

## LIMBAWAY 15: THE CRIMSON

by Paul Watson

Brad walks into the offices of LimbAway, heading for the lab, a good hour later than everyone else.

"Mr Hemmings, Ms Van Dyne said you were to come to her office as soon as you got in."

"Thanks, Kamala. Looking good." he changes direction, heading towards Angelica's smallish office. He raps on the door, "Knock knock."

"Come in, Brad."

"So, you wanted to see me? Alone?"

"Yes. Owing to the recent...drama in the lab, we've come to a difficult decision."

"You're firing me?! You should be..."

"We're not firing anyone, but, let's face it, you're not doing the best work in the lab and, frankly..."

"What do you mean I'm not doing the best work? Without me, you would still be waiting to find out what that purple goop did."

"As I was saying, frankly, being in the lab is wasting your talents. You're a much better fit for a marketing and sales role. It plays to your strengths. You're an above average scientist in a lab of good to great ones, but you are a great marketeer. And so..."

"Only above average?"

"And so, I want you working here, under me." Brad starts to reply, "And if you make any sort of joke about how you'd love to be under me, I might change my mind on your firing."

"Not a fan of office banter, Miss van Dyne?"

"Not a fan of someone who could be an asset getting themselves in endless trouble because they can't tell the difference between banter and harassment. Especially as it means you're not seeing the bigger picture."

"What bigger picture?"

"How many times can you tell me of a CEO coming from the technical side of a business?"  
He thinks for several seconds, "Steve Jobs?"

"Ok, I'll grant you one, but it's unusual, especially as we're not a tech business. The CEO's come from the marketing side, the people side. And that's where you are now, Brad. When Marcy makes this a success, and she will, she'll be taken back into the bosom of van Dyne Inc, and who'll run this place? Doc? Me? Not on your life. They'll have to find someone, though, and if there's a valuable staff member who's performed well in a public facing role, wouldn't it make more sense to promote from within than hire someone outside who doesn't understand LA's culture?"

"You're saying..."

"I'm saying that doing good here is an excellent way to burnish your CV for the good jobs when they turn up. Much better than all the techy shit in the lab that's fun, but way below c-suite interest level."

"I...see."

"I'm glad you do. Also see that I understand you way better than Doc does, and I am much better to have as your supportive friend and boss than your enemy. I do not have enemies for long. You do understand that, don't you, Brad?"

"Yeah, I understand."

"Good. Then let's get you to work."

The management meeting, later that day, "And how is Hemmings taking to his new role?"

"Very well. You just have to know how to motivate him."

"And how did you manage that?"

"I told him that CEOs don't usually come from the lab."

"Hemmings??" Doc splutters, "As CEO? There wouldn't be anyone left working here. And I include myself in that."

"I didn't say he'd get there, but he's got a prize to keep his eye on and a route to get there, and it requires him to be a relatively good boy."

"You do know there's no vacancy, right? I mean," she gestures with her four arms, "I'm definitely still here?"

"Don't worry, Marcy, I'm not getting him gunning for you. But when you get this thing working, you think the Mothership won't want you back? You'll have proven yourself and Mom doesn't want to waste talent like that babysitting me."

"I guess. If we can get this to work..."

"Speaking of that, Mr Foster and I have an appointment with the FDA next week to discuss the clinical trial regime we'll need to licence our products for medicinal purposes. So we'll be in Washington, with Dalia as the best example you can possibly find for that. If we can persuade that girl to have human legs for the visit, at least."

"Next week?"

"Indeed. We're lucky to have such a swift meeting. I suspect the van Dyne name might have something to do with it."

"But, we're going to the Crimson on Tuesday. I have plans."

"Yes, well, as pleasurable as that would be, I'm afraid I'm going to have other priorities at the time."

"Marcy?"

"Me? At that place? Really? Not a chance, Angel. Mabe you can get your subordinate to take you."

"Brad? Good God, no. I have no desire to let him paw all over me."

"You'll think of something. Or you could just delay things."

"I can't do that! I told Harper I had something special to show them."

"You'll think of something. Now, Doc, do you have everything you need for the FDA?"

The next day, Angelica walks into the lab, heading straight for Loretta, "Hi. Can we talk?"

"Sure. What can I do for you?"

