

"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 Rebecca pulled the zipper over her shrinking stomach, her ass began to inflate in turn. Her cheeks swelled out like they were hooked to a pump, bulging out into massive airy blimps. Rebecca looked at herself in the mirror to give herself one last inspection before she left. Her hilariously inflated ass brushed against the ground, smacking against her knees when she bent down. Her gut bulged out from the bottom of her jacket like a blue blob fighting against a black rock. It was like some sort of gel, but at least it was contained enough to look decent going into a club.

"Now, how the hell do I get out of here?" Rebecca looked at her own bloated cheeks and the door behind them.

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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.

As they drank, the front door of the club opened, and Rebecca was at the door, squeezing her inflated assets through the space. Her massive stomach entered the door before she did as it sloshed up and down, the zipper barely clinging to life as she struggled to get in. She had to angle her body, dig the doorframe into her ass, almost flossing with it as she wobbled in. Step after step she wedged herself into the door, shoving one cheek after the other and dragging those wobbling blimps into place. There was barely enough room for her in the club; her bounding ass knocked away chairs as she walked. Audibly sloshing like tanks as she made her way through the club, looking for David and Lucy. Her massive size was more of an obstacle than a boon, smashing customers between it and the wall. Every step she took was like a set of wrecking balls knocking around behind her, eventually getting some unwanted attention.

Some random punk thought he could cop a feel, hoping he could get a handful of flesh without a price. He grabbed hold of Rebecca's ass, feeling her inflated assets and fondling them like they were clay. Kneading the soft and resistant flesh between their fingers with glee, the

lack of resistance only spurred them on; they grabbed Rebecca's other cheek. Rebecca would have normally killed someone for something like that, but being handled like that felt so right. Feeling hands on her ass sent shivers of pleasure up her spine and the heat of blush across her cheeks. She could feel the desire for more overwhelming her senses, driving her to experience more, to bump her ass back into him. Seeing David and Lucy made her catch herself, brought her back to reality; Rebecca gritted her teeth in anger.

"You want a handful of ass? Then here, have as much as you want!" Rebecca thrust her hips back.

Her inflated backside slammed into the groper, knocking him away like he was a feather, her inflated cheeks pressed into her body, distorting before they sprang him away. With a clash he landed in a heap at the back of the room, ready to fight back before a friend informed him who Rebecca was.

"So, what was that about?" Lucy called out to Rebecca when she got within earshot.

{clean} "It was nothing, just some punk copping a feel." Rebecca shrugged off the inquiry.

"Okay." Lucy looked back to her drink.

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. She put more of her weight onto her gut, forcing the exhaust air into her cheeks and blowing them even larger. They were large enough to fill a sofa at this point, clapping mountains of flesh that were getting precariously close to the booth. David wanted to look away, but Lucy had a plan, and the plan required him to admire Rebecca. Her sweeping claps were making him more familiar with her hole than he'd have liked; he could see that pink patch winking at him every time her mountains parted.

"Whatchya thinking there, David? You liking this show? It's a free one. You'd have to pay prem creds to get a show like this." Rebecca shouted over the hum of her implants as she clapped her cheeks.

***Slosh***

***Slosh***

Her ass sounded like crashing waves, heavy fluid slamming into itself as she rocked against her gut. Her oversized assets slamming into each other with massive thunderclaps that deafened everyone around them. Rebecca was completely lost inside of her own body; the stimulation was drowning her mind in pleasure.

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.

{clean text}The colossal blimps smacked into Lucy, their heavy forms burying her in an avalanche of flesh. Lucy felt herself being snatched from the mindscape, a trace of Rebecca's consciousness latching onto her. The overwhelming pleasure she experienced now filtered into Lucy's mind as her senses became clouded. She felt herself reaching out for Rebecca's massive ass, touching the inflated surface. Her hands traced across turgid flesh and made Rebecca shudder, forcing more of her weight down on Lucy as Rebecca ground down. She ground harder, almost smearing Lucy against the floor as Rebecca's assets continued growing. Lucy managed to regain her senses before she felt bones crack, slipping from oversized mountains with only a scratch.

As Lucy regained her bearings, Rebecca's body was expanding out of control; the pumps were working overdrive, making her grow exponentially. They weren't designed for such prolonged use and were working harder than necessary. Pumping Rebecca faster than her body could handle. Her stomach surged out in front of her in a wave, a colossal balloon of flesh that crawled across the floor. Squeaking against the floor as the rubbery surface crawled forward and pushing into the dividers. She was a waterbed of fluid, trapped by a stomach that she no longer had control of. It filled and surged with liquid, wobbling until it was too tight to slosh; the slope of the overflowing stomach began to rise. A budding hill that curved into a towering blob that left Rebecca in its shadow, the shining surface creaking as the pressure inside rose. Pushing her breasts higher and higher, pressing them into her face, giving her a faceful of her own cleavage.

