

Quality Assurance

By Astra Ebonwing

“Okay, at this point, this has to be the last change... then it should finally fire...”

The illuminated magnifying glass only enhanced Penelope Vertash’s scowl as she bent over her sterile workbench. It was 5 AM, the cleaning ladies had gone home, and here she was, the soft light still spilling out of the cracks of her laboratory door into the dark hallway outside. The Newton’s Pendulum on her desk provided a steady and satisfying series of clicks and clacks in the background as she worked, allowing her to remain diligently focused on re-soldering one last, small set of wires.

It always occurred to her that if anyone walked in and saw her hunched over this dildo, she’d probably look insane. The small purple device was only about 4 inches long, the head easily identified by the softly rounded, bulbous silicone tip, but there was something slightly different about this dildo: it had a small slit open at the tip. A slit that connected into a channel that ran straight down its plastic-molded veined shaft straight into something she jokingly called, “the nut buster,” which was a small pump that could dispense a perfectly measured load of her company’s latest hit product.

No one at Intonia Biotechnika thought Pregnagel™ would have success on the market. The whole idea of a suppository that could dissolve in a womb, natural or artificial, and mimic the effects of a pregnancy for 9 months through a symbiotic gelatin seemed like a laughable product on the surface. Penelope thought there was no way in hell anyone would be interested in something like that, but two inventory sellouts in a row quickly changed her tune.

The Production Department had intentionally produced a small amount of Pregnagel compared to their other biofab lines, trying to keep costs down while selling the “designer experience” at a respectable price, but demand for the product only rose. The company was on their third and fourth production runs of Pregnagel, and this time Penelope didn’t want Fabrication to be caught flat-footed.

She knew the executives were going to ask for new ideas that could be bundled in with a Pregnagel sale to further increase the product’s revenues. She also had heard that the executives were considering a “performance related layoff” in the next quarter to make the books look good. Again.

As the Engineering Lead of Biotics & Fabrication, she couldn’t afford to lose more good people to another stupid staffing decision. Penelope knew Jakob Schwartz’s leadership style as CEO all too well, having had sat next to him for multiple corporate dinners. If she had any choice in the matter, she would have been sat down away from the other company leads and with her team, but that wasn’t her call. That was HR’s call, and HR wanted all of the department leads to sit at a table together with the CEO so he could rant and rave about “strategic decision-making” and “corporate agility” for three uninterrupted hours every 2 quarters.

If Schwartz wanted something that could be cheaply created and “incentivizing to customers” for the next Pregnagel release, she knew the answer was sitting on her workbench. She had

researched the marketing and sales data on Pregnagel for a week. She knew exactly who was buying it, in what quantities, and what they were using it for.

By the end of her work, she knew exactly what use-case she needed to design her department's next product towards. That's why the modified, remote controlled dildo sat on her work bench. She had hollowed the purple silicone shaft out and replaced the internals with a multifunctional liquid pump. One line was dedicated to a flow of water that could stiffen or soften the shaft at a moment's notice. The other line was dedicated to "the nut buster" and its replaceable reservoir of Pregnagel.

Penelope finally pulled back from the magnifying glass, her spine cracking as she straightened up and rolled her shoulders back. With a deep, quiet breath she closed the hatch to the pump and pulled the silicone sock down over the prototype.

"Okay. Take 28. Come for Mama..." she cooed at the purple penis as if it was attached to someone. Her right hand picked up the small universal remote she had pre-programmed at the ready and her red fingernail gave button #5 a quick click. She looked at her boxy computer monitor and watched the electronics output readouts.

At first.... nothing. Then, without warning, the small penis suddenly straightened out and twitched upwards slightly. The on-screen monitoring began to show the pumps pulse in the exact order she had written into the program. A devious smirk began to curl up across her face as she heard the softly pulsing "click click click" behind the Newton Cradle's louder "CLACK CLACK CLACK." She hadn't loaded any Pregnagel into the chamber yet, but that wasn't the point of this test. The point was to make sure the pump would correctly fire in time with the orgasmic cycle she had programmed, and she had FINALLY replicated her design.

