

## All in a Cycle

by Cerine Hero

Synthetic hands deftly wrapped a compression bandage around a tiny knee. Bribe with a candy, the tiny fox just watched curiously from atop the clinic bed as Ciri fixed the bandage in place. Hovering uncomfortably close on one side was the fox's mother, a compressed spring of anxiety and nerves with a hair trigger and a need to do something to not feel useless. Ciri ignored her. She was great at ignoring people.

The white and gray synth finished her work and then stood up, looming tall above both the child and his mother. She was on duty, wearing a clinically white coat over her frame – which may or may not simply emphasize the lack of other clothing underneath – and holographic medical emblems over her shoulders and back. The vixen had been let into the room after the mending treatment had been completed, and didn't realize how large the synth actually was. She took a half-step backwards and her muzzle dropped open in shock. They were travelers, using AROS as a stopover point on a longer journey. Most people who came out this far were usually bewildered by everything they saw.

“There you are,” she told the fox, continuing to ignore the mother, “all better.”

The fox, holding the stick for his candy in one paw, looked down and kicked his legs. His dark-furred feet were hanging half a foot above the floor. Ciri studied his movements and facial expression. Pain levels had decreased significantly; that was good. The fractured bone was already mending well after the sonic restoration therapy. She mentally updated his file in her memory as complete.

“Can I run?” the fox asked, mumbling around his candy.

“Tomorrow,” Ciri replied before the mother could get an excuse or complaint in edgewise. “And remember, this is a space station, not a playground. Do not run or climb, and listen to what the workers tell you. That way we won't have any more accidents, okay?”

“Yes, Miss Robot Lady,” the fox replied, putting his candy back in his muzzle.

Ciri turned to the mother, whose muzzle was already in the process of opening. “He will be all better tomorrow and then you can remove the compression bandage. I've sent the front desk a file containing a recommended meal plan with high calcium that he can eat for the next few weeks to help strengthen his bones. The assistant there can transfer it to your personal device. Please continue to exercise proper supervision as you enjoy the rest of your stay here on-”

A sudden *pinging* sensation filled Ciri's thoughts. She had her transmitter set to buffer incoming messages until she was off-duty, but this was an emergency code. Silently, she bowed to the fox's mother and then excused herself, letting the clinic room door slide shut behind her as her coattails fluttered around her long, serpentine tail. As she emerged, an orderly brought her something to look over, but she held out a hand and shook her head. The orderly, understanding that the synth was doing something inside her head, nodded and looked for another medic to take care of their issue.

Ciri's feet thumped on the deck plating under her as she walked out of the private rooms and towards the front waiting area of the medical wing. Out here, there was a communication interlink behind the front desk. She sent a mental tether to the interlink in order to strengthen her connection.

*Medical Officer C3-R1*, she announced into the transmission.

A ream of metadata blasted her all at once. The signal was coming from the Solar Research Deck, from one of the research directors. *Ciri*, he replied. His voice was winded and anxious. *We need you in the SRD right now. We had a shielding failure.*

The synth absorbed the information. *How many exposed?*

*I'm not sure yet. I'm still collecting information.*

Ciri quickly sent a pulse down her body, collecting a reading on her internal protoplasm reservoir. It returned a signal of thirty-percent full. She had expended multiple doses today already dealing with fevers and nausea. What she had left would hopefully be enough.

*I am on my way*, she replied.

The SRD was near the “bottom” of AROS, far away from the flight decks and other commuter areas, like Sunrise Plaza. It was one of the two research wings extending from the station's main body, physically inaccessible except through tightly-controlled entrances and exits. While she didn't normally have clearance, Ciri was quickly scanned and allowed through the security checkpoint leading into the SRD, and met by staffers in heavy radiation suits. She couldn't see their faces or register their vitals through the suits to know who they were, but they recognized the large medical synth easily enough and took her to the laboratory where the incident occurred.

