

Life with Abby was always a delight. She was sweet and strange enough to keep things interesting while being absolutely adorable, and her mismatched body meant we had no shortage of variety to keep our lives and sex lives interesting. It just would be wrong to say that it didn't come with its own complications.

I was doing some light work fixing the coffee table when I heard Abby shriek in the other room. It was followed by the sound of crashing and thumping as something fell over. I hurried up and ran into the other room to find Abomination there. She was standing in the bedroom looking surprised but unhurt (as unhurt as the stitched up dead beauty could look), but she was staring at a mess by one of the closets. She was dressed in her snug blue jeans that I liked and a tank top for hanging out around the house that always showed off her curves nicely.

"Sweetieeee?" she called nervously over her shoulder.

"What happened?" I asked as I started towards her, watching my step in case I had to avoid anything sharp.

"Oh! You might want to stay back a little," Abby warned carefully.

I stopped in my tracks, worried about broken glass or the like. Abby didn't technically have blood or pain receptors in her patchwork body, but I naturally worried about my wife.

"Okay? What happened?"

"Well I was cleaning up my supply closet..."

I nodded automatically. I rarely went into Abby's closet without her expressly telling me what she needed out of there. I'd put away her laundry sometimes, but that was in another closet entirely. This was where she kept her spare parts. Extra limbs, new bolts, the flesh stapler, tons of needle and thread, a bit of synthetic skin from her dad's lab...

"But then I just got so startled and I tipped a few things over."

I sniffed the air as something hit my nose. The smell of sterilizing chemicals and gauze and... peppermint? I realized what had happened immediately.

"Oh! I forgot that I left that candle going. I was freshening up the smell before you got to cleaning. I know how you get about candles."

Abby nodded meekly. "Right. Fire bad," she agreed quietly.

I leaned over the bed and blew the candle out for her like I was any other husband taking care of a spider for their wife. That was when I saw the real mess we'd caused. Most of her supplies were still resting on the shelves, but she had knocked over several pickle jar-sized containers.

There was a light green chemical on the floor with what appeared to be a half dozen or more preserved brains. The jars were still intact, but the brains themselves had fallen out with the fluids.

“Alright. I’ll get a towel and we can get these back inside,” I assured her.

Abby gave an uncertain groan. Her darker-skinned arm reached out and caught by wrist, and the frown on her face tensing the white streaks at her temples that cut through her black hair (before unnaturally turning into a blonde ponytail).

“That’s the thing... I’m not sure which one is which. I was hoping you could... help me pop them in and see?”

“Oh. It’s one of those problems...”

Abby picked up one of the brains and tucked it under her arm. She started setting the jars back on their shelf as she casually handled the portable organ. I had taken Abby’s brain out a few times now, between cleaning and just for kink purposes. I was used to handling them, closer to a Nerf ball than anything terribly organic in texture. She sat on the bed and gave me an uncertain look.

“Oh, my friend had a bunch of VHS tapes he’s put movies on. One time he knocked them all out of their boxes so we were just putting in tape after tape and seeing what movie it was. Shouldn’t be too different.”

“Thanks for helping,” Abby said as she turned to sit facing away from me.

My Frankenwife sat patiently as I felt along the back of her head, carefully brushing her ponytail aside. My thumb found the latch near her hairline and flicked it up, popping her hair and upper skull back like a trash can lid that exposed her brain.

“Ok. You’re gonna get a little doopy for a second, but I’ll pop you right back in,” I warned.

Abby nodded and passed me her spare brain. I held onto it and paused, looking at the row of jars on the shelf. They were labeled things like “Monster Guard” and “Max IQ.”

“Do you actually need extra brains? Like is this going to wipe your memory or anything?”

Abby shook her head. It made her hair flop around strangely at the 90 degree angle in a way that made me bite back a laugh.

“Not much. My core personality’s in here even when I don’t have a brain at all. I may act a little loopy or forgetful but it catches up before too long. It just helps me process things differently.

I've swapped them when you weren't around if I needed help doing the taxes or a part of my head was on the fritz."

"I'm absolutely jealous," I admitted, making her giggle.

I hooked my fingers against the side of her brain and popped it out. Abby's mouth immediately went slack and her eyelids drooped, giving a lazy, listless laugh like she'd just become instantly and cartoonishly high. I set her primary brain on a pillow somewhere out of the way. We'd messed around with it plenty of times, mostly when she wanted a bit of brainless bimbofication in the bedroom, so I was used to handling the surprisingly firm but spongy part of my wife. I planted a kiss on her cheek and her arm listed up, half-stroking and half-slapping my face.

"Looove pretty husband," she drooled out as I popped one of her extra brains in.

Abby twitched wildly for a second before her face sharpened up. She stood as her posture stiffened to her full, impressive height and her hair stood on end for a moment before she seemed to even back out. She looked back at me blankly for a moment, then a blush ran across her pale, bloodless face until it nearly matched the naturally darker patch around her one eye.

"Oh... guten tag?" she greeted me uncertainly.

"Hi, Abby," I said, waving carefully at her. "Is it working okay?"

"Oh, ya. I ahm hard working German girl vith very legitimate passport. I am to luff my visit to America, ya."

"Uhhh..."

"I am vith mein papa. Mein mother was lost in a tragic alibi. Ach! I mean, accident! So silly of me and mein clumsy English, ya!?"

Abby smiled very widely at me. I gave her an uncertain look before I hopped up and checked the jars, skimming the labels until I found one that fit. "Charming Foreigner" certainly seemed to fit the bill. When I had first met Abby, she was introduced to me as Abomination Steinbacher. If the mad scientist who was her father had come from overseas, this must have been how he managed to sneak her in by posing as his daughter.

"Think I found it," I called back to her.

Before I could turn, I felt Abby's breasts mash against my back and her strong arms slink around my middle. She stroked my chest and moaned lustily into my ear.

"Ah, herr inspector. Zere is no need to go through my things. I am sure ve can come to... arrangement, ya?"

Abby reached around and squeezed my bulge through my pants. It felt like she was roleplaying extra hard, and it was genuinely kind of sexy. She was still my wife and she was still conscious of it on some level, according to her, but it felt naughty all the same.

“Vat a big American schnitzel you have too,” she cooed as she ground her thick hips against my ass.

“You’re not even speaking German at this point,” I called her out gently. “And you sound like you’re about to start yodeling. Still hot, though.”

I tipped my head back and kissed her. Abby moaned and met my lips with pleasure, putting her tongue to good use by entering my mouth. I turned to face her, even as her hand popped off at the wrist to stay clinging to my crotch. It wasn’t until I felt it wriggling between us that she gasped.

“Oh! Silly me! I zimplify cannot keep my hands to mein self! Eet is ah... prosthetic, ya?” she bluffed, still trying to play innocent about her being undead.

“We’ll see about that,” I said with an air of mock authority. “One thing I do know is that a good, normal American girl would be a great kisser.”

I plucked up her hand and handed... offered it back to her. Abby’s eyes lit up and she nodded, when we passed it off her disembodied hand squeezed mine back. We shared a smile and a laugh at it before she eased it off of me and quickly fastened it back into place with her clasps and simple stitches.

“Oh ya! Ees good point, no?” she cooed, stepping closer to bump her breasts into my chest.

She smiled as I saw the familiar look of adoration in her mismatched eyes. It felt like we were having some kind of undead, brain-swapping meetcute all over again.

Hair reach, Flirt offer, grope and finger, behind flip brain,

Greaser, dog, nerd, french maid, elvis,
Check out boobs next

Abomination Steinbacher and george