

LIMB AWAY 2: CUSTOMER SERVICE

by Paul Watson

The Mercedes pulls up outside an unassuming condo, looking absurdly out of place amongst the Fords. "You're absolutely sure this is the place?"

"Yes, ma'am. This is the address he gave to the convention for his pitch."

"Doesn't look like much, does it?"

"No, ma'am."

"Well, let's go and see what this...Mr Harrison has to say for himself."

He stumbles towards the door, the knocking insistent and far too loud for someone who spent a little too much time celebrating the success of the show, and his new toy. He at least managed to pull a robe on to avoid flashing whoever is waking him up at this God-awful time of day. He pulls the door open to find his porch crowded by three people. Directly in front of him is a thin middle-aged woman, peering from behind narrow designer glasses. Her business suit is a pale grey, tailored and utterly professional. Her hair is tied severely back to further add to the air of don't push me she gives off. The two men behind her certainly add to that air, somehow fitting bodies normally seen as a caution against steroid abuse into black business suits. They stand stony-faced behind black glasses, being quietly professionally menacing.

"Mr Harrison?"

"Doctor Harrison." he huffs in reply, pulling the robe more tightly closed.

"Doctor Harrison." she repeats, pulling a picture of a dark-haired, strangely familiar young woman from her leather document folder. "Do you recognise this woman?"

He blinks, rubbing somewhat bleary eyes. "She looks familiar, but I..."

"Doctor, please don't play games. We have credible reports that you left your little fetish convention with her a week ago."

"Ah, yes, that's where I've seen her. And you are asking because?"

"I represent her mother who is very concerned that she hasn't heard from her daughter in some days."

"I see."

"I would very much like to reassure Ms van Dyne that her daughter is not in any danger."

"Yes, I imagine you...van Dyne? Van Dyne Cosmetics van Dyne?"

"Indeed. You didn't know?"

"We..." he rubs his head, looking to one side, "...haven't been doing a lot of talking since the convention."

"So she is here?"

"What? Oh, yes."

"I would very much like to speak with her."

"That would be a prob..."

"Doctor Harrison, I don't think you understand. I would *very much* like to speak with her. Now."

He glances from her to the walking slabs of muscle behind her.

"And I think you would *very much* like things to not get...unpleasant by preventing that."

He swallows at the less than subtle implication as one of the men cracks his knuckles.

"I'll go and get her. She...isn't in a state for company. Wait here."

"As you wish, Doctor. For now." she folds her arms as he bolts towards the bedroom, the front door still hanging open. "Honestly, what could she possibly see in this one?"

"Well, maybe..."

"That was rhetorical. That means I don't need you to answer."

"Yes, ma'am."

Minutes pass before she hears more than muffled noise of talking from behind the bedroom door.

"WHAT?!"

"That sounds like our girl."

The door starts to open. "...not wait. That officious bitch is..."

"At least put a robe on."

"Fine." A pause and the door flies open, "MARLO! HOW DARE YOU?!" she shouts, stomping down the hallway.

"Angelica Evangeline Nadia van Dyne, do not raise your voice to me."

"What are you doing here?!"

"I'd have thought that was obvious. Your mother is concerned about you."

"Hah! She's concerned about her reputation more like." she jabs a stump of a hand at her, quickly pulling it back into the robe's pocket. "How did you even..."

"Please, Angel. We know about your 'secret' credit cards. It's a simple matter to persuade people to track them down. And when you leave in the middle of your hotel stay, well, we get concerned for you."

"Middle...? You said you could only afford one night!"

"So I wasn't wholly honest. It's not like it didn't work out well for you, for both of us. Anyway, Marlo, You found me. I'm here, I'm perfectly safe, as you can see, so job's done. You can go now." she makes a shooing motion with her hand, "Off you pop."

"Angelica, your mother left strict instruct..."

"Yes, I'm sure she did. Mom loves strict instructions. Anyway, you found me, you've confirmed I'm safe, so just give me my phone and I promise to check in with the dragon this evening."

