

"Oh come on, that's horse shit!" Rebecca screamed in annoyance at the ripper across the glass.

"You heard me, I don't do that kinda chrome for kids." The ripper's eyes barely glanced at Rebecca as she pounded on his counter.

"Kid?! Kid?! Maybe if you stopped the scroll you'd see how full of shit you are." Rebecca's shouts got louder, her red eyes gleaming in anger.

"Too small, girly. Even if you was an adult, there's no way that frame could take the chrome. So flick off. Come back if you find someone who's packin' more than mosquito bites." The ripper waved his hand, shooing her away.

"Packin'?! I'll show you what I'm packin'; some preem irons are what I'm packin'!" Rebecca pulled her prized pistols from her open jacket, barrels gleaming in the shop light.

*[Hey. David needs you at base. There's a job for you.]*

Rebecca stowed her pistols, stuffed her hands in her jacket pocket as she left; the ripper she was dealing with barely paid her another glance.

"You got lucky today, gonk. If it was anyone else who called, you'd be flatlined." Rebecca looked back with an annoyed grimace as she left the shop.

Frustration boiled inside of her as she walked into the crowded sidewalk; being small in Night City was a tough thing. When you're so small in such a large city, you become more of a number than you already are. Rebecca tried to fight this unconsciously; she talked loud, she dressed scantily, and she shouted more expletives than merc. None of that changed the fact that she was a very small woman, barely coming up to the average waist; she was pint-sized. With a whitish-blue hue to her skin and bright pink tattoos, she almost glowed under the neon lights. Her teal pigtails bobbed on her shoulders, her open jacket sitting a bit more open as she walked to the meeting spot. She was hoping to get a little attention, garner a few looks her way, anything to help pad her ego. Before getting too far away, she looked back at the ripper she'd just left, staring at the shop signage.

Plastered on the screens above his shop were images of the body she wished she'd been born with. Tall, curvy and supple; women that looked like they could crush someone's head between their overblown tits. She didn't normally go to those kinds of shops, but after she stumbled upon David and Lucy, she felt unusually self-conscious. She tried to shake it from her mind, seeing them together only unearthed the feeling she thought she'd buried.

Rebecca's listless wanderings took her back to the crew's home base, where the gang was waiting for her. Hunched over the table on the far end was David, the man who joined them as a young teen, now a grown adult. He'd taken over the gang after Main's death and taken his

chrome as well, turning him from a fit beanpole to a hulking figure. His eyes lifted from the table when she entered, their cold gaze almost looking past her, before turning into a smile.

"Sup, choom?" Rebecca's feelings of unease left as soon as she laid eyes upon him.

"Just the biz. Kiwi give you the deets?" David was fairly casual in response.

"She didn't tell me shit." Rebecca shot an accusatory glance towards the back of the room; she knew Kiwi was back there somewhere.

Kiwi was the dark and cold type, one of the gang's hackers; it was hard to tell what exactly she was thinking most days. She was hard to work with, which only made her stand out against David and Lucy. David was just so chill; despite all the shit that had happened to him, he managed to roll through it. Maybe that's what drew Rebecca to him: not the machismo that he had now, but that hurt. It's what made her worry about David; he was burying all of his hurt under layers of chrome. Her thoughts went back to their first run-ins, him nervous that she was going to shoot him when she had a gun pointed at his head; now, Rebecca couldn't imagine this David even flinching at that situation. Rebecca couldn't get her mind straight; she didn't know which David she wanted, just that she wanted David. This is why Lucy haunted her like a phantom; Lucy was like Kiwi, aloof and cold, on the surface at least. When you dug deeper, it was just a cover-up for a woman that had experienced the same kind of fucked up shit that David had.

"Well, I guess I can fill you in. There's a booster on the other side of the city. He's been lifting some Doll chrome from one of our fronts. The girls are having trouble getting clients, and we paid good eddies for them, so he's hitting us in two spots." David sent Rebecca an image of the thief and the club he'd been stealing from.

"Looks easy enough." Rebecca shoved her hands in her pocket, cocking her body in a confident arch.

"Don't forget to make this noisy; let people know that we shouldn't be messed with." David held out his fist.

"Consider it done." Rebecca returned David's fist bump before walking back out.

Hearing an order like that from David was a bit disheartening; it was like he was doing it for survival, over want. She accepted all the same; it's not like she hadn't done dirty jobs for Maine in the past. She thought back to some of the honeypot schemes Maine had her pull, not that she could do it anymore. A lot had changed in the past few years; mods got better, girls got hotter. Those changes are what haunted Rebecca when she walked the streets and made it hard to bury the idea of being with David. Seeing Lucy just made those feelings of inadequacy come back and rekindled the idea that the thing keeping her from David was her physique.

Rebecca let those thoughts fester in her mind as she made her way to the club.

