(Strongly Recommended prior reading- Once in a Life: Data Retrieval, Once in a Life: Family Planning)

==========SPECTRUM==========

These two were no ordinary thugs.

In dogged pursuit, Spectrum dashed through the tight alleyway—kicking up dust and all else in her wake.

The perfect woman had dealt with ruffians, gangbangers, and those of similar ilk before on previous missions. Usually a little show of force, some impressive acrobatics, or the placement of an offender on permanent time-out in her belly was enough to make her quarry desist.

Not these two.

They were experienced. Coordinated. These women had chosen withdrawal, rather than confrontation, at almost every juncture.

Their appearance too was abnormal...and painfully familiar.

Both women were dressed head-to-toe in black, latex bodysuits that broke for openings at the head and crotch. The pair had dark, cloth face masks covering their chins, mouths, and noses, as well as two distinct heads of hair: one a light blue mohawk and the other a bright, neon dome of kinky red.

As each pace carried Spectrum deeper into the night-soaked, back-alleys of downtown Abrington Bay, her black, long-sleeve sweater dress rode up higher and higher off her backside.

No time to adjust. She was losing ground.

Each step she took stabbed the still pools of undrained runoff from the tall, cement, steel, and glass skyscrapers framing her path—launching droplets up to the tips of her high-heeled stiletto boots. Spectrum had no trouble balancing on such elegant footwear—even at full tilt, she was master of her own body...

...Almost.

Flashes of her lost love still haunted the perfectly symmetric blonde woman: Saphiria was everywhere. Lingering ghosts scarred Spectrum's mind with the pregnant beauty's face deformed by betrayal as Spectrum swallowed her whole.

Never.

Never would Spectrum allow herself to forget that image—and her memory was long and lasting, indeed. This mission in particular dredged up the recollection of that fateful night.

The two targets Spectrum hunted were unmistakably similar to those who had attacked herself and her ward on her very first mission—back when Spectrum had only excitement and curiosity about life.

Around a sharp corner, Spectrum leapt over a discarded foot cart and two overstuffed, un-attended dumpsters in a single jump. Not losing an iota of momentum, she swung her arms downward and propelled her legs up behind herself into the air—vaulting high as she surmounted a barbed chain-link fence.

"You're gaining on them, Ms. Spectrum!" A low, static-ridden voice came in through Spectrum's earpiece as Pammy, the perfect woman's handler, offered assistance.

"Anything on street surveillance?" Spectrum asked, even-keeled as her remarkable body zipped through a mountainous ravine of poorly-tied garbage bags.

"Ehm..." Pammy paused for only a moment between faint sounds of button-pressing, "I—I can't check—no access to feeds routed through The Cabinet's servers." Another break, "They must be sticking to the alleyways."

"Perfect..." Spectrum smiled—glad these two had chosen a more furtive route for escape.

Tossing her hair to the side, the symmetric blonde tucked back her chest and sucked in her already slim tummy as she sidled around a narrow section of stone walling.

Her task tonight was different.

Usually Spectrum was told to extract information, eavesdrop on a conversation, or—in exceptional circumstances—infiltrate a secure location and extricate valuable assets. But this...

The only instructions that Pammy had passed along to Spectrum about her two targets was simply:

“Locate and eliminate.”

A tingle snaked its way down around Spectrum’s belly and into her crotch—making it noticeably harder to squeeze through the opening between the huddled buildings.

The perfect woman preferred to resolve conflict with the hooligans and ne-er-do-wells she came up against with words and fists first—but sometimes her more resistive opponents needed to be dealt with more...thoroughly.

Audible whirring noises hummed awake inside Spectrum’s compartmented testicles and the depths of her stomach—each chamber beginning to expand and evacuate any lingering contents to make room for potentially disagreeable guests.

Spectrum hushed the growing arousal between her legs as it began to inflate and inhibit her egress out of the concrete gorge. A familiar pang of guilt rebounded back and stitched her sides—as much as she resisted it, her sensors already twitched in excitement at the upcoming...possibilities—the enjoyable ways in which she could execute her mission.

“Stop there!” Pammy’s call came suddenly.

With a final burst of strength, Spectrum shot out of the narrow concrete opening and spun into a cartwheel—spreading her pale, high-heeled gams into a split atop two disparate metal crates.

Spectrum's lithe form poised without waver as her legs maintained a near-horizontal bridge, "Do you see them?" Spectrum whispered back clear and calm into her earpiece.

The perfect blonde's eyes surveyed around—zooming down two long paths in front of herself. She awaited a reply from her handler as she managed to unwrinkle that rising bottom fold of her black sweater dress to cover about half of her exposed, firm buttocks.

"Go left here, Ms. Spectrum—there's motion ahead. Be careful." Pammy's voice finally came through with the most apprehensive cadence Spectrum had ever heard from the unassuming woman.

Recombining the split of her legs with a slight bounce upward, Spectrum flipped forward to land on the ground—scraping a layer of her heel off against the asphalt.

Strutting ahead, Spectrum kept her figure tight—placing the balls of her feet perfectly inline with one another. Each step swayed her hips left and right in a seductively confident rhythm, while her full, curvy chest coordinated and countered every motion.

Unmatched potential coursed through Spectrum's mysterious body—her arms and legs were slender machines of precision and grace, while her gratuitous assets up top and below were sex given form. Every mission Spectrum completed—particularly those where she indulged in her seemingly baser impulses—brought both greater comfort and capacity to the already immaculate woman's functions.

There was very little that could stand in Spectrum's way.

What was once a narrow passage, soon broke outward into an open clearing: A small park—with patchy unkempt grass, expletive graffiti, and a pathetic, rusted playground—occupying the opening between what appeared to be a set of apartment buildings on either side.

"Here...this is where we last saw them..." A warning from Pammy came in bated, small words—as if the woman on the other end of Spectrum's line was afraid her message might ruin the mission.

Fading light from the night's stars sprinkled into the opening—partially illuminating the metal structure of the playground ahead. Spectrum stuck to one side of the space—circumnavigating around the obvious central ambush location.

Waltzing beneath one of the overhangs from an apartment's patio above her, Spectrum stopped and bent low—covering herself behind a lawn chair.

Nothing. All she could see was the flickering lights of televisions and shadows playing on the rows of apartment floors above her across the way.

Needing a new vantage, Spectrum continued to roam around the edge, if she could only—

"LOOK OUT!" A screech came in through Spectrum's earpiece as the perfect woman left the canopy above.

In a rapid shake, Spectrum's head pivoted to all directions before tilting upwards. The perfect woman's unparalleled sky-blue eyes managed a quick glance at what appeared to be a huge, latex-covered booty crashing down atop her.

Then everything went dark.

A powerful suction gripped Spectrum's head from all sides as a massive weight fixed itself above the blonde's center of mass. For all her strength, Spectrum managed to keep upright even as her legs swayed and she found herself quickly stepping in some unseen direction—trying to maintain balance.

"G–ot –er!" An excited call sounded outside of whatever fleshy vice was slowly sinking down and around Spectrum's neck and shoulders.

Spectrum's face and hair became coated in slime as a giant set of buttcheeks wobbled side-to-side trying to capture her whole.

But the perfect woman was not defeated so easily.

Still barely able to move her arms before they too became engulfed, Spectrum angled her hands up and grasped onto a pair of immensely thick and well-padded thighs. Fingers dug into a thin rubbery material and gripped hold as her hands raised upward—trying to unplug herself from the greedy booty trying to gobble her up.

But just as her feet steadied and Spectrum took hold of her attacker, another actor came into play—down below, a quick kick struck Spectrum's ankles—sending the blonde off to the side and tumbling partly to the ground.

As Spectrum fell to her knees, the butt above her collapsed further down—smacking against the sides of her upper arms and locking the majority of her torso in place.

"MS. SPECTRUM!" A fuzzy crackle jolted into Spectrum's ear as Pammy watched a live camera feed showing her hero turn progressively more and more into an oversized butt's snack.

As her knees buckled and Spectrum's head popped up into what she assumed was the inside of her aggressor's stomach—a tiny, familiar feeling returned to the impressive woman's heart.

Fear.

When she had lost Saphiria. When she thought she'd lost Rainbow. Memories swirled around the faces of both women that Spectrum had cared about and failed.

Then there was anger.

Her purpose reignited.

Polymath Neekly and the woman in gray.

This was not Spectrum's end.

Arching her back as far reclining as she could go, Spectrum switched the weight of the bottom-heavy woman eating her back over near the grass of the park. Then, with a solid slam, Spectrum smashed her calves down into

the ground and rocketed her torso forward—catapulting the booty atop her head back upward in the acceleration.

Moving faster than any normal woman could possibly manage—Spectrum's immense force propelled her attacker away and the tightening butt cheeks slipped clean off of the perfect blonde's face.

With a reverberating pop sounding out in the park enclosed by apartment buildings, Spectrum's head was freed from her potential consumer's backside.

Flying through the air and rolling atop herself, a short, stout woman spun across the grass and the gravel of the playground until her upside-down back struck flush against a plastic climbing wall.

"Oooph!" The woman released the noise accompanied by a series of groans and steady "Ow-ow-ows!" As the attacker's bright neon dome of kinky red hair pooled around her inverted face and her lips scrunched up in pain.

"No!" A second figure flew into view and inspected the rolled-up, big-bootied redhead, "You alright?" The light blue-mohawked woman in a matching black latex suit leaned down and helped right the bundled woman back onto her rear.

Rubbing her rump, the neon-red haired figure winced and shook her head, "Thought I had her!" She scoffed behind her face mask.

Having more than enough time to collect herself, Spectrum stood back tall and prepared her haunches. These two were distracted. Their guards were down. Even shaken after having been caught unawares, Spectrum would not fail this mission—nor any other.

Sprinting ahead, Spectrum made a tackle for the blue-haired woman. But at the last moment her red-haired accomplice pushed her out of the way. "Watch out boss!" She cried as she inserted herself directly in line with Spectrum's ire.

The perfect woman—her blonde locks still coated in her enemies' stomach juice—shot out her grasping hands and snatched what was in range. With a

terrifyingly firm grip she hoisted the red-haired woman clean off the gravel and into the air by the collar of her black, latex bodysuit.

“NGH!” The woman kicked and squirmed—a reaction much faster than expected given her non-athletic build. Her domed hair twirled around her face as her boobies wobbled in protest bound tight in her bodysuit. The opening between her legs had unzipped and two massive, plump hemispheres of booty were dangling down through her thigh gap.

As Spectrum handedly fended off the woman’s struggles, a speedy-quick blur caught the corner of her eye. The light blue mohawked figure was zipping back up to her side—incoming with her leg outstretched in a fierce hook.

Unable to defend and maintain her catch, Spectrum took the brunt of the kick directly into the center of her back.

Pain sensors flared, but otherwise Spectrum’s overall stance was unaffected—she’d taken almost the entire weight of the mohawk-haired woman’s lower body and stood unfazed.

“-W-what? How?!” The light blue haired woman rasped out in disbelief as her own shin burned with pain—Spectrum’s skin was smooth and supple like any woman’s—but the machine-like density beneath did not make for a suitable punching bag.

Driving her elbow backwards, Spectrum latched her arm to hook around the light blue-haired woman’s foot—catching it just as she pulled her leg away. With a solid tug, Spectrum unbalanced the second enigmatic lady and brought her to her knees.

Between the two latex-suited figures—one in her clutches and the other reeling on the gravel beside her—Spectrum was running out of ways to securely restrain her targets.

“Let me go!” The neon-red haired lady smacked Spectrum’s forearm and found her hand equally ineffective to her partner’s kick. With the violent motion, more of the woman's backside sank out from the opening between her legs—drooping out in full view of Spectrum between her thick-thighed gap.

One look was all Spectrum needed—she knew just what to do with a butt that big.

On command, Spectrum's giant cock revealed itself—a mighty pole that grew fully engorged in two beats of an aroused heart—exposing itself from between her porcelain legs and beneath the hem of sweater-dress.

Even in the dark, the neon-red haired woman's eyes grew wide as she felt the giant swinging dick rise up to greet her dangling feet. As wide as Spectrum's upper thigh and growing to nearly as long as her legs, the perfect woman's pussy-breaker of a dick twitched eagerly in anticipation of the nearest hole to stuff. Below, at the base, Spectrum's pair of ball-sized testicles dropped out from between her legs and expanded—preparing the concentrate of artificial and biological cum she used to flood her usually unwilling partners.

Releasing the woman from her grasp, Spectrum let the shorter woman and her giant caboose fall straight down to straddle her shaft. The hot seated top of Spectrum's cock caught the huge-butted woman squarely halfway along its length.

The woman's mouth went agape as she looked down over the monster suspending her in the air, "I-it's huge..." All tension of being held against her will seemed to dissipate as her attention fell to inspecting the colossal pole with the touch of her inner thighs. "B-boss, look at this chick's dick! It's insane!" Any pretense of antagonism sapped away from the woman's enamored demeanor.

With a smug smile, Spectrum's eyebrows raised—content at the reaction to her impressive endowment, "You wanted me inside you?" Spectrum hissed with residual spite and gnawing desire swelling on her tongue, "Let's see how much of me will fit that fat butt–"

Flicking her hips once, Spectrum's hefty pole trampolined her target backward up into the air to return to the ground. Only just before landing, Spectrum thrust forward. With impeccable timing and the deftness of a thoroughly experienced mate, Spectrum's cock jammed itself straight into the booty on the exposed woman's underside—catching her mid-trajectory as she fell.

Sharp squeals escaped the kinky red-haired woman as her butt was spread and plumbed by the girthiest dick she'd ever taken. "MMMHM!" Her words blended and spittle sprayed from her mouth as her mask fell loose.

For such an impressive backside, the latex-wearing woman's tight booty hole was no match for the sheer size of Spectrum's third leg. Spectrum charged forward, slamming the neon red-haired woman's torso against the plastic climbing wall of the playground and locking her in place—keeping her full-mast erection as deeply embedded as possible. Even with only about a quarter of Spectrum's dick inserted, the perfect blonde woman quickly came upon an endpoint—the big-bootied woman's stomach bulged out beneath her latex suit with no room left to take any more penis inside her smaller frame.

