

LIMB AWAY 8: HMMM. THAT'S ODD

by Paul Watson

The meeting room of Limb Away, senior staff only, "...so we're still losing money, but, thanks to Angel and her network of rich perverts..."

"Hey! No, that's fair, actually. Carry on."

"As I said, we're not haemorrhaging money hand over fist any more so we probably have time to stabilise things. And on that front, Doc, how are things going in the lab?"

"Hemmings hasn't produced any more...incidents since the Drone debacle, but he equally hasn't produced anything groundbreaking. I believe he's sulking."

"Such a shame."

"Indeed. Anyway, Mr Foster has found out that it is the alcohol in the hand sanitiser that causes the abnormal colouration. He's asked for either some white mice or permission to test if it still functions on Hemmings. And as much as I'd like to give him permission, I've put in a purchase request for white mice and ancillary equipment, cages and the like, as a far less problematic option."

"And I'll approve it, if you think it's worth looking at."

"It should be. Foster isn't given to flights of extravagant fancy."

"Done."

"I'll tell him. Ms James and Henriquez have abandoned their investigations into whether the compounds can join two individuals together. It seems clear that that is not a currently productive line of inquiry. Instead, Ms James has already made improvements to our manufacturing processes so should be able to create at lower costs."

"And Jennifer?"

"Ms Henriquez is investigating more fundamental aspects of the compounds to determine future lines of inquiry, safety limits and the like."

"Good. Now, Angelica, who is Alan Benson and why do I have an invoice from him?"

"He's a...specialist designer and manufacturer."

"Meaning?"

Angelica sighs, "He's probably the best fetishwear creator in the area. I can't exactly get a regular designer to design for me like this." she indicates the bulge of a second pair of breasts under the first in her blouse, "Well, ok, I could, I mean, I am a Van Dyne, after all, and you managed, but that would get back to Mom and/or cost an arm and a leg and I don't like losing them that way."

"Why are you getting custom fetishwear..."

"Advertising."

"Our agreement with your mother..."

"You told me. We agreed I'm not allowed to appear in adverts, right? But she can't complain to you if I'm going to the Crimson and just happen to be altered and getting attention, now, can she? Now, I'll get the mother and father of all dressing downs, but..." she shrugs, "...won't be the first time."

"So you're doing it just to provoke her."

"I mean, not just to, but it's a fringe benefit."

"Fine."

"Fine?"

"Fine. You're our marketing department. So if this is your plan, that's the plan."

"Just like that?"

"I have way too much to do to worry about whether your plans are good. We've all got things to prove here."

"Oh, right."

"Who's chaperoning you?"

"Chaperoning? Why do I need a..."

"Because you're going to try to get attention and that means you'll be pretty helpless."

"I..."

Marcia looks down her nose, peering over imaginary glasses. "Yeeesssss?"

"Fine, yes, the plan is pretty helpless, but..."

"So, chaperone to make sure no pictures get back to your mother, if nothing else."

"Alright, fine. Doc, do we have a playdate?" she leans deliberately forward, batting her eyelashes and giving a long view down her top, "I can make it very worth your while."

Doc stammers out a response that sounds affirmative and the meeting continues.

In the lab, Jessica is typing one handed, alternately looking between the screen and the mouth in her other hand, watching as it absently chews on nothing as her pen works around her regular mouth.

"No sign of connection to the lungs, but..." she covers her real mouth with a thin film of polythene,

"...breathing through the secondary mouth appears to function as if it was. Similarly..."

"Hey, Pussy, how's my favourite girl?"

"Brad, I'm trying to work." she protests as she feels his hands on her shoulders and can't help leaning in to them, her cheeks colouring.

"C'mon...all work and no play makes Jenny a dull girl."

"Redrum, redrum." she mutters, saving the file before turning to him. "How about we compromise?"

"Compromise?"

"We can have some fun and we can do some science."

"Mmmmm, talk nerdy to me, baby." he purrs, brushing her hair away from her neck, leaning in to her.

His hands slide down her arms, pressing her rolled sleeves against her skin. "Mmmmm." she closes her eyes. "You're a bad boy."

"Which is why you love me."

"Mmmmm. We need to be quick. The others..."

"...are busy. Hank's cleaning his bottles. Loretta's doing...something. Doc's up with the boss girls. We've got the lab to ourselves. Shall we start the experiment?"

"Ooooh, let's." she turns, undoing his belt.

"Oh, yeah. That's what I..."

Jennifer puts a finger on his lips. "Shhhhh." Her hand slips under his waistband, fingers stroking along his cock until they reach the head.

"Ahhhhh..." where the mouth on her palm enfolds him, "...huh?"

Jennifer puts her finger back on his lips and slides her hand down his throbbing shaft, her tongue caressing his skin and turning his questions into inarticulate grunts as she moves her hand up and down until Brad grunts and the blowjob, or handjob, does it's work, filling her second mouth.

She removes her hand, swallowing before she talks, "Pass me the gloves and the Away."

Brad blinks and looks confused for a moment before fumbling for the pot. "What are you..."

"As fun as that was, I am supposed to be working." she rubs the pink cream over her palm, wiping the second pair of lips away. She runs her tongue around her lips, "Interesting. No aftertaste, but I definitely tasted it in the other mouth."

"What?"