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The Doll House, it was a cheeky name some sleazebag thought up before they'd owned the club. A place where the idea of sex doll and sex worker blurred, the girls there were chromed to their eyes and were barely there until they needed to be. All sorts of crazy fantasies came into play there, facilitated by special implants. Implants to accommodate any customer's desire, making some women into chimerical constructs of absurd body parts. They needed so many new parts and upgrades that sometimes the club would be in the hole five digits deep before the next batch of clients came in. That's why a missed shipment like that could tip the balance into the pit and why Rebecca had to deal with that booster.

She passed by the club, pushing through the busy streets and into the festering back alleys. The info Kiwi had gotten them seemed so detailed that it looked like a trap; she'd gotten them the block and even the address. Rebecca would have questioned it if it weren't so close to the Doll House; someone robbing from a place around the block had to be supremely stupid. Her footfalls splashed in a puddle of oil as she stepped into the brick alley, the steaming metal around her collected on her skin in droplets. As she passed by piped walls, she saw an unmarked door ahead. No address, no interface, an entrance for members only. Her hands flexed in anticipation, wrapping around the artillery strapped to her side as she got closer.

Moments like this were why she got the augmented hands, the oversized mittens that looked more like hammers than appendages. Slabs of red and blue steel, able to absorb and disperse the shock from firearms far too large for her body. Before she got to the door, she pulled out the oversized rifle from her side, cradling the frame. A teal and pink monstrosity painted to look like a kid's toy and resemble her own body. With a steady hand, she pointed at the door, holding just outside of any cameras that would be there before firing a grenade.

***Fwoooooom***

There was a loud bang as the explosive went off, knocking the door off its hinges and giving Rebecca her opening. She rushed in, ducking lower to the ground and dodging the hail of gunfire coming from above her head. Smoke billowed from the shorn portal, the muzzle flashes giving away the positions of her assailants as she returned fire. Her weapon roared like a beast, deafening to a degree that people in the streets could hear her fire. It tore holes in the plated steel, puncturing the thugs on the other side. Rebecca didn't give them a chance to recover or think, as she rushed in. Standing in the doorway and unleashing another hail of gunfire, a toothy and maniacal smile painted on her face. Her eyes went wide as all her frustrations and thoughts cleared; the only thing in front of her was carnage. The rush of firing brought her elation as she sprayed the room with overpowering rounds.

She didn't stop firing until the smoke had cleared; the sounds of settling metal and the hum of failing electronics replaced the roar of her gun. Corpses lay before her, punks who had

been accomplices in the boosting ring. She didn't really flinch at them as she scanned the room, looking for any more signs of life; the only indication was a cracked door to the back room. It was cracked just wide enough for a person to slip through, and she could hear noises in the back.

"You know? This is really uncool, all this sneaking shit. Could have at least come out, gotten shot like a man. Now I'm gonna have to chase you down." Rebecca sneered as she shouted to the back.

Taunting like that was a little trick she learned over the years; it made her feel a bit larger, but it also drew out any stragglers laying in wait. Her threats worked perfectly, as upon closing in, there was a desperate racket from the backroom. The sound of tumbling electronics and metal clanged from the backroom, and Rebecca leapt forward, slipping through the cracked door easily. Without a second thought, she fired, another stream of bullets swept across the room in a wide arc. Bullets tore through the aged steel containers and the ancient work tables, finding their mark in the leg of her target.

"Fuck!" A male voice cried out from behind a table, a spurt of blood flying from the spot Rebecca had shot.

"Shoulda just took it head on. Now we're gonna have to play this out boring." Rebecca kept her gun at the ready, her eyes peering around the surroundings.

Her eyes drifted away from her target to the pilfered goods around them, bins full of implants, not just from their workers. Implants as varied as you could imagine, all kinds of sex toys and fetishes captured in a single object. Rebecca turned back to her target, dashing around the corner to catch them by surprise.

"Wait!, don't shoot!" The booster's cries were already too late; Rebecca's finger was already squeezing the trigger.

She let the bullets fly, only stopping when the mag was empty and the gun clicking; she needed to leave a message, and this seemed like the perfect way. After dealing with the booster, she relaxed a little, letting her mind wander. She looked around the room, looking longingly at all of the implants, ones seemingly out of her grasp. Breasts bigger than she was, an ass that seemed to be built for a dump truck, completely impossible things. Then she saw something, shiny corpo chrome, amidst all of the junk. It was a bright pink chassis, petite enough to fit her torso and sporting some pretty hefty assets. Getting closer, she saw there were tanks attached to the sides, little canisters of compressed gas.

"Damn, you boosted an Adrek piece? How'd you do that?" Rebecca looked at the corpse of the thief and scoffed. "Oh well, mine now."

Rebecca wrapped the chrome in a bag and hoisted it over her shoulder as she left the wreckage for whoever found it. Making sure to leave a different way than when she came, she wandered through the city, waiting a few blocks before sending a message back to David.