A gust of relief escaped from her lungs and she began to laugh, one of her hands pushing back her curly brown hair away from her face as she slouched back into her work chair. She clicked the dick off and it flopped back to its standby mode. There was only one last test left to do.

She drummed her fingertips on the laboratory workbench next to her new creation and her brown irises stared at the silicone ballsack where she had stuck the Pregnagel reservoir chamber. After all, if she was designing a dick, why re-design what already works? If you store cum in balls, may as well store a batch of compressed Pregnagel in your mechanical balls, after all.

Her hand reached for the two small silver balls that were sitting next to her keyboard. She hooked each of the docking nozzles of the metal spheres into the pump's housing and clapped the silicone-molded balls on top, finishing the rudimentary construction.

"Well..." she said to herself as she lightly spun her chair back and forth on its swivel. "If I'm designing a dick... then I hope I like what I just made."

She couldn't tell if saying that outloud made it any better of a justification, but it was 5 AM, she had been working for well too long, and Penelope figured she deserved a personal break. Without another word she picked up the bottle of lube from the supply rack above her table and squeezed a cold line across the prototype. Her fingertips rubbed the lubricant up and down the silicone and, before long, she was sliding the slightly tense shaft up her skirt and between her legs.

“Ffffff... been a while...” she hissed as she felt her inner muscles spread apart and make way for the girth she had sculpted so carefully days before. She tapped a quick note into her computer’s text editor window, “Potentially reduce starting size,” but continued on slipping the device deep within herself, finally tucking the nut reservoirs inside of her panties.

She re-settled herself in the chair, and looked down at her navy blue skirt, only noticing a small bulge in the cloth down near her crotch, right under where her belly was slightly puffed out over her waistline. “Prototype is discrete if needed. Bonus,” she typed into the keyboard, continuing her silent thoughts.

Her fingernail slid up to the #1 button on the small controller and pushed it in, holding it down for 3 seconds. Before the on-screen monitoring recorded anything, she could feel it respond.

It was swelling... and starting to vibrate...

She kicked her navy blue high heels off and stretched out her toes inside of her black thigh-high stockings. The remote control slipped from her grip and fell back on to the lab’s white workbench. Her eyelids fluttered shut and she could hear the quiet sounds of squishing from between her legs as the machine began its cycle.

“F-f-f-f...” she hissed. The monitoring program brought up a new, separate window to display the current status of the running program.

PHASE 1: PLAYBACK COMPLETE.

PHASE 2: PLAYBACK IN PROGRESS.

The text displayed in the console next to her, but she wasn’t paying any attention to it at this point.

Penelope started to instinctively gyrate her hips with the cycle. “I just need this to play through once... it will unload into me... and then I can just take the neutralization suppository,” she idly thought to herself as she pushed her hips up and down without full realization.

The pace of the movement inside of her began to pick up and another smile crossed her face as she noticed another personal touch played correctly; the thickness of the shaft was carefully timed to differ between the top and bottom, allowing the penis to naturally slide in and out without any hands needed.

Her pace picked up, her hips starting to fall in time with the continued “CLACK CLACK CLACK” in her personal lab. The dick began to vibrate and grow inside of her, the shaft inching forward, bigger and bigger, each time her ass slapped against the base of the chair.

“Come for mama... come for... mama... COME FOR MAMA!” she called out into the sterile silence as she grit her teeth. She hadn’t expected she’d hit her climax so soon, but this was a lot more intense than she had given herself credit for. Her heart fluttered inside of her chest and she spun towards her desk, anchoring her body with her elbows on the white surface and head in her hands as the pleasure and pressure built up in her vagina and a spreading hum of electric emotion arced up her spine.

