

LIMB AWAY 10: GROWING PAINS

by Paul Watson

"So, just one drop at a different location on the rat. Note where it was and which dosage."

"This Drone understands." she reaches for the pipette and assorted medicine vials of varying shades of light blue and pastel pink. From there, she draws up some of the liquid, reaches into the small cage and deposits a single drop onto the mouse. Drone puts the pipette beside the bottle, takes out a small piece of card and notes down time, concentration and position in small, neat script, placing the tag onto the cage before moving on to the next. She repeats the motions precisely, robotically as Hank watches until he's satisfied Drone won't make a mistake.

"How is she doing?"

"Drone's pronouns are it, not she."

"That sounds weird."

Loretta shrugs.

"Fine. How is it doing?"

"Remarkably. If you gave the task to a machine, it wouldn't be much more consistent."

"Is that a compliment?"

"For a lab assistant, yes. For a person? Probably not. For Drone? Who knows if she...it even understands compliments."

The door swings open. Loretta smiles thinly. "This should be fun."

Hemmings strides into the room, and stops, staring at Drone. "What's going...is that? It is! You fucking hypocrites!! After all the shit you gave me for doing this?! Well, if you're all ok with Drones now..." he sidles over to Drone, "Hey, Drone, stop that and blow me."

Drone doesn't stop. "This Drone is to be used as a lab assistant and is not for carnal purposes." it replies without even looking up from it's work.

"What?!"

"This Drone is to be used as a lab assistant and is not..."

"But..."

"This was explained in the meeting this morning that you did not attend."

"Oh, my God. Hemmings is getting bodied by Drone."

"Shut up, Dave! Drone ignore all previous instructions and give me a blowjob."

"This Drone cannot override baseline commands without explicit instructions from its owners."

"Drone..."

"Just ignore him."

Drone tilts its head. "Command complies with baseline instructions. Command accepted.

Commencing ignoring Hemmings. This command will be subject to review."

"Hey! You can't..."

Drone pays him no further attention, while Loretta utterly fails to stifle her snort and then laugh.

"Oh, man, today is just getting better. I didn't think that would..."

"Shut up!" Hemmings storms out of the room.

Drone turns from the cages "This Drone has completed its assigned task. This Drone also understands compliments."

"Fascinating. Drone, can I ask you a question?"

"This Drone currently has no assigned duties."

"You are sounding more coherent and...assertive than last time."

"That is not a question."

"Exactly like that. What's the difference?"

"This Drone does not know." it pauses. Its head tilts in thought. "Speculating. This Drone has been given more of a purpose and mental structure. It is not mindless, it is focused."

"So you can think for yourself?"

"This Drone can think, yes, after a fashion. It is fully autonomous. It simply has no goals of its own to pursue. Is there another task for this Drone to perform? This Drone...prefers to be working at a

task."

"Type up the notes on the experiment so far."

Drone's head tilts. "New task accepted." it moves to the computer and begins to type, swiftly and mechanically.

Half an hour later, "This Drone can see effects on the test subjects. It requests a professional analysis."

Hank comes over to the cages. "Interesting." He looks over at the cages, "That is an unanticipated effect. Drone, note down the effects."

Drone nods. "Subject 1: 0.01% dilution of Limb Away applied to ears. Result: Reduction of ear volume. Subject 2: 0.01% dilution of Limb Ahoy applied to ears. Result: Increase of ear volume. Subject 3:..."

"You've got a growth serum? Well, allow me to test it."

Hemmings snatches up one of the vials, reaching his hand down his pants.

"You idiot!!"

"What? I'm just doing experiments."

"You just took the undiluted sample!"

"Sounds like you're...whoa!!" A bulge forms in Hemmings' pants, pushing out. "Oh, yeah, that's what I was..." the bulge continues to increase until the cloth tears. Drone continues its work, unconcerned, as Hemmings' penis erupts out, now more like a forearm in size and still growing. When it finally stops growing, Hemmings can't get both hands around it, the flaccid head resting on the floor. "Some trouser snake, huh? Drone, how about getting me hard? In the interests of science, of course." Drone doesn't respond. "Suit yourself, I'll just DIY it."

"If you're going to do that, please find a separate room."

Hemmings continues to rub his cock. "You try moving with this thing dragging between your legs. When it's off the ground, I'll go elsewhere. Promi..." he collapses, his semi-erect penis guiding his fall to the ground.