*[Job's done. Gonna go make a stop downtown. Need to get something taken care of. Will be back tomorrow.]*

*[Preem. Lucy will take care of the broadcast. See you tomorrow]*

Rebecca closed the messenger, readjusting the load on her back.

"I've got a trip with a ripper." Rebecca muttered to herself as she upped her pace.

She ventured to an old haunt, a doc that would put in any implants without question, the place she got her hands.

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The next day rolled around; it was getting late, the sun had already set, and the day's jobs were done. Kiwi had been sending messages to Rebecca throughout the day to try and get ahold of her, but there was no response, so David took it onto himself to check up on her. Rounding the corner to her apartment, he was ready for a horror show, a reciprocated message from whoever that booster was tied to. The scene seemed remarkably peaceful; no bullet holes, no nothing. Holstering his gun, David buzzed the door, hoping to see if he would get an answer. Something stirred from behind the doors, something that sounded heavy and sloshing, like a set of tankers. Not long after, the source became apparent to him as the door opened.

"Heya David, how's it hanging?" Rebecca answered him with a sultry lace to her abrasive voice.

"You...get some new chrome?" David was at a loss for words at the distorted figure in front of him.

Rebecca had definitely gotten some chrome; currently, she was twice the woman that she used to be in all areas. Her pale blue body had ballooned overnight, inflated into some bloated doll. Jutting out from her miniscule torso was a gut that slapped against her thighs, a massive tear drop filled with some kind of liquid. It sloshed when she breathed, wobbling like water every time she moved. A liquidious swell that pulled her skin tight, almost like it was too large for her body to handle. The tattoo on her stomach was stretched so far that it looked warped, distorting around the massive well underneath her skin. Her lumbering belly slopped up in a tapered curve that supported her newly oversized breasts.

Barely contained in her bra, her inflated cups had blown larger than any model David had seen in his life. They were bigger than her head; bits of soft flesh flowed over the tight wire

of her lace. Flowing like water sacs, they swept over her underwire in waterfalls of flesh that seemed uncanny, looking real and impossibly fake at the same time. Rebecca didn't need to turn around to show off her other enhancements, as David could clearly see them from the front. Rebecca's backside bulged out in two massive globes of flesh that distorted her silhouette, making her look like some kind of warped hourglass. Her expanded cheeks had to be large enough to fill a chair on their own, a far cry from the state she was in before.

"I'm so glad you noticed." Rebecca took a step forward, pressing her inflated stomach against David's pelvis.

"Hard not to. You look like you got a litter in you. Is this where you've been all day?" David backed away, moving away from Rebecca's gut.

"Oh! Fuck. I forgot to check in!" Rebecca's voice lost its sultry tone as she realized what time it was.

She had spent all day working with her new chrome, testing out the features of it, so she lost track of time. They were expandable implants; she could pump them full of liquid and choose to be any size she wanted. Originally she was hesitant on the massive gut, but all it took was a little slip of the finger, and she was hooked. Something about sporting such a massive balloon on her torso felt so right; it was just so sensitive that she couldn't help but make it grow. Every inch she added during the day felt like sex, a pleasurable experience that made her yearn for more. Even feeling David's body against her soft flesh made her quiver inside; it was a feeling of intoxication that seemed to override her common sense. Putting her in a pleasure-craving haze that David had managed to snap her out of.

"Yeah, Kiwi was trying to get ahold of you all day. We thought you got flatlined." David looked a bit relieved when he said those words.

"Oh, well, I'm not. Those guys were probably just some small fries, but he had some good chrome." Rebecca shook her inflated assets again, doing her best to try and look sexy.

"Is that where you got those?" David motioned towards Rebecca's pumped-up bust.

"Yeah, it's some experimental piece. I can control the size of things. Watch." Rebecca blushed as she pressed her finger into her side.

***Vrrrrr***

***Shunk***

***glunk***

When her finger left the spot, a mechanical humming filled the small apartment; the sound of pumping liquid emanated from somewhere inside of Rebecca. In rhythmic shifts, her assets began to inflate and expand. Gradually her bust began to grow out, blowing up with the mystery fluid. They burgeoned out like melons, sloshing flesh fought against her bra as liquid pumped into her bust. Rebecca began to blush, her confident grin turning into a pleased smile as her bust grew. Sloshing expanses of fluid-filled flesh crept out from her brassiere, growing from larger than her head to something closer to advertising balloons. Large orbs that David doubted he could get his hands around, large enough to lose his head between. Rebecca was too drunk on her own growth to stop the expansion; her little demonstration was turning into an exhibition. Alongside her breasts, Rebecca's stomach began to expand as well, ballooning out like a blimp before David finally stopped her.

"Hey, Becca. I think that's enough. I get the picture." David was looking a bit worried as Rebecca seemed lost in her mind.

"Huh? Right, I was...showing them off." Rebecca's voice trailed off as she pressed the spot on her side.