Marlo purses her lips.

"Unless you're going to get Huey and Dewey to physically kidnap me in broad daylight, we can keep standing here all day. But I'm sure you've got other, better things to do. I know I have. I'll call Mom this evening."

"That..."

"...is my final offer. We both know I take after Mom too much to back down just because you say so, so, let's not have any...public unpleasantness."

Marlo holds her gaze for several long, silent seconds before shrugging and turning with a sigh.

"Give her the bag. Be seeing you, Doctor Harrison."

"Ma'am." One of the men hands over a backpack that looks tiny in his hands.

"See ya, Huey." she closes the door. "What?"

"You could have told me."

"You could have asked. We both knew exactly how much we needed and wanted to know."

"Meaning?"

"Meaning I knew you had the ability to let me become a living sextoy, at least temporarily. And you knew I was willing to be your live-in sextoy." she lets the robe fall open, putting her arms around his neck, "Speaking of which..." There's a tremulous knock on the door, "Oh, for fuck's sake, what does that smug, supercilious, domineering bitch want now?" she flings the door open, "What?!" The small woman on the porch almost drops her bag, clutching it tighter, dark curls hanging in front of her thick glasses and the shoulders of her peach dress. She flushes beet red as she stares straight into Angelica's chest, turning away with a strangled eep.

"I'm s-sorry, I was looking for Dr Harrison. It's my..."

Angelica pulls the robe closed. "You got some stuff from him at the show?"

"Oh, no, not me, I...it's...my husband did, but..."

"You'd probably best come in. No point standing on the doorstep."

"Oh, thank you."

She looks at Doctor Harrison in his robe and look away, although as that puts her in eyeline of Angelica, she seems at a loss exactly where to look, settling for her feet. "Oh, oh. I hope I'm not interrupting anything..."

"Nothing we can't keep until later, I'm sure." he replies, trying not to sound like the answer is a loud 'yes'. "Now, I am Doctor Harrison. What do you need to see me for?"

"Well, my husband, he...he likes me to be assertive, you know, in bed, but it's hard."

"That's what she said." Angelica murmurs, grinning at the glower from Harrison.

"And he bought some of your Limb Away and thought that would h-help. Only, he wanted to surprise me, you know, so he used it on himself and...anyway, you'd probably better see." she reaches into her bag, wincing as she pulls out a masculine arm with an equally masculine penis attached to the shoulder.

"Ohhhh, that's kinky. I like it."

"And what seems to be the..."

"He's been like that since he got back from the c-convention a week ago."

"A week? Ah...why didn't you use the pot of Limb Ahoy to restore him?"

"The blue stuff? I tried but..." she holds up her hand, three fingers extending far too far with three extra joints, almost as if they had an extra finger attached to the end, "it did this and I spilt it and..."

"That's fascinating. May I..."

"I think she'd rather you deal with her husband first."

"Oh, right. It has been a week. The product was only tested for 48 hours..."

"You mean..." she sniffs.

"Nice bedside manner, Doc. Come on, you. Let's get you something to drink."

"It's hardly my fault if no one reads the instructions and safety notes." he huffs as he examines the arm.

"No visible degradation, that's good. Now, where did I leave...? Oh, of course." He finds a pot of Limb Ahoy on the table, "And the gloves are? Aha." he pulls on the pair of gloves, from his jacket,

"Now, let's see if you're still a husband or just a very impressive dildo." he dabs some of the blue gel at the join between arm and balls, the skin between them becoming significantly looser.

"Hmmm. Something's happening at least." He uses some more gel and the two begin to grow apart.

It takes the entire pot before the husband is back. He sits up, a little unsteady, a lot groggy but in one human shaped-piece, middle-aged spread included. He blinks repeatedly, shaking his head.

"Where am I? Who are you? Where's Wanda? What have you done with her? Wandaaaaaaa!!!"

"It's ok. You..."

