

Modifiable Assets

by Cerine Hero

It was dawn on Sunrise Plaza.

Again.

The massive, open terminal was the beating heart at the center of AROS. It was part of what passed for the “city” on the station. Teeming with life at most hours, it was a transitory and gathering space for the people traveling through the station to parts unknown. Eateries and shops lined the edges, and the center of the plaza was a large holographic emitter that could depict any number of visual figures and landscapes. Currently, it was showcasing a large fountain of water, accompanied with a dull roar from the endless splashing into a pool above the central dais. There was no visible barrier around the water, which looked eerily suspended in a cylinder at head-height to most folk as unusual alien fish swam around inside the liquid. The fish reacted artificially as travelers passed by, following them and watching them, but if anyone stuck their arm into the hologram, the fish would rapidly swim away.

Sunrise Plaza was clean and designed to be slick and visually pleasing. The seats and tables for eating were all made of molded white plasteel, and greenery was positioned elegantly in planters around the space. Large advertisements for products, films, and perfumes covered the spaces between shops, all holographic and vying for attention among the press of people and the constant barrage of sound. The plaza was white and green, colorful and brightly lit – especially since it was currently living up to its namesake. On the map-south side of the station was a vast, open window, made of foot-thick armorglass and gently shimmering with a soap-like film on its exterior as shields helped reinforce its structure against impact and blocked intense radiation. Outside the window, viewers could see a vast expanse of space as well as the thin band of the station's solar power ring surrounding it. Sometimes light reflected off the hulls of security ships and transports lurking in the dark around the station, glittering brightly against the emptiness. But the true show that gave the plaza its name was going to overwhelm everything.

Because AROS was extremely close to the star it orbited, the silver-blue star dominated the sky. As the station rotated, the star was slowly emerging from the “west” side of the window. The brightness of the star was enough to wash out its distant kin as the window darkened to protect the people watching in Sunrise Plaza. With the brightness dimmed, the unearthly, liquid-like texture of the star's surface was plainly visible, and it was a sight to see. One that could be seen four times a standard day, in fact.

The translucent doors to the medical complex on the station slid open and a tall figure strode through them and into Sunrise Plaza. At seven feet, the reptilian synthetic stood a head taller than most of the folk around her. She had a powerfully-built frame, though not a particularly bulky or heavy-set one; she was just larger than most of the other women about. Her synth-skin was white and gray, with black trim on her claws, feet, and antennae. Softly-glowing pink eyes shined inside her face visor, matching the colored status lights around her body. With a thought, the synth turned off the hovering holographic emblems at her shoulders and on her back marking her as medical staff. She was off-duty.

She took in the noise and motion of Sunrise Plaza on her way across. A bulk transport had docked with the station not long ago, spewing forth a massive crowd that now gathered in the public spaces like the plaza as they waited their turn to continue moving on. A few people had been admitted to the clinic upon arriving. Typical travel sicknesses, nothing concerning. The synth admired the waterfall and aquarium show in the center of the plaza for a moment. The hologram emitters changed color and the visual feast of aquatic life was replaced by a symphonic concert, the music barely audible under all the noise of life.

The synth headed onwards, gently touching a wolf's shoulder as she sidestepped their group. The traveling wolves looked up at the tall synthetic, and she winked back at them, quickly blinking one side of her visor's display. Between the escalators that led up to the central embarking decks were

elevators that led down to the lower portions of the station. The “public” spaces on AROS were in the middle. The upper reaches were limited to operations and administration, including the executive suites and the Solar Atrium. The lower station was where the staff lived and the laboratories could be found, out on the wings. Below that were the maintenance decks and the power plant. That was where she was headed today. The synth walked through the first doorway, the holographic warnings that only staff were permitted washing over her like liquid, and into the security vestibule. A small security office attached to the elevator had one person in it, a red kobold sitting high on a swivel seat and leaning over his glimmering control console. Lights and messages lit up in front of him as the security station automatically and invisibly registered the visitor.

“Medical Officer C3-R1,” the kobold relayed over the speakers. It was procedure but wasn't necessary; all the staff on station knew her. “Hi, Ciri. Why'd you come up to the plaza? You could've gone out through the AROworks and avoided the crowd.”

Ciri shrugged her shoulders and her eyes smiled. “I wanted to enjoy the noise for just a little bit. It gets quiet and lonely down in the office, you know.”

“Yours does, at least,” the kobold told her. “I've had to run off a dozen people today!”