The mechanical hum came to a slow, the pumping dying off as the liquid pumping into her breasts came to a stop. By the time she had caught herself, she was ready to bust out of her bra, and an extra few inches had been added to her belly on top of her bust. Rebecca noticed that as an after effect of her growth, if she spent too long expanding, her belly began to grow. Even when she wasn't aiming to expand it as well, there was an airy pressure inside of it that she couldn't quite place.

"You, alright? I know that new chrome can mess with your head." David didn't have much room to talk, but he at least knew from experience.

"Yeah, it just feels...really good." Rebecca was surprised she let those words out of her mouth.

"I bet, anyway. Lucy and I are heading to Lizzie's, wanna come along?" David motioned towards some bar vaguely in the distance.

"Sure, let me see if I can get myself into my jacket." Rebecca smiled, leaving the door open as she waddled towards her bedroom.

With her back turned, David caught a full view of her near-bare backside, and it was enough to make him blush. Those perfectly rounded cheeks hung heavily off of her backside, massive balloons that dipped down to her thighs. His assertion that they were big enough to consume a chair was correct; they were overflowing armfuls of flesh. Sloshing like teal balloons with her gait, so large that her panties had been absorbed completely, turning it into a thong. Rebecca's rear wobbled with her steps sloshing back and forth like the rest of her pendulous body. With each movement her makeshift thong shifted back and forth, digging deeper and

deeper into her crack. David blushed as he caught himself looking; despite all of the things he'd done and experienced, he was still shockingly modest. He ducked around the corner to avoid looking back at those expansive moons for too long.

"I'll catch you at the bar." David shouted around the corner as he jogged away.

Rebecca frowned at David leaving, but she had looked over her shoulder to see his blushing face; she was starting to win him over, she knew it. As she struggled for her coat, she tried to wrap the undersized jacket around her massive globe of a gut, the heavy teardrop sloshing under her grip. Her dainty hands were barely enough to lift the thing or get a hold of it. Her hands sank into the surface as she fought against it, struggling to fit it under the synthetic fabric. Rebecca stopped fighting, realizing that her normal hands wouldn't be enough; she swapped over to her augmented hands. Their powerful mechanics were enough to wrangle her gut into place; with new strength, she gripped the sides of the jacket, pulling it around the surface of her stomach. The sloshing orb bowed under the wrap as she fastened the zipper, cinching it around her navel. Her soft stomach curled around the fastener, flesh poking through the gap in the zipper. Rebecca paused for a moment, stopping to make sure the bottom tooth would hold.

***Slosh***

***Slosh***

***Glunk***

***Fsshhhhh***

As Rebecca's coat held, she heard an airy hissing from her stomach; the air bubble in her stomach began to shift. Slowly, her stomach began to shrink, deflating as the jacket pressed into it. Rebecca took this as her chance to zip up the rest of it, grabbing the metal fastener between her thumb and forefinger and pulling it hard. She hadn't fully understood her augments when she got them installed and didn't bother to listen to her ripper when she did; otherwise, she would have known what was happening. When the moisture compressor in the implants had to work too hard, it generated exhaust and stored that exhaust inside of the stomach. Originally this was considered a design flaw, but certain clientele saw it as an absolute win, so they left the feature in. As the zipper teeth climbed and the air shifted, she felt the air begin to shift. A pressure, a twitch, began to intensify between her cheeks that caused them to swell. Air flooded her lower portion, inflating her already swollen cheeks; as her gut shrank, her ass inflated, brushing against the floor as she fought with her jacket. Every tooth she cleared as another inch on her ass, growing until it began to vibrate.

"Come on, you piece of **grnnn** shit. Just zip." Rebecca grunted as she struggled with the last bit of the jacket, finally fastening the last tooth

## **Ffpppbbbbbbttttttt**

*Rebecca blushed as the loudest and longest fart blew past her rubbery cheeks, blowing past her stringy panties. Air escaped her inflated cheeks at a blistering pace, trumpeting in a loud fanfare that clapped her ass. She stood frozen, unsure of how to react to such a feeling, but the add-ons to her chrome solved that problem for her. Elevated sensors sent signals of pleasure to her brain, making her feel the same as she did when growing. As her assets deflated and the exhaust vented from her ass, she felt exhilarated. She wanted it to last forever, but it couldn't; her ass only had so much air. Before she could even get a feel for it, her booty had already shrunken to its previously bulbous state. She had at least deflated enough to make it out of the door, and her gut was halfway covered, enough to pass any dress codes.*

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Of the bars in the city, Lizzie's was a pretty trendy one; bathed in neon lights, it had both a bright and dim glow to it. The whole room was bathed in blue light, streaks of red shone down from the ceiling, blue and pink light crisscrossed in blocks along the wall. David and Lucy had picked a booth back in the corner, one where they wouldn't be bothered. They had garnered enough cred to get peace from the random rabble, but the attack they'd done still weighed on David's mind as he sipped his drink. Lucy lay against his shoulder, eyes closed as she sipped hers. The thumping music around them sheltered the two from the outside world, isolating them in their own bubble. Lucy craved these moments, the moments that the two of them could be together, even if they would be short-lived.

