

LIMB AWAY 3: LIMB AHOY

by Paul Watson

"When I said 'How shall we pass the time', this was very much not what I had in mind." she lets out a bored sigh as Harrison prods and probes her new arm.

"I see no reason to let your recklessness go to waste, Miss van Dyne."

"Oh, we're being formal now are we, Doctor Harrison? I think I preferred it when you didn't know...hey!" her left arms jerk as he taps he elbow with a reflex-testing hammer.

"Fascinating. Both limbs working in unison. I wonder why."

"You're not even listening to me, are you?"

"When you have anything worth listening to, I promise to give you my full attention."

"Oh, it's like that, is it? No problem, Doc. Can you at least Away my head? That way you won't have to listen to my oh so stupid comments and I don't have to be quite so bored standing here?"

"Regrettably, for both of us, I will need some responses from you."

"Fine, I guess we'll both have to suffer and ow! You pinched me!"

"Fascinating. Both arms reacted. Did you feel it in both?"

"I...ok, fine, if I answer, will you Away me?"

He sighs, "If you insist, but..."

"There isn't a both. It's like, I have one left arm in my head, so when I get my left arm to do it, they both get the message and when you do something to one, my brain gets the message no matter which one you did it to."

"That's intriguing. I wonder..."

"Uh-uh. Wonder later. Away me first."

"Fine, fine." he reaches for the pot when the doorbell rings.

"That's probably Marcy. I'll go let her in."

"Put on a robe first, at least!"

"God, you're so..."

"My neighbours certainly are."

"Ugh, fine!" she tugs the robe on, complicated by two arms not reacting exactly as she'd like. The doorbell rings again, "I'm coming, I'm coming! Keep your tits on, Marcy!" she yanks the robe on, doesn't bother to close it and strides for the door.

On the other side, looking down the road is a short south Asian in a blouse and dark blue skirt, her jet hair falling over her shoulders tanned in a tumble of waves. A gold stud gleaming in her nose,

"Why is..." she turns back, "Angel! For God's sake, cover up!" she grabs at the robe, which only brings her hands into contact with Angelica's chest.

"Why, Marcy, I didn't know you thought of me that way."

Marcy jerks her hands back as if they'd been shocked looking almost as red as Wanda earlier. "You know I don't. Now, let me in and you can tell me what's so impressive about you learning Photoshop. And then you can tell me why Dewey's parked down the street trying to be unobtrusive."

"He is?" she leans out the door and waves, her robe flapping open.

Marcy pushes her inside. "Stop that. You know he has to commit seppuku now. So what's so..." she stops dead turning away as Angelica shucks off the robe, "What are you doing?! I do not need to see you naked again!"

"Story of my life." she steps behind the door, "Better?"

"I guess. So what's..." two arms emerge from behind the door. "What did you do to your hand!? It's gone?!"

Angelica looks along her arm. "Oh, right, I'd forgotten that."

"You forgot you'd lost your hand?! How high are you?!"

"Not enough to put up with that kind of screeching."

"Screeching? Screeching?! You've lost your fucking hand!"

"Not lost, more like...temporarily misplaced. Don't you see anything else?"

"I see two arms, and you must be stretching pretty...far...?" Angelica leans a little further out so her side is visible. "That's...what am I...how...you have two fucking arms?! How?"

"Three, actually." She reaches over and waves her right hand past the door.

"I repeat, how? Also what?"

"You might add a 'who'. Hey, Doc! Marcy's here!"

Doctor Harrison emerges in to the hall, his belt knotted to pull the robe closed. "So I hear.

Apparently I need to meet you. I am Doctor Harrison."

"Hey, Doc, can you toss me my phone while you get acquainted with Marcy? I'll order some coffee and doughnuts for Dewey if he's on stakeout." He turns back into the lounge, "Oh, and bring me some Ahoy, will you? Now that Marcy's mentioned it, the missing hand is going to be weird."

"Oh, the hand's weird, but not the whole other arm?"

Angelica grins, "Believe me, you ain't seen nothin' yet."

Marcy pointedly looks at the door, "Oh, really? Pretty sure I've seen everything. Again."

Harrison hands over the pot before Angelica can respond further, along with a glove. Angelica dips her finger in, "Now, nothing up my sleeve..." she starts rubbing the blue gel on the end of her stump.

"What...sleeve?" she stops, staring as the stump bulges and a new hand grows out, fingers of both arms wagging.

"Ta-daaaa."

"That's...how?"

"Talk to Doc about the how. I need to sort out Dewey's coffee. I'll give you some privacy." she walks from behind the door and into the bedroom.

"For God's sake, Angel, put some damn clothes on already!"

"Hey, Doc, did I actually bring any clothes?" she closes the door.

"Is she joking? I mean, it sounds weird, but it probably wouldn't hit top ten of her stunts."

"Well..."

"Well?"

"Well, at the time she was a pair of hips so it's not like a lot of clothes would..."

"Sorry. Can you repeat that? She was what?"

"A pair of hips."

"You know, that's what I thought you said but that's nuts. How?"

"Perhaps we should discuss it somewhere other than the hall?"

"It seems like we have a fair few things to discuss while she torments Dewey."

Soon, "It's still so hard to believe. Even seeing it happen, it's just..."

"Indeed. It is quite impressive, isn't it?" Harrison rubs the blue gel over his missing little finger, restoring the stump.

"Did you have to, Marcy?" she walks in, dressed in minimalist, lacy underwear, "Doc likes his ego stroked almost as much as his cock, Maybe more."