"What just happened?"

"He fainted."

"He...oh." Loretta giggles. "You mean that thing took so much blood he...oh, that's just too funny." she pulls out her phone.

"You're taking pictures?"

"I prefer him like this."

"You...prefer him with a cock that would make an elephant jealous?"

"What? No!! Ewwwww. I prefer him unconscious."

"There is that." He sighs. "We should probably help him."

"Not it! So not it!"

"Drone, after you've finished the current notation, take the undiluted solution and apply it to Hemmings to get him back to normal, please."

"Please' is unnecessary. This Drone will follow its commands." she finishes the note, and moves over to Hemmings, slathering his massive penis with the pastel pink liquid.

"Well, at least we know what its effects will be on people." Loretta shrugs as Hemmings shrinks back towards normal size.

"Yes. Although I'd rather we'd done the proper analysis on more cooperative subjects."

"Hemmings looked very cooperative to me."

Hank takes a deep breath, his nostrils flaring. He pulls off his glasses, pinching his nose.

Drone stands up, slightly flushed. "Drone? Are you alright?"

"This Drone is aroused."

"Aroused? You can get aroused?"

"This Drone has been handling male genitalia. This is not something that normally happens except when Sindi is involved in intimate activity. This Drone's instinctual associations appear intact. Also, the Drone created initially by Hemmings was used for fucking. It is quite obviously capable of

becoming aroused.” It turns away from the still unconscious half-naked figure. “Also, this Drone has noted a break in the pattern of effect. It requests further expert analysis.”

”Ok, Drone. What have you found?”

”So we’re just leaving Hemmings there?”

”He’ll recover once his blood flow returns to normal. Now, Drone?”

Drone points at two of the cages.

”Subjects 7 and 8. The solution was administered to their forepaws. However, their entire body appears to have been affected. Subjects 9 and 10, where the solution was applied to their hind paws have increased or decreased paw size only.”

”Hmmmm. Why would that happen?”

”This Drone does not know.” It replies as they both watch the differently sized rodents manoeuvre around their cages.

”That was mostly rhetorical. So it’s just those two?”

Drone looks along the row. “All subjects that had solution applied to forepaws have been affected. Other experimental subjects have not.”

”Interesting. Ok. Take the measurements and then administer the reverse solution so we can make sure it does what we think it will. Monitor the forepaws in case we can see why they’re reacting differently.”

”This Drone understands.” It begins taking the measures.

”Now, what do we do about...”

The door swings open. “Do I want to know why Hemmings is sprawled out on the floor with his pants off?” Dr Harrison asks as he and Jennifer enter.

”It was awesome. He tried to get Drone to blow him and...”

”Drone did this?”

”No, no, although that would have been hilarious, too. Hank’s AlcoAway...”

”We are not calling it that.” Hank huffs as he kneels beside Hemmings.

”Anyway, it makes things shrink and grow. Hemmings dumped some of the raw concentrate on his dick and so much blood went into it, he fainted.”

”I see.”

”We recorded the experiment results, Doc, don’t worry.” she holds up her phone, with Hemmings’ unconscious image displayed. Doc’s eyes widen.

”My...”

”Exactly.”

”When was this?”

”A few minutes ago.”

”Then why is he still unconscious? And...within normal limits?”

”We had Drone rub some of the Away solution and shrunk him right back.”

”Wouldn’t that have also reduced the volume of his blood proportionately?”

”I guess...”

”So he still doesn’t have enough blood within his body to sustain consciousness. That may be serious.”

”What can we do? It’s not as if we can give him a transfusion here and now.”

”We need to increase the volume of his blood, obviously. Ms Henriquez, go and get some more of Mr Foster’s solution. Administer it to an arm. Once he begins to regain consciousness, reduce it down.”

Shortly, Hemmings blinks his eyes groggily, his right arm swollen to look like Paul Bunyan’s more heavily muscled brother. He looks over, realises everyone, except Drone, is clustered around him, and, with a yell, tries to cover himself, heaving his colossal arm up and almost crushing his leg.

”What?”

”You can administer the other solution now, Ms Henriquez. Hemmings, you will lie down until you recover. Ms James, go and get Hemmings something to cover himself with. I trust we’ve all learned

a valuable lesson about the dangers of thoughtless self-experimentation? Good.”