

LIMBAWAY 18: FINDING OUT

by Paul Watson

Brad saunters into the offices, draping his coat over his chair, "You look happy."

"We've got a buyer, on a regular spot, and he's willing to pay a bit extra to keep us exclusive for at least six months."

"How much extra?"

"We're in negotiations. He's agreed in principle for now."

"Your plan must have gone well."

"Was there ever any doubt?"

"Maybe a little."

"Well, I hope you'll admit you were..."

There's a knock on the door, "Excuse me, Ms van Dyne. Ms Sriupathakan would like to see both of you in the main office, please?"

"Of course, Kamala. Wonder what Marcy wants."

"Probably just to congrat..."

"Rein it in, Brad. Your head still needs to fit through the doorway."

They cross the office, to find Marcia at her desk, hands pressed down on the papers scrawled with notes, "Angelica! What have you done?!"

"What?"

"I come in today and there are messages from Cat Grant at GBS to call her!"

"What does she want? Business isn't really her beat."

"She said something about a LimbAway event at, what was it..." she pushes the notes around.

"O'Sheas?" Brad suggests lamely.

"That's it."

"Ah, well..."

"And, on top of that, Dalia's mother called, several times, and was very upset. Something about a fight? That she's blaming us for. So, what..."

"Brad? Why don't you explain? It was your project, after all." Angel replies, handing Hemmings all the rope he could possibly need.

Friday night at O'Shea's, Brad sits beside the bar, Dalia standing behind him, hands on the back of the chair. He's laid out a set of ten shot glasses, all filled with what he's calling Shrink Shots.

"What are these? Some new cocktail?" a slim blonde asks, barely dressed for a night out. Brad smiles up at her.

"Exactly. They're called Shrink Shots. Not for the faint-hearted."

"Oh, really? Hey, Cassie! This guy thinks we're too chicken to try his special cocktails." a tall, muscular red-head walks over, looking down at Brad.

"That isn't quite what I said..."

"Sure." she lifts up one of the glasses, and knocks it back in one. She's reaching for the next when the effects kick in. "Hey, what's happening?" she asks as her hand pulls back into her body, her body shrinking into her clothes, pooling around where she was standing.

"Cassie? What just..."

"Cissie?! I'm down here!"

The blonde, Cissie, kneels down, looking down into the pile of clothes, "Cassie?"

"Here!" the tiny woman waves to attract attention, "I'm here!"

Cissie reaches down, "Oh my god, you're sooooo tiny!" and easily picks her up, Cassie clinging to the giant finger as the shorter girl lift her up. "You're sooooo cute like this."

Cassie squirms, blushing brightly, trying to hold on and still cover herself up. "Hey, you!" she shouts at Brad, from her place in Cissie's palm, "What the fuck did you do to me?!"

People start to cluster around.

"I thought that was obvious." he replies, much less intimidated by the nearly six-inch woman than

when she was a looming six-feet tall. “Cissie, right? Could you put your friend on the table? Not near the edge, for her safety.”

”Uhm, sure, I guess.” she lowers her hand to the table. Cassie slides off, looking at the waist high shot glasses.

”Now, Cassie, wasn’t it? You’re shrunk. Don’t worry, we have the means to reverse it...”

”Buuuuut?”

”...but do you really want to be turned back just yet? It’s a unique experience, wouldn’t you say?”

”Get me back. Right now!”

”Apparently not. Miss, still feeling brave enough to try a shot?” he asks, looking straight at Cissie. She swallows, but there’s a crowd now so backing off would make her look bad.

”Sure. Why not?” she replies, trying to sound braver than she feels. “Once I see it’s safe and you restore Cassie.”

”Sure. Dalia?”

Dalia brings out a wipe, wrapping it around Cassie’s body, rubbing her carefully. Cassie grows on the table.

”Hey, watch the glasses!”

”Fuck your glasses!” she replies as she slips off the table, grabbing her clothes off the floor and stomps off, Cissie following in her wake.

Now, “That doesn’t quite seem to explain Dalia’s mother...”

”There is no explaining her.”

”Try.”

”Ok, so maybe it was later...”

Then, down to a couple of shots left, and more than a few naked people, mostly women, dancing around the empty glasses, one girl, Suzi, reclining back in a Martini glass, leaning on a couple of olives to help her fit, an additional charge to have a cocktail from that glass, split between Brad and Suzi.

They’ve instituted a ‘policy’ of no one leaves tiny. Technically, Dalia has instituted that policy, after they found out Cassie had left with Cissie in her pocket after she’d dragged her back for “her turn”. Fortunately, the bar staff knew where they lived and Dalia was going to deal with it later.

”So, how long does this work for?” a guy was asking, leaning over the table, blonde highlights in his short hair, a body built for college football scholarships straining against a t-shirt clinging to his abs.

As Brad explains, for the dozenth time, he doesn’t notice another member of the team clustered around the table sneaking a hand onto the table and grabbing one of the girls.

”Hey!” she yelps, but the bar is too loud for her tiny voice to really be heard.