It was a sterile room, with banks of equipment on one wall, all almost completely enveloped in holographic status screens with diagrams and data galore to pore over. The back half of the laboratory was sealed off with an armorglass wall and a decontamination lock. Behind the armorglass was a huge, cylindrical device, fitted with power cables and heat tubing. The center of the device tapered thinner, where a shrouded container held a sparking, flickering mote of star-fire suspended in a stasis field. The plasma was burning silver-blue, just like the star the station orbited. There were people both inside and out of the exclusion zone. The three inside were slumped on the floor while those outside were also dressed in protective radiation suits, chattering anxiously to one another and trying to figure out what they could do to help.

One of them turned about when Ciri and the others stepped into the laboratory. He waved her over. The synth swept past the workstations to stand at the armorglass. She scanned the faces of the scientists inside the exclusion zone and began pulling up their medical records, pinning them to the back of her memory for quick retrieval.

“They've got minutes, if even that,” the research director told her. She recognized the voice from the transmission, but still had no face to put to it. “The protective field around the event failed and now the radiation level inside is too high for us to get in, even in rad suits.”

Ciri nodded. “Shutting off the device is not an option?”

“We've already executed the kill command,” the director explained. “But it can't simply *shut off* without releasing that stored energy. The armorglass would hold, but it won't do my people any good. And by the time it winds down...”

“I can retrieve them,” Ciri told him.

There was no expression on the director's hooded mask, but his body language was tense. “I can't ask you to-”

The synth shrugged off her coat and threw it into a corner. She tethered herself to the airlock's control system and opened the outer iris door. The heavy metal panes spun outward and the tall synth crouched in order to fit herself inside. It was not built for someone of her stature. She sent a cycle command and the door shut behind her, sealing her off from everything outside. A single red light overhead illuminated things within the small box. After a moment, the inner door began to open. As soon as the iris panels parted, exposing her to the irradiated chamber within, it was like being hit with a deluge of interference.

Ciri's vision flickered and crackled with static. She was shielded against ionizing radiation – or more specifically, her more vulnerable components, like her synthetic brain, was hardened. But the electromagnetic radiation being given off by the experimental machine was powerful enough to overwhelm many of her systems. She wrapped her hands around the circular rim of the inner door to steady herself as her balance regulator did a somersault and missed the landing. The room was spinning in circles around Ciri. Her visor display displayed random emotions, and her holo-emitters blew multi-colored sparks around her body. The medical emblems hovering around her shoulders and back sputtered and died.

Stumbling, Ciri pulled herself to the first of the three scientists and got her arm underneath their waist, lifting them up. It was easier for her to scoop up two of them and use them to balance, so she grabbed another on the way back to the decontamination lock and laid them down as gently as she

could. If they were lightly bruised, that would still be the best outcome. The synth clambered back into the chamber and made her way to the rear, her shoulder banging into one wall and dragging as she struggled to stay upright. The third scientist was at the back of the cylindrical machine, trying to pull plugs loose from inside the casing. Given what the director had just said to her a moment ago, it was probably good that they lost consciousness before succeeding. Ciri scooped them up and held them against her body as she made her way back to the airlock, practically on her knees. She set the last one inside and fell onto her hands and knees, static almost completely blinding her now. Her wireless link had failed now, losing connection to the airlock controls as well as everything else.

Where was the manual control? It was a strange feeling, having a question and not being able to access a database with the answer. Ciri pulled herself upright against the wall and ran her hands along at shoulder-height level. She found a panel, but it was inoperable. Beside it, she found a translucent panel, and through her static haze she saw a red handle inside. The synth smashed the glass covering and grabbed the handle, pulling it down and beginning the decontamination cycle sequence.

And then her face *plunked* against the metal wall and slid down it with a squeal as her critical systems powered off, one by one.