Her breasts pointed upwards, forced into an angle by her own overblown stomach as they grew. The exhaust from her gut overflowed into her mounds, filling them at an increasing rate. Soon she broke past any known cup and transcended into the realms of inanimate objects; her breasts had billowed to the size of oversized buoys, breasts large enough to smother a person. Car-filling, window-cracking tits that were perfectly round and smooth. Pale moons of flesh that bulged out against her overblown gut. So large that Rebecca couldn't get a handful with her modified hands, so large that David couldn't move them. Her burgeoning flesh began to overflow into the booth as he leapt away, avoiding the collapsing wall that was Rebecca. Getting out in time to grab Lucy from the creeping wave of ass.

She had been frozen in place, still trying to free Rebecca from her mind prison, but each attempt only infected her with more passion. She wanted to grab a handful of Rebecca's flesh as the wall came for her. Monumental blimps of fluid and air that towered over her, looming mountains that could swallow her completely if she allowed it. She was hypnotized, unable to move a muscle until she felt herself wrenched from the spot. David had scooped her up in his arms, moving her out of the way before Rebecca's flesh smashed into the wall behind him. He had used the sandevistan, pulling her away at a speed faster than she could perceive. She looked at him for some course of action, but he had no advice, leaving it to her. Lucy was hesitant to try again, but she needed to invade Rebecca's systems.

**Crkkkkk**

### ***Grnnn***

Lucy's body went limp in David's arms as she threw her mind into the net, putting everything on the line in an attempt to save Rebecca. Lucy drifted through the net as Rebecca's body began to creak; the steel frame of her augment began to warp under its own pressure. The pumps creaked from overwork, the heating metal groaning from the pressure as Rebecca's systems ran in overdrive. Her bulky form spread across the room like a plague, consuming it all in a blur; the only spot left safe was the one David stood in. She panted like a dog, whining in ecstasy as she bobbed within her own flesh. Trapped in a ballooning prison, Rebecca reached desperately for any bits she could reach, feeling her body for some extra sensation. The cravings she felt were running as wild as her growth, her surging gut pressing into the opposing wall as she started to groan. The chassis of her augment was starting to strain against the pressure, her body quivering in sensation as things ran away from her.

Then there was a snap, her beleaguered moaning ending in a confused whimper, her eyes opened wide. She looked around in a panic, the pain of her strained body overwhelming her senses.

"Fuck! Why does it hurt!? Where am I?! Why can't I move?!" Rebecca smacked futilely against her inflated body as she panicked.

The whirring of her augments stopped as the machinery died down, starting to cool off as the machine that was Rebecca's body lurched to a stop. Her overblown form still trembled from the pressure inside, but she was no longer growing. As she raged against her breasts, Lucy came back to reality. Her limp body went rigid as muscle control came back to her.

"There, it's done." Lucy shook her head like there was something in her eye.

"So she's not gonna grow anymore?" David set Lucy down as she walked towards Rebecca.

"Not without our go-ahead. Now we can control it, help her get used to the stim feeling." Lucy placed a hand on Rebecca's turgid gut.

"Yeah, but, what do we do about her now?" David motioned toward the towering mountain that was Rebecca's tits.

"We work it out of her." Lucy blinked as she grabbed a handful of Rebecca's gut, a flash of pink streaking across her eyes.

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Trying to get Rebecca out of Lizzie's was a hell of a job, an impossible task that took the whole gang a day to do. Trying to inflate her manually worked their chrome until it ached, but it had finally been done. After some explaining she realized what a danger those augments were

but didn't want them removed. In fact, Lucy offered to help keep her in check, only feed her expansive impulses in measured amounts. Originally it sounded like a great deal, but David realized that all great deals came with a catch. Rebecca's infectious pleasure had leapt over to Lucy, and now she craved to grow as much as Rebecca did. The two of them were practically tag-teaming David in attempts to desensitize themselves to growth and pleasure.

David sat in his penthouse, looking out the window from the edge of his bed as two colossal blimps shifted under the sheets behind him. Rebecca had returned to a more manageable size; her swollen stomach barely crept over the side of the bed. The expansive blimp poked out from the covers, revealing the pale moon. She lay on the bed, ass to ass with Lucy, who had gotten the same kind of chrome. Able to handle it better, she could grow to larger sizes without issue. She lay next to Rebecca, nestling her ass into Rebecca's cheeks as the two slept off their fatigue.

*Who would have thought Night City could have too many happy endings.*

David sighed from exhaustion as he collapsed back into his bed, resting on the mammoth blimps of Lucy and Rebecca's assets. Their overfilled backsides acting as more of a cushion than his own bed. He had been letting the gang fall to the wayside; unable to pull himself away from his sex-crazed girlfriend and his nympho friend with benefits, he had to passively rake in the creds. The club was his primary source of income, when people got a view of Lucy and Rebecca, they needed to see where they came from. So people spent credits hand over fist to get a glance at the girls. David had to buy more augments for the others at the club, just so they could take the load of Rebecca and Lucy.

It would be a surprisingly peaceful future for the lot of them.