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The Labbies

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Content Warning: The following story contains implication of non-consensual sexual interactions and slavery

"Excuse me?" Carlotta heard a smart, high-heeled shoe tapping on the marble floors in front of her. She looked up from her computer screens, forcing a smile. In front of her was a statuesque woman in a fur coat. The woman's arms were crossed, and she glared at Carlotta haughtily.

"I'm here to see Dr. Lu about my labby. I am his 11:15."

Carlotta glanced at her computer clock. It was 11:00. She pulled up the doctor's schedule and tried not to groan when she saw that, yes, the impatient woman was scheduled. Now, Carlotta would be stuck in the lobby with her for the next quarter of an hour. Perfect. Just what she wanted. She managed to keep her plastic smile as she looked up at the woman.

"Dr. Lu is with another client right now, Miss Harrison. He will be with you in about 15 minutes. If you could please have a seat? I'll bring you a coffee or tea if you'd like."

Miss Harrison huffed and reluctantly clacked off to one of the waiting tables.

Carlotta rolled her eyes once she was sure the fur-coated woman could not see her. She had been working for Lu, Matthers, & Klein for a little over a year, and ever since she had started, she had been dealing with men and women, like the charming Miss Harrison, daily. After all labbies, lab-grown humans, were all the rage, and the doctors at Lu, Matthers, & Klein were the best in the business.

Carlotta frowned as she heard dress shoes walking across the marble floors. Male this time, and there was the slap of bare feet right behind. Carlotta glanced up. An older man in a bespoke suit was walking with a dazed young man beside him. The younger man was only in a hospital gown, and he kept blinking, unused to the light. The older man smiled a bit.

"Don't worry, Louis. You'll be out of the sunlight soon."

The younger man nodded tentatively and tripped over one of the rugs at the entrance of the building. The older man caught him and smiled, caressing his face.

"It's alright. I have you. Let's go home."

Carlotta looked back at her screens as the pair left and shifted uncomfortably in her seat. Then again for someone like that, time was money. What was the point of searching for someone compatible when you could just pay and make them?

Carlotta heard the doors open again. She frowned slightly when she did not hear the usual clack of dress shoes or heels made against marble.

"What are riff-raff like you doing here?" Miss Harrison asked. Carlotta looked up to see a couple who had never come in before. Two men were standing next to each other. One was tall and lanky while the other was shorter and more compact. They did not look like the sort of rich people that usually came in. They looked more like middle-class professionals, the type that usually couldn't afford the costs of a labby. The shorter man glared at her.

"Like you should talk! You're probably just here to get some sort of glorified--"

"Love, please," the tall man said, gently taking his partner's hand and squeezing it. The shorter man grew quiet but continued to glare at Miss Harrison.

"How dare you!" She snapped. "I should call security--"

"Miss Harrison? I think Dr. Lu just got done. You can go back and see him now," Carlotta said. The last thing she wanted was a fight in the lobby.

The woman huffed. "Finally!" she snapped before storming back.

Carlotta breathed a short sigh of relief and turned to the couple. The tall man was holding his partner's hand and trying to comfort him, even though he, himself, was shaking. His partner huffed and looked annoyed, but he was gently rubbing the back of the tall man's hand to comfort him.

"I'm really sorry about that. Welcome to Lu, Matthers, & Klein. My name is Carlotta. How may I help you?"

"Um... Hi... Uh... Can you explain how this works?" the tall man asked. It sounded like he was trying not to stutter.

"Of course! So after you decide what kind of human you would like, skin tone, intelligence, sex, eye color, etc., the doctors here used that information to pick out just the right genes to use. Those genes are implanted into stem cells that have had their previous DNA extracted. From there, we put the stem cells in a special, patented incubator. After a month, the fully-grown human is ready to come out of the incubator. For the next two weeks, you are welcome to come visit them as they learn about the world, and after they understand the basics, you're welcome to take them home!"

Carlotta had her spiel memorized. Honestly, it was the closest she got to using her biology degree in this job.

"Has anyone here ever asked for a baby?" the shorter man asked.

Carlotta blinked. That was a new one. She usually got all sorts of requests: servants, romantic partners, the occasional parental figure, the occasional super anthropomorphic animal, or some weird combination of the other stuff. But no one ever wanted a baby.

"No," she replied honestly.

"Can you guys do that? Make a baby?" the shorter man asked again.

The taller man looked nervous but hopeful. Carlotta looked between the two of them. She walked back to her desk and checked her computer, pulling up different techniques. The men followed her, each squeezing the other's hand. After a few minutes, Carlotta looked up at them.

"I think it could be possible. I can schedule you both an appointment with Dr. Matthers? She likes a challenge."

"That would be great!" the taller man said excitedly.

The shorter man smiled up at his partner and gently rubbed his back. "See? I told you we could be parents..."

For one of the first times at her job, Carlotta felt a genuine smile tugging at her mouth. She looked up at them both. "So when would you like to schedule your appointment?"

The shorter man took care of the paperwork as his partner held his other hand. The tall man was grinning ear to ear, nuzzling his partner's hair. The shorter man gently waved him off so he could finish the forms. Carlotta looked them over when he was done.

"Looks like everything has been sorted. We'll see you next week," she said.

The tall man hugged his partner tightly as the shorter one smiled slightly and rubbed his back. They left together, holding hands. For once, Carlotta couldn't help but smile. Perhaps this job was not as horrible as she'd thought—

"I'm here to see Dr. Matthers about my servant."

Carlotta sighed and looked back at her keyboard. She put on a cheery smile and looked up to greet the next rich customer. ●●●



THE LABBIES

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