

Limb Away
by pwatson1974
based on Limbs Away by anthromage

The crowd moves past his booth. Some look at the sign and hurry past. Some slow, maybe intrigued, maybe appalled, although given the convention topic probably intrigued, but never quite enough to actually stop and let him sell them anything. This is looking like a bust. And that means a good chance he'll have to talk to the bank. Again. And that is probably not going to be a happy conversation.

"Hi. Does this really work?"

He looks up, so lost in his misery he hadn't even seen the potential customer approach. She looks good in a red latex dress that leaves her arms bare, her pale skin showing through the cut out over her cleavage, her blonde hair looking decidedly ruffled.

"I, yes, of course it works." he huffs indignantly, "They'd hardly let me here if it didn't."

"Hey! No need to be so defensive, Mister. It's not like you've got an example so people can see that."

"Do you know what models charge? Especially for a show like this?"

"I might have an idea."

"Then you know why there's no example."

"That's a shame. Could you, maybe, show me it working?"

"Sure. Why not?" he pulls on a pair of thin plastic gloves and unscrews one of the small plastic pots, scooping a little of the pinkish cream onto his fingers. "Can you give me your hand?"

She holds out her left hand, palm up, more of the crowd stopping to watch.

"Which finger do you want to test it on?"

She wiggles her little finger. He nods, holding her hand and carefully rubbing the cream over her finger. As he rubs the cream over her, her finger seems to shrink until it's no longer there, the gap in her hand smooth.

"Oooooohhhh." she holds up her hand, staring at the gap where her finger used to be. "That's neat. How do I get it back?"

He washes the gloves and opens another pot, scooping the smooth blue gel onto his fingers. Once again she holds out her hand and the crowd watches as her finger reappears under the blue gel massage.

"Neeeeeat. How long can you restore them from?"

"Well, the tests were only up to 48 hours but there's no reason it couldn't be longer..."

"And where does it go?"

"Do you want the really technical or the man on the street version?"

"Woman on the street, please. I am a blonde, after all." she giggles.

"The cream absorbs the flesh its applied to into an other-dimensional fluid space. The gel restores the link and reactualises it in this version of reality."

"Neat. Would it work on my mouth?"

"Yes. It would leave a patch of skin behind. We've removed an entire face." Her eyes widen as he expounds on it, drawing his fingers around his face, "Once removed, the parts aren't needed, so the test subject didn't need to breathe."

"Ooooooh. That sounds good."

"You're the first to say that today."

"Because your advertising sucks."

"Hey now..."

"No, really, it does. You need a demonstration or no one's going to be interested. You're really lucky I saw you. So, what we'll do is, I'll be your demonstration today. Do my face and arm. We can discuss my fee after the show."

"I don't..."

"You know you need me for this. Besides, you're into this. This isn't exactly a product you invent

unless you're into it. And here I am, a gorgeous blonde just putting herself in your hands." she leans across the booth, giving him a view down her dress, "Aren't you just a little interested to do this? To me?"

"That isn't..."

"I promise I'm not going to be asking for money in payment. Some free samples, maybe?" she flutters her eyelashes up at him.

"I...ok"

"Neat." She steps onto his display area, and extends her arms out.

His brain finally catches up with what just happened, and the size of the crowd now watching expectantly. "Well..." he gets a fresh pair of gloves and scoops out a handful of pink creams, rubbing it over her hand and along her arm, erasing her as he does so. She smiles to the crowd, waving her stump as he gets another dose of cream and rubs it along her arm, erasing the limb completely. She purrs a little as he rubs her shoulder smooth. She gives a good surprised "O" to her bright red lips, her blue eyes wide, gesturing at the missing limb with her other hand.

"You're sure you want..."

"Armless is neat, but faceless is box office." She gives him a dazzling showgirl smile that makes him almost regret that it's about to be removed. Almost.

He nods, taking up more cream and rubbing it over her face until there's only a blank sheet of skin where her features used to be. Her remaining hand spasms, feeling over the smooth skin and gives a thumbs up. She stands by the podium, living testament to the success of his Limbs Away!™ Cream. The attention increases after that, pots selling if not quickly at least steadily. He feels more confident as the day goes on, even taping a logo over her blank face. She pouts, as best she can without a face, aggressively resting her arm on her hip but doesn't try to remove it

Hours later, after the hall has closed to the public, he takes a pot of Limb Ahoy!™ and wipes it over her face, restoring her cute nose, cupid's bow red lips and big blue eyes.

