for you," said Amy, taking my arms over towards a vestibule near the door.

As she walked past me she mashed my detached hands into her chest and ass.

"Oh Jay," she gasped in a mocking tone. "You're so *handsy* with me."

"If only," I shot back, smirking at her. We locked eyes for a second.

Maintaining eye contact, she opened the vestibule and dumped my arms inside, then shut the door, raising an eyebrow towards me suggestively.

"Seriously, are you cool with this?" she said, breaking the tension a bit.

"Yeah," I said, nodding. "It's been a while since I've done stuff with body magic, but—"

I shrugged my shoulders.

"—I trust you, I think," I said. "Although you did lure me into your enchanted house with the promise of drugs where I was immediately rendered helpless, so I might be inside a weird modern fairy tale."

"Don't forget the implied possibility of sex," she said, with a smirk. "I tempted you with that too."

"Yes, that is... also kind of exciting here," I said laughing.

"Here," said Amy, opening a draw and taking out a preroll and a lighter. "Let's head out back."

I followed her through the kitchen to the back door. Once we were outside Amy set about lighting the joint.

"So..." she said as it started to burn. "How much body magic have you done before?"

"Um," I said, calling up the few episodes I could recall. "Most of them were full body swaps with girlfriends."

"Ooh," said Amy, her eyes lighting up. She puffed on the joint until it was fully lit.

"Sounds like someone likes to change teams," she said, offering me the J.

I took a careful puff as she held it for me.

"I do," I said, exhaling. "This is good shit by the way."

"Isn't it," she said. "It's like ... tasty but that not strong."

"That's perfect," I said. "But yeah, I liked being a girl."

"I bet you did you little perv," she said, taking a draw herself. She passed it back to me, and I had to suppress a bit of laughter.

"Is this your first time with no arms?" she continued. She inspected the joint suspiciously and then took one more slow puff on it.

"Yeah, first time," I said. "It's kind of like being tied up? Only more comfortable than that."

She offered me another toke, which I took.

"You good on this?" she said, holding up the half of the joint remaining.

"I'm great," I said, nodding.

She stubbed out the cherry and tucked the joint under a flower pot.

"There was this time I got cut in half for a three way—" I said, recalling the other 'major' change I'd experienced with body magic before.

"You're going to tell me all about that in a sec," she aid. "But I gotta go pee."

She opened the back door and started to go inside.

"Do you need to go?"

"Luckily I went back at Gill's house," I said, following her inside, and pushing the door shut with my foot.

"If you do use my bathroom—" she said, turning and pausing. "Please just sit down to use the toilet. Guys always act like their dick is gong to fall off if they sit to pee."

"Uh... will it? Is there some kind of toilet spell?"

"As funny as it'd be, it'd be super gross to deal with," said Amy, entering the bathroom and shutting the door behind her.

I was left, momentarily, to just look around her house. It was only now that I was alone I was getting a full read on just how vulnerable I effectively was. My phone was still trapped in my pocket and I had no way to get it out and dial. I didn't even know how to use most of the voice features on Siri. Still, the flirty vibes that Amy and I were trading was more than enough to make me feel safe and even ... excited about being so helpless. She was clearly enjoying it, why should I worry?

She came out and smirked at me, then walked over to the fridge and grabbed two cans of beer.

"Let's go to the couch," she said. "And then I wanna hear about this three way."

"Sure," I said, following her. She set the two beers on the coffee table, then hooked a hand into my belt loop and all but tossed me down on the couch, before flopping down herself leaning up against me. She cracked a beer and offered me a sip, before taking one herself.

"Mmm," she said. "So set the stage for me. Who's this three way with?"

"Uh," I said. "These two girls I met at a music festival. I was like 23, right after college."

"Nice," she said. "So you're at some festival, I bet you take some Molly, and and one of these chicks is like 'Hey I got this magic sawing kit' right?"

"Essentially," I said, laughing. "It was a belt with a laser or something?"

"Ooh," said Amy. "Was it a LuminaCut?"

"I don't know what that is."

"They're like ... kind of outdated now, but they were this set of yellow rings that you could fit around your body parts and—"

She gestured making a ring around her hand, as if she was plucking her hand off.