She heard it at the same time she felt it. The same “click click click” she heard before. The light shivering and pulsing inside of her as the shaft blew up to its widest, largest girth. The pressure building up at the base. Her upper lips slipped apart with anticipation while her lower lips pushed apart around the shaft, the “balls” slipping slightly deeper with a light vacuum inside of her.

It started to spray. The gasp that shot out from her lips was real. Her eyes went wide as the cold gel was sprayed in and started to expand and anchor just past her cervix, right inside of her womb, right as designed.

The moment caught her completely off-guard. She thought she had understood why people were interested in doing this. No, it wasn't until this moment that it really HIT her why people would be asking designer pharmacy after designer pharmacy if they had any in stock. Didn't matter if you were male or female or anything in between. This. Felt. Amazing.

She began to relax while her heart continued to pound, the orgasm that wracked her finally dying down while the prototype kept cumming its dose into her. She rolled her head back and licked her lips before laughing to herself again, her whole body finally relaxing. There was no way she was failing now. Her department was gonna sweep the internal awards this year. This was going to be one hell of a release.

Click. Click. Click. Click. Click. Click. Click. Click.

CLACK. CLACK. CLACK. CLACK. CLACK. CLACK.

She almost didn't notice the continued sound underneath that damn Newton's Cradle, but she finally realized that the prototype was still going. Still spraying. She looked down and stared at her belly, freezing up completely as she realized there was a new bump in her skirt. Her lower belly was starting to stick out.

Penelope looked over at the monitor and traced the last lines of the console.

PHASE 4: PLAYBACK COMPLETE.

PHASE 5: PLAYBACK IN PROGRESS.

PHASE 5: NO ENDPOINT SET. LOOPING PLAYBACK.

PHASE 5: NO ENDPOINT SET. LOOPING PLAYBACK.

PHASE 5: NO ENDPOINT SET. LOOPING PLAYBACK.

PHASE 5: NO ENDPOINT SET. LOOPING PLAYBACK.

PHASE 5: NO ENDPOINT SET. LOOPING PLAYBACK.

It kept repeating. Again. And again. And again.

Her skirt started to get tighter and panic started to rise in her chest. This was absolutely more than a single dose. Her shaking hands dove down under her skirt and between her legs and she tried to pull at the balls.

Her belly felt full and it was getting fuller. She could tell it wasn't her stomach, it was something else that was filling her up like a balloon. Her womb was expanding between her hips as the organic gelatin continued to pump and expand inside of her from its compressed state. If things had been going correctly, she should have been this big after hours, not a few minutes. Her skirt was starting to feel tight and her belly started to tug at her white blouse from underneath, the lump of the device quickly fading as the cloth was pulled over the new dome growing in her middle.

"Fuck, fuck, fuck," she cursed under her breath as her fingers slipped off of the balls. In her eagerness to test she had spread the lube all over the prototype, and that included lovingly rubbing her beloved silicone nuts. It was so early in the morning that she didn't think that decision through. The slickness combined with the the prototype's meaty size left her unable to pull it out.

It wasn't just a dildo anymore. It was a plug with a built-in pump and 600 doses of Pregnagel to blow.

Her eyes snapped towards the workbench and her sweaty fingers palmed the remote into a firm grip. She jammed #6 down and waited for the prototype to shutdown, but the only thing that happened was a slight change in the console.

PHASE 5: NO ENDPOINT SET. LOOPING PLAYBACK.

INPUT REJECTED. RUNNING PRE-SET PLAYBACK.

PHASE 5: NO ENDPOINT SET. LOOPING PLAYBACK.

INPUT REJECTED. RUNNING PRE-SET PLAYBACK.

PHASE 5: NO ENDPOINT SET. LOOPING PLAYBACK.

INPUT REJECTED. RUNNING PRE-SET PLAYBACK.

Her skirt started to slide lower on her body, her belly starting to force it down while her blouse wrapped around her thickening middle. She drew a breath in and her skirt pushed back with newfound force, pushing into her soft body while the beat continued to pulse in the background.

