Unauthorized Expansion

By

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Lady Cynthia Hawthorne smiled to herself in satisfaction. Once again, she’d outshined everyone the moment she’d made her appearance. Every eye in the restaurant was on her as she strode confidently across the floor to her seat. Every man gaped at her with barely concealed lust while every woman brooded in silent envy. Even the silver-plated robot waiters seemed to regard her with something more than their usual dead-eyed stare.

“Cynthia!” Meribelle stood up from her seat and extended a hand as Lady Hawthorne approached.

The men at the table stood as well, though Cynthia noted with satisfaction that many of them held their napkins strategically at crotch level. They each bowed politely before recovering their seats.

“That dress is *scandalous!* Of course you’d look scandalous no matter what you were wearing,” Meribelle laughed “Don’t tell me you went ahead and did it?”

“I did, I did,” Cynthia smiled, doing a little twirl. She suppressed another self-satisfied smile at the gasps that escaped all over the room.

And why shouldn’t they gasp? Cynthia had her dress custom made to accentuate every one of her outrageous curves. From the tight waist that flared out over her broad, ample hips to the plunging neckline that dropped all the way to her navel, barely covering her melon-sized breasts and erect, enticing nipples, the dress was scientifically engineered to dazzle the eye and stimulate the imagination.

“I wish I could take credit for this amazing body, but really, Voluptimax deserves all the recognition,” Cythnia finished her twirl, her gargantuan boobs stopping a split second after the rest of her.

“It’s amazing, you can hardly tell they’re implants at all,” remarked Luanne, who found Cynthia’s newfound pneumatics a little less laudable than Meribelle did. No doubt in part because Luanne’s husband, Mark, hadn’t taken his eyes off Cynthia since the moment she’d walked in.

Cynthia ignored the jab and took her seat, deliberately coming down hard to provoke a bounce from her chest.

“Of course, they’re not really implants… Not in the traditional sense,” explained Cynthia, sniffing lightly “the doctors told me all about it. Something to do with nano… nano…”

Cynthia struggled to remember.

“Nanomachines,” offered Robert, who was a professor at Rumina’s Planetary University.

Meribelle spoke up “Those are the same things the terraforming committee uses to keep the water clean and such. They’re amazing when you learn about them. They can train those little buggers to do anything.”

“Well, not quite, individual nanobots can only perform simple tasks, it takes decades to develop a-”

“Of course the way Robert’s going on, you’d think he were the chair of nanotechnology, instead of an associate professor of physics,” Meribelle interrupted, shooting Robert a mischievous grin so that he knew it was all in fun.

Robert opened his mouth to object, but Cynthia wasn’t about to let the attention slip away from her for too long.

“They can do amazing things anyway,” she grinned “Anyway, they pumped me full of this nano-stuff, programmed in the parameters I specified and in just a few minutes, ‘poof!’ I had the body I always dreamed of!”

“Did it hurt?” asked Luanne, hopefully.

“Not a bit,” Cynthia sniffed again, wiping her nose on her finger before opening her purse to retrieve a handkerchief.

“I hope you’re not getting a cold,” said Luanne “It would be a shame if you had to miss the Governor’s fundraiser gala this Saturday.”

Meribelle looked concerned, but Cynthia smiled and waved away their worries from behind her handkerchief.

“No, it’s just allergies, I think. It only started up in the past few minutes,” she said.

At that moment, Luanne’s husband sniffed loudly.

“I think you may be right,” he agreed, too busy blowing his nose to notice his wife’s withering glare “Maybe there’s a window open somewhere letting in all the pollen.”

“When the waiter comes by I’ll aaahh…” Cynthia scrunched up her face, fighting the urge to sneeze “aaasssk aaAASCHOO!”

She lost the fight, the force of the sneeze spasming her body forward. The bounce of her bountiful bosom knocked over her water glass, spilling it across the table.

“Oh, I’m so sorry!” Cynthia exclaimed, her face flushing with embarrassment as everyone at her ned of the table leapt to their feet to avoid getting wet.

Maybe she *was* getting sick… her chest felt suddenly heavy, even heavier than it already did after the Voluptimax enhancement.

The gentlemen at the table got up to help clean up the mess cause by the spilled water glass (as well as get a closer look at Cynthia’s rack) while the robot waiter glided over to replace and refill Cynthia’s drink.

Everything was about to calm down when Cynthia gave a sudden huff of frustration.

“Chuh, the waiter was right here and I forgot to ask him about the window,” she said, turning in her seat to catch the waiter’s electric eye.

There was a sudden tink of glass against silverware and the muted clatter of ice on the carpet.

Cynthia looked back. When she’d turned to catch the waiter’s eye, her breasts has swept across her place and knocked her water glass over again.

“Heh, I guess these will take some getting used to,” she gave another embarrassed smile “They’re bigger than I thought…”

Luanne rolled her eyes and sniffed, her mood soured further now that she was suffering the same sudden allergy attack as her rival.

Meribelle leaned forward.

“They *do* seem bigger than before…” she observed.