Any resistant shrieks devolved to indiscernible grunts and moans of pleasure. Taking in such an imposing rod managed to relax the small woman's tight butt—enabling Spectrum to gently pump as she pleased.

Reciprocating, the kinky red-haired woman offered her own assistance to the intercourse as her breath turned heavy and steamy around her skew mask and her eyes glossed over—seemingly agreeable to the mid-mission sex break.

Next, Spectrum turned her attention back to the blue-haired woman just starting to hobble up off the ground.

Not so fast.

Spectrum—with her cock securing the first woman physically and emotionally to her whims—took hold with a quick snatch of the plumed head of light-blue hair and dragged its attached owner forward.

Releasing the pointed hairstyle, Spectrum directed both her free hands to address the second threat. She wrapped her fingers tight around the latex-suited woman's waist as she growled out, "Who are you people?!" Her sky-blue eyes beamed threateningly in the night's light as they noted the distinct attire and strange hair colors and hairdos.

These were certainly the same group of women Spectrum encountered on her first mission.

She had so many questions.

The perfect woman always received details in her mission dossiers about the “what” of her assignments, but never the “why”.

But either from exhaustion or reticence, the woman with the mohawk barely sounded a word as she was raised high above the blonde woman’s chest.

Even with the periodic thrusting of her gargantuan penis to suppress the neon-haired woman, Spectrum had no difficulty lifting the entire second offender high in the air. This target was rather ordinary in terms of her physique—she had a standard hourglass shape, reasonably common to women of The Whole—and her bust and hips were only subtle bends away from her frame. Beneath the face mask, Spectrum could make out little of her adversaries' other features.

“Pfft!” The woman ejected a distasteful spray of spittle into her own mask as her eyes tracked the perfect woman’s head of gorgeous blonde hair. “You’re no Hag!” She sneered with a mix of disdain and surprise, “What kind of monster has The Table’s scheming birthed this time?”

Spectrum’s grip on the woman’s waist lessened.

Monster?

No.

Spectrum was no monster.

She was a normal woman...mostly. Saphiria’s affections had proven it.

“TELL ME WHY!” Spectrum shouted to her catch as the pleasure spread across her thigh-thick cock scrambling her heart and mind.

But the light-blue haired woman's expression turned covert—her eyes squinted and her lips tightened behind the fabric of her cover—as though she were studying Spectrum from afar.

"Why did you come after Saphiria that night? Why did this all have to happen!?" Spectrum felt a tear roll down her cheek even as fury and lust drove her grip to reassert itself around the woman's narrow middle.

"Tch..." The woman turned her teeth and clicked her lips painfully—the strain on her body becoming apparent.

A roar echoed inside Spectrum's stomach. The same stomach that had reduced Saphiria to a hearty, buxom, pregnant meal. Spectrum needed vengeance. She needed to achieve something. Some progress towards undoing the wrongs of that night.

"Very well!" Spectrum, her thinning patience spent, opened her mouth and tilted the blue-haired woman towards it.

If she couldn't have answers, at least Spectrum would get the satisfaction of putting these women in their rightful place: Her gut.

"N-no, b-boss!" The neon red-haired woman, still getting pounded from behind by Spectrum's giant dick against the climbing wall, barely managed to turn her head to look back. Her face stretched in a blushing blend of arousal and horror as she saw the mohawked woman drift gently down into Spectrum's maw—waiting to swallow her whole and seal her fate forever. "I–I can't—I won't!" The big-bootied woman screamed as her backside accepted nearly half of Spectrum's leg-long pride.

There was a sudden shift in motion. Where before, Spectrum had been directing the thrusting into a pair of butt cheeks wider and rounder than her own hips, but now, the red-haired woman started to push back.

Punching both her hands into the climbing wall, the bent-over bottom-heavy figure found leverage and thrust backward. In a single, fluid motion, the neon red-haired woman's heinie sucked up the entire third leg protruding from Spectrum's hips. When her buttcheeks made contact with Spectrum's pelvis, there was a final slam that smacked between their interlocked privates. Spectrum's dick unleashed a load of spunk into the

small woman's growing, cum-inflated pouch of a belly and the spasm shocked back down her spine. The sheer amount of wobbling inertia that came from smashing her butt backwards and a matching of orgasms was enough pressure to eject Spectrum's dick all the way down to the tip.

Pushed back and rattled to the point of losing her grip, Spectrum released the blue-haired woman as the red-haired one slipped the end of the enormous dick out of her well-worn, jizz-soaked backside.

Recovering immediately and spinning around fast, the neon red-haired woman dropped to a crouch and called over to her partner, "Sorry boss—but you've gotta make it out!" Her head tilted down and she rose her backside up like a sprinter about to charge. "I'll keep her busy!"

"No! Don't do it!" The mohawked woman shuffled away on the ground out of Spectrum's reach. Her eyes frantic at some unseen anticipated occurrence as she strained to catch her breath and stare as her partner prepared herself.

After being knocked off-kilter by the giant butt and climax ambush from the smaller redhead, Spectrum's penis took a moment to harden erect again as the perfect blonde adopted a broad stance and braced for another assault.

"Tell the others I went out doing what I love most!" The kinky red-haired woman wound up her backside into the air and rushed ahead, as her eyes trained on Spectrum's awe-inspiring cock. With an incoherent yelp sounding loudly in the clearing, she jumped head-first at the probing pink apex of Spectrum's huge member.

There was a moment of calm as Spectrum's processors anticipated the flight path of her opponent.

Dipped downward, there was nowhere else for the domed, neon red-haired woman's figure to go other than directly face-first into her cock's slit.

But why would...?

Unable to ascertain the motivation for such a reckless act, Spectrum stood firm, unmoving as the huge-butted woman collided with her.

At first there was no feeling. Then there was a whirlwind.

Euphoria exploded as the woman intentionally fed herself inward—stuffing her own head within the tip of Spectrum's girthy pipe. The sheer eagerness of the effort was enough to surprise the perfect blonde—who stood awkwardly in allowance for the stout woman's self-feeding of her cock.

Sliding inward rapidly, the forward momentum carried nearly half of the woman inside the top end of Spectrum's cock. A clear image jutted out the bottom half of the perfect woman's shaft as the kinky, red-haired woman wormed her way inside.

After pulling herself inward all the way down until only her wide hips and prodigious booty and thighs hung out of Spectrum's tip, the latex-wearing woman changed her strategy. Pumping from inside, she pushed and pulled her entire body back and forth—overloading Spectrum's sensitive member from within.

Unprepared to deal with such an approach, Spectrum did little but fall to her knees and matched the woman's effort by stroking the upright base of her cock as she tilted it back and swung the woman's stacked buttocks high in the air.

Without fanfare, the light-blue haired woman took one last mournful look at the imprint of her partner descending further down the leg-sized dick before scampering off away towards the exiting alley.

Even as she tried in vain to reach out and stop the other target from escaping, Spectrum could barely hold on to her sanity—her circuits fried and anything not related to the bliss of swallowing a fat butt whole with her meaty dick became unremarkable.

Unceasing in her efforts, even as her thick hips slowly sank within the head of Spectrum's dick, the red-haired woman continued to oscillate back and forth—using her sexy body's plump rear to her advantage.

Frustratingly close, the image of the woman's head steadily made its way to Spectrum's testicles. The pair yearned to be fed. More than anything, the perfect blonde needed to get the woman and her meaty caboose inside.

Lunging forward to hug her entire leg-sized dick angled upward from her seated posture, Spectrum massaged the woman's body downward until a satisfying smack shut sounded from her tip—signaling the last traces of the stout woman had been consumed.

"Y-yes!" Spectrum could feel another round of peaked excitement coming, but she needed to hold strong. The woman was almost where she belonged.

Groping out at the giant booty wiggling its way downward, an accompanied undulation passed along the red-haired woman's body—gulping her down as her tightly bound boobies plopped into Spectrum's growing balls.

Already the whirring noises inside her sack grew louder—met by the unbridled screams of ecstasy from within "Mmmhmm! -EASE, EAT m—ith your BIG D—"

Spectrum's back pulled back—the stimulation was too much—she could no longer touch herself as the avalanche of pleasure escalated to incalculable amounts.

With a final gurgling splash, the strained width of Spectrum's dick ingested her food's widest part—those big, grabble hips and her round pliable booty. Already flooded in preparation—the contents of Spectrum's two balls ballooned outward to accommodate its fully deposited occupant.

In a crazed mist of horniness, the red-haired woman started humping outward—pressing her sizable backend into two round butt-prints towards the front of Spectrum's balls—as if she could still imagine being stuffed by the perfect woman's unimaginable girth.

Trying to stand, Spectrum let the pendulous weight between her legs jostle her around as her hands returned to stroking. She needed release. She needed it now.

Never-ending in her self-satisfaction, the cock-food inside Spectrum's balls continued a raunchy round of butt-thrusts downward and away—even as the lining of Spectrum's testicles constricted inward—wrapping her tight.

Bound from all sides, the latex-wearing red-haired woman's visage became clear from the outside—every stretch of Spectrum's sack tasting and

sampling her thoroughly as the walls started to vibrate and hum in a churning symphony.

It was almost here. She was so close.

Spectrum angled her dick forward—ready to unload.

Inside, her snack trembled again as the latex-wearing dick-addict's last orgasm relaxed her body completely—letting the bounds of her goopy, cum-filling prison take her.

As pleasure waved its way through both the consumer and the consumed, the kinky neon red-haired woman, along with her giant booty, full hips, and cute little pair of bouncy titties bound up in a rubbery tight body suit all melted away. Any clear images on the outer edge of Spectrum's balls smoothed and the lady inside was no more—digested like the short, stacked babe of cock-food she was always meant to be.

In a grand final farewell to their time together, Spectrum's dick ejaculated hard—so powerfully that it nearly brought the ideal woman back to her knees.

Thick lines of white fluid spurted out her tip and sprayed themselves across the climbing wall, the gravel beneath it, and even across the rusted metal bars of the desolate playground. As her hips bucked, Spectrum momentarily lost control of her otherwise infallible form and felt load after load of girl-turned-jizz rocket out of her.

After about six or so rounds of hot, sticky loads volleying out—the last traces of the woman that was so eager to feed herself to a big dick gradually made their way back out.

The empty latex suit—lodged in a thick sphere of cum—plastered itself against the bottom edge of the wall, and additionally, a small red dome of hair leaked out in a stream of lingering spunk.

As her faculties started to return and Spectrum's operations reassessed themselves, she turned down to look beneath her deflating cock and balls to pick up the red trinket.

A wig.

Whatever drove these women, it was enough for them to hide a majority of their identity—the suits, the masks, even the false hair.

“I—I see you’re finished...” A grave, almost sad voice buzzed alight in Spectrum’s ear.

“Pammy...” Spectrum called back as her sticky hand pressed into her ear to steady the earpiece.

Spectrum hated it when Pammy had to see her do business this way.

But ever since rescuing Ruza, the thin, tortured woman they had found in the cabinet’s clutches, Spectrum found herself utilizing her hefty assets to complete missions in such final means more often than not.

Slowly, Spectrum's huge dick shrank and her balls secreted themselves back to retract between her legs and under the bottom fold of her sweater dress.

“Ms. Spectrum, I’ve lost sight of the other target...she’s gone.” Pammy’s voice—trembling and strained more than usual—stated the facts of the mission without any trace of harsh judgement.

“I’m coming back to base...” Spectrum collected herself and straightened out her dress—checking her heels to make sure they were secured. She clutched the red wig in her hand and looked back over the splattered marsh of jizz she’d left on the ground and playground—centered on a tight, latex bodysuit.

Spectrum was not a monster.

She had to do this.

Had to continue her work. Bide her time—until an opportunity presented iteself.

She couldn’t risk them taking control of her again. The black rectangular stone with the screen. Neekly’s laboratory. That cold, metal examining table.

Spectrum swaggered back towards the cement alleyway, her mind swirling as her expression remained stoic and the faint orange lights shining out her back flickered. She spoke into her earpiece “Pammy. Prep me for the next assignment.”

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==========Pammy==========

A ringing beep sounded from the thick door to the warehouse. Moments later, Ms. Spectrum sashayed inward—looking no less perfect than usual.

“Ms. Spectrum!” Pammy’s arms swung open in greeting—accidentally knocking her drinking mug over on its side. “S-shoot!” She yelped as she split her attention between corralling the spreading liquid and welcoming her partner.

Mission after mission, Pammy had acclimated to the...intensity of her new job. Very little fazed her anymore: Committing treason against The Cabinet? Not too scary as it turns out. Watching Ms. Spectrum swallow women whole and make them vanish without a trace? Disturbing...but also somehow...enticing—in a strange, lurid macabre sort of way, of course.

But now, what really ate away at the young, middling-groomed, adulting blonde, was their updated living arrangement. Pammy hadn’t even taken off her light-gray hoodie today. Something about being in their “office” —if it could even be called such—didn’t feel as comfortable now that Ruza had taken up residence alongside herself and Ms. Spectrum.

“You’re back!” Ruza, still weak on her feet, rose off her couch-bed to welcome the beautiful blonde agent.

Ever since the rescue, Pammy and Ms. Spectrum had been given ongoing orders to care for and see to any and all of Ruza’s needs. The frail woman had since put back on some weight and no longer looked as though a stray gust of wind would take her away. Her long brown hair had started to renew in its sheen, and her watery eyes were looking clearer and less red each day.

On her days off, Pammy had gone to retail stores and picked out some new clothes for their office-guest. It was difficult finding cheap outfits that could easily accommodate Ruza's...situation.

Affixed to Ruza's wrist, the handcuffs and briefcase from The Cabinet's governing complex in Tornington remained in place.

Ruza had assured Pammy, Ms. Spectrum, and the higher-ups that if the cuffs were removed incorrectly, the contents inside the case would be destroyed by a hard wired-in, self-igniting system.

