

Pneumatik's Rising Part 2

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The Hall of Strategy teemed with life. Rarely did the members of the family come together these days, but an attack on one vigilante was an assault on all of them. Christie Gainsworth still sat at the head of the table, despite the recent retirement from position as Master Strategy. She still favored short kept blond hair, and piercing blue eyes interrogated the remainder of the family for details as they gathered. "My daughter has been missing for twelve hours, Theodore. I'm sincerely hoping you have something approaching an update?"

Teddy groaned, turning his chair back around to face them. His eyes felt like they wanted to bleed, he'd been staring so long at the crime computer. He pinched the bridge of his nose, trying to get his eyes to hydrate properly and reduce his headache from monitor glare. "Her tracker isn't pinging on any of the available towers. Either someone properly removed it, or it's inside something acting as a..."

Christie finished his thought, her inquisitive mind not yet having dealt with board meetings long enough to grow dull. "Faraday Cage." She nodded, considering. "Microwave Menace? Another one of his baked adventurer plots? Police receive any invitations to dinner? Those should still be forwarded to the coordination email..."

Teddy shook his head. "Doesn't match the MO for the other disappearances, and last we heard, Michael Wreaves' obsession with magnetron based cooking apparatus is being properly treated at the Bloch Institute. No other members of the rogue's gallery is set to make waves, so we're guessing this is a new player. Only other clues are the disappearances. We're assuming they're related."

Christie's eyes flicked as her adopted daughter came down the stair entry. "And we don't feel the hand of the Devil in this?"

Beatrice joined the table, kicking her feet up. Her black hair pulled back into a ponytail, ample chest bouncing as she dropped into a seat. "I put eyes out for mystical assassins on my way in. All's quiet on that front. Don't think they've recovered from our last tangle yet. Devil's probably still dead. Are we sure this isn't Ambush being Ambush? Flipped duty to go find a beach somewhere nice? None of the water or flight craft heading down the coast?"

Teddy thumbed back towards the crime computer. "All accounted for, after we recalled the Ambush Cycle."

Beatrice grimaced. "We're calling it that now?"

Teddy grinned. The old banter was coming back. "Still think it should be called the mo-Beel?"

Her grimace deepened, and she raised her hands and shook her head. "No. Don't. No more Plan B call backs. Did you burn the suit yet? I notice you didn't make Francesca wear it."

Christie looked plaintively between the younger pair. "It didn't fit her." The older woman's eyes flicked downwards once at Beatrice before her leveled glare rose again. "Can we get back on track? It's high time we developed a strategy for finding Ambush."

Beatrice rolled her eyes., her voice dripping with sarcasm. "Yes. Of course, my liege. Wherever Francesca is right now, I'm sure she's having a great time."

"I hate it here. This isn't the first time I've been kidnapped, but it is the stupidest and most embarrassing." Ambush spit verbal abuse at her captor. Some hideout. A blimp. Ugh. A blimp. She felt like a blimp. Two blimps. And that would've been bad enough, but she wasn't alone! Three others were floating, each of them spaced out around the interior of the blimp, which gave her the best idea of how she, herself, was secured. Metal clasps fit around structural bars shaping the interior of the open space, attached to leather ropes wrapped around their ankles, acting as tethers. And since each of them were currently buoyant under his power, it kept them from doing much...

There'd been time for introductions. The other missing persons were here, and at least the Pneumatik seemed to be caring for them. Dolly, from the convertible, had been given the same treatment as Ambush herself, and try as they might, the pair had not been able to see around their balloon-busts to make proper eye contact yet. It was like waiting for a DVD menu to hit a corner of the TV. It had to happen eventually, if she just kept watching. She'd been here the longest. Gale was a different beast entirely. Her ass was positively stuffed, a pear-shaped end sticking directly into the air, her torso not quite fit to hold itself straight up. She was bent, hanging from it like the sandbag to an unsightly weather balloon. Ambush didn't want to think about how that must have felt. The pressure was strongest over her backside, but it looked like her hips and thighs didn't escape the Pneumatik's filling gas either. It stood to reason that her crotch might have suffered the same fate, and by the noise she made when she occasionally shifted and hit the wall of the blimp, it had to be way more intense. And then there was That Guy. Ambush didn't remember his name from the files, and she couldn't make out his voice. That Guy was huge, easily seven feet around. His torso was blown out enough that it was starting to overtake his shoulders and legs. He didn't do much but shudder, his eyes open, arms in a star fish pattern. His lips moved, he sweated... but that was it. That Guy was otherwise a mystery to be solved later. Pneumatik himself came through on what felt like a regular schedule to check on them. Meal provisions. Waste disposal. Nothing sharp. Nothing she could use, yet. So, she'd bided her time.

What had, not long ago, been Ambush's entire focus of being was still a distracting throb through her nerves. As long as she didn't focus on it, didn't grip too tight, she found she could maintain. She was slowly getting her center back. He couldn't hold her here in perpetuity. She already knew she could probably wear down her tether, weaken it, bounce enough to get it to snap and free herself... to float... up to the top of the blimp. And once she did that, she could probably move herself along the interior structures, and find a way to escape and float upwards until she suffocated or exploded. She frowned. The plan was not working out how she wanted yet. Stupid, glorious tits.

It occurred to her she was not done complaining about this. "You're such a dick, and I'm bored as hell. Plus, you're not even doing it right."