Rebooting was normally a pleasant experience. Warming up from a cold start was like being lodged in ice and thawing out into sunshine and a soft breeze. Or surfacing from deep under water. But Ciri didn't get to enjoy the experience today. Her visor flickered on with a look of surprise and she pushed herself upright in the decontamination chamber. For a moment, she struggled to comprehend where she was. Her surroundings were unfamiliar. This was not her quarters. Her memories from the last few minutes were corrupted and unusable. She purged the time from her memory and replaced it with a marker reminding herself that she'd done it. As she scanned further back in her memory, she recalled the emergency transmission and arriving in the SRD. From there, it was easy to piece together what had happened during the corrupted segment.

The other SRD personnel had retrieved their coworkers and laid them out side-by-side in the main room of the laboratory. They had left Ciri where she'd fallen, which was the right call. She was only unconscious for two minutes, according to her internal clock. Now clear of the radiation, her systems were working optimally again. The synth pushed herself upright and climbed out of the chamber.

The research director, now with his hood off, turned to look at Ciri. The wolf exhaled a sharp sigh of relief. "Ciri! We had no idea how long you'd be out."

"My systems just needed to restart," she explained, coming over and kneeling down beside him with the patients. Their medical files in her memory had been corrupted to uselessness by the radiation, so she took a moment to retrieve them again.

"We've already called for more medics, but it doesn't look good," the director told her.

He was right. The skin around the three scientists' eyes and noses was pale and their breathing was shallow. Ciri quickly scanned their vitals and confirmed that they were suffering from acute radiation poisoning, with all the particular hallmarks of the unusual radiation that the local star exhibited. The prognosis was dire without intervention.

Ciri activated her internal synthesizer. Feeding in the data from the first patient's medical information and current vitals, she programmed a dose of protoplasm into a serum to help counteract the effects of the radiation. Routing the resulting medicine up her body to her fangs, Ciri gingerly held the cat's arm in her hands. There wasn't a kinder or faster way to deliver the medicine right now. She pushed the scientist's sleeve up to her elbow and bit down gently, injecting the serum into her vein. The synth repeated the same process for the second patient, but when she got to the third, a warning signal told her that her protoplasm reserve was empty.

This was why she needed that upgrade, she thought...

Ciri looked up at the scientists watching her work. "I need protoplasm," she explained quickly,

“and I cannot return to the medical deck to fetch more in time.”

The scientists looked at each other, but no one had an answer for her. Behind her, the director growled. “Someone on this wing has to be using protoplasm for something,” he barked, “go borrow some! And don't ask first!”

The others scurried from the lab, unlocking the door and beginning the search. Ciri sat on her knees beside her patient, one hand on their forehead while she watched a readout of their failing vitals. The others were steadying after the treatment, but they weren't in the clear yet. It would be a while of careful recovery yet to go.

A minute later, one scientist returned with a bottle of the clear liquid in his gloved paw. He held it out to Ciri, who took it without a word. She peeled off a synthskin panel on her side and exposed her protoplasm reservoir's port. Quickly, she refilled her internal tank and then synthesized a counter-radiation serum for the third scientist. After a quick, clinical bite from the synth, the scientist's vitals began to steady and hold.

Just then, the other medics arrived in the laboratory. They swarmed the patients and began prepping them for transport up to the medical wing for proper care. Ciri gave them her report and then transferred care duties over to the ranking medic on site. With her job finished, the synth sat back, curled her tail around her legs, and purged any unnecessary data from her memory. The serenity of emptiness filled her.

The director knelt down beside her as the patients were loaded onto gurneys that then levitated upwards to hover at waist-height. He placed one paw on Ciri's shoulder. “Thank you,” the wolf told her. She turned towards him and just nodded, her pink eyes glowing inside her visor.

The head of medicine agreed to let Ciri take off the rest of her shift. Her thoughts were still laden with static and errors after being exposed to the radiation. The reboot cleared the corroded data from her short-term memory, but she needed time to properly defragment and recompile. Ciri was escorted from the SRD by security agents who thanked her for her work, but the synth humbly demurred, just bowing to them and heading on her way.

