

LIMBAWAY 16: THE FLESHLIGHT GIRL

by Paul Watson

Friday, the management meeting, Doc has the floor, "...FDA are not approving the products at the moment, but that's what we expected. They are willing to allow us to go forward with large scale trials. Given the nature of our work, we can't do a full randomised trial, so we'll need to find more people to participate. I'm reaching out to some people I know. We're also asking Dalia for some patients she knows who could benefit from it."

"Do we have criteria?"

"We're planning on working with people injured in accidents, rather than genetic at this stage. That alone would be a massive boon and no one is currently able to really work with those. Even prosthetics aren't as good as the real thing."

"Ok. Do we have the resources to run them?"

"We can recruit some assistants. But if we keep the numbers coming in to a trickle, we should be able to handle..."

There's a knock on the door, followed by Kamala's head poking through. "Sorry to interrupt, ma'am, but there are two people outside who say they're here to talk to the woman from the Crimson."

All eyes turn to Angelica. "Hey, I wasn't a woman for most of the time. This must be the fleshlight couple. Grab Loretta and let her know they're here."

"The fleshlight couple? You weren't a...no, forget it, the less I know the less I can say."

Angelica smiles as Marcia throws up two hands, making kissing motions as Kamala closes the door.

The lab, another knock on another door as Kamala enters, "Loretta?"

Loretta turns from the bench.

"There are two people out front who say they're here to talk to the lady from the Crimson?"

"Fuck! It's Friday already?!" she looks about, then looks down at her t-shirt and jeans, "Real professional, Lori. Ok, Kamala, I'll be right out."

"Problem?"

"A couple at the Crimson. They saw Ms van Dyne and were...inspired. She's approved it, but I forgot. Can you set me up a private area, Jenn? Please. Needs to hold one subject and two observers." she slips off the stool.

"Sure. No problem." she gets up to find the portable curtains as Loretta follows Kamala to the front desk. Valentine and Jill are almost as casual as she is, t-shirts and jeans but Valentine's white hair and Jill's gnawing at her red painted lips are memorable, if not quite as distinctive as their club garb. "Hi. Sorry. We didn't agree on a time, did we?" she extends her hand.

Valentine shakes it firmly, Jill's eyes dart around. "Are you ready for us?"

"Almost. And we do have forms to fill in. Officially, what we're doing is part of a trial."

"So we're advancing the cause of human progress?" he smiles.

"Yup. You're trailblazers."

"Well, Jill will be."

Jill colours.

"Ok. Let's get the show started."

They follow her into the lab. Jennifer points at the curtained-off corner and Loretta lets out a sigh of relief as she ushers them inside. Drone doesn't look up from her work, neither does Foster.

"That girl...did I really see..."

"Drone? Probably."

"She didn't have...her head was...could you do that...?"

"One thing at a time. It didn't. Drone works better without a brain. But, no, we're not doing that to you. We're still understanding exactly how it works and it's too risky to let someone walk out of here without a brain."

"Oh." she sounds disappointed. "But letting Vee walk out with me as his pocket pussy is fine?"

"It's...complicated." she pulls the forms off the padded trolley. "You need to sign these and then we'll talk about what's going to happen."

"And these are?"

"Waivers, acknowledgements, the usual stuff to say that you know this is technically an experimental procedure and won't sue in the unlikely event it goes wrong."

"Will it?"

"We've done this change before, so it shouldn't."

He purses his lips, "Jill, you don't have to..."

"I know." she replies, already scanning through the forms, her eyes hungry, "But I need to, Vee. You don't know what it's been like the last few days."

Valentine sighs, "So. What happens?"

"Well, first, Jill gets undressed which is why the curtains are here. Then we apply the LimbAway to her until she's..."

"Until I'm a pussy."

"Then we'd adjust things until she...fits. This part is brand new to me, I admit. You have the... the..."

"The fleshlight? Yes, it's here."

"Ok. Good."

"Who applies the...LimbAway, you called it?"

"Do you want to?"

"I think I'd rather do it. She is my wife, after all."

"Sure. Right up until we get to the hips."

"Why?"

"Because I've done this before and you don't want to accidentally wipe her out of existence."

Jill stifles a moan, more or less.

"That's possible?"

"We lost a few mice that way early on. Without something to apply it to..." she shrugs.

"I see. Jill..."

"You'll be careful, right?"

"Of course."

"Then it'll be fine, Vee. Done." she hands the forms back.

"Ok." she scans over them, "Right, before we begin, something very important. Crucially so."