The synth curled her segmented tail beside her and nodded. “Well, do remember to mind your blood pressure.”

“Are you scanning me already?”

Ciri shook her head and tapped the glass barrier separating them. Several of her sensors were blocked by any level of obstruction. “Not right now. Just recalling your last check-in.”

The kobold rocked his head back and forth irritably and then relented, exhaling. “Okay, okay. I will. Thanks. Where you headed?”

“The workshops,” Ciri answered.

“Okay, then. I'll key you through. Have a good day.”

“You as well.”

The elevator doors opened and Ciri stepped into the small, circular space inside, leaving the loud, public, flashy plaza behind her. Now she was entering the more subdued portions of the station. The round walls here were covered in animated posters reminding staff of upcoming events and to maintain safety protocols. Ciri wirelessly connected to the elevator console and sent a mental pulse to head to the engineering level. A button on the digital screen by the door lit up on its own and the elevator began to slide downwards. Lights embedded in the walls simulated downward motion to help alleviate motion sickness. The ride was smooth, almost imperceptible, but her augmented sensors could detect even mild vibrations.

On the ride down to the engineering level, the synth took advantage of the privacy. She leaned back against the rear of the elevator cab until her shoulders touched the wall, scrambling the visuals of the holographic poster behind her head. Extending her claws, she grasped the rail around the cab. She could feel the vibrations of the elevator rolling through her frame, causing the softer parts of her synth-skin to tingle and jiggle. She focused her attention on her bare chest, where the aesthetic curvature of her breastplate absorbed all of the vibration coming through the cab.

Ciri turned off her visor and locked her joints, her digital consciousness fleeing deep inside her body to relish this personal time.

Holographic schemata hovered all around Tallis. The lynx sat at her workbench, using her fingertips to draw glowing highlights around stress points on the bar of metal alloy she was testing. It was failing, but why? Was the mixture not completely homogeneous or was there a problem in the processing? It shouldn't be failing in some spots and not others under pressure.

The exhausted materials engineer rest her elbows on the flat surface of her workbench and dropped her face into her paws. The shimmering tips of her interface gloves shined through her thick fur. She'd been trying to figure this out for hours, but all her calculations *looked* correct.

A subtle chime at her workshop door told her that someone was asking to come in. Without looking up, Tallis said, hoarsely, "Approved."

The silver-gray lynx heard the door hiss open. Her visitor didn't say anything at first. The engineer just sighed and kept her head down, and when she didn't look up, she felt dull claws gently brush against her tufted ear.

"You're dehydrated," a soft, electronic voice told her.

Tallis lifted her head, looking up at her lover's white and black faceplate. Digital pink eyes smiled warmly at her, carrying the emotional weight that the rigid material on the synth's face couldn't express. The synth's white skin was practically glowing in the dim, gray-brown workshop, like an angel come down to banish the lynx's bad mood. Clawed fingers slid down the side of Tallis's face and affectionately rubbed her thick-furred cheek, and the lynx nuzzled into the embrace. Her short tail wiggled behind her, and she inhaled deeply, pulling in a sweet, pleasant smell from the synth's wrist. Immediately, her headache began to clear, and she knew Ciri was looking after her, as usual.

"You're early," Tallis told her, looking upwards with her green eyes.

Ciri shook her head. She extended her other claw and projected a chronometer above her palm with the exact station time, down to the millisecond. It was eleven minutes after their work shifts ended. The lynx sighed, leaning her weight into Ciri's cuddling claw. She reached out and bapped down her palm with the clock, and the hologram exploded in a swarm of unleashed, fading voxels.

"I lost track of time again, I guess," she explained. "I'm just trying to get this right..."

"Then perhaps it is time for a break," Ciri offered to her, pulling back her claw and walking around the workbench to stand behind Tallis. The lynx was scarcely more than five feet, and Ciri was over seven, so even with the cat on her work stool, the synth towered over her. So despite the synth's calm, soft voice, Tallis had a hard time arguing with her suggestions. The lynx felt claws slide under her bare arms, clamping down firmly around her ribs, and she was lifted bodily out of her seat like a kitten. Ciri turned her around and set her down on top of the workbench, bringing the lynx up closer to her own height. "When you come back tomorrow, the answer will come to you."

Tallis sighed, adjusting her glasses as the synth slid her claws down her body. Ciri adjusted her clothes for her. The engineer was hardly "dressed up" in her work clothes, just an off-white tank top and dull brown cargo pants. The synth's fingers nonetheless helped adjust her bra straps underneath her top, and she ran her thumbs around the cat's waistline, right where her shirt and pants weren't quite meeting and fluffy fur was spilling between.