"How'd it go?" Ruza moved in close besides Ms. Spectrum, allowing her body to lean into the perfect blonde's considerable curves.

Now that she'd regained some of her vim, Ruza was a decently charming lady to look at. She was taller than average, yet still half a head shorter than Ms. Spectrum, and her eyes were wide and inviting.

Suddenly feeling the urge to look down across her own shape, Pammy remembered why she'd stopped wearing make-up to try and impress Ms. Spectrum. Pammy had a pear-shaped body—with a heavy caboose overly familiar with her wheely desk chair, and two little hand-sized boobies tucked behind her baggy clothes. Ruza on the other hand, now that she had some more meat on her, had a much more balanced aesthetic. Up top, Ruza's breasts were nice and perky, while her waist was thin and narrow before bending out to shoulder-width hips. Her cute itty-bitty booty was a tiny little pair of cuppable cushions—a far cry from Pammy's heavy, full rump.

Ms. Spectrum took a moment, as the kind, benevolent woman always did, to greet Ruza and help her to sit back down as her exhaustion quickly caught up with her.

If nothing else, Pammy did at least pity Ruza—whatever conditions she'd be held under at The Cabinet's complex must have been horribly inhumane.

Putting aside her petulant jealousy, Pammy left a few ruined pieces of paper from her drink's spillage, and joined Ms. Spectrum in escorting Ruza back to her couch-turned-bed.

“Please, rest—you’re not back to full strength—” Ms. Spectrum led Ruza to the pile of blankets Pammy had brought from her apartment.

For whatever reason, the instructions Pammy received had been explicit: Under no circumstances could Ruza leave the warehouse—apparently the security risk would be too great. Whatever Matron Ranntae had held her hostage over must have been of monumental consequence to warrant the abundance of caution.

Ruza let herself be bundled up as Ms. Spectrum and Pammy placed some of the warm, fuzzy covers around her shoulders. Her lips started to quiver seductively—as they often did—as she turned up to the perfect blonde.

“Thanks Specs—” Ruza rotated her chest sideways towards Ms. Spectrum, employing a nickname and moving her ample bosom into clear view.

Pammy chided herself internally. Why’d she buy Ruza t-shirts that had so much cleavage…?

Ms. Spectrum winced at the gratitude and moniker—the blonde woman’s eyes fell down to Ruza’s ravine but held attention there for only a moment.

“Of course, Ruza. Anything else we can get you?” Ms. Spectrum pulled away only a tad as Ruza’s budding breasts looked ready to spill out the top of her neckline.

Ruza bit her quivering lip and jingled her arm with the handcuff—the scars around where the material had dug into her skin had started to heal, and Pammy had custom ordered some forearm wraps to insert around her wrist to dampen the pain. “No, you both have done so much for me…” Her watery eyes turned to Pammy next, “I just wish there was a way I could express my…my gratitude..” The curvature of Ruza’s breasts flared up and turned a slight pink as her face searched wantingly between Pammy and Ms. Spectrum for a way to offer recompense.

The short platinum blonde felt a tickle in her chest—it felt good to help someone so appreciative—even when that woman so clearly vied for Ms. Spectrum’s attention…

Suddenly Ms. Spectrum leaned forward, the small orange lights emerging from the back of her sweater started to blink.

“Ms. Spectrum?!” Pammy moved now to assist her partner, while Ruza expressed similar concern and put her own body in the way of Ms. Spectrum’s downward collapse.

“It’s fine…just tired…” Ms. Spectrum waved away the concern as she slowly straightened back up. “Are we a ‘go’ on the next objective, Pammy?” The perfectly symmetric blonde woman stood up from the couch—leaving Ruza looking disappointed—and walked back by the door.

“T-they’ve only just sent marching orders—” Pammy matched Ms. Spectrum’s work-oriented attitude, heading right back to her desk and assortment of monitors and devices, “But, Ms. Spectrum shouldn’t you—”

“Specs, you need to rest!” Ruza was the first to suggest it.

“No, I’m fine!” Ms. Spectrum approached the door as Pammy looked around for the cable attached to a large black box in the middle of the warehouse.

It wasn’t something that Pammy really understood about Ms. Spectrum—not like being kept out of the loop was that unusual for Pammy’s already bizarre choice of occupation—but whenever Ms. Spectrum got tired, her bosses instructed her to attach a small cabled band around the perfect blonde’s upper arm. While the effects weren’t always immediate, Pammy could tell it helped Ms. Spectrum maintain her pristine form.

As Ms. Spectrum made her way to the door—ignoring the pleas from her friends—another set of small beeps transferred through from outside.

The warehouse’s entrance opened and a stunning, model-like woman with white hair marched inside.

Pammy felt the muscles in her legs tense and the arch of her back forcibly straighten. A chill ran down her spine and her butt shuffled uncomfortably in place as her hand tried to cover the damped papers she’d ruined earlier. Pammy always felt unease in the presence of one of these…”Servers” as they were apparently called.

Walking up to face Ms. Spectrum, the white-haired woman tilted her head to the side and looked around the blonde's impressive height, staring blankly towards Ruza on the couch.

"Any progress?" The Server asked, neutrally-toned with her expression fixed on the thin brunette covered in blankets.

"She hasn't had time yet. She's still recovering." Ms. Spectrum answered, not moving a smidge out of the way between the white-haired woman and Ruza.

Both Pammy and Ruza held their breath—neither of them often spoke directly to the Servers.

Only Ms. Spectrum did that.

"We are expecting results." The Server shifted upright with an eerily elongated motion, "Will she give us results?" Her eyes flicked back towards Ruza.

Ms. Spectrum grunted but said nothing in reply.

Pammy understood the gravity of Ruza's situation only minimally—and even that was enough to make her want to run away and hide. For some reason, Ruza—and the briefcase she was attached to—was set in between two fearsome rivals: Their unnamed, mysterious employer—and the governing body of every woman across The Whole.

Yet even with such stakes, Ruza had not spoken at all about how to access the contents of her suitcase—the only thing she expressed for certain was that anything they desired inside would be burnt to ash if they tried to remove it from her by force.

"We would like to try talking to her." The Server started to side-step Ms. Spectrum, but the blonde woman and her sky-blue eyes were unrelenting in their guardianship of the rescued brunette.

"I-it's alright, Specs—I'll...I'll try..." Ruza made an effort to stand, partly falling back down as her left knee gave out.

“You don’t have to do this, Ruza.” Ms. Spectrum assured her as the blonde relented and let the Server go past.

“Please, Specs—you and Pammy have been so good to me—I…” She paused and rubbed the sore skin beneath the cover that Pammy had made for her wrists, “I want to put my trust in you…” Her eyes fluttered hesitantly about their seemingly make-shift base of operations in a warehouse by the ports of Abrington Bay.

The Server nodded but expressed no other emotion at the development—she simply strode with a refined step deeper into the warehouse towards an isolated back room. The white-haired, model-like woman beckoned Ruza to follow—offering no help to the frail, brown-haired girl on the mend.

“Keep an eye on her, Pammy” Ms. Spectrum looked over towards her seated blonde partner, “You’re the only one I can leave this to.”

Pammy felt a thrum of confidence well up inside her throat.

That’s right.

She and Ms. Spectrum had a bond.

An irreplaceable bond.

Pammy had Ms. Spectrum’s back—and Ms. Spectrum had hers.

With that, Ms Spectrum continued out the door—clicking a button to dislodge the heavy metal portal keeping the warehouse base insulated from the salty, sea-spritzed air of the harbor.

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==========Rainbow==========

Reliance on the generosity of strangers was an enlightening thing.

Rainbow loved seeing how kind and caring the world could be—even to a complete outsider like herself.

She had nothing, no one—aside from Jewelia still comfortably residing in her belly—to call friend nor family. No home remained for the girl who had abandoned her unilaterally appointed duty.

In the middle of the evening, Rainbow lay seated upon a dated, frayed purple and white blanket donated from a kindly passerby—with her partly artificial toes gently exploring the soft grass and warm dirt in front of her.

It was her choice, after all—to live like this.

She saw what cruelty they had expected of her.

What big sis—what Spectrum—had told her to do...

“How’s the food?” Rainbow patted her belly and rummaged around for the soft indent of Jewelia’s head.

“Mhm! Ngn-reat!” The content voice of the pregnant security guard still inside her stomach hummed out between bites of the candy bars that Rainbow had swallowed whole for Jewelia to enjoy.

It was only by some miracle that Rainbow had managed to go on so long. Her energy was depleting fast—and while resting or maundering through the pleasant woods nearby kept her expenditures low—the little trinkets of food she received from begging could barely keep her sustained indefinitely.

Another set of joggers came up around the bend—cresting the large lake in the middle of Warnlocke Park. Three women all tightly packed into athletic-wear that accentuated their humble, if not jiggly curves. As two of the three passed right by Rainbow—positioned comfortably under the shade of a large tree on the fringe of the forest—the third and final runner glanced over as she continued to jog in place.

“All you alright young lady?” The jogger—only a young adult herself, took just a single look at Rainbow’s pitiable image and felt the need to intervene.

Rainbow’s garments—those she’d worn into The Cabinet’s complex—had been mostly dissolved by the black-haired bear of a woman who’d gobbled

her up. Ever since that unpleasant business of losing her clothes, Rainbow had a nasty itch centered on her upper back, but now, luckily, thanks to kind strangers, she had gotten a stained white t-shirt with a logo for *Impress*—an apparent pop-singer—written in cursive pink on it, and a pair of worn, sad jeans too wide for her hips. Both articles had been gifted from women enjoying the park with too much care and concern in their hearts to let the beautiful girl sit around naked for all to see.

With her youthful, vibrant face, her long, luscious coppery red-hair, and her gleaming green eyes, Rainbow presented like any young, teenage girl—or an extraordinarily attractive one at least. But between her disheveled, charity-provided attire and the massively round belly jutting out from her waist—it wasn't uncommon for strangers to think this girl was some poor, tragic figure—knocked up with a dozen or so babies and left on the side of the trail to fend for herself.

Trying to lean forward without upsetting Jewelia's dinnertime inside herself, Rainbow smiled with a warmth that outshone her bleak situation, "I'm fine ma'am—just enjoying this incredible weather!" The teen-looking perfect red-head stretched out her arms, pushed forward her huge tummy, and sparkled her eyes to rival the brightness of the sky.

Captured by the seemingly-heavily pregnant teen's beauty, the jogger stopped running in place and simply stared in admiration at the resilience shown in the face of such apparent misfortune.

Pacing over to Rainbow's side, the jogger unlatched an energy bar from the fanny pack tied tight to her fit waist and a small bottle of water, "Here—" She offered them down to the teen-looking girl without explanation.

"Thanks!" Rainbow happily took the offerings and placed them atop the upper ridge of her outcropping belly.

Letting her toes play around in the dirt some more, Rainbow continued her bright expression—shining back out to the world without a care curling down the corners of her lips.

"That's um...quite the bump you've got there." The jogger tried her best not to stare at Rainbow's massive middle—the image of a pregnant woman

larger than Rainbow herself with her legs curled up was only mostly noticeable.

“Isn’t it?!” Rainbow said smoothing her finger tips over the edges of her middle.

“H-how many are you carrying?” The jogger asked hesitantly, obviously torn between curiosity and the basic social decency to not pry into an expecting young girl’s business.

“One!” Rainbow smiled glibly as her stomach wobbled out on the blanket between her legs.

“Yikes…” With a roll of her eyes down the round sphere, the woman in the athletic wear accepted Rainbow’s response even as her imagination ran wild with a young teen carrying a baby daughter even bigger than herself.

“You’re very pretty!” Rainbow turned the conversation to her own attention as she looked up and down the mid-excercising woman, “You’ve done a great job keeping in shape!”

Encouragement from the teen-appearing coppery red-haired girl caught the young adult by surprise. The jogger blushed and turned her head down to avoid eye-contact, “I–er–my friends and I really like this path for our runs—will you be here again tomorrow?”

Looking far afield in either direction, Rainbow searched the three main fields and central lake of Warnlocke Park for a reason why she might leave, “Probably!”

“Cool.” The jogger turned away and started after her two fellow runners—who had stopped a little ways away to wait for their friend. “I’ll bring you some more food tomorrow Miss…”

“Rainbow!” The gleaming green eyes on the giant-bellied girl hollered back.

“Rainbow…” The jogger held the name for a moment between her lips, “See you then!” She waved goodbye and continued on along the path with her companions.

“Sh—gr, –ounded nice!” Jewelia sang up back through Rainbow’s throat—the sounds travelling directly into Rainbow’s ears.

“She was!” Rainbow swallowed the energy bar whole—sending it to become nourishment for her heavily pregnant passenger. Next she chugged the waterbottle, giving a tiny tap to her belly to let Jewelia know a waterfall of refreshment was incoming.

A part of Rainbow’s logic processors fought back against the gestures—she needed to eat some of that food herself. One by one she’d had to shut down auxiliary processes just to stay conscious—if she didn’t get some energy somehow soon, there’s no telling what would happen to her and her belly’s occupant.

“-ainbow?” More words passed upward as the perfect red-haired girl’s belly squirmed around to accommodate Jewelia’s receiving of the deposited gifts. “-ill I be able t-ngh go home so—?”

The attractive, coppery-red haired girl heard the question and for once today her smile started to wane. Rainbow still hadn’t figured out a way to release the woman inside her stomach—for some reason, such a function wasn’t available on any libraries she could access in her memory banks. Rainbow was already struggling to maintain basic operations—how could she possibly tell Jewelia she couldn’t get the pregnant lady her freedom back? Plus, they were still well away from Tornington, where Jewelia’s wife and two other daughters awaited her return.

Rainbow needed to take action.

Sister Quile had taught Rainbow to appreciate life and care for others—lessons that the otherwise emotionally barren laboratory where she came into being were scarce to show.

“Hey Jewelia?” Rainbow hummed down into her belly as she rolled the pregnant woman’s shape between her hands on the blanket, “Could you split the bar I sent down and push one half to the bottom of my tummy?”

