

Airbag Assist
(SamAiritan)

She had, in truth, forgotten about the experimental airbag she'd had implanted after that first crash. It had been so long ago, after all, and she'd moved on; a new job, a new place, new friends. New life.

The moment her anti-grav scooter got fouled up on the quiet walkway and she flew, face-first into what she was sure would involve a broken *something*, it was all she could do to close her eyes and pray.

Please God, not again.

Then, with a pneumatic fwoomp that sounded like an angel puffing out her cherubic cheeks in preparation for a clarion call, Miya inflated like a balloon.

It was not slow, nor gentle, all sudden bursts of air from every corner of her body. Her belly, ass, breasts- muscular thighs and meaty right arm too- every curve she had was suddenly flooded with gas! Miya's shriek of surprise became a strangled gasp as her body ballooned up around her face, squishing her cheeks and leaving her head in a cushioned divot of air-filled flesh.

She could feel herself bounce though, once then twice, then rolling- a briefly head-spinning sensation akin to what she imagined going through the spin cycle must feel like. A helpless, hapless yelp welled up inside, the panicked cry of a younger girl, but she forced it down- where it could boil off somewhere away from the woman she was now.

Rocking to a stop, she took a deep breath, tried not to imagine herself expanding even further with it, and took stock.

You're okay. You're safe.

“Internal airbag at forty percent capacity. No contusions, concussions, or other severe damage detected. One new scrape found, shallow, self-binding foam already enroute to affected area.”

That was the packaged AI, it lived primarily in her wristband computer, constantly monitoring her bodies’ systems and the airbag that she supposed she now was. A sting, then pleasing numbness, told her the foam had worked its’ magic, and she tried for calm.

It’s okay. You’re okay. Airbag did its job, and you’ll deflate.

Only, she didn’t. She waited, and waited, tried to twiddle her thumbs but found the one arm entirely immovable- and the other just as useless, mechanical joints trapped within a prison of inflated flesh.

“PAN, I’m not deflating. What gives?”

“Airbag system has not finished deploying. Maximum size must be reached before deflation can occur.”

Explains why this damn thing was experimental. And that was, what, fifteen years ago? Technology, even for human balloons, floats on I guess.

She corrected her internal voice, for lack of anything better to do- *cyborg balloon.*

She’d seen augmented folk with the classic inflatable tits, from relatively modest sizes all the way up to utterly ridiculous. She’d even toyed with the idea herself- but they’d not play well with her prototype, and safety was the priority.

‘Sides, if I wanted to attract folk with round air-filled objects, I’d just tell em to toss me at a wall and stand back. Yeah, that’s right- I’m artificial. What’s it to ya?’

Despite herself, she blushed at the mental image, her body ballooning out to crowd a room, light playing off inflated curves while throngs of admirers caressed and fondled her swells.

Wrenching her mind from fantasy back to the situation at hand, she asked for PAN again- and the charming little digital voice told her exactly what was needed to reach full inflation.

Miya sighed, made a mental note to call the manufacturers. It was gonna be a long afternoon.

She knew that this enormity was as much a prison as it was her salvation. It was safety without movement. Invincibility, without mobility.

But she would take it without hesitation over the alternative. Besides, upside-down as she was, not a lock of dark hair was in her eyes, and she had to admit she made a great air-mattress.

“Footfalls detected, perhaps they could be of-”

“Woah. Hey, inflated ball- cough or something if you’re alive.”

Miya swore, loudly, and the invisible speaker laughed. Miya decided she liked that laugh, the pleasant, full tones- on first blush, she pegged the speaker as a woman, but couldn’t be sure of gender or age.

“Alright, so you’re alive then- that’s good. This an intentional outcome then? I found your hov-scoot a little ways back up the path, a little banged up but it should be fine.”

More footsteps. “So where are you then? I assume this-” There was a poke into her inflated side that caused a shiver to run up Miya’s spine, “Is all you- but where’s your head?”

“You’ll, ahh, need to rotate me. I’m facing the ground- and it’s pretty boring.”

Some huffing, puffing, and muffled gasps Miya tried very hard to muffle later- and she beheld her good Samaritan.

Or at least, her Samaritans' enormous tits.

They were proud and full and round, seemingly acres of obviously inflated skin bulging from an outfit that was at once nightlife and nightgown in one. She tried to crane her neck, and found only more inflated flesh, but she couldn't just talk into those magnificent boobs- so she asked to be rotated a touch more.

"Given your color, I'd say you liked that free show. And given what I assume was a monumental crash, you earned it. Alina Sinnclair, lounge-singer and performer, and who might you be?"

"Thank you, thank you, thank you Alina! I'm Miya, and yes before you ask- it's all me in there, minus the internal airbag I suppose."

She related her predicament and how to deflate, to which Sinnclair offered an understanding smile that had Miya swooning for those plump lips.

"I don't typically do this for free, and only for that one fella..." Miya barely had time to register that before the dominatrix diva drew back her arm and swung a fist into her ballooned body. She grunted with surprise and pleasure, though there was little pain, she felt the blow and its effects immediately.

Her body began to swell once more with a pneumatic hiss, hyper-compressed air releasing in spurts throughout her globular form. She could see herself rounding, spreading, feel more of herself touching more of the walkway below her. Sinnclair smiled, stepping back to allow her room to grow- but in that moment all the cybernetic balloon woman wanted was the singer to close in.

“You want me closer, don’t you?”

She nodded as best she could, and the diva sauntered up to her inflated belly, neatly manicured nails gently running down her side, ample hip pressing saucily.

“We inflata-borgs gotta stick together, after all.” And Miya couldn’t agree more.

“Again?” She didn’t need to ask, but Miya was grateful for the warning when the next blow landed- gas whistling through her body, spherical form swelling ever larger. A moan broke forth from her lips, and Sinnclair giggled huskily.

“Airbag at 80% capacity.” The inflating woman thanked PAN tersely, and the two women shared a laugh, and a knowing grin- Miya’s head now level with Sinnclairs’ own.

The dainty fist rose once more, reaching its apex as the two cyborgs’ eyes locked. “You are my airbag” Purred the singer, leaning in close, that awesome cleavage all Miya could see before the fist struck home. She inflated with a breathy groan, ballooning further until she felt the sides of her body overflow the walkway, stretching into the greenery beyond, a fern tickling where her fat ass should’ve been.

Miya was dimly aware of a creaking sound through the haze of bliss that surrounded her, further heating the furnace of lust buried inside. Another rotation, and Sinnclair heaved herself atop the inflated ball, scarcely making a dent in her tight form.

“Airbag at 100% capacity, please confirm deflation protocol or risk rupture.”

I’m okay. I’m safe.

“You’re my balloon woman, about ready to burst...” The singer breathed, inflated tits heaving, shining with sweat and lust in the dying light.

Fierce blue eyes met Miya’s, those massive balloon tits pressing gently into her own tight flesh, and she gasped the words that could be her last.

“Again.”

The fist came down, even as soft lips met her own, Sinnclair tasting of lusty need and gaseous peppermint. Rapture exploded inside Miya Takenuchi for a moment that felt like eternity, two orgasmic cries and an ear-splitting explosion ringing out before everything went dark.

I’m okay. I’m safe.

She’s safe.

—

Hours later, the two women sprawled on a poofy couch, exhausted and sweat-soaked, but very much still in one piece. Miya dialed a number, punched in an access code she’d never anticipated having to use.

“Yes, for once I’d like to talk about my extended warranty.

No, no problems with the unit itself, deployment worked like a charm, well- until it popped. I don’t need a replacement, I’d prefer a larger airbag actually...

On second thought, make that two.”