"Ooooooooooh. That felt soooo good."

He scoops up some more.

"No, you don't need to do that just yet."

"But..."

"Let's go to the bar and we can discuss our deal over something alcoholic. I make my best decisions like that. The most fun ones, anyway."

At the bar, after he's ordered a beer and a ridiculous cocktail. She holds it up in salute, and drinks,

"So, here's what I'm thinking. You're here for the full three days, right?"

"Yes."

"Cool. I could only afford a one day badge. So, here's the plan. For the rest of the con, I'll be your display model showing everyone what your wonder-cream can do. Erase whatever you need, restore what you want all day."

"Why?"

"Because it's hot! You cannot believe how it feels."

"But you..."

"Bud, you worry about you, I'll worry about me. You can't say you're not interested."

"I can't, no." he replies, "But I can't pay..."

"How long does one of those little pots last?"

"Depends how much you erase, but what..."

"How about if I erase all of me? How much would I need?"

"Don't do that. There needs to be something to apply the gel to to restore you."

"How much?"

"Not much." he looks away, reddening a little.

"Let me guess, you reduced some poor girl to her pussy, right?"

He gulps. "Yes."

"Neat. How many times could a pot do that to me?"

"3, maybe 4 times."

"Ok, so I'll take 5 pots of each for each day I work for you."

"4."

"Ok. 4 pots, ya cheapskate."

"When will you get here?"

"Ah, well, see, my hotel is only booked for one night too so that would be a problem."

"Oh. Still, if you can only work tom...."

"Orrrrrrrr we could try something else."

"Like what?"

She smiles, "Glad you asked. After the show, reduce me down to as small as you like and take me to your hotel room. Then you only need to restore me as much as you need in the morning for the show."

"I'm not..."

"Oh, and as this is basically my fantasy come to life, you have my full permission to fuck me however you like while I'm with you."

He very nearly spits his beer out. "I'm sorry, what?"

"You heard me. After the hall closes, I'll go from demonstration babe to a personal fucktoy, just for you to enjoy."

"But..."

"Shhhhhh. Don't you find me attractive?"

"Oh, that is not..."

"Don't you want your own little living fucktoy to play with? Isn't that why you invented that thing? Isn't that why you're here to sell it to your fellow perverts?"

"Now, see..."

"Well, as one of those perverts, this is how you can help me. Make me just my pussy and fuck me. Or maybe you prefer a disembodied head giving you head. Or spunking your load over a pair of bodyless tits." she licks her lips, "Those all sound pretty good to me." he feels her hand under the table, moving up his leg and onto his lap, "And they seem to feel pretty good to you, too."

He splutters, but doesn't actually answer.

"That's what I thought. Let's go. I'm too human at the moment."

He lets her grab his wrist and lead him away.

"So, which one's your room?"

Early the next day he rather self-consciously takes a pair of hips out of his bag, applying Limb Ahoy! to restore her head and torso and then reducing her down to a bust with only her mouth left in her face. He places her on the table amidst the displays, her dress draped over the edge of the table.

Sales prove brisk again and he has no trouble reducing her down to get his toy back to his room.

The last day of the convention starts similarly, a faceless head sitting amongst his remaining merchandise. He keeps the pots he promised her back but pretty much sells out the rest, the living demonstration very convincing of his product's performance.

After the hall closes, he wipes up her face. "Well, I guess this is it." she looks down at the table.

"Once you bring the rest of me back, that is."

He smiles, "Actually, I was thinking about that."

"Oh?"

"The next convention's scheduled next month. How would you like to continue our business relationship for it?"

"You mean..."

"Demonstration babe at the convention and my reduced toy the rest of the time."

"Mmmmmmm. Wait, you said next month? So you mean until then you want me to be...?" she cocks

an eyebrow.

“I'm sorry, I...”

“Sounds like a wonderful idea to me...partner.”