

Pneumatik: Double DSM

Sam ran down the side of the hill as fast as his legs could carry him. Explosions rang out, temporarily drowning out the shouting of guards and inmates. The compound gates were in shambles, and lights from some kind of stealth helicopter circled overhead, illuminating the ground, a shaft of light showing the reality amid the chaos. Somewhere, 'they' were still looking for him. He didn't know who beyond the mysterious psychic, but he didn't trust anybody while the breakout raged.

Everybody knew Daniel Dathor hated Superb Woman. Many alleged he was a criminal, though constant legal battles threw such allegations into question. What was known was that a 'modest' inheritance and ownership of a multinational corporation made him a very rich man, whose influence could potentially finance an endless war... so a mass breakout from a psychiatric institute was chump change.

Sam ran his way through a gate, and he was far from alone. Others uninterested in getting into it with the guards were following the same general direction, letting him blend. This was good and bad. The more people he ran with, the less likely he was to be singled out and captured. But then, it didn't take a life long resident of Shadeston to recognize Mr. Zzyzx, who was famous for a string of homicides perpetrated on lonely country roads outside the city. Sam was more than a little discomfited with his running partners, and was about to run sideways, when a vehicle covered in men in black Kevlar pulled up, skidding to a stop on the road that ran to the Institute. One of them pointed in his direction, and amidst the noise, he was sure he heard "Take him alive!"

They shoved their way through runners, trying to get toward him. Sam looked to his side, at the sudden drop off beyond the pavement's end, and cursed under his own breath before taking the first unsure step in the dark. He couldn't see, and promptly tripped, skidding down the grassy hill. Unable to use his hands properly due to the power dampeners, his rolling was more out of control than in, and when he saw the rock embankment on the side of the cliff, he instinctively raised his hands to shield his face, smashing the metal restraints, and coming to a stop just shy of a drop to a river. Dark water raced fifteen feet below, and voices of the crew from the car weren't far behind, their lights casting for him in the dark.

His resolve to jump very nearly lead him over the side... when he heard something unexpected. "Bonk!" He looked up just in time for a touch of blond hair to be visible, and a tree branch to crack him in the face, making his world dark and swimmy. Reality fell away.

"Hey, are you gonna wake up? You better not be concussed AND asleep. That's like, medically inadvisable."

Sam opened his eyes slowly, peering up through the throbbing pain to the source of the voice. She was it. Blonde hair pulled back into a pony tail, wild blue eyes. An acrobat's figure. She was dressed in the same institutional greys, only with the sleeves torn off at the shoulders, giving the entire ensemble something more of a punk look. This was furthered by the fact she'd clearly found some amount of mud, and used it both for coloration and Rambo-inspired war painting. She was peering into his face. He winced, both from the sudden closeness, and another little throb as she poked him in the forehead. "Okay, I'm awake, I'm awake. You... You're the one who hit me with the tree branch? Who ARE you?"

She grinned easily. "Asking the right questions! That's a good sign for your brain. I'm Lackadaisigal, but that's a mouthful. Lots of folks call me Daze for short. And, oh, yeah! You looked like you were going to jump over into the river. Rookie move. You can totally die like that. Plus, those guys were after you."

He looked around slowly, trying to get a handle on their surroundings. Cement walls. Grating. A slow,

trickle of not entirely foul water. He was leaned up against the cement wall, and on the opposite side, there was a large gap, with the light of the sun streaming in, indirectly. His power dampeners were attached, but the little light indicating they were functioning was dark. Seeing him looking, she continued. "Oh, I'm good at this. Let me guess: you're wondering where we are. Old little storm drain they built way out here. Probably some old Prohibition dump or something, but now I just use it to hang in when I'm breaking out." An eyebrow raised expectantly towards him.

Sam winced. Breaking out. Implied multiple escapes. A second more, and he figured out what she was waiting for, and he set to stammering it out. "Oh. Uh. I'm Sam. Thank you!" Before he was even done exclaiming, her smile widened out a mile.

"Ah, you're welcome, don't even mention it! But, since you owe me one anyway, you mind tellin' me how you got shoved in Shadeston's finest institution, and why you got a merc company breathing down your neck?" She leaned up against one of the concrete walls, crossing her arms over her middle. He got the unpleasant feeling that the more bored she got, the more trouble there was likely to be.