Her personal quarters were situated in a bank of small suites in the lower level of the medical wing. The wing stretched across two decks on AROS. The upper level was on the same deck as Sunrise Plaza and the other transit-oriented services for travelers. It contained most of the lighter facilities, including the front reception, the offices for senior staff, storage, and a ward for convalescing patients. The lower deck in the medical wing was on the same level as the AROworks, where staff were able to relax, eat, and enjoy off-time. This deck had the ICU, the more expensive and specialized medical equipment, isolation rooms, and the research chambers. And, in the threshold between the AROworks proper and the medical deck, a reserved space for medical staff apartments.

Ciri's room wasn't too dissimilar from a regular quarters, at least in size or shape. It had the same basic amenities, including a viewing screen that could be a window to anywhere she wanted or play rented media, some storage, and a personal shower. Unlike a regular water shower, hers had been refitted with synth-safe cleaning and repair chemicals. Where her quarters differed was that she lacked a bed, since she had no need for one. In the nook, instead, was an art easel and a small gallery of her more recent paintings. Opposite the miniature art studio was a docking panel where she could sit and recharge while meditating.

For right now, however, Ciri let herself into the shower stall and sat down on the floor, folding her legs together and letting her tail tuck tight around her body. The automated cleaning process began, misting a spray of silver-green liquid onto her. It was cold against her skin sensors, but she liked it. Beads of liquid clung to the sapphire glass of her visor. It sank into the tiny, barely-visible scratches in the glass from where she had struck the wall and repaired them.

The synth turned off her visor and the wireless transmitter in her horn. Around her, the world closed in tight, becoming no more than a shower stall and the feeling of liquid chemicals streaming in

rivulets down her body. She set an internal timer for when Tallis would be done with her shift and then let all of her non-critical systems go to sleep, routing their power to her brain so she could reorient herself.

She did not know how organics dreamed, but she understood that the process was not unlike what she was doing now. Images whirled in her thoughts, compiled from many different, disparate places and times. Realities folded over themselves, drawing details from random memories lodged in her storage. People, places, things, elements of movies she had watched recently; it all boiled together into a surreal sludge of ideas for her subconscious to process and organize. And it was always fascinating to watch it in the moment, because the experience was never recorded into her memory. It was the chaos in the system, being sorted and arranged. When she would “wake up” again, it would be gone, just like the dirt and grime on her body cleaned away by the misted chemicals.

It was pleasant.

“So I hear you got to play hero today.”

The leather upholstery on the seating in the AROworks canteen squeaked underneath the synth as she shifted her weight on top of it. Beside her, Tallis was looking up at her while grinning playfully, the overhead lights in the canteen sparkling on her rimless glasses. The silver and white lynx had a handful of fries pinned between her fingers, their ends dripping with spicy, green sauce. As Ciri projected a cartoon blush around her visor, the lynx laughed out loud and took a bite from her snack.

“Okay, come on, you do that *on purpose*,” she reminded the synth. “You’re being *extra* about being modest.”

“I only did what I was capable of doing,” Ciri replied, picking up another fry and offering it to the lynx, with a generous helping of sauce on the end. Tallis leaned for it, but hesitated, looking up at the synth.

“You’re not still radioactive or anything, are you?” she asked, raising an eyebrow.

Ciri shook her head. “I went through decontamination and then routine cleaning. I am currently giving off no more radiation than background levels and within safe standards. So it is safe for me to feed you.”

“Alright, then,” the lynx replied. She wolfed the fries out of the synth’s hand and licked salt from her muzzle. “But you know, for any of us, even if we were to put on a heavy radiation suit that we’re assured would protect us from a reactor – and we do that down in engineering a lot, by the way – we would still feel a lot of fear in the back of our mind. So I think you’re selling yourself short.”