"It sounds like it, they were yellow."

"Yeah, I loved those things," she said. "There was this guy I used to hook up with in grad school who had those in his bedroom, and his thing was like, giving me head with his head cut off."

"Wow," I said with a laugh. "So this is like a whole lifestyle for you, isn't it?"

"When you say 'lifestyle' it sounds like I'm subscribed to some magazine about how to keep up with the other magic sluts."

"What would you call it then?"

"I'm into some weird kinky magic stuff," said Amy. "Like taking the arms off cute guys."

"Or all guys, as it happens," I said.

"The cute ones too," said Amy. "Besides, think of the upside to this no-arms policy."

"You're into it, so that's an upside," I offered, smiling.

"Yeah, thanks," she said. "But also like – I can't make you do dishes or take out the garbage, or do anything useful. I have to practically wait on you."

"Hmm," I said, nodding. "That's a good point."

"We've also had to build an all-female rolodex of plumbers and stuff," said Amy, shrugging. "So that's kind of nice?"

"It's progressive," I said.

"It feels woke as shit to call up an AT&T and say 'Come fix my internet, also you have to send a woman to do it.'"

I laughed. She did as well.

The drugs were setting in perfectly. She turned to face me on the couch.

Then we kissed. She pushed forwards, sitting up, grabbing my face, keeping it going for a longer and longer moment.

Then she abruptly sat back and started to stand up.

"There's something I gotta tell you," she announced.

"You okay?" I asked.

"Yeah, I'm great," she nodded. "There's just something I gotta ... disclose and this the right time to do it."

"What's up?"

She paused, reading my expression, our eyes meeting.

"I have a penis," she said, smiling with a look that seemed somewhere between embarrassed and very proud.

"Cool," I said, a grin spreading over my face.

"I'm a chick with a dick," she continued. "A packin' princess. A hung hoe."

"I get it, yeah," I said. "Can I see it?"

She smiled mischievously.

"Maybe," she said, raising an eyebrow. "You don't seem phased by this one, compared to your arms, so I wanna know why."

"I guess I didn't include that when I was body swapped I spent like ... a 2 year relationship in my ex-girlfriend Monica's body."

"Woah," said Amy, her eyes lighting up. "So you've like *really* been a girl."

"You would be—" I took a quick mental inventory. "Dick number five."

"Five's a pretty good number," said Amy, nodding. "I think you'd be ... twenty-two."

"Dang!" I said, laughing. "You've got me beat there I guess."

"Bet that's not the only place I've got you beat," she said, with a big grin, tapping her own lap suggestively.

"Oh really," I said. "Let's see it then."

"Not so fast, mister," she shot back. "Let's put something on it first."

"Sure – maybe? What are we putting on it," I said, realizing I was something in uncharted waters with the house I was in.

"If mine is bigger, I get to cast a second magic spell on you," said Amy.

"...What spell?" I pried.

"You'll find out when my dick wins," she said, with a smirk. "And if yours is bigger, you can uh... you can body swap with me."

"Sounds great," I said. "Are we comparing them soft or—"

Amy pulled down her skirt and grinned at me.

"Hard," she said. Then she jumped on top of me.

What followed was a few frenzied moments of alternately making out and Amy removing clothing from both of us. I did what I was able to help, which wasn't too much given my lack of arms, and that she was pinning me flat on the couch.

After we'd both finally gotten fully naked, she mounted me triumphantly, straddling my hips, holding hers and mine side by side, touching.

"So?" she said, raising an eyebrow.

"I think you got me," I said, giggling with pleasure.

She started to give both our dicks a long, pleasurable stroking.

"Told ya so," she said, with a big grin.

"You win," I gasped, mostly just focused on her hands.

"I should confess I kinda cheated on that one a bit," she said, biting her lip.

"What do you mean," I said. "You're sneaking boner pills in the bathroom?"

"No," she said with a laugh. "It's more that – when I first got my dick, we cast this spell on it that would make it always be just a little bit bigger than the nearest guy's dick."

"Wow, that's ... wild."

"Yeah, it's super cool," said Amy, giggling. "Cause it also means I like .. always know how big every dude's dick is."