His mouth felt dry. If he needed to, could he save himself? Part of him was already thinking about it. Over power her, get out of here. She seemed to notice him not immediately answering her, and stamped a foot on the ground. "Hey! I'm waiting. Get with the exposition, already."

Sam sighed, and nodded. "Ah... it's complicated, but I guess that's good for a story, right? I've got powers." He lifted his wrists, shaking them lightly, the suppressors rattling uncertainly. He was about to continue, but her interest was piqued.

"Oh! Right! I should've asked about that first! Is it somethin' cool? Death lasers? Frost breath? Shoot tuna fish sandwiches?" He got the terrible feeling she was about to continue, so he took a chance and cut her off.

"I blow things up."

"Oh my god, I love explosions! Can I take you by my ex's place when we get into town? I'd love to..."

He shook his head. "No, the other thing. I can force air pressure into nearly anything."

Her eyes widened as she contemplated what he said. "Holy shit. Like a fruit? Or, like me?" And then, she looked remarkably less impressed. "You just make balloons?" She seemed to catch herself. "Ah, I mean, not that I've got anything against balloons. It's just a real weird flex, y'know? So what, you like, get bitten by a radioactive air compressor, or somethin'?"

Despite himself, he found her getting a laugh out of him. "Ah, no. Luck of the genetic dice. I just sort of started being able to in my teens, around the time I went through a lot of other changes. It's not always ideal. I got in a lot of trouble. I'm pretty sure someone wants me to make more." Therapy spent a lot of time telling him he was at fault... She was looking at him differently.

Her eyes narrowed, appraising him as if in a new light. She sized him up. "You're talking about it like you don't like it. If I could blow people up, I'd be on it. Shit, I can think of three different girls I went to college with that I could blow up like balloons today, and have the time of my life. And you're here like you've got Dam-Dam's* sword hangin' over you."

He stared at her. That was something nobody yet had said about his powers. Reluctance, fear, disapproval, concern were more what he was used to. His own shame at what he required kept him in silence for years, as he bottled this part of himself away, not unlike his powers stowed pressure. He felt himself trying to defer dealing with this idea. "I don't think you get it. I could hurt people. I don't want to

hurt people. But I can only sit on it for so long, and then I've got to do something."

Her face screwed up in mild confusion. "If it fucks with you when you don't use it, I'd absolutely use it all the time. That's two whole reasons to not hold back." Something else seemed to occur to her. She got louder, a discerning edge hidden behind her lackadaisical attitude. "But I also think it's bullshit. Your powers are telling YOU what to do? Who the fuck is in charge in your head? Napoleon didn't get itchy because his army hadn't done anything for a while. Gun owners don't get itchy because they haven't used them for a while." She stopped for a second. "I mean, if they do, there's something wrong with'm." She ahems. "Point is, it sounds like you're twisted up. You got somethin' other people would kill for. You'd probably be a lot happier if you just fucking owned it."

He gaped at Daze. His mind raced. He couldn't decide if what she was saying helped or hurt his head. He reached up and rubbed his forehead, trying to alleviate it and decide how he even felt about what she was saying. He didn't want it to be quiet too long. He reached for something to fill the silence. "Own it? What does that even mean?"

She put a finger to her own chest. "Like me. I was this unhappy girl, who just did what my parents, and my high school counselor, and society expected me to do. Soaked up every scam they had for me. Shit that should be illegal, like dorms, and financial aid. None of it made me happy. I could understand how people were thinking and it didn't make me happy. And when all that fell apart, everything got easier, and now, I just do what I want. And I'm a lot happier."

Sam stared at her. She was so... assured. "They've been locking you up in a mental institution."

She shrugged. "So fucking what? I also keep getting out." She swung her foot a little bit. "We doing this or what?"

He'd lost the plot. "What are we doing?" She put her lips together, made an o with them, and huffed in his direction. His eyes widened. "You want me to...?" Words echoed in his head. You never know what someone might agree to.

She held her arms up at her sides. "Why the fuck not? We got time to kill before we can sneak out at sundown. And you seem like a freak. And you're not bawlin', so you didn't kill nobody, and there's gotta be an edge in you somewhere, cause aside from all that, you don't seem that interesting. Do it already."