“I appreciate that,” Ciri told her. She settled back on the bench behind her and turned her attention outward. The AROworks were beginning to fill up with people getting off from their work shifts. According to her internal clock, it was evening. The tables and booths were soon host to groups of friends and families, getting together to eat a meal together on the station.

“You seem tired,” Tallis said softly, leaning in against the synth’s shoulder and reaching over to pat at her stomach. The feel of the lynx’s warm cheek and soft paw against her skin was electrifying, and Ciri created bubble hearts around her head.

“Recovering from the radiation took a lot of energy from me. And, I suppose... ‘mental resources?’ I defragmented earlier, but it seems I may need a proper power cycle to fully recover.”

“So yes, you are tired.”

“It seems so, yes.”

The lynx huffed under her breath and kissed the white skin on Ciri’s bicep. “Well, I do have something that might wake you back up...”

Ciri’s digital eyebrows rose upwards in her visor and she turned to watch as the lynx twisted about and dug in the bag she had brought with her from engineering. She reached both paws inside and then took out a gray sphere, dropping it onto the surface of the table in front of them with a substantial wobble. The color of the jiggling ball was identical to the synth-skin covering Ciri’s chest and belly. A

sealed port was installed on the seam where liquids could be added and removed. The synth curiously reached out a finger and poked the “balloon,” causing it to slosh and wobble more.

“Is this...”

“It’s a prototype titty,” the lynx announced with a mischievous smile. Then she blushed and leaned her face around the edge of their sitting booth to be sure no one was listening too closely. Satisfied, she turned back around and scooped up the “boob” in her big paws, sloshing it around. “I got my mittens on some synth-skin and was playing around with some experimental materials and- Oh, uh, this isn’t uncomfortable for you, is it?”

Ciri blinked. “No, why would it be?”

“Well, now that I’m saying all this out loud, I just had a thought of what it would be like if someone walked up to me and said, ‘Hey, Tally, check out my new lynxskin purse!’”

“I had not even considered it.

“Well, alright then.” Tallis lifted the sphere and dropped it onto the table again with a *plop*. “So, I think, in principle, I’ve figured it out. This material can stretch really far. Like, I could get it big enough to cover this entire table.”

Ciri looked at the balloon-like sphere on the table, and envisioned it swelling to the size that Tallis teased. Then she recalled what this was actually *for*, and her thoughts buzzed with excitement. “Why does it need to stretch...?” she asked, seeking confirmation.

“Because,” the lynx said, leaning closer to her and grinning, “after what you did to *me*, I thought you might be interested in *expanding* your limits, too...”

The synth squirmed in excitement. She hadn’t even considered that. She’d asked Tallis to help her construct a bigger breastplate, both for functional *and* playful reasons, because she was a materials engineer and this was what she specialized in. But the lynx had gone far above and beyond her expectations. Ciri was excited by the thought of bigger breasts, but getting bigger in real-time, like what she could do to the lynx? Another level entirely...

Tallis reached out and squished the ball between her fingers, molding it snugly around her knuckles. “But I might tinker with the thickness of the material a little more,” she explained. “Water and protoplasm have similar viscosity but, I, uh, imagine that since you tend to walk around bare-chested, I don’t think you want to be jiggling as much as I do...”

“Well,” Ciri replied, cocking her head, “I do love how you jiggle.”

The lynx ran her tongue around her teeth and raised her eyebrows. “I... will take that as complimentary.”

“It was very much meant that way.” Ciri pushed the paper tray of fries towards Tallis again. “You have a pleasant curvature.”

Tallis ate another mouthful of fries. “I have a belly,” she corrected.

“Yes.” Ciri simulated closing her eyes and produced a bubbling spring of pixelated hearts around her head. She reached beneath the table, just like Tallis had earlier, and gingerly pulled upwards on the lynx’s top. White fur spilled loose as the cat’s tummy rest cutely over the waistband of her pants. Synthetic fingers squeezed it gently, feeling the organic softness squish against her fingertips. “I love your belly. I have a desire today to press my visor into your body and feel your fur and soft tissue against my face plate.”