There was a wordless nod and small crack as Jewelia obeyed. Next, a hand—squeezed tight in Rainbow’s taut belly dragged around the edge of

the teen's stomach lining and pushed the other half of the snack into the opening at the bottom beneath her butt.

Soon after, Rainbow felt the minimal gains course through her body as the bar was broken down and processed for use.

Slowly standing up, Rainbow leaned over to the side around her giant midsection and rolled up the blanket on the smooth, cool grass.

Reclaiming what other few belongings the homeless teen had been given from other benevolent souls, Rainbow slowly shuffled back into the woods towards the hovel she'd made in the underbrush for sleep.

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The quiet of the night was broken with the shuffling of leaves scratching around tree roots.

Rainbow felt Jewelia jolt awake even before her own sensors—put on deep standby mode to conserve energy—registered the disturbance.

Crying. Someone was crying.

Heavy panting and whimpering wails mixed with the sounds of bothered twigs and sticks as they were kicked around very close to Rainbow's hovel.

"-ainbow! ...hear, ngh that?!" Jewelia's voice was urgent—obviously perturbed by the break in the pregnant woman's beauty sleep all cozily bound up in Rainbow's insides.

As her eyes slowly gained their focus, Rainbow blinked herself awake as she peered through the darkness.

Switching to infrared, Rainbow searched through the void of endless night and tall standing trees.

At the edge of her sight, near the tree-line, Rainbow could make out what appeared to be the shape of a woman—haphazardly stumbling into the brush with a clear absence of direction.

“It’s a lady…” Rainbow whispered down into her tummy to inform her passenger.

Rainbow had always been a little on guard since she abandoned her post. Big sis—Spectrum’s—warning about the people who would come for her and prevent her from having a real family—one that cared for and protected one another—replayed annoyingly clear inside Rainbow’s head.

Preparing for the worst, Rainbow rose from her cover and made her way over to investigate.

If they had found her, and come to reclaim her, Rainbow would just have to tell them off.

She wouldn’t be going back to that nasty business—never again.

Stumbling a little—more from a lack of energy than lack of capabilities found within the perfect coppery-red haired girl’s body—Rainbow approached the figure causing a ruckus in the middle of the woods beneath the starlight.

As she got closer, Rainbow scanned the state of the woman in the dark—her breathing was irregular, her motions were wild, and her heartbeat…

That’s strange.

There were two of them.

Alternating between frequencies of sight, Rainbow could finally make out the crazed woman’s most distinguishing feature—much like herself, she had an enormous, round belly—although the seating of the spherical outcropping was a tad lower.

This woman was pregnant.

Very pregnant.

Her pregnancy’s size was a match for even Rainbow’s Jewelia-laden waist-bump.

Whatever baby this woman was carrying was not normal by any means.

“H-hello?” The woman’s manic thrashing collapsed to a point and she threw her attention towards Rainbow’s direction.

Rainbow had to play this carefully—she didn’t want to scare the poor creature—she’d obviously been through something truly horrible to be in such a state.

With a small wave of her hand as a greeting, Rainbow hurried ahead from the clearest direction she could find, “Oh my!” She called as she came close enough to take a good look at the pregnant woman staggering about in the dark.

The figure in front of Rainbow was gorgeous—a simple, homely kind of gorgeous. She had wide hazel eyes that were bright even under the canopy of trees blocking the stars, and golden curling hair in broken rolls around her shoulders. She had enormous breasts spilling out of a sheer green babydoll dress fanning over her huge middle. The woman’s puppies were larger than big sis’s decently sized rack and even outclassing that sweet gal Daisy’s chest from The Cabinet’s front desk.

Even as an itch of jealousy lined the bottom of Rainbow’s dainty bosom, she reached forward to the distraught, buxom creature, “Let me help you!” Her hands extended and brought the angelic beauty to the ground—stabililzing her as Rainbow caught a full glimpse of the blonde’s freckle-coated face.

“W-who are you?” The woman accepted help from Rainbow and let her immense caboose square up against the trunk of a large tree.

Fascinated with the heft upon this woman’s chest, Rainbow peaked down the woman’s cleavage—noting quite a few milk stains courtesy of her heavily impregnated condition.

Centering her gleaming green eyes back on the blonde’s face, Rainbow steadied Jewelia in her own stomach upon the forest floor. “I’m Spectrum Mk. II…” She offered, sensing something special about this lady and her circumstances. But then Rainbow bowed her head and offered a warm touch on the shoulder, “But you can call me Rainbow! Nice to meet you!”

Bafflement clearly written on the woman's face at such a strange naming, the blonde let an empty stare claim her face for a few moments. All she could do was reach back and hold Rainbow's hand firm.

"Rainbow..." She muttered back, as a semblance of calm returned to her shaking gaze, "What a purty name for a girl..." She looked down as if she'd just lost something important

"Thanks!" Rainbow returned, unsure what tone to deploy other than excitedly agreeable. "And this is Jewelia!" Rainbow lovingly rubbed the dipped-down belly hanging off her normally narrow waist.

"O-oh!" The startled woman sitting against the tree-trunk followed Rainbow's gesture and looked intrigued at the tiny framed, coppery-red haired girl's belly rounding out to almost twice as big as the rest of her body.

"This is..." With a convivial turn, the blonde woman mimicked Rainbow and ran her fingers along her own engorged middle. "Pa—"

But just as the name took form, a pair of shouts in the distance broke the solace the blonde woman had found.

"PURITY!" A boisterous call reverberated through the trees.

The blonde woman cowered inward at the name and pulled down on Rainbow's pop-star t-shirt. "P-please don't make no noise..." She put a finger to her lips as her hazel eyes became desperate.

Out from the longing darkness of the trees, Rainbow and the heavily pregnant blonde could make out one of the main trails of the park—a few overhand lamps remained on, intermittently lighting the length of pavement.

A stampede of women in black suits came into view, lining along the side of the walkway.

Trailing behind, then spearheading the convoy, a tall, stately woman with a deep crimson, inverted symmetric bowl cut of hair turned at attention. "Find her!" She practically yelled at the row of suited women standing

before her. Her arms flew out in a great, wide wingspan, “Search every block—bring my love home!”

Without need for further instruction, the well-trained, evenly stanced platoon of suited women all dispersed in different directions. Only two remained at the tall, crimson-haired woman’s side.

“PURITY!” She roared again—shaking the very skies above Abrington Bay.

The figure then dropped her shoulders—an immediate faltering of her imposing aura left the tall woman looking surprisingly vulnerable.

“We’ll find her.” One of the black-suited guards stepped up beside the large, sagging woman.

“I—it wasn’t supposed to happen this way…” The large woman shooed away the comfort from her escort and moaned beneath her breath, “Purity…” She mumbled as she righted her posture with a pair of firmly, bundled fists.

As her head sat back straight and any loose lines of her symmetric bowl of crimson hair were put in place, she turned to the remaining two women, “Search here—I will go to the places she cherishes most.”

With that, the tall figure flew across the ground faster than any of her host of black-suited companions, disappearing into the far reaches of the park.

“Oh, Minny…” The small voice of the pregnant blonde broke the seal of silence between herself and Rainbow.

Turning back, Rainbow sank down her own belly sporting Jewelia’s pregnant form to compress slightly into the hiding woman’s tum.

“Are they looking for you?” Rainbow asked quietly—experiencing a modicum of relief about her own on-the-run situation.

Without a word, the heavily pregnant woman nodded vigorously. Then she started to pant again, her chest rose high out the top of her babydoll dress as her cleavage bounced and tightened.

Suddenly a wave shot its way across the blonde's body—her shoulders stretched back and her hands dug into the knotted roots below.

"What's wrong?" Rainbow moved in closer as the blonde's face twisted in pain.

"I-I think...ngh!" Her legs twitched and her over-stuffed womb started to vibrate. She turned her face into the curls of her hair and bit any strands she could find. "It's—it's..." She tried to stay quiet despite the pain.

Rainbow knelt down and rubbed the woman's tummy, "Shh...there there, it'll be alright..." She soothed the upset, fully grown daughter inside the blonde's middle.

The excitement passed and the blonde turned down to look at Rainbow, "I'm...I'm havin' contractions—"

With a quick scan, Rainbow scoured the implanted repository of knowledge about The Whole and the women in encompassed—contractions could only mean one thing.

This pregnant, golden blonde belle was about to have her baby.

—----------

"Breath." Rainbow's offered hand was crushed tighter and tighter.

Huddled close by the blonde's side, the perfect teen could not bear to leave this stray, pregnant lady alone as she prepared to bring her daughter into the world.

"Nnnrrn!" The woman's lips parted and bent in uncomfortable angles as another contraction swept across her body.

The pair had remained close for long into the night. Rainbow continually peaked her head out of the small dip in the ground where they had shuffled away from the edge of the woods.

Still in view, the long coppery-red haired girl could see through a maze of a few dozen trees out to the park and the lighted paths by the water.

“Are them ladies still here?” The blonde woman whimpered between bouts of tension rising through her giant belly sporting her fully-grown daughter about to be born.

Searching far, Rainbow could see the slight reflective hint of white undershirts from the black-suited women over by a community picnic area.

“Yes, but they are far away—you’ve got this!” Rainbow enthused as tried to free the blonde’s mind from any external threats.

Even having never seen the miracle of childbirth directly, Rainbow understood the enormity of what was about to happen—a new life was coming. Something beautiful and mysterious and unknown.

Granted, Rainbow knew very little about why this woman’s daughter seemed to already be fully grown and adult-sized—tossing and turning inside her motherly oven.

But it didn’t matter.

Right now, Rainbow needed to help keep this pretty woman calm.

“Do you have any special places? Anywhere close to your heart?” Rainbow asked, hoping to get the blonde picturing any situation other than the one she was currently in.

But the question upended the blonde’s mood as her face distorted, “I—our home, in the tall buildin’...with my beautiful girls...” Then tears poured out the bottoms of her eyes and her panting switched to quick huffs, “But they’re—they’ve—all—been...” A great flood released and the blonde’s shaking turned to agonizing trembles.

“Shhh...it’s alright...” Rainbow soothed the woman accompanied by some muffled hushes from Jewelia inside her own belly to add to the effort.

“Not there.” Rainbow bade the blonde forget whatever terrible landscape held her mind, “Tell me about somewhere else—a place you were happy.”

At that, the blonde woman brought Rainbow's hands both far into the deep fissure of her heavy breasts, "I—" She hiccuped once and blinked a few more tears down her cheeks, "The golden sea...grains out on Momma's field. Ran's been workin' hard. We're sitting down ta' dinner, Chassy's makin' a fuss and Charity's got back early from her big-town job."

The description seemed to do the job. More and more as the blonde woman spoke, her shaking stopped and her body relaxed.

"Great job—just like that..." Rainbow gently pulled her fingers from the big-boobed pregnant lady's breasts and helped her straighten out her pelvis.

"Ngnn—a...anotha' one..." A vibration, much better handled this time, passed over the blonde's giant belly.

"I think you're just about ready." Rainbow nodded towards the woman sitting in a ditch in the middle of the woods, "Think you can push?"

Clenching her bottom lip, the blonde woman furiously nodded her head. A small haze coated her eyes and she looked around confused, "-Minny? Where are ya?" Her face flushed as her body strained her mind.

"Just me—Rainbow—I'm here for you." Rainbow again gave her hand back to the vice-like grip yanked deep into soft, doughy boobage.

"She-she's!" With a heightened pitch the blonde woman shook hard with her huge wobbly tummy doing the same.

"Keep it up! You're almost there!" Rainbow noted with one last parting look over their shoulders—ensuring the black-suited figures were far out of earshot.

With a piercing scream the blonde flexed her entire body as one, all powerful maternal muscle—pushing hard to bring her love made manifest into the world.

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"Amazing." Rainbow leaned behind the blonde mommy.

Wrapped up tight in the woman's arms, the fully-grown daughter was shivering and looking for warmth against her mother's bosom.

Perfectly healthy and safe, both the blonde woman and her newly-born daughter were hugging together tighter than any affection Rainbow had ever seen.

The blonde woman wiped away the messy mane of long hair on her daughter's head—a stunning mix of golden blonde and crimson red alternating in patches across her scalp. "Come here, my baby–" With a singular desire, the woman undressed her left breast and fed her nipple immediately into her daughter's mouth.

Even with her eyes remaining closed and no words known yet to speak, the fully-grown daughter easily picked up on the invitation.

Hungrily suckling, the red and blonde haired girl drank from her mother's tit—sending both her hands to squeeze the giant udder and drain as much nectar as she could possibly extract.

"She's got a big appetite." Rainbow teased playfully as she took one of her spare donated sweaters and wrapped it around the fully-grown, naked girl's shoulders.

"Just like her ma!" The blonde woman giggled as she nursed and cradled the life she'd brought into the world.

Even though she was only just born, the blonde's daughter looked nothing like any newborn pictures Rainbow could find in her memory.

This girl was tall—larger than both her own mother and Rainbow each. In addition to her multi-colored hair, she had deep hazel eyes like her mother and attractive, concave dimples on each cheek. Her body was incredibly developed with a tight figure and huge breasts only a few sizes shy of her mother's. She had a plump enough heine and very long legs with full columns of smooth porcelain for thighs.

Her appearance reminded Rainbow of her big sister—Spectrum.

Down below in particular, was a detail reminiscent of the perfect blonde.

Snug between the newly-born woman's legs was an enormous member—dancing between engorged and deflated. It was as thick as Rainbow's calf and just a mite shorter than her entire arm. Beneath the mighty pole were two fully dropped balls—each bigger than two fists put together.

The blonde woman said nothing in protest as her daughter continued to drink her boobies dry and her thick, heavy penis danced along the slowly shrinking outer edge of her tummy.

Rainbow wanted to leave the pair alone—to enjoy this exceptional moment together as mother and daughter met for the first time—but the perfect teen still had a job to do.

Back over her shoulder, the flashlights and bright undershirts of the blonde women's pursuers drew near.

"Miss, I don't want to worry you—but you must remain quiet. Understood?" Rainbow urged the mother not to get carried away in her well-deserved excitement at successfully delivering her new daughter.