He wasn't too proud. She was all edges. But fine. If she was willing to put herself up as proof that this was how to live, he could at least try it. He focused. His eyes fell onto her. And that special pressure that he kept in his vault started to move, shifting around her. She laughed in surprise, arms feeling along her sides. "Oh. Shit. Hey, I feel that! That tickles. Did you start?" She gave that one a beat. "Bet you've been asked that before."

"It's happening. C'mon. Listen. You can hear it." They both heard it. A low, pneumatic hiss that bounced easily off the concrete walls. She looked down, clearly feeling something. Her hands shot up, squeezing in, trying to confirm what exactly was happening. Her fingers hit her skin sooner than she expected in the loose fit of the institution greys. Her eyes widened. She cupped herself, clearly raising more than she was used to.

"You weren't fucking joking. You can just do this?" She laughs uproariously, waving a hand, cycling it in the air. "Keep going. Oh my god. You can do this and you're not being paid fat fucking stacks by the porn industry? You've been fucking hiding?" Her incredulity sought new heights, alongside her bust line. For the moment, she was keen to measure herself as they filled out, spreading her fingers with new size.

Sam felt like she was messing with him. Or maybe, she was just really good at saying things he didn't

want to admit. But the way she did it was shameless. Would he be happier the same way? He noticed she was staring at him again. Oh, sure, her eyes flicked down to the oranges quickly turning to cantaloupe pulling her shirt snug, but her attention was also on him as she made slow, easy circles on her skin. And when she noticed him noticing, she lifted her head a touch, inviting. "C'mere."

He got up, his headache finally clearing as adrenaline pushed it aside. He approached, and when he got close enough, she snatched him by one of the power gauntlets, and drug him in closer by the wrist. She shoved him palm first into her chest. She panted for a second, before letting off a delighted squeal, shimmying herself side to side under his fingers. "Just stay right there, alright? It's nice." Her fingers wrapped around the back of his hand, holding his touch to her. "Pressure underneath, plus somethin' on the surface, and I'm right here in the middle drinkin' it all up. You fucked a girl like this?"

He shook his head. It was hard getting his mouth to move. Hard to think about anything other than what was happening right in front of him. He squeezed on his own, and she smiled, arching herself into him. "Tried a few times. But I always knew I'd lose control..."

Daze leaned closer to him. She was overswelling his hands and hers alike. Her grin was infectious. Her eyes drilled into his. He saw madness. Or freedom. Either way, it was alluring. "Control is overrated, bucko. Give it up, see how you like it." She leaned in to take a kiss from him. She was just able to cram her chest into his enough to manage it. Teeth caught his lip and held on, even as she started working at the largely shapeless form of his suit. It didn't take her seeking fingers long to find his own excitement bulging, her eyes lighting up. She turned his lip loose with a gasp. "Oh my god, I know just how you feel. Full. Strainin'. Just waiting to be used."

She shoved him. He was far from ready for it, and he tumbled onto his ass, narrowly missing hitting his head on the concrete wall. She was quick to clamber atop his legs, looming large over him. Her bust was filling her chest from side to side, and was pert, blossoming. She was struggling with her top, which had grown tight enough to look like she'd stuffed party balloons in it. Tugging on her top from her shoulders wasn't really doing it, but she tried once, and then, after a frustrated huff, tried again, with no more effect. She cast her stare back down to him. "You got me stuck, Sam. I need you to jail break these babies so I can put them to good use." She planted her hands atop the pair, and shoved them into his crotch, grinning up at him. "I'll make it worth your while."

His power leapt to his intention, and vicariously, hers. The hiss got stronger. Her eyes opened wider as she clearly felt the change within, and started blowing up faster. "Fuck - yes, that's the stuff! You are screwed, scrubs." The seams were already tight over her flesh, the material thinning as she continued to grow inside of it. She was smuggling breasts the size of basketballs, shoving them down against his crotch as eagerly as she could, as she continued telling them to bust it. The fabric over her tits was pulling thin, going threadbare, the hints of her pale skin increasingly visible, particularly around her thick, standing nipples. Her movements became faster, more impassioned as she rubbed against him. Threads tore, stitches pop, and beneath, finding freedom, her skin subtly squeaked, a testament to the balloonifying nature of Sam's powers.