"Rebecca remembers where Lizzie's is, right? Shouldn't have been too far of a walk for her." Lucy chimed in, swirling her liquor in the glass, letting the neon lights filter through it.

"Yeah, but, maybe not? She seemed out of whack today. Like something was on the fritz." David took a heavy swig of his drink as he spoke. "She got some new implants."

"You worried they're messing with her?" Lucy sidled up closer to David as she spoke.

"Yeah, she got some experimental chrome, and it was making her act weird. She tried to come on to me." David took another sip, his honesty hitting Lucy like a knife.

"Hmm." That was the only reply she could come up with; she wasn't comfortable letting all her feelings on it lay bare.

The front door of the club opened with a little fanfare, Rebecca's oversized assets blocking the view of the outside. Her massive stomach threatening to snap her shirt open as she strode through the club, the doorframe catching the sides of her swollen globes. She struggled and fought, pulling against the metal with her augmented hands until she popped out with an inglorious thump. She landed square on her massive stomach, the weight of her body forcing a

lingering bubble of air down to her inflated rear. Her cheeks bulged for a moment, shaking comically before the pressure evacuated.

***Brrrrrrttttt***

A tiny blast of gas erupted from her voluminous ass, the wind blustering against her inflated skin. She was lucky that the music was loud enough to mask it, but it didn't help the sensation she felt, the pleasure from that evacuation. She wanted to do it again, but seeing David and Lucy in the booth snapped her out of it. Rebecca managed to keep herself together and made her way over to the pair.

"So, what was that about?" Lucy called out to Rebecca when she got within earshot. "Okay." Lucy looked back to her drink.

"Nothing, just felt like laying there for a second. Landing on a tummy like this really smarts." Rebecca brushed off the question, not wanting to admit that she'd farted that loud in public.

Rebecca was lying; she knew it. David's story had given Lucy a theory about Rebecca's new augments, but seeing it up close, Lucy confirmed the theory. Rebecca had grabbed doll parts, and they were overwhelming her brain. Doll parts were meant for sex work; they were designed to amp up every possible feeling and sensation. With those being experimental parts, they must have been for someone very experienced, so their settings were dialed up to eleven. This meant that any sensation Rebecca experienced would be entirely overwhelming to her.

"Take a seat; we've just gotten started." David motioned for Rebecca to sit next to them in the booth, but she knew better.

"I think I've got my own." Rebecca sat down, barely changing in height as she perched atop her own inflated cheeks.

The trio spent the rest of the night drinking and sharing stories, talking in a moment of respite from the weary world, but Rebecca had a bit more than the rest of them. Even with extra bulk, none of it was actually a part of her, so she just got as drunk as she normally did. The only problem was with Rebecca's drunken attitude; she became a bit risky and carefree when she was drunk. Her impulse control became nonexistent, which meant her intrusive thoughts had a tendency to win out, and there was an intrusive thought wired under her skin.

"You know. I got these installed for you, David." Rebecca chuffed her beer quickly, rocking back and forth on her seat.

"Huh?" David barely registered the comment while Lucy shot Rebecca a glare.

"Yeah, I wanted to try and get you all flustered and stuff. Maybe it would make you look at me like you do Lucy. But you haven't bitten yet. That just means I'm not big enough." Rebecca's drunken tone was forlorn and sorrowful; she let go of feelings she'd been holding on to for years.

Her sorrowful display earned a bit of pity from both David and Lucy, unsure how exactly to react to it. Rebecca forced their pity to change into worry as she pressed a finger into her side, pressing it so hard they could see her spine shift.

**Vrrrrrrrrrr**

**Glunk**

**Glunk**

Liquid began to pump into Rebecca's body, filling up her already overblown assets, her gut quivering under the sudden pressure. Her growth wasn't centered on a single part; in her drunken state, she had turned on the pumps for every portion of her body. Too drunk to care, she felt her body begin to surge as the pumps pulsed. The zipper of her jacket struggled to keep her bits contained as her burgeoning bulk crept out from under her shirt. Liquid sloshed in her growing tits, pulling apart the interlocked metal and showing off her teal mammaries. Sloshing, heaving bosoms that grew larger with each second pushed through her jacket, working to undo their confined prison. They grew and grew until they snapped the jacket open, revealing her luscious cleavage to Lucy and David. Her heavy breasts were bobbed on the expanded sea of her stomach like two buoys, their swollen curves snapping the cloth of her bra in two. Overflowing flesh spilled out from her open jacket, breaking the rest of her jacket and tearing it down to the bottom fastener. The baggy shoulders of her jacket slipped down to her elbows, hooking on the crux of her arm as her front lay bare. Her sloshing tits rested upon her shelf of a stomach, propped up and flowing out like rivers. It was the first time anyone had gotten a glimpse of her nips and the first time they realized they were the same color as her tattoos. Pink kisses of flesh resting atop blimps of fluid. As the pumps ran to fill her breasts, the exhaust began to gather in her stomach, mixing with the liquid she was filling with.