Nodding firmly and following Rainbow's direction, the pair watched as the black-suited pair drew close to their hiding place.

Perfectly still and silent, the hiding women waited as flashlights skipped over top their heads and rested on distant trees far past their cover.

Suddenly there was the sound of footsteps.

Full, heavy plodding of old, worn shoes on pavement.

The pair of flashlight beams directed at Rainbow and her ward zipped away—back towards the park.

Tracking their motion, Rainbow searched the distance for what was drawing away the black-suited women's attention.

Far off down the trails, a pair of figures emerged—two women in full exercise apparel, tight, hip-cinching yoga pants and thick, extra support sports bras. Both had earthy tones in their design with one wearing a taupe ensemble and the other an olive one.

As the pair came closer, Rainbow could tell the pair were out for some light jogging— “light” especially considering their incredibly slow pace.

Both women tramped along, barely making any progress as their torsos pivoted forward and they each looked on the verge of collapse.

Jutting out on their long exposed midriff’s the two joggers were each carrying their own pregnancy—however these were much more normal in shape and size.

The woman with the olive-colored outfit had a decently sized bump—about as far out along as her forearm, and had a smaller set of knockers bound up top in her bra. While the other in the taupe top and bottom had massive jugs with excessing revealing cleavage, but only a small little outcropping on her belly.

As the two tortuously slow joggers came up upon the edge of the woods, the two black-suited women turned all their attention to the new figures in the park so late at night.

Rainbow heightened her hearing as the quartet met and became engaged.

“Hello there.” One of the well-dressed women waved down the pair of pregnant joggers.

“Ah hello!” The olive-suited one stopped first, while the taupe-clothed woman had too much residual momentum in her massive twins to halt on command.

“Would you two ladies mind if we ask some questions?” The other black-suited woman turned off her flashlight and placed herself a few steps away from the pair.

“Sure!” The olive-suited pregnant lady invited conversation while the other one wagged her finger in the air—too out of breath to respond immediately.

“S-s-sorry, but we really shouldn’t—ooph—talk to strangers—it’s quite late.” The taupe-wearing woman managed as she lifted up her heavy twins to unfold the crinkle forming at the bottom of her over-worked sports bra.

“Please, ladies, we’ve lost someone rather important—it’ll only be a moment.” The first guard answered quickly.

After a pause, the two pregnant joggers looked at each other—the olive suited women's eyes earnestly and the taupe one’s relenting. “Fine.” The least receptive woman replied.

“Have either of you fine ladies seen a blonde woman? Long, golden curls with a very large erm—” The second guard started some questions but paused as she tilted her shade-wearing face towards the baby bumps on the two joggers.

“Bun in the oven?!” The olive-wearing girl giggled happily at the mention and framed her own tummy, “I love my bump—it goes so well with everything I own!”

“It’s not an accessory, ya know—” The second, taupe sportswear-wearing woman rolled her eyes.

“Hey!” The olive-dressed lady lightly tapped the side of her friend’s immense bust, “I know that—let a girl have some fun!” She pouted innocuously. “But no, you two are the first we’ve seen on our nightly outing."

The two black-suited women looked at each other and one made a quick flick of notes on her phone.

“Have either of you heard any unusual noises or spotted patches of woods that looked recently disturbed?” The first well-dressed woman swung her head over toward the treeline then back to the water of the lake nearby, “Heard any splashing? Things like that?”

“Who’d go swimming at a time like this?” The taupe-wearing woman ridiculed the very question as the olive-wearing pregnant woman moved over to grope her hands across her running partner’s backside.

“We should! We could go skinny dipping—no one’s here at night, after all!” Then the olive-dressed woman turned her attention to the two uptight women in suits, “You two wouldn’t sneak a peek at us if we were naked, would you?” She coyly wagged her big tummy down in the air between the four women.

“N-no! Of course not!” The first black-suited guard straightened out her jacket over top her chest as she blushed—sucking in her own bosom so as not to show any excess skin.

“Please, if you both could just answer our questions—this is rather important.” The second-suited woman was not nearly as bashful compared to the first as she stood her ground in the face of the seductive belly-wagging.

“Well at least we know who the fun one is~” The pregnant woman in the tight olive yoga pants and sports bra put her hands on her hips and switched her stance onto a single leg disapprovingly.

The less heavily pregnant woman wearing a taupe set of athletic wear put her hands on her lower back to support the strained weight from her heavy chest-puppies. “Who are you even looking for anyways?” She asked.

But the two suited women flinched in their expressions. They slowly turned their faces towards one-another, then the first, more bashful woman spoke into a wired-piece in the wrist of her jacket. “Hey boss—I’ve got two civvies here asking questions…”

There was a long pause as the two pregnant joggers continued to stretch—enjyoing the break from their obviously futile evening workout.

“Mhmm…yep…understoond.” The first woman lowered the cuff of her shirt and clicked her earpiece in place. She then nodded to the second black-suited figure.

All at once the pair of well-dressed ladies jumped upon the joggers.

The first, bashful woman’s mouth quickly snapped out across the olive-dressed flirt and locked her in place.

A pair of yelps hollered out through the mostly-empty park—one from the woman whose head was now shoved down someone's throat, and the other from her bustier friend as she watched it happen.

With adroit placement and skill, the black-suited guard heaved the entire body of the olive-wearing jogger into the air above her own head—the massive pregnant belly wobbling chaotically the whole way up.

Back in the woods, Rainbow felt the blonde woman behind her tug on her shirt, "N-no–" She cried quietly as she watched her fellow young mother get yoinked right off the ground.

With a pair of swallows, the first suited woman quickly gobbled up the tinier breasts on the olive-wearing jogger. Her pair of perky mounds did little to stop their overall descent downwards.

On the other edge of the trail, the taupe-wearing pregnant woman with the giant tits had started to run away—fleeing in sheer terror as her friend was lifted up and gradually fed downward into another woman's mouth.

But the second black-suited woman easily overcame her—as her running was terribly inefficient with such heavy fun-bags slowing her down.

Tackling the second jogger, the black-suited woman knocked both herself and her target to the ground.

Quickly claiming the full-chested pregnant woman's feet, the second black-suited woman stuffed her own cheeks as she ripped off the ladies' cheap pair of running shoes.

"No-NO! What's happening? What are you doing?!" The second jogger screamed with all her might as she tried to crawl away on the soft grass—dragging her udders and thick cleavage against the ground as she made her escape.

But any effort from such a top-stacked, busty pregnant babe couldn't outmatch the trained elitism of the suited woman's approach.

Taking hold of both her calves—the second searcher in the night countered her food's efforts, pulling back twice as hard for every crawl forward.

Back on the trail, the first, bashful guard was just about finished stretching her entire lips around the massive, round pregnancy on the olive-dressed jogger. Squeezing tight from both sides, the woman massaged the big belly into a more palatable shape until the whole thing popped down into her mouth.

With a few effortful tugs from deep inside her throat, the first black-suited woman easily packed away the small-chested jogger into her stomach—a weak pair of legs flailing about as the final things hanging off her chin.

Unbuckling her nice trousers and untucking her shirt, the first woman made room for her gut to jut outward—housing now an entire pregnant woman with a forearm-diameter baby bump.

Clearly on display as her most prominent feature—the olive-dressed woman cried around her own belly and wormed around inside her new fleshy prison, but could find no purchase in her efforts to climb back out the way she came.

Strolling over beside her partner, the first black-suited woman watched neutrally as the buttocks of the taupe yoga pants descended behind another pair of lips.

"P-please! Please! Don't do this!" The heavy chested woman in the taupe sports bra wriggled over to claw at the woman standing casually off to the side with a belly full of her friend. "I didn't mean to ask—I didn't mean to!" She begged deeply as her own belly bump slid behind eager lips.

Pivoting upward, the second suited woman whose mouth was still full, swung the heavy chest of her meal into the air and returned to standing. Situated right out the tips of her lips, the taupe-wearing pregnant woman only had her enormous set of twins block her own trip downward into a stranger's gullet. The advance went on temporary hold, as the suited woman struggled to overcome the full pair, "F-finally these heavy things were useful–" The taupe-wearing woman celebrated the pause.

Yanking down in reply, the second guard tore off the woman's sports bra—much to the relief of the taupe-wearing jogger's full girls as they could now breathe.

The woman released an "Eep!" as she immediately returned to being swallowed whole. Any satisfaction of freedom for her chest only lasted a moment as two hungry cheeks each slurped down either full boob inside them.

Puffed out on either side, the last images of the full-chested woman's face wrapped in terror and utter confusion disappeared behind a quick snap of lips.

Matching her partner's efficiency in making room for their food, the second black-suited woman also undid her buckle and untucked her pants as her own midsection ballooned out with the shape of the second jogger stuck inside.

As a tiny burp accentuated the second woman's final gulps, the pair of suited women looked once around the clearing of the park.

"We should probably look over there next." The first woman pointed down the pathway to the second open field of the park.

Smacking her belly to stifle any resistance, the second woman assented, "Yeah sounds good—hey did you catch that new anchor they've got on half-city news?"

Rubbing her own belly over the heavily impregnated bump on her snack, the first woman's eyes lit up in acknowledgement, "Oh yea! She's a looker!"

"I know! Even tried getting that same sexy top she wears for my wife..." The second ignored the horrible cries belting out from the pair of overfed stomachs hanging loose on their waists.

Walking away towards their next destination, the first suited woman started to push inward on her belly—accelerating a bout of strong trembling pulses wrapping around the image of her food. "Really? Did she like it?"

“Nah, says its too skimpy to wear in public.” The second woman—considerably faster in her own stomachs' efforts already had the image of the busty jogger starting to smooth over as intense, violent fits of denial and refusal rocked her bulging stomach.

“Ooph, sounds like time for a new wife then.” The first woman chuckled under her breath as she struggled to calm the olive-suited pregnant woman inside her—making it frustratingly difficult to simply digest and enjoy her evening snack.

“Tell me about it...” The second woman’s stomach had just about finished preparations and gradually began finishing up the taupe-wearing buxom lass. Within moments the belly formerly containing an entire pregnant jogger–eager to maintain her health even with a pair of milk-juggs each bigger than her own head—melted down into fat on a stranger’s thighs.

As the distance between them grew—Rainbow watched intently as the pair of black-suited women steered away from their hiding spot—a diversion that came at the expense of two young, fertile women in their prime.

Whimpering from the blonde woman continued incessantly, “T-this is a nightmare—”

Rainbow turned back to see the blonde woman holding her daughter even tighter in her arms.

“This—this is all my fault—those sweet women—” Reeling from the events they’d witnessed, the blonde woman in dire straits. Her eyes started to volley around the world as if threats to her and her daughter lay waiting in every direction.

“This isn't your fault—” Rainbow tried to placate the distraught young mother, but she too felt the sting of loss at seeing those attractive, maternal women get packed away so mercilessly.

“No!” The blonde raised her head—a certain resolution clear behind her normally wavering eyes.

She looked down, and gently unlatched her daughter from her breast.

There was the briefest of fits from the golden and crimson haired girl, but otherwise she settled and took to napping against her mother's shrunken belly.

"Rainbow." The blonde woman looked firmly at the picture perfect, coppery-red haired teen. "Please'n...would ya do somethin' for me?"

"Of course, anything—" Rainbow returned to one knee—letting her massive belly nest into the leaves and stray twigs on the ground.

"I—I need ya ta—" The woman paused, as though the words themselves hurt to speak, "Ya—ya gotta take my daughter."

"What?!" Rainbow shirked back, deeply confused at the request.

"She—she can't go home with me. Minny—and mah sis...they'll...she just can't come back..." The blonde woman scrunched up her face, making the rustic painting of freckles dotting her face change shape from charming to serious.

"But I can't—" Rainbow immediately refused—she was barely able to take care of herself, let alone the entire pregnant woman residing inside her belly. A newly born girl—fully grown or not—would be too much.

"Her name is Patience." The blonde woman transferred the soundly sleeping girl off her own lap and over to the ground in front of Rainbow's belly and offered an affectionate pat on her head. "Tell 'er...tell 'er..." She started to cry but quickly held back the tears. "Tell her you found her abandoned—she has no ma, no home to seek out..." Her words died as the soul inside the blonde woman shriveled beneath the weight of her command.

Rainbow sat wordless, unable to reply to such preposterous instruction.

"Please—t-there's ain't nobody else nearby, and you—you were so kind—kind to a complete stranger like me..." The blonde woman found her footing on the forest floor and started to leave behind the trio of homeless women.

Compelled to pause and bending back down, the blonde made one last return to kiss her daughter's forehead, "Your ma loves you...so much..." She spoke the words as soft as a secret.

"But if you love her, why are you—why would you abandon her?!" Rainbow accused back—a strange and familiar fire erupting inside herself.

"Please, jus' please..." With a final sniffle and a wipe of her trailing tears, the blonde woman barreled back out of the forest, "I'M HERE! MINNY, I'M RIGH' HERE!" She squawked out into the clearing as she waved her arms recklessly and charged over to where the two black suited women had gone.

Dumbfounded, Rainbow sat—staring after the thick, curvy bits of the blonde in her custom green babydoll dress. The woman's tummy was back to taut and lean already and her gigantic melon-like breasts had shrunk a tad after her daughter's excessive first and last sips of mother's milk.

It didn't take long for a flock of black-suited women to crowd around the blonde—quickly escorting her out of the park and far from Rainbow's sight.

How...

How could she do that?

An anger welled inside Rainbow. The normally happy-go-lucky perfect teen had been betrayed before—but to see this innocent, more perfect-than-perfect young girl be left behind...

Rainbow shuffled her belly to the side and tilted the golden and crimson-haired girl's head up onto her lap.

"I won't abandon you—not like she did." Rainbow felt the words slip out—stemming more from spite than kindness.

And that hurt.

Rainbow wanted to love life and let life love back.

Why did all these cruel things happen?

Crawling up the edge of her belly, the newly born, fully grown girl located Jewelia's motherly breasts bound up in her bulbous belly and started to suckle around the edges.