The lynx pulled the synth in tight against her, burying her furry face into the mechanical reptile's craned neck and wrapping her arms and thighs around her body. Her synth-skin was both firm and pliable, and was warm to the touch. She squeezed one of Ciri's arms, right on her tricep, and the skin squished beneath her claws. An instinctive flex of powerful muscle cables just underneath the surface greeted her probing fingertips. Ciri's breasts pressed snug against her own, bare skin against cloth. Tallis was curvy and fairly endowed, and her boobs were easy targets for the synth's fingers as she slid them up her tank top.

"We're in the office," the lynx whispered, glancing over her shoulder at the open door behind her. Ciri nodded in agreement and then the door slid shut and a holographic lock sign appeared over the front of it. The engineer grinned wryly. "How'd you get my access code?"

"You gave it to me," Ciri explained.

"Oh... scatterbrained kitty-cat, I guess." Tallis smiled and shrugged. "Here you go, then..."

The lynx grabbed her tank top and peeled it off, exposing her belly fur and dark bralette. There was a flicker of delight in the synth's eyes, and Ciri projected a holographic sweat drops down her visor. Tallis laughed. It was an intentional performance, but she appreciated it nonetheless.

"Digital or not, I can tell where your mind is at today," the engineer told her big partner. When Ciri's eyes drifted upwards under her visor to meet the cat's, Tallis leaned forward, pushed the synth upright, and then brushed her paws playfully over her breastplate. Ciri's bare chest filled her palms, and

she gave the synth's breasts a gentle squeeze. They were soft and deeply satisfying even if they were merely "decorative." Red light shimmered along the edges of Ciri's visor and there was a sudden jitter in her posture. Tallis had learned to interpret that as the equivalent of blushing and a gasp. The lynx kissed her lover's chin and lifted up one paw, gently running her fingers across the smooth glass of the synth's face. "You're so cute when you get flustered about your boobs."

Ciri wiggled thoughtfully, her electronic eyes dimming slightly. She brushed her claws against Tallis's breasts, fondling them delicately and running her thumbs over her nipples. The lynx's thick fur fluffed across her mantle, from her neck down her spine and across her shoulders. "Have you ever thought about yours being... bigger?"

Tallis's heart skipped a beat. She blushed, leaning back on her paws on the workbench and offering a bright, wide smile. "Wh-where is that coming from?" the lynx asked, deflecting. Ciri's eyes brightened again and she tilted her head. Oh, no, she thought, all those sensors in her head...

"I've been doing some thinking," the medical synth replied, pushing herself upright and brushing one claw along the lynx's thigh. With the other, she touched a panel on the side of her torso and it popped open, revealing a small port and a visual indicator for liquid level. Tallis knew what it was just at a glance. It was Ciri's protoplasm reservoir. As a chemical synthesist – and yes, the joke wrote itself – the medic used the programmable liquid to create and distribute medicines at will, like how she'd done a few minutes ago, cleaning up the lynx's headache and fatigue with a palliative spray. The reservoir was only a third-full now. Ciri pressed a claw against the panel again and it slid flush to her body, hidden under her gray skin. "I've been frequently running out of protoplasm on my rounds, and needing to go back and refill. Lots of fevers to take care of. So I had the thought of expanding my... storage."

Tallis felt her chest heaving as she listened. "I can... see where this is going."

"It wasn't my first thought," Ciri admitted sheepishly. "I considered a tank I could wear or carry or pull alongside me, but decided all of those were bulky and inefficient. A more natural form would be better suited for work, and I considered breasts." The synth squished her boobs in her claws, making Tallis blush. "My current breastplate is purely aesthetic, but I wondered about replacing it with something more functional. Like yours."

The lynx chuckled, adjusting her glasses on her muzzle. "Uh, mine aren't really functional, either, per se... but I do get what you mean. You want some big, sloshy tanks, huh?"

Ciri eyed her lover's half-bared breasts and then pulled her gaze up to her face again, nodding. She held her palms upright in front of her breastplate and a holographic "skin" covered her chest. "I initially considered that to be effective, they *would* have to be larger, certainly." The translucent layer around her chest grew bigger, filling out and growing rounder, simulating what she would look like with a larger – and in the cat's opinion, definitely very arousing – bust. Tallis tucked her paws between her thighs, her bare arms pressing her own boobs together as she watched, her temperature in her ears practically steaming. Ciri was distracted, and kept saying, "But then I considered going even larger... and larger..."