CLACK. Click. CLACK. Click. CLACK. Click.

Each crack was another centimeter of gut. With each pulse she felt a soft warmth beginning to spread over her body. Her hand began to stop jamming the remote. She stared at her body as it distorted and expanded in front of her, her skirt now wrapped tightly around the underside of her belly.

If she was judging, she looked like she was 4-5 months along and swiftly getting bigger. The monitoring system noted she was only 10 doses into the total capacity. It didn't help that the penis kept pulsing between her legs as it did its work. Another burst of pressure began to grow deep within her, another orgasm starting to build. She couldn't stop it, after all. She just HAD to get the prototype out of her and then maybe she could think, but she needed to think to get the prototype out from her legs.

CLACK. Click. CLACK. CREAK. Click. CLACK. Click. CREAK. CLACK. Click.

There was a new noise in the mix. Her hands reached down to her middle while a quick SNAP rippled across the surface of her skirt; the seams were giving way to her maternity speedrun. She looked like a full mom now, belly now tucked inside of her skirt like a rubber band.

Six months. Seven months. Eight months. She was getting fatter and fatter in her middle, but she slowly realized that wasn't the only place where she was getting bigger. She dimly realized the warmth that was spreading over her body was a slight padding of fat that was only increasing as time went on. Pregnagel did, after all, attempt to fully prepare the body for motherhood in all forms.

CLACK. Click. CLACK. CREAK. Click. CLACK. Click. CREAK. CREAKKKKKKKKK.
CRAAAAAAACK.

Her skirt finally ripped open, giving way at the zipper at her side. Her belly spilled out, nine months along and filling up like a balloon in her lap. Her belly button strangely hadn't popped out, but she also didn't like she was as full as a normal pregnant woman, not that she would know anything about that. She lived alone and she liked living alone.

Her fingers squished into her soft, plush, warm sphere and a light heat crept across her cheeks as she blushed. She felt... good? She drew a deep breath in through her nose, but stopped when the stinging smell of the cleaning chemicals got to her. She hadn't noticed it before, but it really hit her now as she slouched into her chair, cradling her belly in her lap.

"What was I doing again?" she asked herself, briefly forgetting about the pulsing dick between her legs as she squeezed and squished her soft, sweaty belly under her shirt. Penelope started to buck her hips into the air again slightly, her belly starting to wobble and bounce with her motion.

The buttons on her blouse began to press into her, but she didn't care, another orgasm was swiftly building. Her hand drifted down to her vagina and started to rub the mechanical balls as they kept pumping again, and again, and again, and again into her, filling her growing body more and more with each excited breath.

She didn't realize her breasts were heavier too, but it dawned on her when her whole blouse started to pull around her triplets sized body, her belly fighting for room with her chest. The buttons on the front started to wedge apart; her pink, slightly tanned body squeezing between the cracks for space.

CLACK. Click. CLACK. CREAK. Click. CLACK. Click. CREAK. CREAKKKKKKKKK.
CRAAAAAAACK.

CLACK. Click. CLACK. Click. CLACK. Click. BANG. CLACK. Click. BANG. BANG. CLACK
Click.

Her beachball belly kept ticking forward while the bottom two and top buttons gave way and flew across the room. She didn't even notice it, instead starting to convulse in her chair as the second orgasm wracked her, much more intense than the first. This one she could feel all over her body, but it reverberated the most in her belly, within her womb. She had never felt pleasure like this in her life, and she doubted she ever would again.

She slipped out of her chair and fell away from the workbench onto the tiled floor, another button ripping off quietly as her palms slapped against the cold surface. She was down on all fours, stockings starting to squeeze around her fattening thighs and legs, her underwear starting to floss up her butt as even her ass was pumping bigger to make sure she had the cushion to support her gel “babies.”

