

LIMB AWAY 4: MULTIPLYING PROBLEMS

by Paul Watson

“Right. So, you're going to get the whole story. My dad worked at Van Dyne. Not exec level, but upper management in tech, very stereotypical South Asian success story. Anyway, along comes Angelica and a few weeks later, along comes me. And because there aren't that many children in the exec pool to choose from, I become assigned as her friend, which sounds a bit clinical, but I'm sure both parents meant well. Anyway, as I'm the junior partner being younger by three and a half weeks and 'only' the child of a manager and not the boss, and Angel is a selfish brat, I get to be the whipping girl. She gets in trouble, I get the blame. 'Mommy, Marcy, pushed that vase over.' 'Mommy, Marcy hit Stevie.' Fortunately, her mom got wise pretty quick that Angel was no angel. And then I became the 'responsible' one who kept her safe. Mostly from herself. It's not quite my official job. Officially I'm an office manager, but in reality, I'm more a troublemaker's troubleshooter.”

“Not that Marlo woman.”

“Oh, you've met, Marlo, have you? She's Ms van Dyne's right hand woman and, despite rumours, does not eat the flesh of her conquered enemies. She's my boss several levels removed. Anyway, you can see how things are going. Childhood playmates, with one richer than Croesus and the other just comfortably well off, growing up in each other's pockets. It's a lot.”

“Very interesting, but I fail to see...”

“You need to understand the relationship cues first. Anyway, you know Hindu gods, right? Ganesha, Kali, Shiva. Animal fusions, multi-limbed and all around weird to American eyes. You can imagine how much fun I had when Angel found out about them. Anyway, some semi-innocent googling while I was in a receptive state and, well, you've heard of rule 34, right?”

“If it exists, there is porn of it.”

“Exactly. You can imagine what sort of crazy stuff I found related to my gods. And then you can imagine how mortified I was when Angel found that folder as the little bitch was using my computer for her 'homework' so it didn't show up in her search history.”

“You don't sound like you like her very much. Which seems...”

“I love her. She's near enough my fourth sister. I just don't have to sugarcoat her. She's a rich brat who's been insulated from any real consequences her whole life. Anyway, yes, I have a thing for multi-stuff: Arms, mouths, boo...eyes. And here you are with something that can maybe make it all work, so yes, this is all kinds of embarrassingly awesome. And I have to thank Angel for it! That just makes it bett...worse. And as for you...”

“Me? What about me?”

“Well, Angelica hasn't been in touch with the Mothership, which is why you've met Marlo. That's been, what, two weeks she's been 'busy', right?”

“Yes, well...”

“And, as it's Angel and you can fulfil her impossible fantasies, I assume you've been fucking her senseless for most of the time she's been gone.” he tries to draw himself up to his full height and look at her sternly, which is difficult to pull off in a bathrobe, “So, I'm just making sure you understand, right here and now, that I am not going to have sex with you for this, as fantastic as it feels.”

“I assure you...”

“Sure, sure, you're a stand-up guy, I'm sure. But still, you've got one plaything who'll let you fuck her crazy. You don't get two.”

“I assure you, I do not need two. One is already more than enough to try to keep up with.”

“Death by snu-snu isn't so bad. You're already doing better than some of Angel's fuck-bys. Some of them didn't even last the night before she kicked them to the kerb. One guy didn't even make it back to her room.”

“Well, that makes me feel a whole lot better.”

“So, if we're testing this, what's the next step? Six arms? Try something else? Try the arms but

someplace weird? Oh, can it do wings? That would be cool.”

“Of course it can't do wings. Even if it could, you wouldn't be able to fly. The density of human bone compared to birds is...”

“Ok, Professor, ok. Although, how do you know it won't get me wings. You didn't know it could do arms until this morning, right?”

“How would the matrix...”

“How's your problem for later. If it works is the issue for right now. And even if it doesn't, negative results have value, right?”

“They do.”

“Then that's the next step.”

Dr Harrison sighs. “As you wish.” he pulls on his gloves, “You'll probably need to move your shirt. Even if this doesn't work, something might grow from the site.”