Rebecca's stomach surged out steadily, growing from the moderately sized globe to an absurd visage of ballooned flesh. Her tattoo was becoming misshapen against the blossoming moon, being pulled apart by the swelling balloon behind it. Oozing out against the straining fastener, her supple flesh flowed out from above and below. Metal teeth dug into her silken flesh, divoting the expanse as her increasing flow pushed into the failing fastener. Pump after pump warped the metal, pulled the latch apart until the metal warped and snapped. Her inflating stomach burst forth, breaching like a whale from the waves. Much like a whale, it was enormous and round, a blue blob that sloshed out over her diminutive knees and almost toppled her forward. The weight of it pushed the air from her ass back into her gut, making that behemoth belly even larger. It looked large enough to fit a person comfortably, overshadowing Rebecca's diminutive form. A swooping teardrop of flesh that curved symmetrically at the underside, taking

on a rubbery sheen as her skin was stretched tight. Staring back at David and Lucy was her shallowing navel, a single quivering eye that seemed to be begging for relief from the pressure.

"Hey, Becca, you don't have to do this. You getting any bigger's not gonna change things between Lucy and me." David did his best to try and calm things down, but Rebecca wasn't having it.

"Bullshit! You just haven't seen enough yet." Rebecca was laughing like she'd told the best joke in her life.

**Vrrrrrrrr**

**Crkkkkkk**

**Slosh**

**Slosh**

The pumps in her side worked hard, pulling in as much of the ambient moisture as they could. It was unfortunate that most of the surrounding moisture came from alcohol, further dulling Rebecca's dulled senses as her ass began to expand. Heavy flows of liquid pumped into her bloated cheeks, her diminutive legs kicking happily against the growing mounds as they expanded. They lifted her higher and higher, immense and sloshing balls of fluid that were bigger than Rebecca herself. Flowing out wider than their booth as her weight depressed them, her precarious balance was only kept in check by the weight of her gut. She was a prisoner in her own body, unable to move if she tried, hands running across her doughy haunches. Kneading the sloshing flesh, smacking and tugging the inflating blobs as they grew, the teal balloons brushed together as she played. Her ass had so thoroughly swallowed her panties that the swatch of fabric had become a thong. The tiny string dug deeply into her hole, stimulating and shifting over the sensitive starfish. Overwhelming pleasure and sensation filled her mind, burying whatever remained of Rebecca.

"Maybe I just need to show off a little. Nobody likes fucking a statue." Rebecca kicked herself off her bloated ass.

Her tiny feet touched down on the club floor, legs quivering as she moved from her spot, no longer blocking the booth. She did her best to turn around, maneuvering her backside with all of the grace of a delivery truck. The swinging orbs clapped against each other with her movements, growing larger and larger. Rebecca grinned as she lined her cheeks up with David, giving him a perfect view of her massive cheeks and thrusting her hips. She rocked back and forth, clapping the elephantine blimps together. Claps reverberated so loud that it overwhelmed the music, adding her own beat to the flow. While she put on her show, her ass continued expanding, the bloated spheres vibrating with her movements as her gut rocked against the floor. The more weight Rebecca put into her gut, the more the exhaust inside of it was forced

out. Fumes gathered in her swelling rear, each clap eliciting an unhappy bubbling from the mounds. Their surface rippled as pressure mounted; more air mixed with the sloshing liquids as the mixture tilted. Her gas-filled balloons smacked against each other as the string of her panties shifted over her bootyhole. Wedging itself between the shifting muscle and clapping cheeks, the thong strained to hold together as Rebecca flexed. The airy force inside of her pressed against her insides as her cheeks bulged, the pressure rocking harder and harder against her walls before they failed.

***Fpppppppbbbbtttttttt***

A loud trumpet of gas escaped her cheeks, forcing them to deflate, but it wasn't enough to keep up with the growth of her body. Blustering gales of wind blew over David, bathing him in the winds Rebecca was holding back. The pent-up exhaust was like a thick smog, metallic and acrid, but that didn't perturb her.

"I know you like that David; I know you're a dirty boy deep inside." Rebecca's mind was completely gone, devoured by the pleasure-seeking augments.

