

Annamaria Part 4 – First Day on the Job

Commissioned by DragotheKomodo

Summary: Annamaria decides to take the job at DuBois fashion and had to keep up with the wild and weird world of bleeding edge mutant clothing design.

Tags: Multi-Arm, Multi-Leg, Multi-Head, Multi Breast, Fusion, Tentacle, Dick Neck, SWB, Tail Hand, Mutant Clothes and Fashion

“So what do I do?” my left head said.

“I mean I know I want the position,” my right one replied.

Perhaps I should explain. I know I said a long while ago that I only have one personality and that’s still true. It’s still just me here, Annamaria. It’s just, sometimes arguing with myself helps me sort out all the pros and cons of a tough issue... but this was one of the toughest.

“Laura won’t be happy if I take the job,” one head said.

“But I just met her,” the other replied. “Sure I get along, but it’s not love at first sight. And do I really want to end up with someone who wants to control my career? Maybe she only likes me because I was there for her when she first mutated and not for who I really am.”

“Isn’t that more reason to try and get to know her better?” I said with a heavy sigh, rebutting my own thoughts. “She even tried to get you a job at a mutant help center.”

“That’s what I mean!” my other head said, throwing up a pair of arms. “She’s obsessed with this image of me being a mutant helper. Yes, I like helping mutants but it’s never been the whole of my personality. I have hopes and dreams too. I wanted to be a big star in fashion.”

“I did want to be a big star in fashion,” my first had said with a frown, “and It’d be stupid to pass up a position with such a big name.”

“DuBois Fashion is one of the biggest international names in fashion... not just mutant fashion but fashion in general. You don’t get many chances like this. If I give it up...”

“I might never have a chance like this again...”

I sat on my bed for a long time in silence. I knew what I had to do. I typed in Laura's number and started typing...

"I've decided..."

"Just one second Greg, I have a guest." Meredith Stone tossed the phone aside with a tentacle and approached me with limbs outstretched. "Annamaria! So glad you chose to join the firm!"

She approached me as if she was going to hug me and I stepped back reflexively, my hands folded bashfully. "Y-yes, I'm happy to get started as well," one head said. "But this is purely professional," the other head said, "I'm in a relationship and-"

"Yes yes, honey, you don't have to tell me," Meredith said with a big smile. "I will say one thing though, you are going to have to put some prudish concepts aside if you are going to make it in this business. Movers and shakers like us hug and kiss all the time, maybe even a little more. Love and relationships don't have to enter the picture if you know what I'm saying... what? No Greg I wasn't talking to you!" she said, picking up the phone and continuing to yell into it.

It was, in a word, overwhelming. Everyone was doing fifteen things at once, and anyone with an extra head or two was doing thirty or more! This was such a different speed than the mall. I suppose everything was such small stakes then. But this was the big time... lots of money... lots of people depending on me... lots of-

"Hello? Miss?" A secretary said, walking up to me and breaking me from my daydream. . She was humongous, probably 7 feet tall, largely due to the spindly and stretchy nature of her obviously mutated limbs. She curved her neck down so her head could meet me at eye level. "You are the new hire, yes?"

She didn't even address me by name, which gave off an air of ruthless efficiency. "Y-yes, I'm Annamaria," I said with one head, the other biting it's lower lip to try and hide the nerved.

"Charmed," she said in a flat monotone. "Right this way and I will show you to your temporary office." I wandered the dark and labyrinthine halls of the office building until I was brought to a tall wooden door with my name scrawled on a temporary piece of paper, slotted into the door's nameplate.

The door opened and it, again, felt like I was walking into another world. It was huge. There was a big wooden desk in the middle of the floor and a massive TV screen on the wall. The back wall was a fountain that looked like a waterfall, constantly filling the office with the sounds of running water. The desk itself had a digital screen on it, with several imaging and modeling programs already open.

Standing near the desk was a fused woman in the business suit. For the most part she looked normal except she was fused at the shoulder and had three breasts across both women. One had deep brown hair while the other had a lighter brown. Both had their hair done up in a bun and their eyes hidden behind glasses.

