

# Pneumatik's Rising

Monday, September 11, 2023 11:27 PM

Ambush's inquisitive eyes hunted for clues over the run-down corners of Miller's Mile. It was a terrible part of town at the best of times, something a decade of patrols, high tech gadgetry, and a world's greatest detective only succeeded in holding back. And now, a string of disappearances plagued the area. Not an unusual story. Just one more nut job playing on the downtrodden. Sooner or later, the cause would look for a new victim. And when he did, Ambush would be waiting.

But, it was incredibly boring in the meantime. Her eyes pierced the darkness. She twisted her blonde hair. She huffed into her comms. "Teddy, please tell me we're getting a call."

The voice came back from the other side. Stern. Correcting. He'd become such a tight ass on chair duty. "I told you, AMBUSH, that when we are on comms, my code name is Fortune Teller. And no. Nothing yet."

Ambush scowled harder into the night, vision trailing a few folks coming out of a bar. Laughing. Chatting. No fighting. She watched a moment more. No driving. Damn. "Fine, Fortune Teller, why don't people drive home drunk anymore?"

There was an exasperated sigh on the other end of the connection. "I'm sure they're doing it just to spite you."

Ambush willed her eyes to narrow further, a command they refused. "That's exactly what I thought." She kicked a little rooftop gravel. "Okay, Fat Turd, you at least get the analysis done on what we found from the last crime scene?"

Keys tapped. Screens shifted miles away. "Yeah Ass Bush, I finished going over the evidence, and compared it to the crime computer analysis. Think I've got some hints to the guy's MO. Car's tires weren't shot out or shredded like the cops assumed. Testing of the treads suggest the wheels spontaneously burst from overpressure."

Ambush spotted new movement, and pulled out her grappling gun. A quick blast for ascension off a tower, and she was able to glide on her cape over to keep an eye where one of local indigents made his way down one of the twisting alleys. "And how do four tires spontaneously blow up at the same time...? Fire powers?" She watched him move under a dumpster, wriggling out of sight.

"They wouldn't. Cops also figured whoever did it tore open the fabric roof of the convertible. Initial analysis, we assumed it was some kind of telekinesis... But the samples you grabbed from the forensic lab show some of the microtears in the roof left nail polish in the gouges. Looks like whatever happened, the victim tried to hang on. Considering the lack of other material evidence, perp likely had some method of fleeing the scene that didn't touch ground."

The latest in the line, Ambush was not yet the investigator the other members of the family were. The talent was there. But so far, it was undisciplined. Still, that made something occur to her. "Then, I don't need to be looking at the ground. I need to be looking... up...?" She turned her eyes to the city's imposing skyline, her frame standing slight against towers of brick, glass, and neon. Dark. Cloudy. Just humid enough, it could start raining again at any moment. She hugged her cape close to her sides, the black material hiding some of her frame. "You get any vision of the ground?"

"No, too much cloud cover in the area. You need a scout to swing through? I could have one do a pass in

a couple minutes."

Years of training told Ambush when something was wrong. That didn't get much better when training was provided by a secret society of killers. She could feel her hackles trying to raise. The goosebumps on her arms were alive under her armor. She turned around, expecting to see what was making her nervous, while commanding her fear response to quiet itself. The daughter of the devil didn't get afraid. "Do it, Teller. Radio silence until you've got it overhead."

Fog was rolling over the edge of the rooftop. She toggled the vision modes in her contacts, searching it, and finding warmth in infrared, vaguely in the shape of a man. Her arms moved in reflex, flying to her most useful belt. Throwing razors. They clutched easily in hand, and with a mastered swing of her wrist, they took flight, and piercing the would-be cover. Normally, these lead to a grunt of pain. Instead, an unexpected blast of air. Something... popped?

Her lungs were burning. She wasn't sure why. This wasn't exciting. This was common place. The thrill of battle would subside. She'd be victorious. She leapt up to where the form had been finding only scraps of latex. Balloons?

A voice finally pierced the night that wasn't her own. "You're not who I came here for. But I think you'll do." Masculine. Altered vocalization. Her head turned, finding him looking down on her from a brick chimney. A grey suit that blended in with the depths of the mist. Padded armor. Odd. Kevlar and metal were the style among villains these days. A strange gun. Mad scientist? Gas cylinders. Dangerous. He hadn't been there a moment ago. And under normal circumstances, nobody was fast enough to sneak up on her. Which meant... something was already happening.

Ambush opened her mouth to banter. She did love banter. Just enough time to deliver a devastating one liner, and then, beat the hell out of them. The guy didn't look like a master martial artist, so it was just a matter of getting to him. "Funny. I came here for you." Her voice came out shrill, high. Not the usual, growling depth she aspired to. When had she started sucking down helium? How...? Her body shuddered, unbidden.

The guy kept his distance, but by the tilt of his visor, he was looking right at her. "We're done fighting. You just don't know it yet." He turned his attention to his wrist. A perfect chance. She could throw the razors now, catch him...