"Get away from me." he shoves Harrison away, "Wandaaaaaa!"

Wanda rushes into the room, Angelica trailing behind, leaning against the doorframe. "Simon? Simon! You're back!" She throws her arms around him.

"Back? Where did I go?"

"You don't remember?"

"It's...foggy. I remember things, but, touch mostly and...what day is it?"

"It's been a week."

"A whole week? Fuck, I am so fired. Fuck!"

"It's ok, it's ok, I told him you were sick."

He breathes a sigh of relief, feeling something odd on his shoulder. He turns his head, recoiling in disgust, "What's that?"

Wanda breaks the hug, following his eyes, "Oh." she pulls her lengthened hand back. "I kinda had an...accident trying to get you back."

"But your hand...it's so hid..."

Angelica coughs to interrupt, pushing herself away from the door, "Buddy, until a minute ago, you were a cock on an arm, and, frankly, I'm not seeing this as an improvement."

"You can't speak to me like..."

"Weren't you just starting on your wife for getting altered saving your life? I'd think carefully about throwing rocks from a house that's all windows, if I were you."

"Look, you..." he pushes himself up, and stops, his hands going to his groin, "uhm Wanda..."

"Yes?"

"Where are my clothes?"

"Oh! Oh, no, I didn't think...they're still at the apart..."

"Still at the...? You stupid...! How am I supposed to get home now?"

"Same way you got here?" Angela suggests with a shrug, "Make you smaller and Wanda carries you home."

"Smaller? You mean..."

"We cannot just give out merchandise just because..."

"Really? Really really? Doc, look, I'll donate a pot of Away and Ahoy out of what you owe me so this works."

"Fine." he huffs. "Make sure to follow the instructions and use gloves this time."

"Could you get them? The sooner we're done, the sooner we can get back to it." Harrison leaves the room, "Don't mind him, this has interrupted him doing one of his favourite things."

"Oh, what?"

Angelica smiles her sweetest, most radiantly innocent smile, "Me."

"Oh? Oh. Ohhhhh." Wanda flushes, "Ummm, g-gloves m-might be a p-problem." she stammers as she holds up her elongated hand, still not looking directly at Angelica.

"Don't worry about that. I can fix those before you fix up him."

"I'm right here!"

"Don't remind me. I assume you want your wife to do the handling, though, right?"

He looks over at her, taking a long time to admire the curves the near open robe does a poor job at concealing, "I mean, if you're offering..."

She looks at Wanda for a reaction; Wanda looks down at the floor, her hair falling over her face; Dr Harrison walks back into the room with latex gloves and two pots each of Limb Away and Limb Ahoy. "Hey, I said one pot each."

"Just in case. It's not like you can't afford it."

"Oh, we're talking about that once we're alone." she mutters as she snaps on the gloves. "So, who's first?"

Simon moves forward. "Sure thing, baby."

She dips her fingers into the pot. "Arm out." Simon complies and grins as she rubs the Limb Away into his arm, melting it all the way up to his shoulder. His other arm is out before she asks and vanishes almost as swiftly, her hands gliding over his skin. "Lie down."

"Yes, ma'am."

She shakes her head slightly and begins to massage his legs, ignoring the stiffening erection in front of her as Simon is reduced down to a torso. "Ok. I'm going to do your head now. So it will get a lot quieter."

"I remember, baby."

She wipes her finger across his mouth first and then starts wiping his face and then his whole head away. Wanda looks on in amazement as once his head's gone, Angelica continues to just smear the cream all over, shrinking him down until all that's left of her husband is a rock hard phallus. "Leave him for a bit so the cream sets and lets deal with you." Wanda's eyes are wide, nostrils flared, "Don't worry, I'm only going to do your fingers. And maybe recommend a decent divorce lawyer." she takes Wanda's hand, rubbing one of her elongated fingers until it's back to its original size, her finger rather squarely cut off around the nail. "Is that good enough?"