“You’ll be working out of here while we evaluate you,” the long limbed secretary said. “This is Noelle and Daisy; they will be your personal assistants. Unless it is an emergency, please consult them and not me, Mx. Dubois, or any other of the higher ranking members of our organization. Your work will be filmed and by choosing to take this position you consent to us analyzing and using that footage however we like. Assignments will be given through electronic notification. Do you have any questions?”

“No, I-“ SLAM. The secretary already walked out the door, closing me in with my new assistant. I had never been in a more awkward position in my life.

There was nothing much more to be done for the next few minutes as I just... waited. I tried to strike up a discussion with my “assistants.”

“So, how long have you been working here?” I asked.

“Our employment at DuBois fashion has been long, fruitful, and satisfying,” they both said in unison with an impossible grin on their faces.

“Oh, oh... I see. So are you one person with two heads, too?” I asked, considering how synched up they were.

“No,” they said at the same time. “We are two completely different people who fused as a result of our mutation. We have completely different personalities. We simply feel the same way about our place of employment.”

“Oooooookaaaay...” I said. The synchronicity was terrifying, almost like a horror movie. I literally WAS one personality with two heads and my heads were never this synched.

I heard the clock on the wall tick as the silence passed on.

Tick.

Tock.

Tick.

Tock.

And with a click the wall monitor turned on. “Oh, thank god,” I thought to myself. “Anything to make this less awkward.”

“Annamaria, Lucien’s newest star designer, how are you?” One of Mx. Dubois heads was on screen, wreathed in a plume of smoke, eyes hidden by mirror shades. The head bobbed back and forth rhythmically like a serpent eyeing up its prey.

“Oh... I’m doing OK Mx. DuBois...” I said, bashfully. “It’s just... an interesting place of work is all.”

“Well it’s about to get much more interesting dear. There is a mutant fashion show coming up in New York. We are to produce a fall lineup with the theme ‘gems in the streets of the underground.’” Lucien giggled to themselves, “quite fantastical don’t you think? Each designer will be coming up with five dresses for our models to wear. I’ve sent the details over to your personal tablet. Ta taaaa!”

And with that the monitor shut off. Sometimes this place felt like a funhouse. I opened up my messages on the glass tablet built into my desk surface. Three portfolios. One was an SWB with a tail and a two thumbed hand at the end. I was no stranger to SWB fashion. I would have to accentuate the legs and accessorize for the tail.

The second was a merged modeling duo. They had one body with two heads, four arms, and one massive breast. They also have two penises, but it wasn’t entirely clear whether I was supposed to accentuate or hide them. I was thinking a sort of two sided dress would work well for them.

Finally, it was a girl with her head at the end of a long dick. Luckily, mutations like this mostly fit in human clothes so I probably wouldn’t have to do much at all. This was going to be easy... right?”

A day passed.

“What is this?” the SWB model proclaimed. I showed her the design I worked up. It was a pair of dark bellbottomed jeans, a choker necklace, and bracelets going down her tail to her hand.

“I... it’s my design?”

“It looks like something you can buy off the rack at JC Penny,” she said. I winced. “Do you not understand what is going on here?”

“Well... I just assumed you would want something comfortable...”

“I want something that will make me stand out!” she said. I couldn’t tell if she was insulted but it was clear she was not happy. “Do you know what the purpose of fashion shows are?”

“To... to show off a new clothing line?” my right head said without a shred of confidence.

“HAH! No. They are to show what other people CAN’T have. They are to show outfits that can only be worn for one night, right there, on that stage.”

“But then... what’s the point?”

The SWB slammed her hand on my desk. “The POINT is that the rest of the line ends up being cheap mass produced common versions of the line we showed off at the premiere. We go big to whet their appetites and then give them much less, it leaves them wanting more.”

“That... doesn’t seem fair pro practical,” my left head said.

“THAT my dear is the world of high fashion. Do it again and keep the THEME in mind this time! This is an event, and you are part of the event! It’s basically YOU on stage. You are just using my body!”

She walked out of my office, slamming the door behind her with her tail.

A few days passed.