“I’m sure it’s just an optical illusion,” said Robert, pushing his glasses up his nose to get a better look.

“Oh well, if they look even bigger than they are, I guess I got a great deal,” Cynthia shrugged, happily.

The shrugging motion provoked another clattering of silverware and Cynthia had to catch her empty wine glass before it fell off the table.

“I don’t think it’s an optical illusion…” said Meribelle, staring.

“Impossible,” said Robert, smugly as he turned to the rest of the table, now in full lecture mode.

“In order for her chest to actually be getting bigger, the nanomachines would have to be reproducing themselves somehow, and it’s illegal for commercial nanobots to…” Robert trailed off when he noticed his audience was too busy watching Cynthia prove him wrong.

Just like the rest of the table, Cynthia was frozen dumbstruck by the sudden growth of her chest, which had begun to swell up like a pair of water balloons. Conversations across the restaurant went silent as each table noticed what was happening.

Only Luanne wasn’t impressed.

“Please, it’s obvious she’s doing it on purpose to get your attention,” she chided.

“No, honestly…” Cynthia wasn’t sure whether to laugh or cry. This was so humiliating! But she had to admit the sensation was strangely pleasurable…

The scandalous dress she’d spent a small fortune on tore open at the shoulders and her burgeoning tits tumbled out. They were big enough to completely cover her plate and were now threatening to knock over the salt and pepper shakers in front of her. She was just inching herself back from the table when she felt the crack of splintering wood beneath her. Her chair legs had snapped!

Cynthia dropped heavily to the floor, her enormous rack coming down on top of her, bringing with it her plate and half her silverware.

“Wrrr mmrrr frrrrm!” Cytnhia whine, her cries muffled by her heavy tits as she struggling to get up.

All over the restaurant, people were getting to their feet and craning their necks to see what had happened.

The men at the table stood to help Cynthia up, but froze when they got near.

“Oh…”

“My…”

“Gawd…” Luanne grinned broadly, walking over to see what was taking so long.

It was obvious why Cynthia’s chair had broken; while everyone was so focused on her chest, nobody –including Cynthia- had noticed her ass had been swelling up as well!

Now Cynthia struggled into a sitting position as her thighs continued to thicken and jiggly fat continued to pour itself into her now-gargantuan ass.

“What’s going on?” Cynthia pleaded, heaving herself to her feet as best she could with the strained help of Robert and Mark.

There was a sudden, loud ripping sound and Cynthia blushed again. Her dress had finally given into the stress and split straight up the back, allowing Cynthia’s colossal badonkadonk to bounce free and continue to expand unimpeded. A moment later, her black lace panties, already stretched as thin as floss, also popped off and dropped to the ground.

There was a general disorder in the restaurant by now, as patrons alternatively fled from embarrassment or crowded around the spectacle, increasing Cynthia’s confusion and mounting panic.

“Don’t just stand there! Call emergency services!” Robert barked at a nearby waiter, whose circuits had locked while under the stress of the unprecedented situation.

“Someone help meeeeeee!” Cynthia squealed.

Robert and Mark’s arms started to buckle under Cynthia’s weight. She was still growing and showed no signs of slowing down. Just as they were about to give out, Cynthia’s breasts, now the size of boulders, finally touched the ground. They were firm enough to support her weight and she found herself able to stand (and breathe) a little easier.

Not that she appreciated it much. If she weren’t anchored to the spot, she would have run away in hysterics by now!

The only person not freaking out at that point was Luanne, who had given up on trying to look sympathetic and was now just laughing as Cynthia thrashed beneath the weight of her monstrous mammaries and brobdingnaggian behind.

They were still growing, and within a few minutes, they’d upset the table and knocked everything crashing to the ground. Her nipples popped out as big as traffic cones and Luanne gave into the sudden desire to give one a swift punch, just for fun.

“Ow!” Cynthia moaned, as much in pleasure as pain. The stimulation felt good and she felt a sudden pressure building up in her chest.

“Oaaaahhh, oooooahhhhh,” she moaned “Ohhhhh my Goooooood….”

“Don’t be such a baby,” Luanne laughed.

Cynthia’s nipples exploded with white foam and Luanne found herself suddenly drenched head to toe in milk.

Meribelle, who’d been frantically making calls on her cell phone since Cynthia had fallen out of her chair, broke into a fit of giggles at the sight and walked over to comfort her milk-soaked friend.

“What the fuck!?” Luanne cried “Oh my God! It’s in my mouth!”

“Oh, calm down!” said Meribelle “That’s what you get for laughing while your friend’s in trouble…”

“Oh, shut up,” Luanne slapped a milky hand across Meribelle’s mouth, prompting a hail of spitting.

“Yeah, see how you like it…” Luanne grinned.

Meribelle tackled her.

They thrashed together in the puddle of milk, pulling each other’s hair and cursing until the EMTs burst in and broke up the fight.