Her body didn't move the way she wanted. She felt flush. Did he gas her? Her mind turned, all too late, to the customized air filtration mask she was supposed to be carrying, currently in the storage compartment of the Ambush-Cycle. Her breathing felt so strange. Like... more was coming in than was coming out. No matter how she tried to breath, tried to center herself, it kept coming. Her center had inexplicably moved, after being in the same place for every moment of meditation she'd endured.

She grasped at her custom fitted armor. The carbon fiber weave never once felt tight on her. She'd never been that kind of super in the capes and cowls lineup. And now, she could feel her flesh under a fever, rising against the armor meant to save her. Her fingers forgot to throw the razors from her belt. She started cutting straps instead. Her chest was being crushed with sudden pressure, as devastating within as without. And when she finally freed herself, she was utterly breathless with what she found.

Tits.

They couldn't be hers. She wasn't big. She was NEVER big. But they stood from her, made of her flesh. Well... almost. She ditched the razors on pure instinct, and grasped herself. The gloves made it a one sided affair, but that was her skin, and something else. Beneath the hand filling mounds, there was something more, a tingling, shifting, rising pressure that pushed out when she gripped in. And when she

gasped and gaped at herself... she felt them swell. It didn't take the world's greatest detective to do this math, either. "Oh my god, you creep, you're blowing up my fucking tits?!"

It was more than that. Something unbidden. It felt good. Too good. She wasn't a stranger to her own touch. She was tough. She decided when she did and didn't like things. But her nerves... they were thinner in her flesh. Stretched. And exposed to the air and her own investigative prods, they were trapped by the foreign touch from within, and everything else without. No wonder she felt flush. Her thighs tried to rub against each other. She panted, before trying to push that aside. Bigger. Still getting bigger. Fuller.

She groaned. The center was gone, but a plan. She needed a plan. The family loved plans. He was doing this, stop him. Use your man-killing martial arts, put him in the ground, and figure out what to do with your stellar boobs later. A world class plan.

She needed to close quickly. She took out her trusting grappling gun, and fired it towards her presumed pneumatic assailant. As it was about to impact on him, something she didn't expect happened. A little balloon suddenly appeared, cute and blue, and it popped, the air pressure knocking her grapnel away. "We don't have to fight. We really don't. Just relax, and I won't have to hurt you."

Ambush didn't like to think she experienced fear any more. That training in death inured her to it. That learning secret ways of killing a man left her strong. But sometimes, her mother pointed out to her, she was just a young woman. And as her chest put the expansive endowments of the Gladiatrix to shame, she could taste it on her tongue. She was losing control.

Her skin felt taut. Her curves weren't sagging at all. Oh, sure, they were trying to bob... upwards. Breasts didn't do that. Balloons did. They were coming for her chin, the aching nipples at their ends pointing towards the sky. As if to deny it, as if to defend from it, she grabbed herself. She was shocked at how much they filled her arms when she cradled them. A moment more, and she wouldn't have been able to seize her nipples at all. She squeezed as hard as she dared. The air within her simply moved, giving in one part, bulging another. But the feeling of it crossed her eyes, and buckled her knees. She moaned.

She only narrowly avoided squeezing again. If she did, she was sure the pleasure that just struck through her nervous system would ensure she didn't have anything left to fight. She forced the strength back into her legs, and did the thing she promised she wouldn't do since she escaped the devil... she ran. She fled towards the edge of the roof. If she could make it to the Ambush Cycle, she could ride out of here, get help.

Running felt wrong. It was a trouble to more than her moral code, though. She held her chest to her to keep it from moving as she ran. She'd need to straighten her cape to glide. One more step, another, and she'd get clear of this. She flung herself to freedom. She raised her cape. She felt the wind on her skin. She bit her lip. And the ground, Miller's Mile, and the city it sat in betrayed her. Rather than floating down to its safe embrace, she went up like a kite. Her astonished, high voice rattled off, "Fuck noooooo!"

Her breasts lead the way. The rest of her fell behind, caught up in their ascension. Her legs kicked. Her arms scrabbled for her belt. As she struggled to reload a new grapnel onto her grappling gun, the cylinder in it hissed, and jumped out of the bottom of the device, falling to the street below. She cursed again, her voice squeaking in her own ears. There was nothing close enough to grab onto. Nothing except herself. Terror seized her as she fell upwards into the great beyond, and the dam burst. A desperate feeling she'd refused since this encounter began finally found the purchase it sought. She panted. She squealed. As much as she dared, she squeezed. She kicked and fussed and shook for moments during her ascent, before going still anew.

When she finally bothered to look around the broad horizon of her own flesh, the man in grey was there

again. He had his own personal balloon he was hanging from. At some point, she wasn't quite sure when, he'd tethered her leg. There was a massive shape, looming in the clouds above them. One of the city's decommissioned police zeppelins. "I'll get you on board. Apologies for the inconvenience. I assure you, you'll come to no harm if I can help it. And when you can speak again, you can call me the Pneumatik."

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Fortune Teller signaled back. "Alright. The scout's in your area, Ambush. Call in. I'm not showing you on the ground. You move? This another one of your bits? ....Ambush?"