Her projected bust size grew and grew, until the ghostly image of two *ginormous* boobs double the size of the lynx's head was hovering in front of her body. Tallis let out a soft whine at the thought, both from the idea of her girlfriend growing vastly more buxom, and how she'd feel at that kind of size. Just a half-hour ago, she was frustrated with a growing headache, and now she was internally melting as Ciri unwittingly teased her midnight desire. The lynx folded her ankles and bit her lip, and Ciri's soft words fluttered in one ear and out the other.

"Tally?" The synth touched her forehead. "Are you okay?"

"Wha- oh!" Tallis jumped, startled out of her thoughts. The simulated beachballs around Ciri's chest dissolved into voxels and vanished as the synth brushed the lynx's ears and drew her attention back to the present. "I'm- y-yeah. Sorry, I was distracted."

"I asked if you wouldn't mind helping me construct a new breastplate. You work in materials, so

I thought it would be your expertise.”

The engineer felt like she'd been hit with lightning. Horny thoughts be damned, she had a puzzle to work on! “What? Red stars, I'd love to! I could get a synth breastplate base and modify it with some elastic polymers... I'll need some synth-skin material to test. I can check with the synthshop up in the commons, right? I can totally do this!”

Ciri brushed the lynx's ear with her fingers. “If it wouldn't distract from your work, that is...”

“No, no, no!” She picked up the metal testing bar she'd been analyzing. “I'm stuck on this. I could use something else to puzzle while I mull that over, get the ideas flowing again.” The lynx tossed bar and then threw her arms around the synth's neck. She pulled her down close, pressing her lips against her jaw. Ciri, unable to really kiss back with her rigid face, nuzzled into the lynx and licked her neck. Tallis's skin tingled pleasantly where the synth's tongue touched.

“I have a good idea of how to pay you back, too,” Ciri purred.

“Come on, you don't have to do that,” Tallis told her. “But for now... you want to get dinner? I'm starving.”

“I'd love to watch you eat,” the synth replied, picking up her lover's shirt. “And you also need water, remember.”

“Yes, yes, you told me.”

They headed up to the AROworks so that Tallis could get dinner. The AROworks were in the strata below Sunrise Plaza and the other public transportation parts of AROS, and were limited to staff members of the station itself. Here were quieter, comfier spaces for everyone to unwind and play during off-hours. On one side of the level was the apartment block, and on the other were gyms, lounging spaces, a physical library, and a canteen serving home-style food. Compared to Sunrise Plaza and the shops up above, with its slick, clean presentation, the AROworks were darker, with muted colors and soft shapes. It was a welcome change to the grittier maintenance and workshop levels, too.

Though it did make a white-skinned synth stand out pretty starkly.

Seated in a cozy corner of the dining room, Tallis tucked into a plate of lasagna and vegetables the chefs had whipped up today. The ingredients were replicated, but the personal preparation made a world of difference compared to just asking the vending system for a pre-packaged meal. Ciri sat on the bench beside her, a clear bottle of inert lubricant held between her claws. The synth sipped at her drink and occasionally pet and teased the lynx as she watched her eat. Tallis purred happily, snuggled against the synth's hip with her tail wrapped securely around her. When the lynx was finished eating, Ciri got her an extra bottle of water, and Tallis couldn't say much in protest.

They headed across the level to the apartments, with the huge synth walking slowly beside her shorter companion. The apartment block was dimly-lit, carpeted, and decorated with reprints of physical art. If it wasn't for the windows at the end of the halls showing the vastness of space, it would be easy to think they had walked into any typical housing tenement planet-side. Tallis walked up to her door and it slid open, letting her step in easily and Ciri to duck inside.

The apartments for staff were small, meant for little more than a private place to sleep, bathe, and change clothes. The compact, U-shaped space had a bed space directly across from the door. A false window above the bed was currently tuned to show an idyllic green plain on the lynx's homeworld as sunset faded over the horizon. On the other side of the apartment was a desk and wardrobe, with the private washroom behind it. Ciri took the liberty of stepping in and lounging on the bed, admiring the simulated view of the rolling green hills outside for a moment.

