

*Tap*

*Tap*

*Tap*

Metal heels on metal floors, a familiar sound on any functioning exoplanet, the sound of worker drones doing their usual duties of mining, laboring, or whatever boring task they were handed at creation. They wiled away their lives with menial tasks, doing things that could be considered pale imitations of their creators. V always thought it was so funny how they lived their lives in total ignorance of their impending doom. It was so funny that they never saw it coming, how shocked they were when they came face-to-face with her weaponry, her savagery. Such savagery as what was on display on her current mission; tasked with clearing Outpost Beta, she decided to go it alone, stretch her legs a little. For her, stretching her legs was more of a murderous walk on a moonless night than it was regular calisthenics; she liked to have the only light visible be her glowing face.

With the facility's power out from her blitz, her glowing, yellow eyes were the only source of light in the chaotic halls. It was eerily quiet after her initial outburst, the robots that lay at her sides all slumped in a heap, their lights dimmed. V enjoyed the quiet; it made her entrances all the more ominous, really instilled fear into the drones she was sent to disassemble. The way her pointed toes danced across metal grates, the way she'd occasionally scrape it to really pile on the terror. It was an act she had perfected over numerous sessions of practice; it's also why she preferred to work alone, when able. The presence of that softie N would only make things more complicated and ruin the image she was trying to sculpt.

Her silent trot only added to the tension in the air, the sound of a dying alarm suddenly flared on, a warning to whoever remained. It had been in such disuse and disrepair that the sound it made was little more than a sputtering buzz; the lights meant to illuminate the halls were just flashes, just sparks. Stretching ahead of her was the main supply depot, the place where most drones would congregate, pick up tasks or drop off their haul for the day. V expected it to be the place where most drones would be shoring up their defense; it was the most strategically strong, afterall. She wasn't disappointed, as the moment her neon eyes appeared in the dark, a shot rang out. It was a lazy shot, veering far off course and hitting the wall behind her.

"That's so cute, you thought you could hit me with a bolt gun." Vee snickered as she looked upon the group of drones standing in a line in front of her.

Another opened fire, but it was too late V was already upon them; with the swiftness of an eagle, she descended upon the line, their shots barely missing her soaring body. Each one giving them a terrified glimpse of their assailant; the first just missed her head, illuminating the curled coil of metallic hair that had been sculpted atop her round head, it also revealed her wicked and jagged smile. Sharpened teeth curled into a maniacal grin as the light faded, the

heated bolt soaring past her skeletal wings of sharpened feathers. Their next shots went just as wide, trailing past her figure as she soared through the air, showing off her curvy body. She had been assembled with a painter's eye, sporting an hourglass shape that trailed from a generous bust to a comically narrow waist to a set of hips that were just as wide as her shoulders. Even her legs were shapely for their make, smooth cones of flexible metal that tapered down to a point that led into calf-shaped tubes that ended in a flat cylinder.

There were five worker drones in total, all wearing their beta outpost best, a red uniform with a red construction hat. V took note of their unique shape as she closed in, they were a bit different than the models she had confronted when first coming in, fuller. As her claws impaled the first through the chest, she noted the rather impressive heft of her breasts, how they strained the buttons of her shirt. As that target fell down, the one attempting to sneak up on her caught a tail-full of V's acid, the syringe emptying into her torso like it did any other drone. This one was still strange, the abdomen of the drone inflating with the caustic payload, pumping full like a balloon before rupturing like a trashbag. V thought it curious as she tore through the other drones, her claws bouncing off of the padded backside of one before the other popped them like a balloon. When all was said and done, she was surrounded by a heaped pile of scraps that looked closer to shredded rubber than it did machinery.

"Fuckin' weird, I pop heads, not people." V looked at the scraps with confusion as she wandered off into the facility.

The deeper she traveled, the more it seemed like this outpost was a mining facility, but what they mined was water of all things, something they didn't need. It was like they were stuck on autopilot or something. Moving past more confounding drones, she kept finding ones in varying states of bloat, distended stomachs, distended chests, huge derrieres. There were a few who sloshed when they tried to fight her, others popped like water balloons the moment they came in contact with her claws. V was feeling both confused and bored; none of her combatants were enough to give her anything more than a light bit of exercise. There was something off about the place as she passed down another corridor, the metal floor turning to stone and the narrow corridors spanning into yawning caverns. Along the stone walls were signs with strange images of them; they were hazard signs with the image of a rather cheerful-looking worker drone on them. V couldn't hide her confusion as she continued down the hall, the sound of rushing water getting louder as she approached, her footsteps turning into splashes. All around her were deep puddles of water, some deep enough to go past her feet, and they had machine parts within them.

"Weird, did they send another disassembler before me? Cuz this is giving me the creeps." V shuddered as she approached the source of the rushing water.