"Does that ever cause issues on like ... public transit or something?"

"I have a lot of flowy skirts and baggy pants," said Amy, with a smirk. "And before you ask, it was about the size of yours before the ... thing, so it wasn't a bad size to begin with or anything."

"I'll let you out of the bet though," she said, with a little shrug. "Because it wasn't really a fair contest."

"No you bamboozled me and won," I said, shaking my head. "Cast your spell."

Amy tapped her chin thoughtfully, looking down at me.

"Okay," she said, suddenly dismounting from me. "If you're okay with it."

"You have enthusiastic consent," I said, with a smile.

"Excellent," she said, turning and walking across the room. She started rummaging through a plastic box that was on the floor.

She turned around holding a Magic Wand and some kind of orange crystal. She grinned.

"How did you learn magic?" I said.

"The internet," she said, with a shrug.

Then she added "**Danishalor!**"

The room sort of ... blinked. There was a sudden feeling a bit like when I'd entered the house, not starting in my body, but sort of ... everywhere around me. It collected around me, closing in around my chest, my shoulders, and my midsection.

This time, instead of an intense vibration there was just ... a ripple.

And then just as suddenly as before, the change occurred. My entire torso collapsed into ... nothing. Suddenly my head and neck were just connected right to my hips.

"Do you know what a shorty is?"

"Of course I do," I said. "I've also got the internet."

"It's the *perfect* shape for you," said Amy, her voice full of passion. "Like you've got such great looking legs and a cute butt and you're just adorable in this shape, it's just ... gahhhh."

She grasped at the air in front of me.

"Cool," I said. "Well I kinda feel cute like this so..."

I shrugged, in what limited way as I was able to.

"The best part," said Amy, taking a seat next to me on the couch, and shoving me up into her lap. "Is that if I did the magic right, you should be close enough to get the tip in your mouth."

She took a gentle grasp of my cock, stroking it to full attention. It certainly seemed like she was right.

"I just thought of another contest for us," said Amy. "Who do you think gives better blowjobs?"

"Oh my goddd, this photo is so fucking hottt," said Amy, her voice alternating slightly into a moan.

Two things were contributing to this –

Amy had pulled up the photo she'd just recently snapped of me with the tip of my dick in my mouth, something that honestly did a lot more for her than for me, but it was still fun to see her reaction.

Second, and hopefully more significantly it was my 'turn' in the new game we were playing. If I was being honest, I had my work cut out for me – if I was going to compete it'd probably have to be some of the best head I'd ever given, as what Amy had just performed was ... incredible. Maybe it was just that I was so *close* to everything, or that she'd clearly lost all trace of her gag reflex, but it was going to be ... tough.

"Gahhhggg," said Amy.

Maybe not that tough. It seemed like everything was going great.

"OHMYGODIMCUMMI—" she said.

Then suddenly. Something happened.

As Amy erupted into my mouth, so did ... something magic. It warped seemingly everything and then it was hard to follow what had just occurred.

I suddenly found myself lying on top of Amy's legs, covered in lots of cum.

"Holy fuck I'm sorry," she said. "I forgot to tell you about that."

I was still processing what had happened. But I tried to say something back.

Tried, but ... somehow just didn't.

"There's this uh... spell we cast," said Amy, laughing. "That uh... when I cum, it uh..."

She made a gesture with two hands.

"Well," she continued. "I mean, your head just exploded, so you get it."

So that's what had happened. That actually made a lot of sense, given the other information I had available. Whatever POV I had was just from ... my legs. It wasn't even like I was seeing or hearing – not really. I was just 'aware' of Amy and what she was saying. And I was somehow very aware of where my body ended – now right at the waist.

"I only got this spell cast like a couple weeks ago," said Amy, "And I just forgot it was still on there so ..."

She shrugged and smirked.

"Anyway," she said, grabbing a handful of my butt. "I will *happily* find a way to compensate you for your now-missing head."

That seemed like a good enough apology for me. I was mostly frustrated because I'd just thought of making a joke about that being 'mind-blowing' and I had no way to tell it.

"But first," said Amy, "I think we both need a shower, don't you?"