Her nipples rubbed against the deteriorating blouse, sticking out like two corks as her boobs and belly hung downwards. All three spheres spread towards the floor, filling with much more than just gravity. Penelope’s bra ripped open in the back, the clasps breaking backwards from the weight of her I cup boobs while the blouse finally snapped open in the front. Her maternal spheres slightly slid, no longer contained by anything, and expanded her out as full as they now could.

She felt like a whale in heat, but she just wanted more of it. She didn’t bother to try to grab at the balls still deep within her lips, she instead rested her belly against the cold floor and reached back to start rubbing her clit right in the middle of her lab. She didn’t bother to take off her panties from her growing body, instead she relished in the feeling of the cloth stretching around her ass cheeks, the front starting to grip at her fingers as she rubbed herself in circles, trying for a third orgasm.

She looked back at herself and her fat body only turned her on more. She looked and felt like she had swallowed a beach ball filled with jello. She pushed her gut down the floor and tapped her nipples against the cold tile with a soft plap, plap, plap, giving herself an intended shock as her muscles tensed up tighter and tighter.

“Ahhhhhhhhhh...ffffffuuuuuuuuuuuccckkkkk.....” she started to scream again, fingers trying to curl around something as the tension built in her groin again. Her belly felt tight at this point.

Click. CLACK. Plap. Plap. Click. CLACK. Plap. Plap. Click. CLACK.
Creeeeeeaaaaakkkkkkkkkkk...

She grunted as she felt her boobs start to leak milk, her chest filling up and growing heavier as she writhed on the floor. It was drops a first, but then a puddle started to form underneath and around her, her watermelon sized mammaries starting to spray their contents to make more room in her body for every other part of her.

A cold moment of reality set in on her fun. Her heart was still pounding, but it felt like time had stopped.

“What’s that creaking noise...” she lowly asked herself before groaning again from the pleasure.

She had literally become as big as the octomom lady she saw on the news. She hadn’t realized she had pumped up that much. She had to have been at least 300 pounds, if not more at this point, and she had only started at 138. Her whole body felt tight and tense, her sweaty skin glistening under the workbench’s lighting, the shreds of her blouse lightly spread across her hypercurves.

Was she still getting bigger? She looked down and stared at her gut.

No. She wasn’t getting any bigger.

Click. CLACK. Click. CLACK. The pump kept going.

Her fingers moved down from her clit and started to grab at the prototype again. Her eyes crossed and her left hand slapped the tile, the orgasm starting to wrack her, but she tried to think through it.

CLACK. Click. CLACK. CREAKKKKKKK. CREAK. Click. CREAKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKK. CLACK. Click.

Her belly pushed against her legs while her breasts were pushing into her arms. She didn't have to bend down to touch the floor anymore, the simple act of laying on her arms and legs did that for her. Her belly button finally sprung out and slapped against the floor with a light pop, giving her a moment of relief before the pressure started to grow again.

"Fuck... fuck... fuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuckkkkkkkkkkkkkkkkkkkkkkkkkkkkkkkk..." she cried in both pleasure and fear. Her whole body started to shiver and shake, her mouth fell open and she gasped for breath, her fingers gripped hard on the nuts and with a final tug...

.....POP.

The prototype fell onto the floor behind a GUSH of semi-translucent gray gel that dripped out from her slit. "FUCKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKK!" she screamed in response, the orgasm hitting its peak as the prototype shorted out behind her, its twitching, pumping, and spraying finally stopping while the gel began to mix with her puddle of milk.

She collapsed onto the ground, moaning and holding her sides for a moment before rolling onto her back, her whole body sloshing around her. She breathed in and out as she watched her massive boobs rise and fall before her eyes, but they were nothing compared to her belly. Her pregnant dome stretched outwards almost as big as a sumo wrestler. Her underwear was a tight string stretched across her thick frame. Veins ran up and down her boobs and gut, and she traced her skin with glee, amazed at what had happened.

Everything inside of her felt like it glowed. She hadn't felt like this for years. A soft bliss began to gently fall over her as she lay on the floor, sleep finally tugging at her eyelids...