"You really do have an appetite." Rainbow giggled as Jewelia fended off the unexpected attack on her stomach-wrapped nipples.

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==========SPECTRUM==========

It was morning by the time Spectrum returned from her next mission.

Empty-bellied and haggard, the perfect woman lunged through the metal door to the warehouse as it screeched open.

"Ms. Spectrum!" Pammy sat at her desk and flung her arms wide in celebration of the return—knocking her drinking mug dangerously close to spilling yet again. The stout blonde had stayed up all night counseling the perfect woman remotely and had thick black bags under her eyes.

"Where's Ruza?" Spectrum's thoughts cycled off the workload she'd just run through and moved over to the empty couch.

"She's still in the room with the—" Pammy replied shuffling uncomfortably as the perfect blonde raised her voice.

"Still? I told you to keep an eye on her!" Spectrum spat the words.

"But I was—I was—" Pammy stumbled over herself as she looked towards the monitors—untold amounts of research and work went into her job helping Spectrum navigate the complex machinations that they were tasked with.

Waving back the sentiment, Spectrum shook her head vigorously. She wasn't feeling like herself. Something was wrong.

Each step was heavy.

Her mind was muddled.

She hated being called “Specs.” Every time Ruza used that nickname it sent her processors reeling.

Only Saphiria could call her that.

“I need to find her, which door was it?” Spectrum tripped forward over the couch with Ruza’s blankets piled high.

Her legs weren’t working properly.

Why was the couch always in the way?

“Ms. Spectrum…” Pammy answered with a downward trending tone—a confused, nearly condescending spiral, “You saw them go in—it’s that one, remember?” She pointed to a door far in the back.

The sixteen small holes with orange lights glowing through Spectrum’s black sweater dress were nearly faded.

But Spectrum couldn’t stop.

She’d failed them. Saphiria. Rainbow. She was going to fail Ruza too—she knew she would.

“Please, Ms. Spectrum—I insist!” Pammy hopped off her seat and moved to the black box in the middle of the room.

“NO!” Spectrum shouted back, “I need to check on her now!”

Pammy’s face went slack—like she’d just been slapped in the face. The sturdy blonde woman and her big grey sweater backed away and shut her mouth—lowering her eyes to the ground.

What was she doing? Spectrum wasn’t feeling right. She—she never raised her voice before, especially not to Pammy.

As Spectrum stepped to the back, her stiletto heel caught a stray crack of concrete in the warehouse and her hip jut out the side painfully.

Everything was going hazy—her eyes couldn't focus anymore. Ambient audio input was still coming through, but Spectrum's ears struggled to process any of it.

As her hand reached the door, Spectrum grabbed hold of the handle with more power than anticipated. Wrenching it backward she pulled the top hinge off the frame and whipped the wooden sheet back.

Inside the room was a single bright light hovering over the middle of a desk.

The white-haired woman sat alone with her legs crossed and her arms folded beneath her full, yet not excessive bust. Her neutral eyes turned to address Spectrum's unannounced incursion.

"Ah. We just finished up." The Server stood from her seat and politely pushed in her chair—making almost no noise even as its metal legs scraped against the unyielding concrete below.

In a practiced two-step, the white haired woman paced evenly over to Spectrum's side and brushed by, turning her eyes only a moment to note the dimming orange lights emitting from Spectrum's back.

"Ruzaaaa?" Spectrum spoke the name but felt it simmer too long across her tongue.

Then all the feeling in her mouth ceased.

Where was Ruza? She'd gone into the room alone with the Server. Had she already come back out?

Spectrum stepped into the middle of the room—the perfect blonde woman leaned much too far to one side as her sense of balance gave way. Collapsing partly down onto the table, she put maximum energy into her failing scanners.

Droplets.

Colliding with concrete.

Something was dripping nearby.

Spectrum swerved her head to the side—honing in on the darkened corner of the room that sourced the sound.

Standing upright at the expense of her hearing, Spectrum flung herself over to the tiny back corner of the poorly lit room.

There she was.

Ruza.

Huddled in the corner—her arms wrapped over her head with the handcuffed briefcase still in place.

She was crying silently—like a child too scared to upset their parents with the sound of their tears.

“RrrrRuza?” Spectrum croaked down to the frightened creature.

Jerked at attention, Ruza’s eyes turned rabid looking back up at Spectrum—like a wild animal’s at wit’s end.

“G-g-get away!” Ruza’s whole body was pale and her face stained with streaks running down her cheeks.

“Iiiits me. Speccccccs” Spectrum scorned that nickname even as she said it.

What had happened? Ruza was normally so friendly and warm.

“Leave me alone!!” Ruza retreated even further into the corner-covering her head in protection. “You! You’re all monsters!” She decried as her limbs quaked and her lips deformed in disgust.

Monster?

No.

Spectrum was not a monster.

The perfect blonde woman stumbled closer towards Ruza.

“Please! Take me back! I’ll do anything! Take me back to Matron Ranntae!” Ruza rubbed her forearms together where her previous captors had hurt her. “Any place but here!” She sobbed back into a fetal-like position on the hard floor.

Her long brown hair that had begun to shine again was dulled—and any clarity found in Ruza’s eyes was now stained redder than it had been when Spectrum first rescued her.

“Nnnno!” Spectrum wanted to console the woman, but her arm shot forward with more strength than expected, pinning the woman’s wrist to the wall behind her.

“No! Let me GO! No!” Ruza screeched as her former savior pressed forward even more—molding their bodies together close, imprisoning Ruza in a ball in the corner.

All attempts at control over her actions failed in tragic succession. Spectrum’s body was an instrument of precision and power—but with no energy remaining, that perfect body betrayed her.

“Reserves depleted.” A voice separate from Spectrum’s own carried forth from the perfect blonde woman’s mouth, “Reserves depleted. Risk of damage to proprietary technologies. Reserves depleted.”

“Wha—?” Ruza was temporarily pulled from her frightful antics by the strange, unfamiliar voice chiming in repetition.

“Failsafe initiated. Decision-making nodules arrested. Updated contingency protocol active. Seeking alternate fuel source—” Spectrum’s eyes glowed bright and wide as her body moved on its own. “Detected.”

Ruza, buried heavy beneath the weight of the perfect blonde woman’s bustline, tried to throw her arms up in defense. But Spectrum moved fast in janky, mechanical motions.

Snatching up both of Ruza’s arms, Spectrum opened her mouth wide and inserted the brunette’s hands inward.

“W-what are you doing?” Ruza’s tears were supplanted by confused horror as her arms disappeared behind the blonde woman’s lips and down the back of her throat. She could feel a powerful suction drawing her inward behind the blonde’s full, luscious lips. “Specs-stop! SPECS, PLEASE!” She screamed throughout the warehouse.

What was this?

Spectrum’s mind fragmented.

This was her.

But also not her.

Saphiria? Why was Saphiria here?

No. Saphiria was gone.

Who was?

Ruza’s face came into clear view just in time before Spectrum shoved her head into her mouth.

“MFFMS!” Ruza turned berserk—any calm remaining inside shattered—she kicked the wall repeatedly behind her as the suitcase attached to her arm came up to Spectrum’s lips—hooking out of the left corner.

No.

Stop.

She…she didn’t want to do this.

This wasn’t who Spectrum was supposed to be.

But inside, Spectrum knew the truth. A deep hunger awaited—she needed to eat. She needed to swallow Ruza whole and melt her cute body into fuel.

The yearning escalated and Spectrum's body switched back, grabbing at Ruza's still-frail thighs and hoisting her into the air. In one smooth gulp, Spectrum could get all the energy she needed.

One moment to let go and this would all be over.

"MS. SPECTRUM!!!" A battle cry came from behind.

Loud enough to fritz her audio sensors, Spectrum's automated self paused in surprise.

With a hearty tackle, a small, unassuming platinum blonde woman with a booty wider than her seat cushion butt-slammed into Spectrum's back.

While the effort was genuine, no amount of mustered strength from Pammy could possibly disrupt the immaculate woman's feast. The giant plump booty rebounded off with barely a dent in Spectrum's stance.

Indefatigable, Spectrum swallowed once more and took in Ruza's full and tender bosom down her gullet.

"Stop it! Stop it now, Ms. Spectrum! That's Ruza!!" Pammy resorted to vain tugs on the bottom of Spectrum's black sweater dress—trying with all her might to save the woman they had rescued just a few days prior from a similarly gruesome fate.

As Ruza's face traveled down Spectrum's esophagus, the brunette's equally shocked and saddened gasped out in indistinguishable moans as her worst fears came true.

"Just—ngh! STOP!" Another failed push and pull sprung Pammy back and forth with her face colliding directly into Spectrum's curvy, padded tushy. As the recoil knocked Pammy to the ground, her eyes flung upward to watch the horror. Her impotent might could not save Ruza from her fate.

This was it. Ruza's boobies popped into Spectrum's mouth and the bottom-heavy handler sat on the cement ground of the warehouse, spectating her partner's gluttony in action. This was the cost of their dangerous work—of engaging with a being like Spectrum. Women of all

shapes and sizes—curvy, short, sexy—girls who were nasty and guilty, and those who were innocent...

...They were all just food to be packed away on the ideal blonde woman.

Next the suitcase—the true object of their employer's attention—began to slip past Spectrum's lips as well—all that work they had done was going to be for naught...

"Wait!" Pammy jumped up off her own butt as she yelped more to herself than the vicious happening in front of her.

Running faster than the computer aficionado had ever run before, Pammy made back out of the room on her barely function, drap flats and exited the scene.

In a moment she returned—a taut cable in her hand with a band around the edge and an orange glow thrumming inside.

Pammy leapt back by Spectrum's side—using one hand to grapple hold of what little remained of Ruza hanging out from the front of the perfect blonde's lips, and used her other hand to fasten the band around Spectrum's forearm.

The ring clasped down in an immediate snap and a shudder passed up along Spectrum's arm and into her torso—shaking the image of Ruza as it approached the blonde's belly.

"Connection confirmed." A great paralysis gripped Spectrum's body, as though both the living and artificial pieces of the incredible specimen had turned to stone. The flavorless voice echoed out from Spectrum's frame once again, "Contingency protocol deactivated. Decision-making nodules liberated."

Pammy stepped away from the statue of Spectrum with their friend's butt hanging from her maw.

The unearthly bright light that had possessed Spectrum's eyes receded, and in its place a spark of humanity returned.

Blinking once then swerving her eyes around in all directions, Spectrum's senses all came back online at once.

Where was she? Why couldn't she speak?

Spectrum looked down to see the familiar skirt of Ruza flapping just shy of her gums.

"NGNH!" Spectrum lurched forward and commanded her throat to convulse—squeezing back out the torso of the woman she was in the middle of eating.

In a painfully slow slither, Ruza' thin stomach, and perky boobs—finally jostled free from the top of her cleavage—reappeared into the cold, damp ill-lit room.

Without a moment for celebration, Pammy lunged forward to assist—dragging as much of Ruza free as she could possibly manage as Spectrum released her catch.

In a grand wet pop, Ruza's face came free from her potentially final place of bondage and the broken woman's body crashed down into Pammy's arms. The short blonde dragged Ruza as far away from her partner as she could.

Shivering and mortified, Ruza quickly cowered into whatever warmth Pammy's unimpressive chest could offer and bawled in the direction furthest from the perfect woman's shadow.

"Shh..." Pammy stroked the brunette's matted hair as she furnished a sickened look of disapproval at Spectrum, "You're alright, sweety—you're safe." She hummed in an off-key pitch in attempts to sooth the near-eaten woman.

Back in total control of her perfect body, Spectrum stared over the shapes of the next two people she had failed.

It wasn't just Ruza, but Pammy as well.

That look.

Pammy's face.

She'd never trust Spectrum again.

Why should she?

Spectrum didn't deserve anyone's trust.

Holding tight the band that restored her sanity, Spectrum turned and zoomed out of the room.

She couldn't be there.

She couldn't be near them.

Spectrum was exactly what they had all said she was:

A monster.

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==========RAINBOW==========

Morning came and Rainbow had not moved.

With the newly-born, fully grown and developed Patience sleeping soundly on her lap, the perfect redhead teen was too nervous to make any sudden motions.

Luckily Jewlia, being shuffled over to the side to clear room for Patience, had gotten used to sleeping inside Rainbow's belly, and had a rather peaceful night.

Rainbow didn't need sleep, exactly—but powering down over night had been a great way to conserve what miniscule stores of energy she had remaining.

Watching with a delicate fascination, Rainbow studied every gentle rise of Patience's full, unblemished chest. The girl's body was astonishing—and

every little breath she released in her slumber jiggled her head-sized, fully developed twins considerably.

Crimson and gold-blonde strands of hair pooled out and across Rainbow's lap, and the colors started to shimmer with morning's light sneaking through the tree canopy above.

As the rays roved down to warm and tickle Patience's cherub, resting expression, her long lashes flickered awake.

Born with a smile and since-maintaining it, Patience looked up at her pillow's owner and broadened her mother's hazel eyes in gratitude.

Rainbow held her breath, tempted to squeal at the overwhelming cuteness—but too considerate to startle the sweet, innocent newborn.

After a few moments of weightless glee, the open look on Patience's darling face soured. The extra-curvy woman born last night darted her attention around the forest—searching for something she needed that was nowhere in sight.

Sprinkles of salty water floated out of the corners of Patience's eyes and she turned back expectantly to Rainbow.

"I—I don't—" The perfect teen had no experience with child-rearing. While the theory of it all was sufficiently installed onto her memory—none of that prepared her to act on it.

Slowly, the frowning dimpled face of Patience started to whine—quietly at first then gradually getting louder.

Rainbow suddenly felt very self-aware. They were still in the middle of the woods, yes, but the park was just a skip away.

After the events last night, all the scary dark-suited women seemed to have made their exit—but this was still a public space. Very soon, the early rising women of Abrington Bay would be out in force to enjoy the small, green solace Warnlocke park offered in the middle of the largest, sprawling metropolitan half-city of The Whole.