“Uh-huh.” she turns around, eyeing him suspiciously.

“No, this isn't a sneaky way to get you naked, Miss...”

“Sriupathakan. Don't worry if you can't pronounce it, no one else has managed.”

“Miss Sriupathakan. Miss Van Dyne is giving me quite enough of a show and you've made your intentions clear on that front.”

“And the back?”

“The back?”

“It's a joke, Doctor.” her top arms reach over her shoulders, pulling the cloth up to expose her shoulderblades while her lower arms make sure it doesn't slip and expose anything else.

“Now remember I have no idea what will happen...”

“Got it. If you had a waiver, I swear I'd sign it, but you're not set up that professionally, are you?”

“It's not as if I was anticipating this scenario.”

“Well, we might have to. Just two tests subjects will miss a....aahhhhh cold!”

Harrison continues rubbing the blue gel across her back. “Cold?”

“Just the gel. It's getting...ahhhhhh...a lot warmer now.” her back starts to bulge as two new limbs push their way through her skin. Marcy grits her teeth. Two new arms rise out of her back, stretching out. “Well,” she pants, “they're not wings but we know it can make things grow in weird places.”

“Indeed. Do they...” the arms move.

“I can move them, but it's like doing something with your eyes closed.” she closes her eyes, “That actually makes it easier.”

“The visual input is no longer causing any incongruities with what you expect to see from the haptic sensations, I'd imagine.”

“Assuming that translates as 'I don't see what experience says I should', sure. Can you get rid of them? Sitting down is going to be trick and I don't want to get tired holding my blouse up.”

Doctor Harrison liberally applies Limb Away to her back until the arms are gone. “Do you want the others?”

“Not yet. How long can I keep them for?”

He shrugs. “Unknown but we tested Away for 48 hours without incident, so I would assume a similar time frame.”

“48... well, that's useful to know. So, we could have 48 hours peace and quiet just by leaving Angelica like...that?” she gestures to the headless and legless body on the couch.

“Indeed.”

“I might have to invest in this stuff just for that.”

“Invest in? I'm not looking for...”

“You will be when Angel starts ordering by the truckload. She'll be having pool parties with it if she can.”

“She, most certainly, can not. That would be grossly irresponsible and...”

“Yeah, have you met Angelica? 'Irresponsible' is almost her middle name.”

“That is besides the point. At present, I couldn't manufacture at that sort of rate.”

“Which is why you need investors.”

“I do not think any respectable investor would...”

“One, there's no such thing as a respectable investor. Two, even if there was, you're really underestimating how much investors prefer money to respectability. Three, Angelica is very persuasive. Four...”

“Alright, alright, I get the point. Of course, we'll need to complete the experimentation to understand the properties we're talking to investors about.”

“Back to it, then.”

“Back to it.”

Angelica, rather reluctantly, opens her eyes. She tries to turn her head but for some reason can't.

“Ok, what did you do to...Marcy?” She looks up, finding something obscuring the top of her vision, but concentrating more on the strange vision before her. Marcy's mouth smiles out of her navel, her third pair of arms emerging at the same height. Her blouse still tied up under her chest, the second set of arms adjusting it. A third eye blinks in the centre of her forehead.

“How you doing, sleepyhead?” she says, both mouths moving almost in time.

“What?”

“Like it?” she undulates her arms, a wave travelling up her limbs, “We tried legs, but I just couldn't get them coordinated, so we got rid of those. Also, tentacles don't work, we tried, so you're going to have to dial back your hentai dreams.”

“My...I'm not the one with the FurAffinity account, Marcy.”

“Keep that up and I'll wipe your mouth away.”

“Promises, promises. Why did you bring me back anyway? And why can't I move my neck?”

“What neck?”

“What do you mean what...neck?” she stops as Marcia pulls a mirror into her view. Her body is still headless, her face sitting apparently comfortably on her stomach. “Oh my God!” she rolls her eyes upwards to see the underside of her breasts, looking down at her legs, much closer than she's used to, “This is awesome! I don't even need a head. I...wait, wait, where is my brain if I don't have a head?”