"My brain was connected and I swallowed all that somewhere, but...there's no sign I did in my other mouth. So where did it go? How do I taste in a mouth on my palm without any nerves connecting? How do I see from misplaced eyes? In short, how does this work?!"

"Does it matter? It works."

"Of course it matters. If nothing else, there could be..."

The door opens. "Hemmings, what are you doing?"

Brad quickly and mostly discretely pulls his belt closed. "Well, Doc, I've found that the new parts function completely normally, even if there isn't the depth for them. A mouth on the hand, has a full tongue, teeth, the whole lot behind it. Isn't that right, Pussy?"

Jennifer looks down at the worktop. "Yes, that's right." she replies quietly, not looking up.

Doctor Harrison folds his arms. Seconds tick by. "I'll want a full report on your findings, of course."

"Of course, Doc. You can count on me."

Doctor Harrison huffs and walks through the lab to his office.

“Brad, why...?”

“Come on, Jenny, you know they've all got it in for me. Especially after that whole Drone thing, they're just dying for an excuse to push me out. Well, if I've got some achievements under my belt, that'll be much harder.”

“I guess.”

“You know it makes sense, babe. And you can write it for me, right? As you contributed so much.” Jennifer's shoulders slump. “Sure.”

“That's my girl.”

In the “production room”, really, just a side office converted to mostly contain the vats synthesising Limb Ahoy and Away, Loretta walks around, tapping notes on her tablet. “Mmmmmhmmmm. Good, good. That's eased the flow through. Getting good readouts on the...ohhhh, no, no, no, that pressure reading is not...” she walks closer to the vat. “The divider wall's got a hairline crack? How?” she sighs, pinching the bridge of her nose, “Fine. You win this round, Universe. I'll stop the process and talk to Doc about getting a replacement. Probably set us back weeks. And things were going so well for a change.”

She pushes back into the main office, to find Brad standing over Jennifer as she types up her notes.

“What are you up to?”

“Me, Den, oh, right. 'Loretta'? I'm not up to anything.”

Loretta looks to Jennifer who hides behind her hair, hunched over the keyboard. “Whatever. Where's Doc?”

“He's already gone. Something about getting ready for a date, if you can believe that.”

“Wonderful. I'll have to e-mail him. Anyway, the divider wall's getting a crack in it. So be careful with the supplies. It might take a bit to resupply them.”

“You haven't broken things already, have you? How clumsy.”

“Yeah, yeah, at least I'm doing something useful and not trying to create a mindless fuckslave.”

“I'd argue that would be very use...”

“It might be for you. Some of us can get real dates. J, if he steps out of line, make sure to kick his balls for me, k?”

Jennifer stammers and stutters a response as the door closes.

“Some of us can get real dates'.” Hemmings sneers, “You stay here, Pussy. I need to see what dear Loretta is talking about.” he shoves the door to the Production Room open.

Elsewhere, “Come on, Doc, you can pull it tighter, you know I've been squeezed way smaller than this.”

Doc grunts, pulling on the laces up Angelica's back. Her outfit is impressively ornate for how little there is of it, her body sheathed in skintight red and black. Her breasts push out through holes that only barely fit them, squeezing her nice and tight, a second pair of holes open against her stomach but currently unoccupied. Her arms and legs are covered in fishnet, digging into her skin while red leather opera gloves and thigh-high boots cover most of her limbs. A thick collar is fixed around her neck, her hair piled onto her head, her lips painted as vivid red as the outfit.

“Ok, that's tight enough.”

Doc nods, tightening the laces enough to knot them shut.

“How do I look?” she turns around, giving him a full view.

“Like a teenager fantasy brought to life, but you know that.”

“I do, but it's nice to have it confirmed. Just a couple of little, well, hopefully more than little, things to complete it.” She pulls out some blue gel, rubbing it into the holes in her outfit. “Mmmmmmm.”

she purrs as her flesh swells, all four nipples poking out. “Man, I do like that. We could almost market this on how good it feels on its own.”

“I suppose we could.”

“Oh, Doc, a question for you.”

“Yeeessssss?”

“You sound so suspicious.”

“Can you blame me? This all started with you tricking me after...”

“Yeah, poor you, tricked into fucking a very willing plaything reduced down just for your pleasure. Poor, poor you, Doc.”

“What was your question?”

“How does Ahoy know I want boobs? I mean, why would tits grow there and not another pair of arms? Or legs? Or...I don't know a new head?”

“Well, obviously, it's not conscious so it can't know anything.”

“You know what I meant.”

“Indeed. It's an interesting question. I'll have to ask Ms Henriquez to investigate.” he smiles.

“Oh, I recognise that 'I'm going to fuck someone over' grin. I am going to have to teach you poker. Who is it?”

“Hemmings. He's claimed to have discovered some things that I happen to know Ms Henriquez was investigating. So he can't object without admitting it wasn't him and he'll have to do his own work as she'll be too busy to cover for him.”

“Devious. I like it.” she pulls on a zip on her crotch and rubs some pink cream inside. “Don't look so disappointed, this is just to avoid anything at the club. I promise I'll 'make it up to you'.” she purrs into his ear as she zips herself back up.

The next morning, Loretta enters the Production Room to find the machines running and the vats joined and mixed with a dark purple emulsion. “What the actual fuck?! What happened? I turned it all off. How did...?” she looks at the vat, “What the fuck am I supposed to do with this?”