The scene was now one of total chaos. Tables and chairs overturned, hundreds of people pouring in off the street to see what was happening, EMTs trying to fight their way through the crowd and, in the middle of it all, poor Cynthia still screaming, her tiny torso dwarfed by the exaggerated pear shape of her ever-expanding butt and thighs, and nearly invisible behind a pair of breasts the size of cars.

The motion of the EMTs trying to move her set off another tidal wave of milk and the crowd recoiled as they were sprayed with gallons of foamy, white cream.

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“I think we’ve seen enough…” the chaotic image froze on the screen and General Allenby, the head of Rumina’s Planetary Security Department, turned to face the assembled council.

“Since this recording was brought to the Department’s attention, there have been eight more incidents like this all across the planet. One of them involving a moving vehicle, nearly resulting in a fatal accident,” said Allenby. He scratched the stubble on his chin and adjusted his uniform collar, which was slightly askew after a long night of data analysis.

One of the councilmen raised a hand “Were they all-”

“Yes, they were all Voluptimax customers,” Allenby nodded.

There was a general murmur as the councilmen conferred with one another.

A young woman, wearing the golden sash of a governor’s aide spoke up.

“So? Obviously Voluptimax is selling a defective product. Just slap them with a heavy fine and have them organize a recall…” she said, somewhat tersely “I don’t see the reason why you recommend…”

She flipped through the briefing notes on the table in front of her.

“Alerting the Interplanetary Emergency Bureau…”

A few of the other councilmen bobbed their heads in agreement and looked at Allenby.

Allenby took a deep breath and put on his most courteous smile.

“Miss Drosell, I appreciate your questioning attitude,” Allenby smiled, though the tone of his voice made it clear he meant anything but “However, there’s one question you’re forgetting to ask. The most important question, in fact…”

“Which is?..” Drosell steepled her fingers and looked smug.

“Maybe the chairman of the science committee can enlighten us,” offered Allenby, gesturing to a small man with slicked back hair and a cybernetic ear.

The science chairman nodded and cleared his throat.

“\*Ahem\*… where is the extra mass coming from?” he asked.

A few of the councilmen looked confused.

“I mean, her breasts are growing, all that weight has to come from somewhere…” the science chairman continued.

Allenby pounded his fist triumphantly on the table.

“Boom!” he exclaimed “Exactly! Where was she getting the extra mass?”

“And I suppose you’re about to tell us?” asked Drosell, sitting back and folding her arms across her chest.

“I am,” Allenby clicked a button on the remote in his hand and the screen changed, now displaying a microscope image of an atmosphere-conversion nanobot.

“As you all know, prior to human colonization Rumina’s atmosphere was toxic to Earthly life, and would be still, if it weren’t for the constant effort of the air scrubber nanomachines the original colonists dispersed as part of the terraforming process. Now there are trillions and trillions of these little buggers in our atmosphere. You probably inhaled a few thousand on your way here.”

A few councilmen looked down at their chests, as if trying to picture an x-ray image of their lungs.

“Somehow, the Voluptimax nanobots managed to attract the ambient nanite swarm and use it as fuel for their own expansion,” Allenby continued, switching the screen again to display a cartoon image of a woman. He hit another button and her chest started to expand. There was a subdued chuckling among the assembled council.

“You can see from the recording that the actual swarming began several minutes before the actual expansion took place.”

“That’s why everyone was sniffing?” asked a scrawny councilman with a face like a fish.

Allenby nodded “The air was thick with ‘em,”

“Alright, I understand, the nanites in her body started feeding on the nanties in the air… So why is this a matter of *interplanetary* security?” Drosell leaned forward again.

Only the chairman of the science committee seemed to be worried.

“Because it shouldn’t be possible!” he blurted out “If Voluptimax nanobots are capable of controlling and consuming other nanobots, then…”

“Then other nanobots might be capable of doing the same thing. It’s only a matter of time before someone figures out what happened and exploits this vulnerability to their own purposes, if they’re not already-”

Drosell raised her hand, General Allenby talked over her before she could speak.

“-and we’re not the only colony in this sector that uses atmosphere scrubber nanobots,” he said “If a customer carrying some of the tainted Voluptimax nanobots takes them to another planet, then they’re putting that planet at risk as well. Which means…?”

Allenby paused, leaving the floor open for Drosell to finish his sentence and rub his victory in her face. She didn’t rise to the bait, choosing to sit back and sulk instead.

The science chairman spoke up in her place.

“Which means this is a matter of interplanetary security,” he said.

“At the very least, we could be facing an epidemic of expansion incidents before Voluptimax can organize a recall, we’re going to need all the help we can get…” said Allenby.

There was another round of murmuring, louder this time, and growing in volume as the severity of the situation began to sink in to the assembled councilmen.

Allenby let them confer for a few minutes before waving them all into silence once more.

“Alright, all in favor of alerting the Interplanetary Emergency Bureau to our predicament and requesting Federation aid to deal with this potential crisis?”

The council raised a few faltering hands. A stern look from Allenby prompted a few more. He tallied up the votes in his head and was satisfied to see he had a majority.

“I’m glad most of you agree, because I’ve called them already,” said Allenby.

**To BE Continued…**