Angelica takes a very long breath, "Do you know about the Crimson?"

"The fetish club? I've...heard about it."

"Ever been?"

"No."

"Want to?"

"Huh?"

"I need a chaperone for Tuesday and Doc's out of town."

"But..."

"Drone is out as it's not allowed out of the offices. Brad is out because...he's Brad. Jennifer? Can you imagine her at that kind of club?"

"No, I admit I can't. What about Sindi?"

"You are kidding."

"No, you're right, I can imagine Sindi there and it would be a disaster. Hilarious, but a disaster."

"Exactly, so you're my only hope, Obi Wan."

"It isn't really my scene."

"Ok. All I'm asking is that you come along, make sure I don't get kidnapped and restore me afterwards, maybe a little work beforehand once I haven't got hands."

"That doesn't sound too bad, I guess. But...I haven't got anything to wear. I mean..."

"Is that the main objection? Or just the one you can find right now?"

"It's...I'm not really into..."

"Don't worry. You don't have to be. I am enough for both of us, and fetish clubs are way better at respecting your limits than a regular cattle market."

"Ok. I guess, just this once."

"Sure. Just this once, unless you like it."

"I still don't have..."

"Don't worry about that." she turns, "Doc! I'm taking Loretta shopping. I'll bring her back safe after lunch."

"It's only 10 now?" Loretta protests as Angelica half-pulls her to the door.

"We're shopping. That's far too important to skimp on time."

Doc sighs, "Well, that's the last we'll see of them today."

Next Tuesday, after work, in Angelica's office, "Doc's an idiot for missing this." Loretta says, her knee in the small of Angelica's back as she fights with the laces. A black blouse is buttoned three from the top, her legs wrapped in tight leather leggings and boots with only a small heel, "Although this would have been easier a few weeks ago."

"Miss it?"

"Bits of it but...I'm right, I'm me, and that's worth...everything. Got you."

Angelica lets out a gasp as Loretta pulls the outfit tight, doing up the laces. "Hey. I still need to breathe!"

"Not for long."

"You are getting far to into this for someone who isn't into it."

"Maybe."

Angelica smiles to herself, rubbing the Ahoy over her stomach, moaning as new breasts grow through the openings. "There. They're used to seeing me like this, even limbless. Let's see if I can still pop their eyes out. You have the stuff?"

"I do."

Angelica grabs her coat, buttoning it enough to hide her extra mammaries. "Then lets go party."

The Crimson's front is stylish, red curtains hiding what's inside from too prying eyes. "Miss van Dyne." the bouncer greets her, pulling the first curtain aside.

"This is Loretta. She's with me."

"Yes, Miss van Dyne. Miss Loretta." Loretta can't help but feel small next to him. He out muscles her old body by at least double, never mind the new. Still, that does seem to make the place secure. She follows Angelica through a series of curtains, the noise getting louder as they move deeper until they're through the entrance and into the blazing light of the club, the smell of leather, latex and sweat mixing together into a heady cocktail. Angelica waves to the pale-skinned woman behind the bar. "Meryl, set 'em up." She pauses, "Actually, only two for me to start." She looks across at Loretta.

"Just a rum and coke for me."

"Put everything Loretta orders on me."

"Literally?" Meryl teases, smirking behind her pale amber butterfly glasses.

"Only if she asks, but, maybe? You got my sign? Harper's ok with it?"

Meryl hands over the folded card into Angelica's hand, whatever's written on it hidden inside.

She drags Loretta past the dance floor and onto a luxuriously voluminous red cushioned couch, the back radiating like a sea shell. Meryl brings their drinks over. Loretta sips hers, while Angelica tosses her shot glass back and leans back, arms spread over the couch, crossing her legs.

'Ok, Lori, here's the deal. After I'm done, you'll be the only one answering questions. So expect a few, I've been teasing this my last couple visits. No samples, though. This is officially just me being a pervert rather than a company launch."

"Got it." she replies, trying hard not to stare at the bodies around her, nearly as sculpted as her own and clad in far more or far, far less, feeling a little frumpy next to the outrageous attire.

"Ok, they've seen this before, but not quite this. Those are loaded with LimbMix, right?"