As if summoned by the tears of the young, Jewelia, the expecting mother who had already carried two daughters on her fertile hips, awoke and nudged the top of Rainbow's belly.

"-s she alright?" The devoured security guard called out to check on the newest member of the strange ensemble of women camping in the middle of the woods.

"She—she's crying, what do I do?" Rainbow desperately hushed her concerns down into the blonde woman she had gulped down in a single bite not too many days ago.

"H–nngh–old her tight! Make her feel, erh—safe!" Jewelia's motherly instincts kicked in and she contorted herself around inside Rainbow's belly—trying to get closer to the source of the soft cries.

Rainbow reached down and roped her arms underneath Patience's shoulders, lightly dragging the poor girl across the ground and lifting her boobies to sit atop her giant, woman-stuffed belly.

Patience grunted and resisted lightly at the touch and motion—but could do little to resist the surprising strength packed into Rainbow's much smaller form.

Squishing her own small boobies against Patience's much nicer and larger ones, Rainbow hugged the crimson and blonde haired girl close, "See? All better now...right?" She tried to sound confident, but Patience's unease only seemed to grow greater as the coppery-red haired teen held her tighter.

Soon the busty newborn's crying escalated to shrieking, her body contorted unnaturally with no sense of self-preservation. Down below, the heavy dick Patience had been blessed with from birth raged between flaccid and a full hard-on—smacking into the side of Rainbow's gut with surprising force.

"It's only making it worse!" Rainbow gripped tighter to keep Patience from flying backward onto the leaf-coated forest floor, as she pleaded the woman stuck in her stomach for aid.

"Be gentle! -e gentle!" Partly missing words urged Rainbow on from within her guts.

But gentleness was not one of Rainbow's strong suits—instead, the coppery red-haired girl yanked even further and rocketed the curvy, tearful Patience upward to rest near-completely atop her large, spherical stomach.

Kicking and screaming, Patience drummed on the orb hosting Jewelia—knocking the poor pregnant blonde security guard around inside.

"You've got...! To—! Comfort...-er!" Jewelia practically shouted back out the instruction as she covered her own swollen middle from Patience's random assault.

Then a stray hand of Patience's struck a soft, squishy mound jutting out from Rainbow's tummy. A fast glimpse of intelligence shone out her hazel eyes and she dove down after the lump. Once again, Patience had located one of Jewelia's heavy expecting breasts and sucked on its imprint over Rainbow's taut tummy.

"She—she needs milk!" Rainbow watched the energetic creature settle almost immediately after finding her goal. The perfect teen quietly celebrated the end to the cacophony of tantrum-induced noises echoing across the park.

But the earned reprieve died shortly after.

Realizing that her attempts at extracting milk from Jewelia's blocked booby went unrewarded, Patience once again wore a look of endless agitation.

"-ou've got to...-end her to me!" Jewelia called out from within Rainbow's stomach, sensing another episode of apoplexy about to break after Patience was denied not once, but twice her daily dose of mommy-boob.

"What?!" Rainbow tried bringing Patience back close to the inner side of her rounded belly, but the newborn woman was sliding back away as she gained familiarity with the use of her arms and legs.

"Send her insid—, I can take care of —!" Two full-cupped breasts pressed out against the top side of Rainbow's belly—Jewelia's attempt to explain what she was offering visually.

Rainbow looked back across the large stretch of field beyond the treeline—there was no physical way she could hide and keep quiet a hungry, cold, mother-deprived babe like Patience.

She didn't like the idea—especially considering she still had no means of getting anyone back out—but Rainbow knew something had to be done.

Gently holding tight of Patience's ankles, Rainbow slowly drew the newborn creature back around to the close-end of her outstretched gut resting on the ground.

"This is the right call, I know it is..." Rainbow muttered once to herself as her processors did one last check for any alternate solutions.

Coming up empty, Rainbow popped Patience's feet into her mouth.

The sudden cool sensation prodding Patience's toes temporarily quelled the fully-grown, busty newborn's antics. With a curious look, Patience twirled atop Rainbow's tummy and stared back as her calves next disappeared behind the perfect redhead's lips.

Giggling a little, Patience's focus sharpened as her features adopted even more sophisticated expressions—first concern, which then reshaped itself into pleasure. The gold and crimson haired girl's face became pink and her dimples switched in and out as her breathing became spotty.

Ahead of her face, Rainbow watched as Patience's giant pole slowly engorged itself and steadied to full-mast, no longer vacillating between hard and soft, but definitively deciding on arousal.

Compelled to touch the giant, calf-thick and forearm long cock sprouting from her crotch, Patience started stroking herself as her full thighs sank deeper behind Rainbow's lips.

For her part, Rainbow rather enjoyed swallowing Patience.

Girls tasted delicious—not that she'd ever even think about making a habit out of it, obviously. But if it were possible, Rainbow wouldn't mind keeping a few cuties inside her tummy to travel with and see the world together.

Allowing her pleasure sensors to peak and opening up the avenue towards her already-burdened stomach, Rainbow helped Patience masturbate for the first time as her tongue darted up to wrap around the thick cock's base.

Unfortunately, Patience's stamina was impressively vast for being a first-timer in the realm of sexual experiences, and Rainbow had to slurp down the imposing member as it folded back to lay flush against the large girl's flat belly.

Not at all disheartened by the break in her self-pleasure, Patience next found the joys of kneading her heavy tits—fondling herself and plucking gently at her own erect nipples as Rainbow's mouth passed over her dicks' tip.

For as large as her breasts were, Patience's head-sized boobies were no match to Rainbow's capacity for gobbling up girls in a single bite, and so too did the crimson and golden haired girls breasts plop into place behind Rainbow's mouth.

Excited at the ever-tightening throat throbbed along the length of her heavy cock and danced around her perky breasts, Patience's cute face vanished with a smile on it as her entire body was easily eaten by the perfect teen.

Accommodating two women each larger than herself was no mean feat—having to physically relocate her own gut away from her torso, Rainbow, along with Jewelia massaging from the inside, tried to make room as Patience became the second occupant of the already over-crowded gut.

"Uuhh..." Rainbow's mind was in a tizzy—not only was she overflowing from positive feedback loops playing as her stomach compressed and expanded to afford room for her two passengers, but her limit detectors were on high alert as her nominal capacity had been well surpassed.

Tuning down the ringing in her brain, Rainbow flipped her attention down to the wrestling match occurring inside her giant belly rolling atop the soft, green ground.

"Wow—you're quite a bi—girl!" Jewelia's reaction to the newborn Patience outscaling her own large, impregnated size was apparent.

But then as the two women entwined themselves even tighter inside Rainbow's tummy, Jewelia's voice sounded saucier and less motherly, "...a really-ngh BIG girl, huh?" She said as the imprint of Patience's cock against Rainbow's belly seemed to grow even larger now that it was cramped into such a tight space.

Concerned for her two guests' comfort, Rainbow called out to Jewelia, "Are you two going to be okay?"

Delicately swatting away some playful advances, Jewelia sang back up her consumer's throat, "We'll be erp–fine, just some—o don't do—!!"

The pregnant security guard's words were cut off abruptly.

Any shapes associated with Jewelia—her round pregnant belly included—seemed to pivot atop themselves.

Climbing to the top of Rainbow's huge belly, Patience was claiming the high spot between the two women.

"N-o, no-t, ngh –in!" Jewelia's words were further muffled as her face was pressed down into the lower regions of Rainbow's tummy.

"W-what's happening?" Rainbow shouted at her own midsection, trying to discern both visually and with the tactile sensors lining her stomach.

"-She's just very, eager, is all—" Jewelia reclaimed the space to speak as her round baby bump was lowered to the bottom and her hips pulled back up, "-No dear, you can't—!"

Patience, having risen atop her new tummy-mate, was slowly adjusting herself to mount the pregnant security guard from above. In a rather unexpected bout of sexual fury, the well-endowed and busty girl disrobed the jeans covering Jewelia's booty and exposed her full buttocks inside Rainbow's stomach.

"Stop it, Patience! No!' Rainbow tried to mother the untamed girl, but could do little to intervene from the outside.

“It’s—kay, don’t scold...ergh, she’s pent up!” Jewelia, in infinite understanding, settled the concern as Patience yanked down the pregnant security guard’s panties and aligned her new-favorite body part with the blonde’s full, child-bearing hips. “Al—ight dear, you can ha– me, just take it slo—!!”

In a single thrust that tugged Rainbow up off her own keister, Patience plunged her calf-thick cock all the way inside Jewelia’s pussy.

“MHMM!” Jewelia tried to cover her own moans, but failed as the excitable young girl with the body of a sex icon feverishly pumped in and out of her tight, soft lower lips.

Not yet aware of the effects her impressive member had on other women, Patience pounded away at the married security guard—quickly numbing her brain to the influence of any other dicks that had claimed her throughout her life.

Around the cusp of Rainbow’s globular middle, both of Jewelia’s tits and her large, drooping belly all bulged out—nuzzled by the perfect teen’s accommodating stomach lining—reshaping itself to suit the horny Patience’s needs and giving elastic returns to each of the young stud’s thrusts.

But as the carnal bout played inside her stomach, Rainbow felt a curse of lethargy upon her entire body. One by one her systems started to smear out—either turning off completely or becoming so dull she could no longer detect their functions.

Rainbow knew what was coming.

Her body was shutting off, and soon she would need to find food.

She perused the happy contents of her stomach, banging away like there was no tomorrow.

Sister Quile had informed the coppery red-haired girl with the gleaming green eyes of one of her most intimate overrides—if her body thought there was a risk of total energy reserves depleting, she would digest these two wonderful souls inside herself for fuel.

Another round of thrusts from Patience as the young girl's bucking intensified. Her two fist-sized balls each slapped hard into Jewelia's plump, maternal thighs as they prepared volumes of genetic material for their first ever ejaculation.

Still lost in rapture, Jewelia's moaning had been drowned out by hot panting warming the inner bound of Rainbow's tummy—the pregnant security guard had run out of air to waste on sounds due to the intense pounding into her soaked baby-maker.

Rainbow had to do it. She needed to shut herself down before her restorative protocols kicked in.

But she would need to shut down completely. All systems.

She may never be able to turn herself back on again.

The words she had spoken to her big sister...to Spectrum...before their final parting—all came tumbling back into her mind.

Patience jerked in place and slammed her pelvis into Jewelia's booty. The gold and crimson haired girl squeezed hard on the curvy bend of the pregnant woman's hips—holding her in place as her cock made itself way completely inside a warm, willing womb.

With a great release, Patience came hard. Flooding Jewelia's belly completely and binding the young mother in ecstasy. Burst after burst entered inside and the security guards' already rounded bump expanded outward. Twice in size and then triple, Patience thoroughly and completely cum-inflated Jewelia's oven with her own reproductive seed.

In addition to the product of the love between Jewelia and her wife back home, the blonde security guard's womb had no choice but to accept the incredible sperm being given her—she was knocked up twice more, with two more of her eggs released and subsequently fertilized as her single pregnancy upgraded to triplets.

After overpowering and twice impregnating her already spoken-for partner, Patience's fervor subsided. Feeling the completeness of her breeding, she

slowly withdrew her member—leaving behind parting orgasms in Jewelia's body to ricochet between her brain and lower holes.

Up front, the pregnant woman's knockers had been pressed so tightly against Rainbow's stomach that her milk started to leak down to the bottom.

In a pool, mixing with Jewelia's milk, any aftershocks of cum spurting from the tip of Patience's newly wetted dick dripped to the bottom of Rainbow's twice-stuffed belly.

This was it, Rainbow had held out as long as she could.

Deep down, the perfect teen wished to herself and to The Whole.

"Whatever comes next, please let them stay safe." She prayed as Rainbow started the shut down initiatives.

First her arms drooped to the side devoid of life and then her legs stopped responding. Rainbow felt whatever heartbeat she had slow and her senses left her in the dark.

All that remained was the perfect redhead's play at a conscience. The bundle of Rainbow that formed her morals and motivations continued to loop somewhere in the fraction of her brain that had power.

Once she shut that off, it would be over.

Once she shut that off, Jewelia and Patience would be safe.

Dialing it down, the perfect teen began her self-sacrifice.

But just as she was to complete the deed, a message displayed in her mind's eye. "Alternative fuel source acquired. Process?"

Without the capacity for higher-level thinking, Rainbow's curiosity peaked.

"Yes." The barely functioning, synthetic girl answered.

A small hold-out of energy shifted to Rainbow's bowels.

It was there.

The milk and cum—mixing together in a frothy white soup.

Rainbow's body could extract energy from the blend—from the very materials that made up the lust between her two belly-occupants.

Humming to life, Rainbow's lower tummy got to work, slowly draining the funnel of jizz and juice as more was supplied from Jewelia's heavy tits and Patience's hulking cock.

Power restored to Rainbow's mind.

She could think again.

See again.

Her arms returned to her as her legs obeyed her command.

She felt...great...

Better than she had since the mission with her sister.

Without cause to worry her two companions, Rainbow silently thanked Jewelia and Patience for their contributions.

Inside, Patience—now completely spent after knocking up a hot, blonde mother with her first ejaculation—had turned to cradling Jewelia's thigh and passively nibbling on one of Jewelia's free nipples.

With the love and forgiveness only a parent could carry, Jewelia let her partner drink from her spring and held Patience close—singing an unheard lullaby as the well-hung, busty newborn woman wandered back to sleep.

Rainbow started to rise off the ground.

She could feel the strength expand throughout her body.

While the fast-dwindling supply of spunk and milk wasn't enough to completely restore Rainbow's banks, it was definitely enough to give her a day's worth of cautious exertion.

If she wasn't motivated before, she was now. Rainbow had to find a way to free her stomach's passengers. Jewelia and now Patience both counted on her to do so.

Heaving upward, Rainbow helped lift her gigantic gut into the air with her hands. The task was much easier than expected. Running on more than mere scraps of power made a huge difference for the small-framed perfect teenager.

Trudging back out of the woods to greet the morning, Rainbow returned to the park with an optimistic smile and glow in her gleaming green eyes.

