

# Pneumatik: Inflaterrogated

"Tik, you smell uneasy." "You don't have to put it so weird, Blood." "Eh, it's true. What've you got to sweat, anyway?" "What if she doesn't want to talk? How far do we push her?" "She'll talk. Lots of people think they're tough til' they're actually in the shit." "I don't think I'm--" "Just follow my lead. We find out how Unstoppable knew to hit the bank when we did, and we're good." "And you're sure that wasn't a coincidence?" Bloodlust gave him a knowing look. "I don't think our luck is that bad."

Bloodlust opened the heavy door, and Pneumatik followed her into the office. A heavy set woman was tied to a chair behind a massive desk, staring daggers at the two of them. Despite the luxury of the furniture, it didn't look like rope was adding to her comfort. She wrinkled up her nose. "You two are dead. If you've bothered to grab me, you know who I work for. He's not known for being forgiving."

Bloodlust sauntered close, sitting beside her on the oak desk as Pneumatik came to the far side of it. "You can threaten us all you want, but we're going to get what we came for. Ostrich put the Unstoppable on our job. I want to know how. And you're one of his little safari room stooges, right? So you know something." Bloodlust leaned in, fetching a little metal badge from inside her target's jacket. She took a moment to look over the animal etched on it. "Hippo, eh? You want to look like your namesake? My friend here can oblige you." The woman, the Hippo, looked shaken for a moment. "You wouldn't dare."

Pneumatik pushed pressure across the room. The tension rose. Papers fluttered. A plant shifted. Hippo's eyes raced side to side as she felt the peculiar sensation of air, winding its way against her skin, without so much a fan blowing air. Her fingers grasped at the arms of the chair. She tried to shove against the ropes, desperate make something give. Bloodlust grinned. "Mm. Fear. Heady. She doesn't like what you're doing." Pneumatik tilted his head forward in response. "But she's not talking. Yet."

Hippo grimaced, and tried to regulate her breathing. These supers were amateurs. Whatever they were planning was nothing compared to what rattling on the Ostrich would get you. She just had to get through it until help arrived, or they got bored, or... But air was coming in. She exhaled harshly, trying to push it from her lungs, she tried to hold her breath, but she could hear something like a hiss echoing from her body, and feel something like pressure slowly finding its way into her. It went beyond gastric distress, an uneasy invasion of air wormed its way through... She could feel it in her plush midsection, underneath the rope. She winced as they grew only tighter, pulling against her and the chair frame in the same breath that wasn't even hers. Her shirt was tight under there. She was thankful her jacket wasn't buttoned. Her pants... the waist would be an issue before long. She wheezed. "Word is... your guy... is green. No killer. Ain't got the stuff." She fixed a defiant stare back to Bloodlust. "So..."

Bloodlust turned her head back towards Pneumatik. "Make her work for it. This just looks like bad beans so far." Pneumatik flexed his fingers. "Just warming up." Imagine her. She's the balloon. The hose goes like this. She goes like... Hippo grunted aloud as she felt the pressure redouble, the feeling of her skin filling, being shoved out spreading. Her eyes rolled up in pain as her torso suddenly bulged, flaring into her captured arms, hips and ass cramming downwards. She could feel herself starting to sweat, little beads of moisture trickling on her forehead as she continued to unwillingly embrace her restraints. She dared a look down at herself, watching as her chest formed deeper, struggling cleavage against her shirt. Her body was forming a dented curve just beneath them, her bust barely a symptom of what he was doing to the rest of her. The ropes were tight. She wasn't. Not yet. "Stop, stop fucking around." The guy was green. Bloodlust was a killer, but, she wouldn't...? "I can't tell you anything. I don't know anything. You--"

Bloodlust cut her off. "You'll tell us something when you're desperate." She leaned back gladly, flicking

her tongue slowly over her teeth. "Go on, 'Tik. Enjoy your work." He didn't like that she could so easily tell he was enjoying this. It was hard not to. The edge to Hippo's breathing, the strain in her words, in her skin. It inflamed him. Every person was different. Wanted to fill differently. Finding his way through that was individually enthralling. She'd found her stretch. Now, just a matter of finding her limits.