"I see you found some, well, not clothes exactly..."

"Oh, fuck you, Marcy. I can't fit into any of my outfits with this getting in the way. And you're looking suspiciously normal. I'd have thought you'd have jumped at the chance to..."

"Unlike some, I don't just jump into things head, or other parts, first."

"Whatever. Now, Doc, you promised me some Away time before Marcy got here. She'll be a better lab rat for you, anyway, She likes that multi stuff, like *like* likes."

"She could hardly be worse." he mutters as he opens a pot of pink cream, while Marcy glares death at a grinning Angelica,. "Do you want me to apply it? Or..."

"Nah, you keep talking, I know how much you like to, I'll do myself." she takes the pot, sitting on the couch, rubbing the cream into her legs. "What? I don't want to go wandering once I'm brainless."

"Brainless?"

"Just wait and see." she finishes with her legs, her hips ending at the edges of her underwear, and

starts another dollop on her head.

“Are you...?”

“Yup. See you later.”

“You have to speak to your...and she can't hear me any more. Of course.”

Angelica runs her hands along her shoulders, smoothing the stump out.

“I suppose she'll be quiet, at least.”

“Quiet? She just wiped away her head!”

“Yes. It's quite safe. As I said, when we left the show she was...”

“A pair of hips. I'd ask how, but I won't understand it. I'm just amazed this stuff really works. When she got into that Dolly stuff...”

“Why am I not surprised she was interested in that?”

“Anyway, it was a scam. Didn't do anything...”

“By the time it got to you, almost certainly not. The original product was taken down once the unfortunate side-effects were discovered.”

“What? No, it was a scam. It was all over the news...”

“It's more palatable for it to be a scam than for it to be permanent.”

“Permanent? It worked?”

“It worked. But there was an unforeseen effect that should have been anticipated and sadly for the dozen or so women involved, wasn't.”

“Right, right, but it could really turn someone into a blow-up doll?”

“What? Oh, no, no. How would that have worked?”

Marcy looks meaningfully towards the torso and looks back as she sees where Angelica's hands are going.

“Quite different. No, the real Dolly turned you into a silicone lovedoll. Much more solid, but still perfectly inanimate. Quite a scientific triumph. Except for the side-effects.”

“The side-effect being it was permanent. Which is some side-effect. No wonder her Mom had a fit about it.”

“Only under certain circumstances. Sadly, contact with foreign bodily fluids is rather the point of a silicone lovedoll.”

“Wait, but that's,...they didn't test that?!”

“Apparently not. Shame, really, the underlying principle is fascinating. But I doubt anything related will get past regulators now.”

“Your stuff isn't...”

“Oh, no, quite different metabolic pathways involved. So, Miss van Dyne seemed quite sure that you would be interested in the new applications for Limb Ahoy.”

“She did, did she? What would I have to do? And what would happen?”

“Well, the former is just apply some of the blue Limb Ahoy gel to your skin. The latter, well, in Miss van Dyne's case, the effect is rather obvious, but that's what the testing is for.”

“So I'd get new arms?”

“Probably.”

“Probably. But it's safe?”

“If anything goes seriously wrong, we can Limb Away it without a problem so far.”

“So far.”

“We've had one instance where the effect was allowed to persist for a week which was overcome, so it seems reversible.”

She sighs, “Ok. Give me a shot.” she pulls her blouse up to expose her sides. Harrison takes some of the blue gel on his gloves and rubs it against her side. “Oooohhh. Cold! So, how long does it...oooooooooh.”

“Not long, it seems.”

Her sides grow warmer, something pressing out against her skin. She starts panting, sweating heavily as a new arm emerges from each side. “Whoooooh. That was intense. You could market that stuff just for the feeling never mind the...” she puts a hand over her mouth, “...oh my God, I've got

four arms! That's....”

“Fascinating.”

“What? What's fascinating? What's wrong?”

“You seem to have, for want of a better term, normal control over them. Miss van Dyne can only have her duplicate arm replicate the motions of her original arm.”

“Oh. So she can't do this?” she pats her head with one arm, rubs her stomach with another and touches her nose with the third.

“Most people cannot do that with just two arms. I wonder if that would explain...”

“She's right about clothes, though. They were not designed for this.” she fiddles with her blouse, undoing buttons until it flares open around her new limbs. “Don't expect much more, though. I'm not like our resident permanently horny exhibitionist submissive over there.”

“No, quite, she....fascinating.”

“What? She's just jilling herself off.”

“No, not that. I'm used to her doing that. But she's using her arms naturally. I wonder what's changed.”

“Her mind's not getting in her way?”

“At it's heart, that's a possible explanation, but I doubt she'd appreciate being interrupted to be asked. So we'll park that. May I conduct some tests on your new arms?”

“I mean, sure, that's what I'm here for, right?” He touches her wrist.

“How does that feel?”

“Like you're touching my wrist? What should it feel like?”

“And this?” he touches her original arm.

“The same?”

“Does it feel like they're the same arm?”

“No, of course not, why would it?”

“Fascinating.”

“You say that a lot, don't you?”

“I have been recently. Now, Miss van Dyne seemed sure you'd be enthusiastic about this...”

“Did she now?”

“She did. And, although I don't normally pry, I have received rather a large shock today from not prying so...”

“So why would she think that?”

“That is the question. And I really must insist on an answer.”

“You must?”

“I must.”

“Well, it's a little...” she sighs, “ok, a lot embarrassing.”