"After we've signed the papers? Surely that's the wrong order."

"Not for this. After 48 hours, the changes start...setting and..."

"Setting?"

"After that time it will become harder and harder to reverse them and restore Jill. So, you are to be back here well within that time."

"On a Sunday?"

"Crap!" she thinks, "Ok. Sunday afternoon, I will call you to remind you."

"And if..."

"And then I'm visiting the address on these forms. And if you're not there, or try to stop me restoring Jill, then I'm calling 911 and setting the cops on you for kidnapping."

"Understood."

"Good. Now, Jill, get undressed and hop up on the bed, while I talk Valentine through what he's going to do."

"Sure." Jill quickly starts to strip. Loretta turns so she's not watching and lifts up a of set LimbAway wipes.

"Ok. You'll be rubbing these over Jill. Start with the limbs. We'll do a sense check once she's limbless. Also, wear these." she thrusts a box of latex gloves at him, "We don't want you accidentally vanishing your fingers."

"That sounds remarkably...simple."

She shrugs, "Chemicals gonna chemical."

"Ready!" They turn, to find Jill sitting naked on the temporary bed.

"Sorry, she's an exhibitionist as well as a sub."

"Right." she tries to ignore the giggling naked figure before her, "Gloves on?"

Valentine nods, holding up his gloved hands.

"Right. Off you go." She steps back. Valentine steps forward. His hands tremble a little as he takes up the wipe, rubbing it over Jill's arm. She purrs, turning her head to watch as her arm shrinks away until there's nothing left. Valentine stares at his reduced wife.

"That is sooooo cool. You didn't say it felt this good, either!"

"You're ok?"

"Better than ok. So much better" she holds out her other arm, biting her lip, "Come on, honey, make me helpless."

Valentine methodically wipes away her limbs, leaving Jill squirming on the bed, utterly limbless, nothing interrupting the curves of her body. He steps back.

"Now what?"

"Jill, are you ok? Do you want to continue?"

"Oh, yes, yes!"

"You really could sell them as aphrodisiacs from that reaction."

"We'll think about it in the marketing. Do her body. Leave the head till last so she can give the last consent."

"I give it! I give it!"

"Patience."

"That isn't one of her many virtues. How will this work?"

"Just wipe all around her, front and back. Start at either end and keep going as she shrinks."

Valentine puts a new wipe on his wife's stomach, feeling her purr as he wipes it around her waist, her body collapsing down as the LimbAway does its work. He stops with her perky breasts at her waist.

"I like you like this. All the important parts in a portable package."

"Mmmmm. Yes, Master. Maybe next time. My wish first."

Valentine, with a little reluctance, fondles her chest through the wipe, reducing her down to a head and pair of hips. Jill's breathing comes fast.

"Ooooooooooooh."

"Sanity check."

"Sanity...mmmmmm...left the building...ahhhhhhhh...a long time ago. Do it."

"Ok. Do the same to her head and I'll take over."

"You're sure it's safe?"

"Absolutely. I wouldn't have gone this far if it wasn't."

Valentine takes a deep breath, a new wipe and rubs his wife's moaning head away, leaving just her hips quivering, her lips visibly wet.

"Ok. Give me the tube."

"What?" he tears his gaze away.

"The tube. I need to measure it."

He digs into his backpack, handing it over.

"Right. You hold it in place..." Loretta pulls out a marker pen, "...and I'll get her ready." what's left of Jill squirms as the plastic tube it pushed around her sex, and then some more as the marker presses around its edge to outline her. Loretta carefully wipes most of her hips away and pulls out a LimbAway gel pen, using it to finish the detailed work under Valentine's somewhat awed gaze before handing him back the tube, capped by his wife's living, quivering, helpless slit.

"There. All done. Remember, Sunday. If you need to restore her earlier..." she hands a ziplock bag of pale blue wipes, "...use these and, again, wear gloves."

"That's really her?"

"You saw what happened. You know it is. I couldn't hide a spare Jill around here."

"This is...it's much different for it to be real rather than just role-play."

"I can buy that. See you Sunday."

"Don't I owe you..."

She laughs, "You're not getting paid for feedback. Consider this the payment for that work. And make sure to enjoy your new toy."

Valentine looks at the tube in his hand, "It feels...wrong to be talking about her like that with her like this. She'd love it, though."

Sunday afternoon, Loretta pulls up outside the address. "Pretty snazzy." she pulls her helmet off, and presses the entry com.