***Crkkkkk***

***mpphhh***

There was something else under the sound of pumping water, a metallic creaking, like some old ship. On top of the creaking came a mumbled moan, a groan of pleasure, maybe? V couldn't wrap her head around what was happening, but it definitely put her on edge, she moved more cautiously than she had in her entire career. She approached the center of the cavern, her advanced eyes seeing a shape in the distance. It was large, it was round, and it was trembling.

***Gnnnn***

***Rmbbblbbbl***

***Mmppphhh***

V got a closer look at the shape, recognizing it as some oversized balloon, a rubbery curve that tapered down into a robot body, a worker drone. A drone was hooked to a waterhose, fluid pumping into its mouth via another one of the workers. This worker looked different than the other ones, she was far bustier; she sported a chest so swollen and full that V could only imagine it was designed by some depraved creeper; the same went for her ass. The drone was so gifted in the backside that it was a wonder she could even fit in the caves, let alone her quarters. V couldn't spend much time gawking at the drone's assets as she watched them seemingly deflate as water was pumped into the poor worker in front of her. Her yellow eyes were scrunched in what V believed was strain, but it might have been pleasure. The massive stomach in front of her shook violently as more water was pumped in, spurting out of the sides of her mouth like a fountain. Her whole body shook violently before ultimately giving up in spectacular fashion.

***Sploooossh***

"Popped like a water balloon." V muttered under her breath as water splashed across her face.

Water spurted wildly from the hose as it curled back into the other drone's arm, the remnants of the one who exploded being strewn across the cave in a chaotic fashion. V felt like muttering her little jab was about the only thing to hide her surprise, as that was by far the most eccentric disassembly she'd ever seen. She stood motionless for a moment as the small drone giggled to herself, her hose turning back into a hand as she hopped around with glee.

"So, umm, is this your shtick? Or are you actually unhinged? I can work with either; I just need to know..." V cut her little sarcasm short as the drone looked at her with wide eyes.

"You look different. This model has not seen you before. Are you here to play with P?" P giggled as she skipped close to V, pressing her chest into V's pelvis.

This drone was definitely different from the other workers or other disassemblers V had met in the past, she was quite a bit shorter, for one. The sculpted frock of hair on her head was

long, sweeping down past her back in a disorganized hairdo. It was bright red, just light her uniform and her eyes were a glinting red, similar to glitched units. V was at a loss for words as unit P looked up at her with red, and yet cutesy eyes. She was so short that her chest only came up to V's pelvis, which made her current position of choice a bit compromising. V gave her an awkward look as P waited excitedly for an answer to the question.

"Play might not be the word; slaughter helplessly is more apt, unless playing is ***mmpphh!***" Before the next word could fall past V's lips, a thick hose found its home in them instead.

"I'm so happy to have a playmate, the last one broke!" P giggled happily as the hose extended from her arm.

V was shocked to find herself being outsped by another drone, it was usually a task to try and outdo her. She was ready to fight back, to eviscerate the offending lunatic, but then she felt the weight in her stomach. Water was flowing into her at an alarming rate, pouring down her throat like it was a firehose. The pressure of it caught her off guard; the water was pouring down so forcefully that she thought it would make her head pop off her neck, but she managed. Her metallic cheeks flexed out a little before she got into action, swallowing water as quickly as she could.

***Ulp***

***Ulp***

***Ulp***

It was situations like this that she was glad to have a functioning digestive system, or at least something to pump and contain things, as water was flooding into her stomach. The thin cylinder of rubber was gradually pushing outward, curving against her torso like a small bubble. It was shiny and smooth, rounding out with every gallon that flowed past her lips. She could feel the hose in her mouth bulging to facilitate it, soft machines acting as actuators to keep the water flowing. Looking down at her assailant, she saw the cutest expression on her face, one of absolute glee and joy. V felt an odd kinship with unit P; they were both murderous psychopaths in a world of well-adjusted people. This feeling might have been aided by the odd pleasure V felt with her stomach bloating with water.

In just a few moments, her slightly curved abdomen had turned into a teardrop of sloshing water. Hanging heavily against her pelvis, her swollen gut inched outward as water flowed into it. A churning whirlpool of fluid that jutted from her torso like a blimp, the sudden shift in weight being too much for her spindled legs to handle. She teetered back and forth; each stumble of her legs sent the balloon swaying, sloshing back and forth like a wrecking ball. The final slosh finally sent V careening down to the ground, landing on her backside with a slosh.

*Wait, I don't slosh.*

V reached down to her ass, feeling the curved surface as it sloshed beneath her fingertips; somehow the water flowing into her had started to collect in her ass. Her firm curves flexed out into tight buns of literal steel, the metal flexing to accommodate the swollen bladder beneath it. She was learning far more about her anatomy than she expected today, and it was all thanks to this odd unit P.

"My goodness, you grow so fast; you're so elastic." P laughed to herself as her hose extended outward.