Hippo continued to billow. The ropes were starting to creak around her, to say nothing of her clothing. Deep within the straps, a pants button surrendered, following by the slow gnashing of parting zipper teeth. Her shirt bulged with her, only the fact that they were roped down sparing her buttons. It was pulling taut beneath her armpits, the seams straining and starting to open, the chair now easily full of its occupant, and starting to overflow. Inflated flesh molded to the seat, and bulged around all constraints equally. Hippo was easily twice the woman she'd been at the start of the interrogation, and was clearly on edge now. "I'm a fucking blimp, and I'm still blowing up, don't... If you've got to keep doing this, at least loosen up the ropes, it's goddamn tight in here."

When neither supervillain lifted a finger to free her, she groaned louder. More desperate. Adrenaline pounding in her veins, she fought harder, but found the more effort to shove against the bonds, the more the pressure thrummed its presence within her body, straining her elsewhere. She tried to lean back to kill the sensation, but found there was no place to go in that direction, either. Frustration scarcely covered her concern in her eyes. She licked her lips. Her skin only now started to promise that she couldn't fill forever. She didn't want to get any closer to finding out. She could feel her nerves closing in on the surface of her, shoved up and out, held tense by what she now contained. More balloon than woman. "Fuck it. Stop it. Stop it and I'll talk."

Bloodlust grinned, leaning forwards just a touch, clearly intrigued. She pulled her knees up, hugging them to her own chest and leaning forward. "You talk, then we stop." Pneumatik could feel it. It was working. Most of his subjects got more cooperative around this stage, one way or another. "We're not passed the point of no return. Yet."

Hippo found it tough to catch a breath. There was too much pressure inside her, fighting her ability to fill her lungs. Her fingers, her toes, her skin, wanted to tremble. She gaped her mouth open, and looked up as best she could to try and keep her words going. "Ostrich has connections... Supervillain... and criminal..." Her body ached. The lines of the ropes against her skin burned, the strain between parts of her kept under pressure, and the parts of her allowed to spread, unhappy with their dichotomy. Her lap and bust were each swollen over the ropes, looking increasingly strained through spreading, tearing gaps in her clothes. Her skin beneath was going rose. She was picking up highlights, shiny reflections from the room's light. "Could've heard... through a... mob connection..." She tried to gasp, but came up shallow. The ropes rubbing on her, parts of her were starting to feel weak. With enough room to spread out, maybe she'd be fine, but... but...! "Stop it... the friction... I can't take it..." She tried to hold herself still. She tried to keep from moving. Sweat poured down her face. Her body groaned more than the ropes. "Maybe one of you is a tra--"

As the words left her lips, Bloodlust picked up a letter opener from the table, and jammed it into the Hippo. For a split second, her skin pushed in as air tried to shift around the penetration. Her eyes had just enough time to go wide. Pneumatik flinched. She heard the boom of escaping pressure before she felt it. Bloodlust was struck with a sudden spray of elasticized flesh and blood alike. Hippo, herself, gurgled to silence, then stillness. For a moment, Pneumatik was too stunned to say anything. Bloodlust lapped the letter opener clean. "What the FUCK?" Bloodlust rolled her eyes, looking over her shoulder towards him. "Don't be so dramatic. She would've sold us out in a second. She had to go." "You said we'd stop when we got--" "And we got our answer, didn't we? And I killed her, not you. Your precious little hands are clean." Considering the amount of blood over the desk, it was doubtful that was literally true.

Pneumatik shook. He narrowed his eyes at Bloodlust. She felt the air go stiff around her. A warning. She

paused. "Think about this, Tik. You can't afford me as an enemy. Red hair and big tits sold us both out. You know she's a mob princess, right?" He stayed ready. "I know that. I heard her. You..." Bloodlust's eyes flared, trying to make contact with Pneumatik. "...I'm looking out for both of us. We both want to be rich. We both don't want to be used. She used us. Whatever naïve problem you've got with what I did, it can wait until we settle that. Besides," she added, turning to face him, "I can feel your blood in your dick right now. You've been dying to do that." The room went silent again. The air relaxed. "Don't... Just don't. We talk to Bombshell. And then we can settle whatever the hell this was." She stood up from the desk. "Fine by me. But we might make a pretty good team, 'Tik. Think about it." He watched her as she made her way from the room, and slowly followed.