“Hmmm, I don’t know,” one head of the conjoined model said. I showed her my design, a two sectioned white and black dress. The white side of the dress was long and flowing like a gown while the black side was short and sporty.

“I thought the two-toned look would do good to accentuate your different personalities...”

The other head started laughing. Her hair was jet black as was her lipstick and the nails on the side of her body. “A dress split in half down the middle? Honey this isn’t the eighties.”

“I... I’m sorry,” I said blushing horribly.

“What I think she means to say,” the first one said in a softer tone. Her hair was bleached platinum blonde and cut into a short spikey design. “Is that conjoined models aren’t new. Half and half dresses are pretty much the norm these days. A showpiece really has to pop.”

“O...oh I see. I just. I always designed clothes for people coming into my shop and...”

“Yes we’ve heard,” the black haired model said. “You are the prodigy from a mall, and that’s great but this isn’t a shop.”

I winced and shrunk backward. The black haired model rolled her eyes. “Look kid, I’m not trying to put pressure on you here. I’m just trying to say this isn’t a clothing store. This is art.”

“She’s right you know,” said the blonde haired model. “The audience is going to want to see vision, not just from you, but from DuBois Fashion in general. You are representing a whole company.”

“I... I’m not sure I know how to do that,” I said shaking a bit in my desk chair.

“Fashion is about experience kid,” the black haired model said, pulling out a cigarette and lighting it up. “It’s about letting people feel an experience through the clothes we wear on the runway.”

“My advice,” said the blonde. “Think about why you got into fashion. Make every piece you make answer that question. Why am I here? Why did I choose to be here?”

“Why did I choose to be here?” I asked myself. I wasn’t even certain I knew...

A few more days passed.

“You seem stressed,” the dick-necked model said as I furiously sketched on my tablet.

“Is it that obvious?” I snapped one of my heads up from my work like a raccoon that was startled in the middle of the night. My other head continued to stare fervently at my tablet, hands sketching away. Deleting. Sketching. Deleting.

The model laughed to herself. "Look I know everyone around here can be intense, but you don't have to freak yourself out like this. If Lucien picked you it was for a good reason."

"Hah! Good reason!?" I said pushing my chair back away from my desk. "No matter what I make it's not good enough. It's too plain. It's been done before. It looks like it came from a mall. All I ever knew was the mall!"

The dick necked model came over to look at my work. She scrunched up her face in a bit of a frown seeing the jumpsuits, sundresses, and other designs I tried to make fit her body. "Well... they have a point. These all look a little... bland..."

"See! This is so hard. It's nothing like the mall." I furiously paced around the room, flailing my four hands and muttering grumbled swears under my breath.

"Hey, hey. OK. Let's start there. How is it different from the mall?" the model asked.

I turned around. The sweat laden hair from my left head smacked into my right head. I felt disgusting. Like I was going to break down.

I took a deep breath and collapsed in my chair again. "I don't know... It was just always more...personal?"

"Personal how?" the model asked.

"Well, I was dealing with people. They came in, asked for help, told me what they liked wearing. Then I just...made them something they liked. It wasn't hard."

"So, why don't you do that now?"

"Excuse me?" my two heads said in unison. I was sounding more like my assistants.

The model pulled up a stool and sat next to me. "My name is Louise. I like light colors, soft fabrics, and showing off my flexibility."

"OK... well... Then you'll probably want an individual cut out for your neck, so it can move independently from the rest of the outfit, so it doesn't tug."

"That sounds nice. The theme 'gems in the streets of the underground' yeah? So think, subway, but also think like, the bright parts of the subway."

"I've never actually been on a subway, just overground rail. I wouldn't call it glamorous," my right head set with a laugh while my left was deep in thought.

"It's a lot of the same thing, but it's also cramped, and dark, but there's a lot of traveling musicians and colorful characters. Also sometimes these kids will dance right on the train for everyone."

“Dance... hold on...” I went back to my tablet, but something was wrong. “No... no... I’ve gotta do this like I do at the mall.” I picked up the office phone. “Noelle... Daisy...?”

“Yes!” the two said. They popped up right next to me. I have no idea how but it was like they were already in my office waiting for my call. It took all my self-control not to scream.