“We’re in public...” Tallis whined, blushing and hiding her face behind one paw. A group of other engineering crew fresh from the lower levels, in their work outfits, walked past their seat with dinner trays in their paws. Several of them recognized the lynx and waved to her, and she bashfully waved back with one paw while she grabbed the synth-skin water balloon from the table and shoved it back into her pack.

“Your heart rate suggests that it is appealing for you,” Ciri purred, rubbing a thumb along Tallis’s ear. The lynx’s face blushed redder, and she quickly fixed her glasses on top of her muzzle. Her little nub of a tail was wiggling rapidly behind her, poking out between her engineering-approved tank

top and cargo pants. Ciri straightened her shoulders and looked around as the canteen was growing more crowded. Now that Tallis had eaten, perhaps it was time to move on. “We could rent a private room and a film-vid for the evening,” the synth teased, “if you like.”

“I *would* like,” the lynx answered, beginning to quickly collect her trash on the tray in front of her. But she stopped when gray fingers gently held her muzzle and pulled her in closer. She was rapidly melting, turning into fluffy pudding in the bigger synth's grip.

“But I want you to do one thing first,” Ciri said.

“Tell me,” Tallis whispered.

The synth activated her chemical synthesizer again. She had some protoplasm left over from earlier. In her memory, she pulled up a particular recipe she pinned for later use. It was keyed to Tallis's genetics and contained a very potent additive that would give her very *expansive* effects. As Ciri held her muzzle, a diffusing emitter installed in her wrist began to mist the chemical into the lynx's nose. Not as effective as a love bite, but the lynx's instinctive reaction as she inhaled was instant. Her pupils dilated and her muscles suddenly tensed from neck downwards.

“Did you just-” the lynx began to ask, her voice trailing off as she attempted to look down.

“I want you to go pick out a vid for us,” Ciri explained. “I will go rent the room. Now enjoy.”

The lynx's heart was beating a mile a minute. In Ciri's vision, she was flushing hot, burning underneath her fur. With shivering paws and a slowly-tightening tank top and bra, the cat grabbed her tray and began to scoot herself around the table to get up and out of the booth. Each shimmying slide made her growing bust bounce under her clothes. Ciri stood up from the other end of the booth, very calmly pushing the glass-top table back in place now that she wasn't sitting behind it. She extended a hand and helped Tallis stand up, teasing her even more in full sight of everyone else eating dinner by fixing her hair for her and pulling her beige top back down over her belly – for as long as it would stay there, at least. The lynx gave her a playfully angry look, using her food tray and her bag to try to mask her growing boobs from view. Ciri just winked at her and began to walk away, towards another part of the AROworks where the private lounging rooms would be found.

Tallis exhaled through her nose, trying to wriggle her shoulders as her breasts plumped bigger by the heartbeat. Her bra straps were fitting tight around her body, and only getting tighter. Despite her attempts at protesting and acting mad, underneath the sense of embarrassment the lynx *was* getting excited by this. She couldn't ever get something past Ciri. The synth's sensors would slide right past any excuse or deflection she could throw and get right to her heart – or, in this case, immediately in front of it.

She turned and headed to the recyclers on the wall, trying to avoid making eye contact with anyone she *might* know. These weren't strangers, half the people in the staff lounge were her coworkers! More observant people were going to *see* her bigger breasts. She waited in line to get to the recycler, tapping her toeclaws as her tank top pulled tighter around her chest, fabric being drawn to cover her larger bust size. The lynx was sporting some nice cleavage now, swelling up at the neckline of her top as her bra filled to overflowing. She wasn't growing as dramatically as the first time Ciri had done this to her, but this time she was fully clothed, and the sensation of her expanding assets underneath her clothes was a wholly different experience. She *felt* gigantic, even if she'd only grown slightly.