V wasn't sure where the water was coming from, but this girl seemed to have an endless amount of it. She hopped around like a ballerina, pushing her hand against V's swelling stomach, playing with the surface. V felt a heat in her cheeks as P pressed into her gut, her sensors flooding with conflicting sensations as her balloon sloshed back and forth. She felt so large but so helpless; her growing stomach crawled past her knees, rose in front of her like a hill. Its malleable surface swayed back and forth, P's hand indenting the surface, sinking further in before she released it. It sprang back into shape with a lazy sway, like it took a moment for the water to crash back into its shape.

V sat there purposefully helpless against the hydrating assault, letting herself be filled to insane levels. It was such a confusing rush of feelings, but ultimately, she found it remarkably pleasurable and addictive. While P played and poked the underside of her stomach, V found herself running her hands over the top of it. Pressing in with ginger force, watching the orb depress under and then snap back into shape. She didn't know her torso could inflate like this, not in this way or in this shape. She was so enraptured by her own growth that she didn't care about the sundered remains around her; if she was going to rupture, she was glad she'd feel great doing it.

"My goodness, my toy is getting so big. How are you feeling?" P pranced about V's stomach, staring her in the face with a look of unhinged glee.

***Hmmpphh***

***Mppphhh***

V flashed her a small wink and a nod as the flow of the water increased; she went from an overinflated stomach to something closer to a yoga ball. Her bloated gut was so full that she couldn't lift herself if she wanted; it stretched past her knees and dragged across the ground, making her feel every uneven bit of the cave floor. Her knees pressed into the sides out of instinct and it made her quiver in pleasure. She squirmed and writhed against her own gut, filled with a feral sensation she couldn't place, something buried deep in her programming. Her nerves were spread so thin around her magnificent globe that all of her sensations were

amplified a hundred-fold. She watched in awe as her stomach continued to climb upward, climb outward, grow like an overblown tick on her abdomen.

It was beginning to dwarf her, the expanding glob pressed against her form, pushing her away from it as the water kept pumping, kept flowing. The surface of her stomach was starting to squeak; the tension in her frame mounted as she pushed past her previous bounds. She was ready to press a finger into her stomach before realizing she still had her claws out; in her current state, she wondered if they could puncture her. It was a question she didn't want to find the answer to as she retracted her claws, pressing a rounded finger into her billowing moon. The surface was tight, tighter than it was before, too pressurized for her to sink a finger into; when she traced her hand across it, all she got was a resonating and rubbery squeak.

"Big toy! Big Toy" P shouted enthusiastically as she pressed her whole body into V's stomach.

***Crkkkkkk***

***Strrrthhhh***

P was certainly correct; V was, in fact, a big toy. She'd gotten far larger than the previous drone P had been playing with, her billowing blimp of a stomach already eclipsing her in size. The blackened balloon was like a moon, a looming body of water that overshadowed the both of them. Creaking with strain, the surface gaining a new sheen under the dim cavern lights, small bits of white stress were cropping up at the highest peak of that mountain. The sound of stretching rubber echoed through V's audibles as she listened to the concerning sounds of her own body. She didn't know how much more she could take, but she wanted to find out, she wanted to grow bigger.

***Grnnnnn***

***Glunk***

***Glunk***

P's water pump was starting to struggle, splashes of fluid spraying out from her arm and from her back as the machine fought against the pressure. She likely wasn't rated to deal with such pressures; whatever her original purpose was, it wasn't popping worker drones and certainly not disassembly drones. The pump continued to spray and sputter, straining to force more water down V's bulging throat. Under the metal of her chest, the bladders and pumps began to swell, making her steel chassis groan. Metal distorted as her insides bloated out, forcing the already swollen bumps into engorged water balloons, until the metal finally snapped. A bolt had come undone, and now her mounds were free to expand, filling with the water that couldn't fit in her mammoth stomach. In an explosive display of growth, her chest shot out; each

of her sloshing mounds rode up the cliffside of her stomach with ease. They went from apples to melons and then to blimps of metal-clad rubber, swaying to and fro atop her overfilled stomach.

***Rmbblblbbl***

***Crkkkkk***

Despite the extra amount of leeway her chest had afforded her, there still wasn't a solution to her pressure problem, as they rapidly reached their max size. V was being crowded by her own body, her pressurized form pushing her back into the ground as she struggled to remain upright. The weight and the pressure were too much for her to handle; her arms were wobbling to try and remain upright, but she was truly at the limit. V's face was turning red from a mixture of pleasure and overheating machinery, her servos spinning out of control to try and do something about the pressure. She liked to believe it was like a blush, or the best facsimile she could make of a blush.

***Grnnnnn***

"Awww, big toy's gonna pop." P's voice fell in disappointment as she looked at V's oversized stomach.