The door creaked open.

...the door creaked open?

Her eyes shot open and she looked backwards. There, standing in the doorway, was her Assistant Director, Yelena. Staring. Holding two cups of coffee and a small white bag.

Penelope continued to breath in and out slowly and pushed the hair away from her face, not bothering to get up from her own mess on the floor. Her eyes darted to the clock on the wall next to Yelena's wide, unblinking eyes.

It was 6:15 AM. The first shift was about to start in 15 minutes.

Penelope bit her lip hard and slowly pulled up the tattered remains of her blouse in vein around her unmistakably engorged breasts, the dark nipples sticking out around the edges of the fabric shreds.

“...it was kind of you to bring me coffee this morning, hon. Been a... long night,” Penelope muttered with a nervous laugh.

The video froze on that final frame, the middle-aged engineer nervously laughing as her co-worker couldn't help but stare on. A few bars of static flickered and sparked across the tube-powered monitor as the image lay still.

632 rubbed his eyes a few times and pulled his finger off of the keyboard's "pause" glyph before slowly turning around in his chair to look at Mystery. His right hand casually thumbed at the frozen, shimmering image as she looked onwards intently.

“What?” the rotund kitsune asked, a few of her puffy white tails darting around her sides like snakes as she sat in her Librarian's chair.

The robed, slightly balding man sighed and slid the small chalkboard off of the desk in front of him and into his lap, quickly flicking the chalk attached to the board by a string into one of his hands. He dashed the white stick across the board with a few clacks, spinning it back around to face Mystery.

She leaned forward in her chair and squinted a bit, narrowing her blue eyes to make out the chicken scratch. “Wait...” she began. “Does this say ‘So what was the point of watching that?’”

632 nodded emphatically.

Mystery sighed. “We review all erroneous moments in time throughout the 27 dimensions and attempt to divert their future outcomes into acceptable parameters before the number of problematic occurrences in fate rise to unacceptable levels. We've... been over this, yeah? Like a few times.”

632 shook his head and dashed a second sentence across the chalkboard. At this point, Mystery just stood up from her chair, sloshing her 5 month pregnant stomach forward as if it was nothing to her at all, and glanced down at the chalkboard while standing above her companion.

“Shouldn't there be a moral? A moral?” Mystery tapped her finger against her chin, cocking her head to the left as she considered the question. “Like, something you should learn from this moment in time? Like a... personal takeaway?”

632 nodded excitedly and pointed at her before pointing at his own nose, indicating she had gotten it dead on. That actually got a slight smile out of the domineering woman before she cradled her cheek in her hand.

“Hm... honestly, I think the takeaway here is don't fuckin' work on your personal time, you should be fucking sleeping in your house.” Mystery said with a strong nod.

632 stared back at her for a moment, absorbing her response before cautiously nodding and slightly shrugging at the same time. He wrote one last sentence and held up his chalkboard in front of his chest.

“Can you have personal time of your own?” Mystery slowly spoke the sentence out loud, but she felt compared to stare stare at the sentence for a long moment, unmoving, her mind comprehending what she just read.

632 blinked once... twice...

She suddenly burst out laughing and clapped one of her claws on 632's shoulder. “Psh! You think I GET PERSONAL TIME? If I don't get personal time, you're certainly not getting any!”

Mystery shook her head and clapped her hands behind her back, her nine tails trailing behind her like streamers in the wind. “...personal time...” she laughed to herself as she walked out of the observatory and into the atrium. “What a crock!”

632 rolled his eyes and tossed the chalkboard back on his desk. He turned around and jammed his finger into the “PRNT SCRN” button. In white LED text, directly over the image, the console responded:

**>> DEAD LETTER RECORDED. TRANSFERRING COORDINATES TO WORLD SERVER.
TEMPORAL WEAVE ANALYSIS COMPLETE. FILE ASSIGNED TO RECORD #102-391-029-
659-3.**

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