“Don’t startle me like that!” my right head said. “Can you get me just... a bin full of scrap fabric, and some old clothes from past shows? I have an idea.”

Louise smirked. “Now you are getting it. This is going to be fun.”

“Introducing Annamaria’s first line for the DuBois Fall Fashion Show!” came an announcer on the loudspeaker. We were doing a dry run so that Lucien and some major partners could see what I came up with. They were joining us... via monitor of course.

“Up first we have the lovely Violet,” the voice said as the SWB walked on stage. It appeared as if she was wearing a long black dress. However, as she turned at the end of the runway she uncurled her tail which was attached to the fabric of the dress. It turned the dress into a shawl and revealed tight leather pants underneath and impossibly high heels. Violet loved the idea of wowing the audience so I figured I’d give her an outfit that was built around a surprise.

“Next we have Morgana and Sable!” The conjoined models walked down the runway next. I had scrapped the half and half dress idea. Instead, I thought of how to combine the personalities of both models at once. I created a lace pattern, similar to a spider-web weave, and threaded silver highlights through it. When they twirled, the light caught off it like a disco ball, but when they walked still, they looked like a flower waiting to bloom.

“Finally, we have Louise!” This was the one I was most proud of. I made her a combination jean suit and top, though I threaded jeweled silk sashes through the front buttons and wrapped them around her neck. It gave her plenty of flexibility and had this great eighties vibe to it. She absolutely loved it.

Before I knew it the run was over. The monitors turned off. It was nothing but silence. “What now?” I turned to ask the models.

“Now you wait,” Sable said.

“You have nothing to worry about,” Louise said.

“Can we get you anything?” Daisy and Noelle said in their creepy monotone.

“No... no thank you, I think I’m just being nervous and-“

“Annamaria! My darling!” the monitors clicked on and Lucien was there, face covered in shades, happy as ever. “I have good news for you.”

A pause...

A long pause...

It seemed like they were waiting for me to say something...

"Uhm... what's the-"

"The investors LOVED it!" Lucien said. "You absolutely have an eye for the DuBois brand. We are absolutely going to include these in the next show!"

"Why thank you!" I said excitedly. "I'm glad I made you proud and-"

"It's about time we set you up with a studio!" Lucien said with absolute ecstasy.

"Uh... what?" I said, blinking my eyes in both heads in disbelief.

"Yes, you should start building your own lineup of models, choosing which designers you want to work with..."

"What!?" I said instantly becoming overwhelmed again.

"I think a 40k cash advance would be enough to start, anyway. Ta taaa!"

The monitor clicked off.

I stood in stunned silence for a long while.

"WHAT!?!?!?!?"

"Anyway, that's what I've been up to," I said sipping my milkshake. Laura sat across from me, twirling a spoon in an ice cream sundae.

"Sounds like you've been busy..." she said softly.

"Yeah... honestly I have no idea what to do, everything went so fast. It's intimidating. I mean just a few weeks ago I was working in a store in a mall."

"Yeah..." she said. She just kept twirling her spoon.

"Is... everything OK?" I asked. I could tell when she was upset.

"Yeah... no... it's just. You realize we barely talked since you started this job right?"

"Yeah I know. It was just a lot to adjust to is all."

"But that's the thing. It sounds like it's always going to be a lot to adjust to..." she let her spoon fall to the side of her bowl. "I just want to know... where do I fit into all this?"

"What do you mean?" I said worried.

“Do you think you’ll still have time for me?” she said.

“I can try. I just... I don’t wanna miss my shot,” I said reaching over the table to grab a pair of her hands.

“But... what if you miss your shot with me?”

“Laura I...”

“No... no no this isn’t the time or place,” she said. “Look, I’m going to go home and think about this OK? I’m sorry I’m acting this way. I really am very happy for you. I just... need to think. OK?”

“O...OK...” I said, my right head looking away and my left head down.

Laura smiled a bit. “It’s not no, OK Annamaria? It’s just... I need time to think.”

“I suppose I do too,” I said. I raised my milkshake “to having time to think?”

Laura smiled and lifted a glass of water, clinking it against my own. “To having time to think.”