The hill of a gut was definitely larger than anything she had seen, twice as tall as she was and as long as a car. It stretched out in front of V like a cartoon bomb, the surface throbbing as the pressure inside kept mounting. She loomed over the both of them, her stomach a towering hill of flesh that raced for the ceiling. It trembled with the trapped pressure, the white marks of strain becoming more prominent as her body ran out of room. There was nowhere for the water to go, it only compressed itself tighter as P's pump struggled to keep up. P was too far gone to notice, but her arm was violently shaking, the hose bulging as water backed up inside of it.

V's eyes were turning cross as she felt water flood the back of her circuitry, clouding her judgement and mind. She wanted more; she needed more.

*Just a little more; you're so close, girl. I think I'm almost there.*

***Crkkkkkkk***

V's body was starting to creak, water shooting out of her in places she didn't know it could. Whatever tubing and pumps lay inside her were completely overfilled; the water was leaking out of the seals at their connection points. For the first time in a while, she felt truly alive; she desperately craved that last release, she needed to know what would happen.

***Ulp***

V attempted to swallow; her whirring actuators only sputtered out as she tried to force them into working. Loose cogs spinning in freeform, no teeth to catch on anything, her machinery was completely out of sorts.

***Ulp***

She wouldn't allow her body to disobey an order; she strained whatever she could feel, pulling it together as the wires frayed. Her internal systems were cracking and breaking as she forced her throat into doing what she wanted. Her cheeks were puffing out with the backed up waterflow, the metal curling around the increased load. V's servos cracked and snapped as she willed her machinery into working, her rubbery throat bulging again as she forced the water down.

***Rmbllbllbllbllb***

***Grnnnnn***

That final swallow, the one she had done against all odds, was far too much for her body to contain. Something deep at her core did not agree with that action as her stomach began to violently buck and sway, writhing like it had life of its own. Its surface undulated as the typhoon fought for escape, heaving to and fro like a choppy sea. Massive waves crashed in on themselves as her belly lost its form, turning into naught but a wrapper for the water inside. Surging out like a great balloon, a looming sphere of whitened black that towered over the both of them in its last gasps of growth.

***Kersploooooossh***

With a great tidal wave, V's stomach exploded, the apex curve of the grand balloon splitting apart and creating a tear that trailed all the way to her body. The force of the explosion sent the water careening across the room, crashing against the walls and washing P away with them. Shards of black rubber floated on the water as the ruptured remains of V's abdomen scattered across the crashing waves.

*Yeah, that was totally worth it.*

V blinked woozily, her mind still wracked with pain and pleasure as she recovered from her little climax. She was heaped over herself, her wiring and machinery exposed as she pulled the hose from her mouth. Where her upper and lower body connected was now a vacuum space, an absence of a body. She pulled herself onto her hands, gaining her bearings as her crackling machinery failed, scanning the room for her little friend. Her damaged sensors finally zeroed in on the upended P, who was currently buried in her own tits on the other side of the room. The impact must have knocked a few screws loose from the girl, but she looked, ultimately, unharmed.

"Glad you lived through that, because I'm not exactly through with you." V shouted across the room.

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"So, how'd the mission go...holy hell, you're in two pieces...Why is that drone so curvy?" N gasped at the sight in front of him.

Somehow, V had managed to haul both her bisected lower half and the overblown P all the way back to their base.

"Yeah, I let myself get blown to pieces. Was pretty hot." V clicked her tongue, speaking as if she had just done something impressive.

"Like on purpose?" N scratched his head as he looked down at his half-exploded comrade.

"No idiot, on accident, of course I did it on purpose." V rolled her eyes as she chided her comrade. "Now, get us both to repair bay, because I... am about to lose consciousness."

Before N could try and rebuff V's claims, she collapsed over herself in a heap, falling into P's exaggerated form as N tried to rush them both to the repair bay. He wasn't sure what had happened, but he was sure he'd get the full tale when he got them working.

N rushed through the base, the other drones looking at him cockeyed as his face was buried in drone chest. He plopped down V onto the mechanic station, the machine working to synthesize a new torso for her as he plugged her into the support system. Pulses of electricity activated her own olfactories, making her produce her own saliva again. The healing qualities of which were slowly repairing the broken disassembly drone as he hooked up the powered-down P into the diagnostics machine.

"Huh? Machine says her head's broken. A kinda software glitch." n muttered out loud as he fiddled with the computer.

"Don't." V's crackling voice rang out from the table as she caught the barest hints of what N was doing.

"Don't what? You're not exactly in a condition to order me around." N looked down at his friend as she sputtered back to life.

"Don't repair her brain. I think it's a lot more fun...the way it is." V's words were protracted, broken up by static as she spoke.

"That's messed up, V. But okay, who am I to argue?" N pumped his arms enthusiastically as he set the machines for a physical repair of the both of them.