While Rebecca made a show of herself to David, Lucy was maneuvering around the overfilled blimp. She didn't like seeing Rebecca like this; she slew the hint of jealousy she felt before and replaced it with concern. She could tell that the implants were too much for Rebecca to handle, so she just needed a small readjustment. If Lucy could get into her systems, she'd be able to dampen the connection. Normally she'd need to do this in some place safe and cool, but times were desperate. Lucy's eyes rolled back in her head as she fell to the floor, her mind dancing across the net, bouncing from node to node until she found Rebecca's. She knew Rebecca's specs well, but it wasn't as easy this time; the implants seemed to shield her.

Lucy found herself repelled with each attempt to enter, only getting glimpses of Rebecca's own clouded vision. What Rebecca saw wasn't reality; the augments had warped her senses. She didn't see herself dancing on the club floor; she saw David railing her as hard as he could. Lucy's concern for her only grew; Rebecca was moving towards the edge, becoming more machine than girl. Her only goal was becoming pleasure, and the implants were fueling it; how they were fitted meant every bit she grew was touching every one of her pleasure sensors. Lucy felt that overwhelming urge every time she touched Rebecca's mind; there was a desire to feel that erogenous pleasure. Lucy kept herself steeled as she rushed towards Rebecca's mind, hands grabbing out for the latent node, forcing herself into the mindscape.

"Hey! Get out of there!" Rebecca shouted back, swinging her wrecking ball of an ass around to Lucy.

Rebecca's airy mounds smacked into Lucy, knocking her from the net and bringing her back to reality. The impact was enough to pull Rebecca's flooding pleasure with it, infecting her mind like a virus. Lucy felt compelled to bury herself deep into Rebecca's ass, driving forward as Rebecca drove back. Moving until she collided with Rebecca's hole, the pulsing patch of muscle

flexed to surround her lips. Lucy completed the seal, pursing around them, opening her mouth and licking to stimulate the muscle. Rebecca felt the exhaust in her body move to evacuate, pushing from her gut in gusts.

***Ffrrtttt***

***Lllppppbbbbbb***

***Fllllbbbbbbbb***

Muffled gusts of gas flooded Lucy's mouth, blowing her cheeks out like balloons before it moved down her throat. Blast after blast flooded her system and moved down to her stomach, the toned midriff inflating with Rebecca's gas. The smoky exhaust choked her senses, inflating her stomach until she looked like she was pregnant. Lucy's mind came to with just enough sense to break the seal. Coughing and sputtering gray exhaust as she escaped Rebecca's ass, releasing herself as the mounds grew.

***Ffppppbbbbtttttt***

***Bbrrrrtttttttt***

Lucy's hair was blown back by the constant eruptions of gas from Rebecca's backside; her bellowing ass sounded like a foghorn as it vented pressure. Lucy could barely stand against the blustering winds; the force of Rebecca's gas only increased with her size. She was running out of room, and her body was trying to keep everything together, and the only thing it could do was vent pressure. The room filled with a thick gray smog as Rebecca's exhaust poured out, blowing from her backside in increasingly ferocious blasts. Her ass surged out like a pair of blue moons, trapping Lucy between them and the pole she was in front of. The prisons of flesh crept out around her, smothering her completely and reaffixing her to Rebecca's hole. The pursed seal wrapped around her lips as more gas was forced into her body; blast after blast filled out Lucy's stomach.

***Brrtttttt***

***Frrtttttt***

***Pppplllllllbbbbbbbbb***

Rebecca's body billowed out with every rampant trumpet blast, her gut rising high above her like a domed tent. The apex hill rounded from the heavy blob it had been, more fumes, more air. Her body couldn't keep up with the pressure compressing within her; her machines ran overdrive to fill her. Fueled by her own desires, the pumps rocked back and forth, pouring blank vapor into her body. Pressurized gas flowed into her form, causing more muffled farts to escape from her mountainous backside. Trapped between her cheeks, Lucy was getting a gutful of gas;

her cheeks were constantly swollen with fumes, her gut was blowing up into a balloon that bulged against her body suit. Purple curves that rounded out with Rebecca's thundering blasts, she could feel herself blacking out; the welling exhaust was choking the air out of her.

Before she completely lost consciousness, she felt arms grab ahold of her, pulling her out of the deep crevice and removing her from Rebecca's bulging backside. She could barely see; the fumes she coughed obscured her vision, but from the feel, it was David. He must have used the sandevistan to pull her from the breach, as they now stood outside of Rebecca's mammoth form. Rebecca was immense, room-filling, and still growing, unable to contain the pleased moans or the rumbling gas. Her breasts had become large as blimps, massive and turgid balloons of gas that pushed into her face. Too large to maneuver, too large to handle, they could only grow. Even her growth was starting to slow; the explosive surges of flesh had slowed to a crawl as she ran out of room. Rebecca was gradually approaching her limit; the pent-up fumes swirled within her, gathering at a faster rate than she could evacuate.