"They are." she hands a leather cap with black ribbons to Angelica. Angelica smiles, points her toes and slides the cap down her leg, her limb vanishing until it reaches her hip. She bites her lip, pulling it away to reveal a pale, plump breast where her long leg was previously. She hands it back to Loretta, a light sheen of excitement starting to form.

As she repeats for her other leg, a small crowd begins to form, watching with interest. Angelica places a third cap over her left hand and pulls it up to her shoulder to add another breast, biting her lip at the attention as much as the sensations, as good as they are. The crowd is now larger, leaning

in closer. "Ok, Lori, you'll have to do the next two."

A ripple runs through the crowd. Loretta tries to ignore it, fumbling the cap along her boss' arm until it's replaced again. "When you're done," Angelica instructs with a slight rasp of arousal, "unpop the buttons and put the sign out. Then, let the fun begin."

"Are you sure?"

"Oh, yes. Very sure."

Loretta gives an 'I tried' kind of shrug as she places the fifth cap on Angelica's head. The crowd holds its collective breath as Loretta pulls gingerly on the the ribbons, pulling the cap down to add a ninth extra breast on Angelica's body, all of them sporting nipples that could cut glass. As instructed, she pops open the crotch of the outfit, revealing smooth skin where a sex should be and places the folder card by Angelica. 'Play with me' written in looping gold letters on the white card. The crowd is hesitant at first, but the way Angelica's body arches its back at the first touch soon makes them braver.

It takes a couple of hours for people to get even slightly bored with their new toy, calling others in to enjoy the spectacle. They move on from pinching, kissing and sucking to biting and clamps, a tall, muscular African woman in red latex with shoulder length braids taking particular delight in tormenting Angelica's exposed nipples, encouraged by the shuddering response. Loretta doesn't participate directly, not sure how she should feel about the excitement she feels at her boss' mistreatment, or the desire to join in. She reminds herself that she's just there as a safety net, but the thought of rolling one of those perky nipples between her fingers won't leave her.

She's interrupted by a couple. It's not the first time, She's received a lot of advice, some propositions where her decline is accepted well and so many questions, mostly of the "how is this possible?" variety, but these ones seem different. The man is in white, his spiky hair dyed white, doing his best to look like he belongs in the Matrix, if they showed a lot more abs, which isn't at all distracting. His partner is shorter, not much taller than Loretta is sitting down, a scarlet bob framing her face. The leash on her collar leads limply to the man's hand, her clothes emphasising how exposed her supposedly private parts are rather than concealing them. They introduce themselves as Valentine and Jill, respectively, and Jill tentatively asks a new question: "I thought she needed a head to, you know, breathe, but..." she trails off, "Angel's been showing off being reduced and now this..." she trails off again, licking her lips, "How...how small could you make someone?"

"Very."

"Like what?"

Loretta pauses. I mean, she knows the answer, she was there when Jennifer was turned into Pussy. She should have stopped that, even if she knows by the time Brad showed them the results it was a fait accompli. Still she looks into Jill's eager eyes, and Valentine's tensed body, and answers honestly, with a hint of a shameful blush. "We've turned someone into their pussy."

Jill's jaw drops open in shock before it changes into a low moan, Valentine giving the leash a quick tug as her hand strays. "Could you...could you do that to me?"

"Not tonight. This is a playtime thing."

"Oh." Jill sounds disappointed, "But you could do it? You could make me a pussy?"

Loretta nods.

"Could you...if you did, would I be small enough to fit into..." she pauses, looking around, "...a fleshlight, like, be a real living toy."

"We...could. I think. But..."

"But? Why but?"

"It's risky. After a couple of days, the change starts to set..."

Jill positively shivers in pleasure at that. "So...I could get stuck like it?"

"Which is why we'd be very cautious about doing it."

"Oh, but..."

Valentine pulls gently but firmly on the leash, "Jill, I think you've bothered her enough."

"But..." she trails off.

"Look, you know where our offices are? Come by Friday. I'll bring it up before then."

Valentine looks contemplatively at Loretta, while Jill practically vibrates as she's lead away.

"Ok. That's enough weird." she starts undoing the clips, "Come on, Angel Tits. Let's get you home." She lifts up the diminutive figure and walks out, subconsciously pinching some of the nipples.