Something good was going to happen today.

She just knew it.

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Not long after Rainbow had returned to the open, outer world beyond the treeline, she was greeted by a familiar face.

The jogger from the day before was standing there—the one who had given her a snack bar and bottle of water.

But next to her was...

"Sister Quile!" Rainbow leapt from one foot to another—juggling her enormous gut with the nursing Jewelia and sleeping Patience inside as delicately as she could.

"Rainbow, it's really you!" Quile dropped a hand from her forehead to block the obscuring lines of morning sunlight from her vision.

Rainbow loved sister Quile. Back in the lab, she was the only one who was nice to her. All the other women would just poke and prod—but Quile talked. She talked and teased and played. Quile was mother and sister and

friend to Rainbow despite the surpassingly strange circumstances under which the perfect teen had come into this world.

“You look different!” Rainbow teased, noting that Quile was no longer wearing her lab coat and had her hair down. As she was, the small, decently amply-curved lab assistant was dressed like any other woman roaming The Whole. While her distinguishing big, round glasses and subtle overbite were unmistakably hers, it was strange to see the squirrel-like woman not in her usual white garb.

“So do you!” Quile giggled as her eyes met the bulge of two women hanging off Rainbow’s dainty waist.

But then, just as soon as her face had turned joyful, Quile’s expression darkened. She turned to the jogger and thanked her profusely—shaking her hand and politely asking her to leave.

With a parting look of concern, but accepting the cordial greeting they exchanged, the jogger left Rainbow and Quile alone together in the open field of green.

“Rainbow—what happened? Why did you abandon your post?” Quile moved in close, strafing around the big wobbly belly spilling out onto the soft grass below.

“I couldn’t do it, sister Quile. That wasn’t the life I wanted.” Rainbow said directly without pause or regret.

An understanding and sympathetic grin grew on Quile’s quirky face. The short woman, standing only a tad smaller than Rainbow, wrapped her arms up and around the coppery red-haired girl's neck and pressed her plump boobies into the sides of her arms, “Of course, Rainbow—I should have known. That never was who you were meant to be.”

“But, sister Quile—how did you find me?” Rainbow returned the embrace as best she could considering the weight on her middle.

“There’s no time for that. Rainbow—you and...” Her eyes drifted down to the images of two women blissfully coiled around each other in Rainbow’s stomach, “...and them...are in grave danger.”

“Oh no!” Rainbow replied with a genuinely accepting response. The perfect teen did not have the character to use sarcasm in her positivity-drenched attitude. “What should I do?”

“It’s my fault—all my fault.” Quile took a hand behind the perfect teen’s shoulder and kindly nudged her along over back to the edge of the woods. “This mess...we need to get you away. Far away.”

“Sister Quile?” Rainbow allowed herself to be guided as the pair navigated the border of the forest towards the entrance to the park.

Quile remained silent for some time, her eyes struggling to look forward behind her large, round glasses.

Finally the pair approached the entrance and a large, black van was waiting by the sidewalk. “Rainbow—you didn’t deserve any of this...” Quile shakily stepped off the grass and onto the pavement.

Rainbow looked between her friend and the van in front of her, “What’s going on, sister Quile?” She pressed again for answers where her literal life-long friend provided none.

“This car will take you somewhere. Somewhere far from Abrington Bay. You cannot know exactly the location...but there is someone who should be able to keep you safe—she’ll let you live a peaceful, quiet life away from all of this.” Quile threw her trained, expert hand out across Abrington Bay, as though the entire half-city were a plague to escape.

The door to the van opened and a singular, large back seat occupied the middle—offering plenty of room for Rainbow’s belly-companions as well.

Taking her friend’s hand, Rainbow loaded herself into the vehicle and looked ahead as a quiet, stolid woman with a wrap entirely around her face sat at the front.

Quile clenched the door handle and ensured Rainbow was situated and buckled as best as she could be with a gut as large as hers. Jewelia’s now triple pregnancy in particular was difficult to insert, but some teamwork managed to fit her imprint behind the driver’s seat.

“Take this—” Quile pulled a small, obsidian rectangular prism of stone from a computer bag slung over her shoulder. Along one side of the oddly shaped rock there was a small screen affixed to the stone by four firmly bonded rods.

“What is?” Rainbow started to question the gift as Spectrum’s parting warning played again in her memory.

“You must keep this safe, Rainbow. Do you hear me?” Quile adopted her more instructional voice—speaking plain and clear before she awaited a response.

“Mhm…” Rainbow nodded as she placed the strangely shaped device atop her humongous, protruding belly.

“If anyone gets that. They could—” Quile shuffled the words from the air, “Never mind, just keep it hidden and secret.”

With a nod, Rainbow confirmed the instruction and watched as Quile went to close the door. “What about you, sister Quile? Aren’t you coming too?”

“I’ll be right behind you, Rainbow—I just need to help your sisters first.” Quile shut the door tight and thumped the side of the van twice—encouraging it to drive away, “Good luck, my friend—” Quile offered the well-wishes even as the black vehicle sped out of sight early in the morning.

Inside the vehicle, Rainbow looked back and waved goodbye—riddled with both joy and grief at the joint reunion and separation from her bosom friend.

But then Rainbow’s mind turned Quile’s words atop one-another, trying to understand what was happening and where she was being taken.

One word—plural and not singular—stood out most, however. Rainbow spoke it aloud as she attempted to understand, “Sisters?”

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==========QUILE==========

“You buffoon! You ignoramus!” Words caked in vitriol and curses huffed through the screen. “You simpering, insidious troglodyte!”

Quile faced the fury of invectives as she had before. It was nothing new to the well-meaning assistant working under a woman like Polymath Neekly.

“Why? After all this time? You looked up to me! You idolized me! And yet you betray me?!” Polymath Neekly’s disbelief at the dysfunction of her clandestine operation nearly caused her gangly, scratchy form to shrivel up upon itself.

It hadn’t taken long for Quile to get captured. For as deeply as she knew the systems she worked beneath, her employer’s resources and means were too vast to be outsmarted by a single recently graduated woman with the connections of a poorly socialized school-girl.

“Because we were wrong, Neekly!” Quile got a pleasant kick out of not addressing her mentor by her full title.

Polymath Neekly shrank back behind the monitor—clearly unseated by the disrespect shown by her one and only assistant.

“How dare you insinuate that I, Polymath Neekly—greatest mind of The Whole and beyond—could be WRONG!” Neekly slapped her monitor’s screen as a proxy for Quile’s shoulder.

Quile looked around the laboratory. Here she was. Where it all had started. The straps used to bind Spectrum Mk. I as they worked and reworked her to perfection were now acting as prison keeping Quile in place.

The lab was nearly a blank slate—white walls, white ceilings, and absolutely no windows. Most of their operations had been moved to other locales with a slightly enhanced budget courtesy of their program’s success. But beside the stray, no longer utilized gadgets and gizmos, Quile was alone—tied to an inclined slab of metal bolted to a central depression in the room.

She needed to get free. Quile’s work was not yet finished. Next she needed to send her attention towards Spectrum—her first wayward creation. The

poor woman had been at the whims of Polymath Neekly and their employer for far too long.

“Stop struggling, you ungrateful cur!” Polymath Neekly watched as Quile again attempted to loosen her bindings. “What am I to do with such a disobedient little fiend like you?”

Quile sent her snarkiest look back through her round glasses towards the screen at the top of the room.

It was surprisingly fun being so rebellious—all this time, all of Quile’s stored animosity at Polymath Neekly’s abuses flowed out effortlessly.

A small ring came through the monitor.

With a look of apprehension, Polymath Neekly claimed an appearance of total control, “Ah just as I expected–” As her voice trembled and her finger moved to answer an incoming call.

Blood-red lips filled the second monitor in the room—a visage Quile remembered direly well.

“You have an update, Neekly?” The blood lips curled and spoke words dragging sharp teeth behind them.

“Y-yes, er, ahem!” Polymath Neekly straightened herself out, looking as authoritative as possible behind her own monitor. “Yes—I’ve caught my renegade assistant, the whelp thought herself a confidant to my inventions. But I-”

“And the asset?” The blood lips broke Neekly’s posturing with ease.

Stuttering, Neekly answered, “Still missing, but we’re searching—”

“Find her! NOW!” A bellow so deep and raw poured from the screen that Quile’s heart skipped a beat and as the room got hotter and smaller. “And dispose of this one—I’ve no time for incompetence.”

With that, the second screen went dark and the voice and blood-red lips disappeared.

Polymath Neekly remained on the first monitor—her face looking more drawn and sickly than usual. She said nothing but looked down over a device that rested on her lap out of view on the screen.

Quile felt her heartbeat return to normal—even as her situation looked grimmer by the moment.

“Disposed of” was not exactly the best phrasing to hear as she remained captured and held against her will. With a renewed motivation, Quile started again to work the bindings on her wrists and ankles—she could get them off if she found the right angle...she had designed this whole room herself, after all.

“Why?” Polymath Neekly’s voice called out from the monitor more human than Quile had ever heard it before. “Why’d you do this?”

Quile stopped her struggling for a moment. If there was ever a time to get it through the Polymath’s thick skull the error of their ways, it was now. “Don’t you see it? Look at the data!” Quile threw her head around in all directions, “Our work hasn’t produced just bodies of circuits and joints and flesh—these are women! Real, breathing women!” Quile felt the words she’d wanted to say for a long time rapidly dry out her throat, “They have hopes and desires and pains all their own!”

With a hearty yank, Quile managed to loosen her left hand’s binding, sending a wave of freedom to toss her small, curvy frame jiggling atop the slanted slab of metal.

“I don’t even know if we ‘made’ them anymore! Maybe their souls were always there and we just gave them a platform!” Quile continued, pouring what would be her life’s work summed into a simple thesis of doubt and misunderstanding.

Polymath Neekly listened, but soon resumed her usual toothy, angry, superior look. “You spout nonsense, child—science is lost on you...” She spat out in disapproval the unbacked claims of a raving mentee.

With a slow lowering finger, Neekly pressed a button somewhere out of sight and turned away from the screen, “You were an adequate assistant to my genius.” She offered before the room went completely dark.

The lights in the room shut off. Audio from the two monitors broke cleanly and left an unsettling, paranoid silence behind.

Even with minimal sight, Quile continued to unhook her fastenings—just one more and her upper body would be free.

A long metallic clang rang out from the only entrance to the lab.

“Hello?” Quile called, suspecting Polymath Neekly had come to give her another bout of smacks in disapproval of her disobedience.

But no words replied back.

Slow steps entered the lab. They were even spaced and far apart—the kind that accompanied a long-legged lady with poise and purpose.

“Who’s there?” Quile called again as the second latch on her arm came free.

A dark form materialized before her—arriving faster than the sounding steps would have predicted.

Quile looked up as her body folded forward and her decently large breasts loosened in her tight-fitted bra.

“P-Prism?” The ex-lab assistant made out the image of their third and final masterpiece.

A tall lady. An elegant lady. A perfect lady.

The figure in front of Quile had on black high heeled pumps and stockings that crossed up her long, svelte calves and thighs. Wearing a single-piece sultry, black sheer corset revealing much more of her body than decency allowed, the woman’s hips were full and her buttocks tight. Her breasts were proportionate and perky, with her nipples covered by a slightly denser square of fabric. Her eyes were white-brown with glittery specks inside—they were set in thick mascara and framed by profuse eye-shadow.

With hair as cold and black as wrought iron falling straight down just shy of her bust. She had lips of dark rose red and her teeth pearly white behind.

“It is you! Prism! It’s me!” Quile happily greeted the perfect black-haired lady and reached out for assistance.

But the figure only looked down at the gesture in confusion.

“Don’t you remember me?” Quile pressed again, uncertain why the second woman she raised and taught about the world looked so distant.

But Prism said nothing, only perusing up and down Quile’s bound figure once and twice again.

Quile continued, hopeful with the perfect lady by her side she could escape “You’ve got to let me out—”

Prism grabbed Quile’s arms and spread her dark rose lips.

“WH–!?” Quile shook as her legs were relieved from their bindings by Prism’s incredible strength.

Without ceremony, Prism shoved Quile’s hands deep over her tongue and started to swallow.

Unable to voice a second complaint, Quile’s entire head and her large, round glasses were gobbled up out of sight.

It was so tight.

Quile was being compressed on all sides as pouring rivers of liquid were released to aid in her descent down.

With a solid smack, Prism palmed Quile’s heinie and pulled inward, folding almost the entirety of the short lab assistant upon herself and feeding her into her cheeks.

Only needing one gulp for the smaller busty scientist, Prism’s insides sucked hard around the edges of Quile’s body and sent her plummeting down her neck.

One massive bulge pushed out as Quile's form dropped and bottomed out in a sphere pressing out from the perfect lady's black corset.

Quile, stunned at being eaten so suddenly, scrambled to find her bearings and crawled around the cramped insides of her creation.

"Processing." Prism's hollow voice called out the empty lab.

"No-no wait!" Quile screamed in response to the command.

But the perfect black-haired woman took both hands and squeezed on the sides of her rounded gut.

Sloshing noises churned around inside the rounded belly and a fit of vibrations shook the tall lady's body.

All that Quile was—her young, aspiring mind, and decently fertile hot body began to disappear. In a few blinks the tummy smoothed over and any indication of Quile's presence inside was gone—reduced down in mere moments like the filling, curvaceous meal she was.

Holding her gut with the digested contents of her ex-friend, Prism saw to pumping the nutrients to more useful places across her form.

Primarily up top, Prism enhanced her own boobs by a size or two. "Additional storage capacity acquired." Her voice announced plainly.

She fondled herself beneath her lewd attire, inspecting to ensure Quile's plump, busty body had gone to an appropriately useful location.

"Correction, Ms. Quile." Prism spoke down into her enlarged boobies, "My name is not Prism. I am a machine. A tool." She paused to test the weight and sway on her bigger, better chest.

Then she turned to walk away—with her objective complete, she finished her declaration, "And my experimental designation is Spectrum Mk. III"