"Holy tits, we did it, fuck..." She lifted herself from him, admiring the tatters of her top, only shreds remaining over the nigh beach balls springing from her chest. "Barely see you over these things." She remarked, feeling herself again. Her hands no longer sank in easily, pressing back firmly to her touch after only a few inches pressed in. For the first time since she'd encouraged him, there was the tiniest bit of trepidation in her voice. "I'm gonna hold up my part of the deal, but we can cool it on the hissing, yeah? Physics ain't my strong suit, but I have wrecked a hippity hop before, and this is getting too familiar."

Sam wasn't sure he could do what she was asking. Her flesh against him was beyond what he'd had before. The feel of her skin, his pressure, and the lovely lady balloons shoving down against where he

could best feel it. He'd never been so hard. Never felt so overheated, even during the encounter with Superb Woman. And as he watched her over him, he found it all too easy for his mind to imagine one size, and then another, and lose track of just how huge she'd been just one moment ago. It was shockingly difficult to silence that hiss within her.

She crossed an arm just shy of her breasts, holding them downwards to better make eye contact through her wild, blonde hair. "I know you can hear me. You're still doing it. Fits and starts, but it ain't done yet." She screwed up her face a little, looking back down at the bulge looming just under the depths of her cleavage. She rolled her eyes. "Let me guess. Probably won't until he's done, right?"

Sam wasn't sure. But he did know focus was damn hard to manage between her and the raging erection. He gave her an apologetic look. "Couldn't hurt, right?"

She huffed. "Better not." She took him in her hand, shifting her massive breasts to one side to line him up. Sam shuddered, and she increased hand pressure until he just about yelped. "You go easy, I go easy, right? Nobody has to get rough. Hands in, Sam. Help me squeeze. Tender, though. I'm a big girl, now."

He brought his palms up to her smooth, shiny skin. She moaned encouragingly. His dick fully disappeared deep into her waiting pair, but neither of them lost track of it. Daze's eyes widened. "They're so fucking sensitive, man... and you pushing there, I can feel the rest of them bulge out where you ain't... it's like you're fuckin' every inch of me." Her words were wild. The hedonist inside her was driving. She pushed a little faster than she felt was safe, edging the sound of balloony squeaks emanating from her. Sam was in heaven. His head lolled back, and his hips took action to pump to meet her, and help squeeze her mass down where it would be most useful. He glided in so easily, her skin wrapping around him. At the end of each delicious thrust, a soft hiss escaped.

Daze groaned. Moans tinged every word she managed. "You... you did it again, man, fuck, you, fuck you, I don't got a lot of room left, but the way it fuckin' feels..." She was working him harder, more heedless, and his muscles were tensing, locking up in response. Sam didn't know why he hadn't yet. It was like his body was waiting for something. Maybe it was the grasp she had on him.

Daze actively creaked. Her soft skin was stuffed full around him. Her nipples were shoving against him hard, as if pressure were trying to fill them last, and she was running out of other space. Increasingly, her breasts were taut balloons sliding over him, and less squishy tits wrapping around. Her motions fell apart as she lost control, legs shaking and hips locking. "I'm gonna lose it over here, Sam... and if I pop, I'm gonna be so pissed at you..."

Sam came. It hit him hard enough to knock the air out of his lungs, leaving him breathless. He shot, white and hot, spilling against her flesh feeling it coat between her colossal balloons, and her fingers. He was lost to the twitching, the spasming, the release.

And in a few moments, the rush was slowly clearing. The hissing was gone. And slowly, subtly, the pain in his forehead reemerged, and he raised his arms to it, holding it so the world stopped spinning again.

Daze rubbed herself slowly, muttering to herself. "Fuck. Took me right to the limit. Don't change a thing. No more, no less. Not for a while." She giggled to herself, touching, listening to the squeaks, riding unbidden movement now and again. "Least ways, not to til' we gotta go through the pipe again. I don't think I'd fit, as is."

Sam groaned back to her. "Look... thank you. You put a lot in perspective right there. But my head is killing me. Can it just be quiet for a while?"

She arched herself around, trying to find a good angle to look at him. It took a full thirty seconds. "Okay.

But if you're concussed, no napping."

Daze had more questions before they parted ways. She didn't really stay quiet. They chatted a bit about the best way back to Shadeston, and when it was time, Sam explained that she'd deflate on her own, after a while. She really didn't fit through the pipe, and yelled after him as she watched him disappear through it. She sighed to herself, hugging her tits. "The things I go through for a psych eval..."

*Referring to Damocles, of classical myth