He turns to get away, giving his friend, and distraction, a pat on the back as he slips the doll-sized girl into his pocket and almost walks straight into Dalia.

”Hey! Watch where you’re...”

Dalia folds her arms, looking up at him, “Put her back.”

”Put who back where?”

”Don’t play dumb, man. Put her back or I’ll have to get my shoes off.”

”Get your...? What are you...?”

”Back. Now.”

”Gonna make me?” Dalia shrugs. He smiles. “Out of the...”

Dalia puts one foot on the toes of her other sneaker and slips her hoof out, stamping down on his ankle. There’s a satisfying yowl of pain. She pulls her other shoe off, hooves clapping on the wooden floor.

”Don’t make me ask again.”

”You bi...” he lunges, and gets a hoof against the knee for his troubles. He falls to the floor, the doll-girl scrambling out of his pocket, as his leg twists unnaturally.

Sadly for Dalia, there are more members of his team around than she can kick. Unfortunately for them, she's not shy about trying her best and her hooves make very effective blunt instruments to assorted lower body bones.

The bouncer gets involved before too many fists land, or too many bones get crushed, shoving all sides apart and looming even over the footballers, smiling a gold glinted smile as if daring them to try something.

The manager isn't happy, obviously, but it's hard to blame Dalia for saving another student from kidnapping. He does put a stop to the Shrink Shots. Or at least almost so. Brad convinces him that this is just teething trouble and Dalia persuades him to let just a few more get poured, the team soon finding themselves on the table, poked and prodded by the girls who formerly occupied it. Suzi gets transferred to the main bar, continuing her new trade, allowing photos for a reasonable fee and drinks for a less reasonable, but no less popular, one.

Now, "And he still wants to go ahead?!"

"We can arrange better security, maybe a covered 'dance floor' for tinies. Plus it gives him an option before barring idiots, and Suzi has a dozen friends who saw how much she was getting and want in on the action, so even splitting with us that's more money for the bar. Overall, it went pretty well."

"Dalia's mother doesn't agree."

"Hey, Dalia's the hero of this story. Stood up, saved some drunken co-ed from whatever they planned to do with her."

"You can explain that to her, then. As a reward for your idea."

"Sounds like punishment."

"It is punishment. I can't believe you were so stupid you didn't think ahead to drunken frat boys doing something stupid with the shrunken girls!"

"Tinies, maybe shot girls. Still working on that one."

"I don't care what they're called!" Marcia yells, slamming a pair of hands onto the desk, "It was stupid! Irresponsible!..."

"Hey, Marcy, Marcy, breathe. No harm was done. I'll handle Cat. She knows me already, and I know how to spin things for her. We'll get this made into a trend or something, you mark my words."

Marcy takes several deep breaths, "Fine. You do that. And you..."

"Dalia's mother. Got it."

They head back to their office. "Hey, thanks for backing me in there."

"Marcy'll learn. You're on my team now. That means she comes to me, not yell at you personally."

"Yeah. Right..."

"That's my job after all. You stupid dipshit! What were you thinking?"

"What? What did I..."

"What did you...? Ok, let's see. 1) Naked coeds? Really, Brad?"

"Hey, they..."

"2) Didn't protect them in any way."

"None of them got..."

"3)" Angelica continues, counting off her fingers, "Didn't protect Dalia, who was more responsible than you were and who was acting as your underling."

"How do you know..."

"She's bruised, you're not. 4) Having Dalia as your underling without clearing it with anyone!"

"She..."

"5) Actually, four's enough. I told you it was your neck."

"Hey, it worked out okay."

"Because you were lucky, not smart. And because you had good help."

"I'll do better..."

"No, you won't. Because you're smart enough to have seen this coming. You're not so far removed

from being a student not to have seen the dangers. You just didn't care."

"Hey! That's..."

"So you're done here."

Brad stares, stunned. "What?"

"Done. We don't need your particular brand of services."

"Oh, come on! This is bullshit! You're firing me? Over this? It worked out!"

"Barely."

"It still worked." he stops, looking up slyly, "Are you sure there isn't anything I can do that will change your mind?"

"Like what? You certainly can not afford to bribe me."

"Maybe not with money. But..." his hand edges along his belt, pulling it slightly down.

"Brad! Are you really suggesting, what? That you're such a great fuck I'd let you stay? You are out of your..."

"You're just saying that because you know it'll work. Any woman is putty in my hands once I'm done with them."

"Brad, Brad, Brad, you're mouth is writing so many checks your dick can not, under any circumstances, cash. I'm half-tempted to give you a shot."

"Only half? Admit it, this is something you want. Who else is going to treat you like the dirty little toy you are? Doc? Marrrrrcy?"

Angelica raises an eyebrow.

"What have you got to lose?"

"My dignity? Self-respect? Lunch?"

"So nothing you're really invested in."

"Get..."

"Oh, is the little rich girl's mouth writing checks you can't cash?"

"out... You know what? Fine. You've pissed me off enough. Let's see how laughable you really are at this."

"And if I'm not, I stay?"

"Brad, the Spartans put it best. If."