***Hooooouurrrppp***

***Pppppbbbbbbtttt***

***Uuuuooooorrrlllp***

Rebecca's mouth was torn wide by her torrential winds, her body moving in a desperate act to keep itself together. Winds ripped through the room in gales so fierce that it blew David and Lucy away. The walls creaked as they struggled to contain her furious belches and farts; each blast was getting louder than the last. The crowd had already evacuated the room; Rebecca's crowding body had forced them out as she let her augments run wild. The feeling of passing gas was as good as the growth; it stimulated her nerves in a way she didn't know possible. The feeling made her crave more, want more; she was forcing the gas out to try and get the same intensity.

***Frrtttttt***

David was ready to carry Lucy out of the room before she stopped him; the gas billowing from her backside came to a slow halt. The pressure inside of her alleviated enough for her to concoct a plan to help Rebecca. She had David toss her up to Rebecca's head, her inflated gut sailing through the air with the grace of a balloon. Lucy needed direct access to Rebecca; a hand on her cheek was all that she needed. Tactile receivers opened in her palm as she careened for the blowing geyser of gas. Winds whipped across her form, shaking her body as she landed on Rebecca's expanded assets. Lucy landed in the center of Rebecca's fleshy prison, the pit formed in the spot where breasts met ass, the blustering cavern of flesh with a red-eye maw in the center. Lucy bent over, arching her back to slide through the pit, wedging her inflated gut between Rebecca's cleavage as she reached down. Her hand extended, stretching as far as it could, just barely gracing Rebecca's cheek. Lucy was a smidge too large to go any lower; luckily, she had a release valve.

***Bbbbrrrrrttttt***

Lucy clenched her gut, the massive orb shaking as she forced another gust of wind from her backside. The wind was forceful enough to snap the fastening of her leotard, but it was enough. Lucy's gut deflated a smidge, allowing her to slip down the extra inch she needed, her hands clasped on Rebecca's cheek. That connection was all she needed, direct contact with Rebecca's nervous system. Lucy's experience guided her along the firing synapses, carrying her into the circuits of Rebecca's implants. Managing a twofold process, shutting down the pumps and disconnecting them from Rebecca's mind and then hitting the emergency release valve. In Rebecca's mind it was a massive valve wheel that Lucy sent spiralling, but in reality, it was her muscular control. Rebecca's body went limp as the pressure inside of her fought for the exit. Without the tension of her muscles trying to hold her together, the gas inside of her slipped out of the easiest exit.

***Ppppbbbbbbbbfpppppplllll***

The longest and most blustering fart broke from Rebecca's ass, strong enough to part the battleship she called an ass. Massive blimps of gas pulled away from each other as the gas forced itself out of her. She gradually deflated like a balloon, the gas inside of her filling the room with a darkening smog. Lucy grinned as she left Rebecca's mindscape, the short-stack bomb finally coming to. Her eyes opened wide as she looked at Lucy with confusion.

"Where? Where am ***hhoouurrrrrpppp***" Rebecca couldn't fully realize where she was, as a roaring geyser of wind blew from her cheeks.

Lucy retained a hint of Rebecca's pleasure; the overwhelming impulses had altered her mind and made the feeling of growth a temptation. Lucy couldn't pass up the opportunity, pulling herself close and locking lips with Rebecca. Her cheeks puffing out as Rebecca's blustering belch tore through her body, inflating her like a balloon. It was going to take a while for Rebecca to deflate, and Lucy had plenty of time.

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The smog around Lizzie's never really cleared; there wasn't enough airflow in that part of town. Rebecca's nonstop exhaust had left a thick haze around the spot; for days the Lizzie's was put out of business until Rebecca could deflate enough to leave. Lucy's obsession with Rebecca's gas didn't help things; she kept inflating Rebecca with her own fumes. It took a week to get the two of them out of there, and even longer to fit Lucy into the apartment. The gang's notoriety had plummeted; there wasn't much excitement for a gang led by two gassy bimbos, but it ended up for the better. There was no violent chaos; Lucy and Rebecca's prodigious size and toxic fumes kept everyone a block away. Creds still kept rolling in, mostly from the more invested clients of the club they owned. The augments Rebecca had were modified to only output that exhaust and fill her body with constantly venting fumes.

***Ppbbfftttttttt***

David was broken from his thoughts by another trumpeting blast as Rebecca's bubbling ass announced her awakening. The sheets on the bed behind him billowed out as she hauled her oversized stomach over the edge. She was barely cognisant, still pulling herself from the chains of slumber as Lucy leapt out from her side of the bed, burying herself in Rebecca's cheeks.

"You're supposed to save the morning ones for me." Lucy whined as she awaited Rebecca's next blast.

Lucy was hopelessly addicted; she had become a gas balloon in every sense of the word, sporting a gut that touched the ceiling when she lay on her back. She had gotten chrome meant for a tanker, an enhancement to her gut that meant she could handle as much of Rebecca's gas as she wanted.

David sighed as he looked back; the life he lived wasn't exciting, but it was figuratively quiet. And maybe that quiet was what you really needed in life.