"Yes?"

"I'm here to see Valentine Simmons."

"Company?"

"LimbAway."

There's a grunt of surprise before he replies, "LimbAway? What kind of...fine, I'll tell him you're here."

"And a hearty fuck you to you, too." Loretta waits, tapping her booted toes on the gatepost until the speaker squawks her permission to enter. She wheels her bike through the gate, ignoring the guard's eyes following her up the road up the short hill. Finally, she reaches her destination. "Pretty. Expensive. Some people have all the luck. Yeah, I know I'm one of them, shut up, Brain." She presses the buzzer and Valentine answers, half-dressed in a bathrobe that only just leaves things to the imagination. Loretta raises her eyebrows.

"Uhm, you'd better come in." he says, flushing red to the tips of his dyed hair.

He leads her to the plush kitchen. "Can you wait here and I'll get it?"

"Sure." she replies, taking a seat and unpacking the wipes, not commenting on calling his wife 'it'. Soon, the fleshlight is lying on the counter, the pink skin of its living component showing sign of recent, extensive use. "Giving it a send off?"

Valentine's blush, somehow, gets deeper. He pulls the robe protectively around him.

"I..."

Loretta looks down. "Let's get Jill back and you can give her a send on as well."

"Do you really think she'd..."

"Oh, yes. I think stopping her might be tricky, so get ready to lose the robe the instant I'm gone if not before."

She unscrews the fleshlight, dumping its quivering 'occupant' onto the desk. Taking up the wipes, she carefully applies them to the back of the tiny disk, Jill's hips growing quickly. Her stomach follows, then her chest. Her body bucks on the counter.

"What's going on? Is she all right?"

"She's fine. She's just experiencing however many orgasms you gave her over the last two days in one concentrated burst." she looks at the bucking torso and the growing puddle around it. "You might want to go get a towel. Or two."

Valentine returns with two soft, fluffy white towels the envy of many an upmarket hotel and starts mopping up. Once Jill's body is calm, glowing with sweat, Loretta brings her head back.

"Oooooohhhhhhhhhhhhhhh fuuuuuuuuuuuuuck..." she drools, her eyes rolled back far enough to see only the whites. She takes shallow breaths, getting deeper as she starts to blink. Loretta waits.

"Get her a glass of water. Or a bottle. A big bottle." While Valentine struggles to take in what's happening enough to comply, Loretta drapes a towel over Jill to preserve anything that's left of her modesty. She takes the glass, tilting it so Jill sips it slowly.

"Oh, oh, fuck, that was...fuck."

"We're almost there. Just need to get your arms and legs back."

Jill pants, "Could you...maybe wait? Just a bit? We have time before the 48 hours are up, right?"

"We've got a bit of time."

"So you'll wait to restore my limbs?"

"Honey, what are you..."

"Well, I was thinking..."

"She wants you to take her upstairs and give her another fucking of her life."

"Hey! That's not...I mean, he doesn't have to go upstairs."

"Is that ok?"

"Not my beeswax. Do you want me to wait here? Or...?"

"Yeah, I guess here would be..." Jill moans, squirming on the counter, "We'll be right back."

"Don't hurry too much on my account." she calls as Valentine is already carrying Jill into the lounge bigger than Loretta's apartment, the closed door doing very little to muffle the sounds of very enthusiastic lovemaking that follow.

Loretta waits until the door opens, drinking from the bottle of water, "All done?"

Valentine, the robe now hanging open, carries Jill back in, breathing heavily, "For now."

Loretta smiles, and wipes the pale blue wipes over Jill's shoulders and hips, restoring her shakily trembling limbs. "There you go. One wife in the place of one toy."

"Can we do that again? Sorry, I mean, when can we do that again?" Jill asks breathily.

"You want to do that again?"

"I'd do it right now, but I doubt she'll let us."

"I haven't got the gear with me."

"And if you had?" Valentine asks.

"Our protocol is to wait a couple of days to get back to feeling human. Especially from a change that extreme."

"Soooo, we should come see you Tuesday? At the Crimson maybe?"

"Heh. Give me a call once I've had a chance to talk to my boss."

"I can't believe you're letting this go for free."

"First hit is always free, right?"

"Heh. Yeah. And the second will cost a grand and still be cheap."

Loretta stops, "Really?"

"Double it, hell, triple it, maybe even quadruple it. For more of...that? You could almost name your price."

Loretta tries to keep the dollar signs out of her eyes as the wheels of commerce begin to turn.