Wanda taps the end of her finger. "It feels, I mean, not n-normal, but, close? Close e-enough, I g-guess."

"Ok." she starts on the next finger, "What do you intend to do with, you know, the dildo-husband?"

"W-what do you m-mean 'do with'?"

"Well, he'd probably be more use to you like this than restored, certainly a better fuck..."

Wanda gives a strangled gasp, her face glowing.

"You are not suggesting he is not restored, are you? We do not know how safe that sort of..."

"Calm down, Doc, I'm just...musing aloud."

"You are being very irresponsible and..."

Angelica goes back to ignoring him, working on the final finger. "Hey, Doc, do you have a nail varnish brush?"

"A what? Why would I have a..."

"It'll be good for applying to a small area. You should consider them as part of the product line. I know a supplier who..."

"We can discuss that later. Let me have a look at those fingers, please."

Wanda shyly holds up her hand.

"HmMMM. No fingerprints, smooth skin. Interesting. Could you put a little Limb Ahoy on one, please?"

"Wanda? Is that ok with you?" she asks.

"W-w-why?"

"At present, your fingertips have been removed. You can certainly function like this perfectly adequately, but it would be better if we at least find out if Ahoy will restore them properly. If not, there's more than enough Limb Away to restore you to your current state.

"Oh, a-alright, I guess."

"Just a little."

Angelica dips her finger into the blue pot and dabs it on Wanda's ring finger. Slowly the finger tip regrows.

"Excellent. Let us proceed with the others now that we know there won't be any unfortunate regrowth."

The middle finger just keeps growing. Angelica stops.

"That's, hmMMM... try again."

The elongated finger vanishes and is restored several times before the fingertip is in its proper place.

"How odd. The length of time must have destabilised the matrix. HmMMM. Last one. And we know this one will be fine." And it is.

Wanda spends a few minutes alternating between thanking them, blushing as she stares at the bag containing what's left of her husband, staring at her fingers as if they might either suddenly start growing or fall off entirely, but eventually she does leave, with Angelica's cell number in her phone, just in case.

The door closes, "What was the meaning of all that?"

"All what?"

"Suggesting she keep her husband as a...as a..."

"Live-in sex toy?"

"You won't bait me like that, Miss van Dyne."

She shrugs, a move that opens the robe a little further, "I said what I said. Guy's a creep. She would absolutely be better off leaving him like that. Or just leaving him in general."

He fumes in response. "Very well. I hope it does not come back to bite us. Anyway, that's hardly the most interesting thing to arise from today."

"Oh really?"

"Oh, yes. Limb Ahoy growing extra body parts, well, we didn't see that in the tests. Granted we didn't investigate it, but it's fascinating. Where does the mass come from? How does it determine what form to take? How long does it last? How does it shape the morphic...what are you doing?"

Angelica rubs some blue gel on her side. "Trying to answer some of those questions, of course."

"Miss van Dyne, this is not a moment for your reckless levity, it is..."

Angelica groans in response as her side warms up and something starts to push out through the gel. A slim hand waggles its fingers as the rest of the arm pushes out.

"My...that is..."

Angelica pants, sweat running over her, and raises the two arms she now has on her left side, her new lower arm giving her thumbs up as her handless upper arm merely copies the motion. "Give me my phone, would you?" she unzips the plastic bag and pulls the top of the line phone out. She waits impatiently, one hand holding it to her ear, the other two folded over her stomach, her bare toes tapping, "Come on, come on, answer, will you?...Marcia...Don't you Miss van Dyne me, Marcy, I have something important to show you....No, not like that time, properly important, and you're going to want to see it...Well, you remember that stuff I found on your computer..." she pulls the phone away from her ear as a yell screams out of it, "...hey, hey, I'm not blackmailing you, but, well, you have to see this." she holds the phone out, posing with her three arms and sending the

photo, “Get here soon.” She ends the call, turning back to Harrison. “Well, we have a bit of time before she gets here.” she lets the robe slide off her shoulders, “Where were we?”