But her attention was turned back to more present and real matters when a tank top *plopped* across her head and visor. The synth shook it off and turned to now admire the curvy lynx as she stripped off the rest of her clothes, grabbing them all one by one – including the tank top that had fallen into Ciri's lap, and tossing them into a laundry hatch in the wall. The naked lynx then leaned over the synth and pressed her body against hers, purring. As Ciri slid her claws around the cat's hips to grab her

supple hindquarters, Tallis reached up high to untie her dark hair from its snug bun she'd been wearing it in for work. Her hair spilled down onto her shoulders and she tousled it. While the lynx's arms were up and her back was arched, Ciri took the opportunity to lean down and drag her tongue across her bare nipple. Tallis let out a pleased whine and tensed all over, her nipples immediately hardening in excitement at the rush of sensation. A paw grasped one of Ciri's horns as a shiver rippled down Tallis's spine and out her tail. Her heart rate spiked and she inhaled deeply, pushing her full breasts out further. Ciri tried to continue, wanting to tease and please the cat, but Tallis's other paw held her jaw and lifted the synth's digital gaze upwards to meet her own glasses and eyes.

"Before we get too excited," the lynx whispered, swaying her hips in Ciri's grip, "do you mind if I climb in the shower first? I feel gross. But I'll be all fluffed and warm for you afterwards."

"Of course," Ciri replied, pulling her claws back around the lynx's body and presenting a pulsing heart hologram above her visor for her. Tallis ran a fingertip down the smooth glass of Ciri's face and then turned to walk towards the bathroom, leaving her glasses on the desk on the way.

Ciri settled back as her lover slipped out of sight. A couple moments later, she heard the sound of water sprinkling through the wall on her left. The synth leaned backwards and rest her substantial weight on her claws as they sank into the plush mattress beneath her. The bed creaked as she adjusted; it wasn't really meant for a heavy, partially metallic individual like her. Left to her own devices (literally), the synth dipped her head down and looked at her own chest. Her modestly-sized breasts were just below her nose, the curves of her gray synth-skin on her front looking soft and smooth. Ciri flexed her tail behind her. She simply couldn't push the thought of a larger bust from her processes. It stuck in her mind like a pesky error code, demanding to be visited and solved.

Again, she activated her projectors and created a simulation view of her desired size around herself. She connected to the "window" behind her and switched its view to a twinkling star field to darken the room, highlighting the pink glow of her much bigger, ethereal bustline. Like she told Tallis earlier, she at first wanted to increase her "storage" but wanted a little more... and more... and more, until her projected bust size was extreme. Ciri ran her tongue around her faceplate, imitating the motion she'd seen organics do. She wanted these. And she knew Tallis did, too.

She turned her attention towards the sound of the shower. Letting the hologram fade, the synth sat up and considered something. She'd thought about teasing the lynx sometime soon, perhaps once the breastplate was done, but why not do it now? Ciri had recorded her automatic responses when they talked about her bigger chest, and realized then how sharply the cat had been aroused by the thought.

With a quick impulse, Ciri detached her tail and left it on the bed. It was going to be crowded as-is. She rose onto her feet and stepped around the apartment and into the bathroom. The curved shower was presenting a red holographic sign saying it was occupied. It had no wireless input, so she reached out with a claw and tapped the override button twice. The door slid open, revealing a cramped, white stall lit with a rim of diodes along the ceiling, a mounted overhead fountain, and one very wet cat. Tallis twisted about, blushing in both surprise and delight as the synth crowded into the shower with her and shut the door. Water rolled over Ciri's frame as her claws slid through wet fur and pulled the lynx against her.

Tallis stood on her tiptoes and kissed Ciri's chin, wiggling her short tail as hard as she could. Her own claws dimpled the synth's skin, feeling her thighs and stomach. Ciri winked one of her eyes and turned the cat around, facing her towards the door of the shower with the synth's solid body pressed against her back. The lynx's head rest neatly against Ciri's chest, with the synth's breasts hugging her face. Ciri couldn't wait to wedge her into deep cleavage, but in the meantime...

Internally, Ciri pulled up Tallis's blood records, setting them to one side in her mind. Then she quickly calculated several different formulae, scanning her library of chemicals for the effects she desired. Her body pulled on her reserve of protoplasm, programming it into a brand new substance tailored specifically for her kitty-cat. Then she pumped the serum up her neck, to hidden tubes within her upper jaw. Now ready, she wrapped her arms around Tallis's middle and hefted her upwards again, the

lynx squeaking in surprise as she was once again easily pulled off her feet.

“Enjoy,” Ciri purred in her lover's ear.