The fox from one of the research departments in front of her pushed his tray into the recycler's slot and turned to walk off. As he stepped around Tallis, his gaze instinctively dipped downwards to stare at her chest in surprise. She didn't recognize him at all, which was good, so hopefully he'd just think she was a very well-endowed cat! Tallis blushed brighter and stepped forward to dispose of her trash and tray into the recycler. She set the rim on the silver chute and was about to let go when she considered that letting it go was going to leave her very exposed. The lynx swallowed and glanced over her shoulder at the line waiting for her to hurry up and drop it and reluctantly let her tray go. It slid into the dark chute to fall down to the matter recycler down in engineering and a happy hologram of a

cartoon wolfess clapped for her to thank her for cleaning up.

Inhaling deep and clutching her bag against her belly, Tallis turned around and scurried past the line behind her as quickly as she could. With every step, her heavier chest jiggled on top of her bag, and she got more than a couple stares – though that could have just as easily been because of her brisk walk and anxious stance. Quickly, she headed out of the canteen area into the AROworks proper, its carpeted flooring, muted colors, and gently-curved atmospheres a far cry from everywhere else on the station. Other staff members were more spread out in the hallways, and Tallis forced herself to slow down and breathe. At least, she breathed in as much as she could without feeling her bra's band sinking tight into her ribs.

While no one was looking, she snuck a quick feel of her bust. She'd *doubled* in size already. Her shirt was pulling upwards from her belly, letting her pudgy little roll jiggle in full view as she power-walked. She was also feeling the pinching around her bra, feeling boob meat squeeze out over the top and sides as the pressure kept building.

She found the library and slipped inside, happily getting lost inside the tall stacks of bookcases. There was a push a while back to contain analog media on the station for staff happiness, and the lynx visited here pretty often for reading material. She liked paper under her paws, if only for reading fantasy and romance books. Technical manuals, those made sense to be digital and kept on her office workstation.

There wasn't a lot of free space inside the library. The bookshelves were cramped, and the whole place was a little too small for Ciri to be able to get around, even if she left her tail outside. But right now, that worked for Tallis. She moved out of the clerk's view, found a spot where there was no one else, and tossed down her bag. Working quickly, the lynx lifted her shirt up to her chin and pulled her arms loose from the shoulder straps. Off came her bra with a moment of effort, with the straps exploding off her shoulders from the weight of her bust pushing down on the cups. Her bigger boobs jiggled eagerly as she pulled the bra off of them and quickly stuffed it into her bag. She quickly pulled her shirt back down over her huge chest. It wasn't the best look, with her nipples poking into the fabric, but at least now she could breathe!

Hugging one arm around her still-slowly-expanding boobs and pulling her bag onto her shoulder with the other, Tallis crept out from her hiding place and walked over to the wall where the film-vids were kept. Unlike the analog bookshelves, this was more of a service kiosk, brightly-lit behind a glass barrier. All the film-vids were arranged in racks, tightly bundled together in individual slots. It was very difficult to tell them apart; the disc itself that contained the data was a small, round piece of thin plastic, capped on one side by a metal frame that had the film-vid's logo printed on the spine. Fortunately, she didn't need to find the right one. A holographic interface popped up in front of the glass, and she quickly skimmed through to find an old favorite fantasy film that she and Ciri both liked. After picking it, a mechanical arm within the kiosk shivered to life and picked out the correct disc for her with gentle precision, placing it in a retrieval chamber for her to pick up.

Now she just had to check it out. Holding the disc in one paw, Tallis approached the clerk at the front of the library. The older tigress was wearing a trim and clean AROworks uniform, and she looked down as Tallis approached – too big for her tank top by half, and very obviously no bra underneath. The lynx gulped, placing the disc on the smooth desk.

“Laundry day,” Tallis offered by way of excuse, unprompted.