“We don't know and dissection is not something that's on the table.”

“No, it definitely is fucking not.”

“Besides, it's not as if you haven't done without a brain for the last two weeks. And, arguably, the twenty years prior.”

“That's mean, Marcy. How is having three eyes?”

“It's a bit trippy, but it mostly doesn't make a difference. Putting them on my hands was wild. I got so dizzy and I kept poking myself when I tried to grab something. Do not recommend.”

“Ok, back to the question, why, exactly, did you bring me back?”

“Well, the next thing to test, I don't really work for. And Dr Harrison insists on getting your consent, even though I know you'll say yes in a heartbeat, at the outside.”

“Oh? What?”

“Well...”

“Ohhhhhhh, it must be good if you're stumbling for it.”

“We want to expand the range of body parts tested.”

“And he won't let me do another head yet.”

“So what part do you...oh. Doc, is this about getting more of your favourite parts of me to play with?”

“What?”

“My tits, Doc, jeez.”

“Well...you see...that is to say...yes.”

“Sure. Whatever you like. See how many you can fit. But to really get the most out of it, you'll need to away my face again. If you need me back for something, just put me on a boob. I wanna feel what that's like. Until then, away me.”

“You're sure?”

“Oh, yes. More space for you to play with. You don't need a face getting in the way. Why, you could fit half a dozen tits here. And you absolutely should.”

“You heard her, Doc.”

Harrison steps forward and Angelica closes her eyes as the pink cream rubs her face away.

“So, shall we?”

“For someone who is very careful with her own body, you seem awfully eager to demean your friend's.”

She gives him a cold three-eyed stare, her four lips pursing in irritation, “One, we literally just asked her what she thought about it. Two, what happens to my body is my choice; her body, her choice. Three, she would absolutely do this to me if our positions were reversed. Or worse. Four, given what she's been up to with you for the last two weeks, this hardly counts as demeaning, does it? Or was it somehow not demeaning when you were fucking her when she was just a helpless pair of hips?”

“That's...”

“Oh, just give me some gloves and that blue gel. You don't have to take part, if you don't want to. Wouldn't want to have you demean her, after all, would we?”

An hour of applying Limb Ahoy over most of Angelica's body later, what's left on the couch barely resembles a woman, being more a giant strawberry of breasts. There are 6 prominent gaps in the coverage, one for obvious reasons, the other five because every time they tried to apply the gel to her vanished limbs or head, what grew out was not a mammary but the appropriate body part. Dr Harrison huffed significantly at the absurdity as he took notes. He did insist on checking that they were 'working correctly', however, to significantly raised eyebrows.

“Well, I'm heading home. I'm sure you have lots of 'experiments' to do on your boobery. We can restore her tomorrow and see where we go from there, right?”

“You're leaving? Looking like that?!”

“Like what? Oh, right. I guess I got used to this way faster than I thought.”

“That's...”

“Fascinating.”

“Merely interesting, I'm afraid.”

“Whatever.” she picks up a pot of Limb Away, wiping it across her forehead, blinking furiously as her vision readjusts. Her second mouth vanishes as easily under another swath of pink cream, returning her voice to normal rather than coming from above and below. “Do I have to lose these?” her arms gesture expansively, “I've grown quite attached.”

“I think you might draw a little too much attention with four extra arms.”

She pouts, “I guess.” she rubs the cream over the lowest pair of arms, “But I think I can pull this look off.”

“Miss Sriu...”

“Nuh-uh. Not listening. Have fun with Angel. Catch you tomorrow.” she waves over her shoulder.

Dr Harrison vacillates between stopping her verbally, physically or just letting her go, and so manages to lose the chance to make any decision whatsoever, the front door banging shut. He watches her leave for her car from the window. Fortunately, no one else seems to notice the pair of arms folded across her stomach.

“Amazing. Miss van Dyne, you may actually not be the most absolutely infuriating person I've had to deal with since I started with Limb Away.” he looks at the mass of boobs, “On the other hand...”