“Believe me, I-” the lynx began to reply...

...and Ciri pressed her fangs into her neck. Tallis's green eyes widened and she inhaled sharply. The synth injected the concocted serum into the lynx, and the effects were almost instant. The cat's nipples perked and hardened moments before her breasts began to bloat and grow, swelling rapidly in size and weight. Tallis's paws immediately went from Ciri's arms to her own bust, feeling herself expand and overflow her own fingers and palms. As more serum pumped into her, her breasts continued to grow, quickly reaching the size of her head and still going. The lynx looked down at wet, wobbling cleavage, her voice cracking in her throat as she tried to say *anything*.

“C-Ciri, how are you... holy fucking stars...”

The synth emptied her reservoir and set Tallis back down, the short lynx unsteady on her feet with her new – and still changing! – center of gravity. The lynx hefted her huge boobs up on her crossed arms, her fingertips sinking into the soft flesh. They were still growing, filling her arms as they ballooned to a ridiculous size. Ciri knelt down beside her, coming down to her level, and nuzzled her affectionately under the showering water as Tallis continued to watch her breasts expand. She had to open her arms to keep her grip on her massive tits, and the weight was beginning to pull on her.

Tallis turned and planted her paws on the shower door in front of her, letting go of her breasts and looking down as they swung like full, heavy balloons under her. The shower water rolling down her back was also drizzling in thick streams from her nipples. Beside her, Ciri ran her claws down her spine, and the lynx moaned in delight.

“How do they feel?” the synth asked, leaning closer and licking the lynx's cheek. She extended a palm and pressed it underneath one of her lover's breasts, feeling the stiff, perky nipple between her fingers. “Not too heavy?”

“Very heavy,” Tallis replied, breathing hard. “A good heavy. Fuck, they're so big...” She ran her tongue across her muzzle the same way Ciri had a few minutes ago, and the synth blinked happily. “How did you know?”

“A good guess,” Ciri answered, tugging on Tallis's nipple. The lynx moaned again, claws squealing down the smooth plastic of the shower door. “The swelling will reduce in a while, but for now...”

“I've got some big tits,” Tallis finished for her, pulling herself upright.

Ciri noted that the lynx's breasts were plainly visible even from the back, nearly twice the width of her fairly slender torso. Still on her knees, the synth leaned herself against the lynx, licking her neck and reaching her arms around her girlfriend's torso to feel those blimped breasts all over. She could feel Tallis's tail slapping against her flank, wet fur against wet synth-skin. Wirelessly, she turned off the water and activated the drying turbines, helping to warm and dry the both of them, and all the while she pulled Tallis against her, teasing her and helping her carry her heavy load.

Then, once they were dry, Ciri picked up the cat again and carried her back to the bed. The synth laid herself down first, her legs half-folded in order to fit on the bed and pushing her detached tail to the side. Tallis climbed onto her lap, her movements awkward and unbalanced from her unfamiliar bust size and weight. The two of them giggled as they got the lynx settled, and synth claws closed around those two heavy, full breasts. Or, at least, they groped and lifted the twin balloons. Tallis's breasts were still slowly growing as the serum ran its course in the lynx's bloodstream. It was unlikely they would get too much bigger, but already they were bigger around than her slender torso, completely hiding the small curve of belly fat the engineer sported, and would be resting atop Ciri's flat stomach if she wasn't already holding them.

Ciri's palms and fingers sank deep into the delightfully soft flesh, and she squeezed, making the lynx's giggle shift into an aroused squeak. Her nipples were firm and erect, and teasing them with slowly rubbing thumbs caused Tallis's muscles to tighten across her body and her tail to double in

volume. The lynx's bare thighs squeezed firmly around Ciri's waist, and her breath pumping from her lungs was wet and hot. Tallis leaned forward, pinning down Ciri's claws to her sides as she licked from her throat up the underside of her muzzle.

“So,” she breathed, laying her paw on one of Ciri's breasts and squeezing the firmer, gray synth-skin, “is this how big you want to be?”

Ciri licked her faceplate sheepishly. Tallis was *bigger* than her simulation. “Maybe...”

“Good,” the engineer teased, pulling herself forward until her huge, soft breasts all but completely engulfed the synth's head and shoulders. Only Ciri's antennae were visible past the line of deep, fluffy cleavage. The synth snuggled her face in deeper into her girlfriend's breasts, vibrating gently.

And she projected a circle of cartoon hearts above her head, making Tallis laugh.

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