The tigress didn't say anything. She just scanned Tallis's film-vid and her staff ID and completed the rental. The lynx blushed brighter as the tigress worked very slowly. Other people came into the library behind her, distracting the clerk and making her take longer. Every second that passed, Tallis got bigger, her bust now the size of her head, and her stiff nipples impossible to hide under the thin fabric. Finally, the tigress handed the film-vid back to her, complete with a stamped holo-clock on the plastic showing the time left before it was due back. Then, just as Tallis was turning and getting ready to leave, the tigress spoke up.



“You should stop by medical,” she said, very matter of fact, “you look quite swollen.”

The lynx was mortified. She pinched her tank top together in front of her now balloon-sized boobs and offered the least-convincing smile in the sector.

“I’m going to go see a medic right now, promise!” she said, not lying in the least. “I’m sure she’ll be happy to check me out...”

Ciri was waiting by one of the rentable lounge rooms on the far side of the AROworks. There was a sliding door behind her and a full-size window showing the interior of a large, padded couch, two additional sitting chairs, and a table easy to move about the space. A display unit on the wall projected AROS's logo, slowly rotating. The rooms were for weekly meetings, parties, games, or the like, but they also had a bit of a reputation for making full use of the “privacy” features. Which was why the synth stepped back a bit to let a bulky cleaning drone pass by. She watched her less-advanced cousin roll down the carpet on hidden wheels until it turned and headed down another hallway.

The synth looked up again and saw Tallis bouncing her way down the hallway towards her, her face a mixture of determination and excitement. Ciri blinked happily at her and tethered her wireless link to the room controls, opening the door so the two of them could step inside. The door slid shut behind them and she engaged the lock, creating a holographic “no entry” sign over the center. Tallis, looking very well-endowed and trying to rein in her big bust with one arm, dropped her bag, exhaled, and shot the synth a sharp look before pointing a finger at the exposed window. Ciri mentally activated the privacy features, and the clear glass darkened to an opaque black, sealing them away from the busy noise and activity of the AROworks outside. Even sound was completely dampened.

Tallis let go of her breasts and grabbed the bottom of her tank top. “Okay, so first of all-” she peeled her shirt up and off, huge boobs sloshing and jiggling freely on top of her small, chubby belly- “don’t you do that to me again without asking.”

“Noted.” Ciri created a sweat drop that sank down the side of her visor. She openly admired Tallis's bigger breasts, her long tail curling and twisting behind her.

The lynx blushed as she unbuckled the belt on her pants, letting them slide down her hips and exposing her black undies. “And second, I am so turned on...”

Quietly, Ciri took the vid-disc from Tallis's paw and leaned down to nuzzle at her. The lynx grabbed her head in both paws and pressed her lips against the synth's chin, working her way up her snout and to her visor, planting a kiss square in the center of the sapphire glass. Ciri teased the cat's bigger breasts with a playful squeeze before stepping around her and letting her finish getting undressed.

The disc slid into the slot at the corner of the display screen with a satisfying click, and Ciri started the movie with a thought. She sat down on the couch – big enough for her to fit and lay comfortably, unlike Tallis's bed – as the now nude lynx pushed her down onto her back, sitting on her middle with a purr.

“You said you wanted to get buried in fur, right?” Tallis asked, planting her paws on the synth's chest and squeezing firmly as her own breasts wobbled like heavy weights behind her arms.

Ciri nodded eagerly, projecting a big Y-E-S above her head.

“I’ll be happy to,” Tallis purred, sliding one paw to Ciri's side and plucking off the panel over her protoplasm reservoir. It still had a little left over. “And in return...”

The synth pulled the lynx down to her, helping her get comfortable on top of the bigger synth. They snuggled together on the couch, one hand teasing up and down the flank of a bare cat butt and the other tilting Tallis's neck upwards, opening her up for her next dose of growth serum.

“I’m going to do this to you next,” the cat teased, moaning stiffly as she felt Ciri's jaws close around her throat.

Ciri looked forward to it. With a thought, she turned the lights down low in the room and they cuddled together while they watched their movie, both holding the lynx's growing chest in their hands.

\* \* \* \* \*

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