The Pneumatik's visor raised up in Ambush's direction. "What is it I'm not doing? Are you not provided for? Haven't sprung a leak, have you?" He stepped closer, looking her over.

She fought a blush. Even through the visor, she could feel his eyes on her. His stupid power... He'd bothered to engage with her a few times, and she was hoping to provoke another session. Usually, villains were chattier. Maybe she could get him to play into it. "Yeah. You know. You've got all these people captured. But you don't have one map laid out, no murder board, no demands, and you haven't once explained to me what you're keeping us all for. You just a sick fuck who likes raping girls with your powers and looking at their blown up tits? And whatever it is you did to THAT guy?"

The Pneumatik looked over from her to That Guy. She tried to swing a foot towards his face, but her center wasn't there yet... she missed him not just with her whole foot, but by a whole foot. His face came back to regard her anew. "He tried to escape. And as I've said, my apologies for this unfortunate circumstance. I've truly tried to make this situation as pleasant as possible within my means."

Red. For just a second, Ambush saw red. It would be so much easier to hate him if he didn't talk like that! "Stop... fucking apologizing! If you really felt bad, you'd let us go! It's been like, a day or something? Longer for them! Why are you so much more important than them?"

Pneumatik's head tilted down. His hand fell to the butt of his gun device. "I want everybody to go free. This is just the only way to meet her."

It was working. Ambush felt uplifted. Fuck. No. Uh. Happy! She was getting somewhere. Now to pump him, er, get more information. "You're doing all this for a girl? You're keeping us to impress a crush? I hate to break it to you, but most ladies don't like kidnapers or rapists."

His visor shot back up towards her. Uh oh. Pushed too far. She writhed at the end of her tether, waiting for him to retaliate. She should really finish that criminal psych course she was signed up for... "I don't have a choice. I've held it together as long as I can. My powers are a curse, I can't..."

Ambush held quiet. Yes. Just keep going, asshole. Spill it all. "I've put as much energy into this blimp as I dare. I've spent my power on little things, one offs. I've shredded latex. Pooltoys. Everything I'm supposed to do to just keep being a member of society who hasn't hurt anybody." This was the most emotional she'd heard him get. He hadn't lashed out yet... was he going to? Either way, in her estimation, this guy was certifiable.

"I can't go on a date. I can't get close... to anybody. It was never this bad before. I could shake hands. Hug. Share a kiss. I can't... I can't do any of that anymore. They'll..." He gestures at the others. At Ambush. "And if I lose control, they'll die. I need help getting it under control. I need somebody who can take what I'm going to do to them. I need someone invulnerable."

Ambush's eyes widened. She'd been considering one last jab to see what he had left, but this was a doozy that couldn't be ignored. "You **are** crazy. You're trying to climb the hero ladder. You wanted to kidnap Master Strategy. Because she always shows up for Master Strategy. Bro, she'll straight up wreck you. You don't have a chance."

Pneumatik pointed at Ambush. She felt her bust shift. For a long while now, she'd been stable. She groaned, the change reawakening the initial feelings of passion that came along with it. She made her mouth move. "No, don't..."

He yelled at her now. "I don't have a choice! If I succeed, or she stops me, this ends! This has to end!" She tried to keep from grasping herself. Tried to keep from making it worse. Her breasts were already bigger than her head. Fucking anime titties. And now, they were swelling again. Bigger. Rounder. Fuller. Her eyes rolled up in her head despite how she tried to keep them down. Her feet kicked as overwhelming pleasure coursed through her, fresh, white, hot. She futilely forced her hands to try and hold them down. Maybe she wanted to feel what her smooth skin was like now, as she grew. She didn't have to admit it after it was over. Damnit. Damnit.

The pressure, the pleasure, they were a potent mix when they took her by surprise. And as she heaved through a second half of a cup-size alphabet, she could tell she wasn't stretching nearly so well as she had on the rooftop last night. The pressure was rising, and she was running out of place in her chest to put it. He was seething, she was swelling. Run it back, run it back while there's still time... Could she be bigger than beachballs? Better to not find out. The swelling force inside her made it hard to draw full breaths to speak. She was running hot. She fought back moans to make words. "Don't... please, I don't want to pop, it's good," Fuck, don't say that, "It's... ugh, please, I..." Do not. Do not ask him to do anything. Shut up. Death would be preferable to what you're thinking. "I'm... more... just... until..."

She could feel Pneumatik staring. Dolly, Gale, That Guy. Fuck it. The nicest thing she'd felt in her years was happening in her skin right now, and the rest of the world was falling away. He kept saying he wasn't going to hurt her. Maybe she needed this. She couldn't hold herself back. One hand to keep pressing on the air inside her bust. Another, driven down between her thighs, where she could find real purchase to the sensations building in her. She couldn't see him through the amount cleavage that filled her vision. "You going to just... stand there...?"

Even as she started to gasp, short, breathless little draws of air, she could see it in her mind's eye. Go for it. Touch me. I might get a chance to break your arm, I might have the orgasm of a life time, but how can you not touch me like this... Either way, it was all too much, and her intent was fracturing as she lost control. A little faster, a little more pressure, and she'd...

She felt his hand. Her free leg tried to grasp around it. She locked herself around it, martial training trapping it against herself, and starting to lock it down. He let out a gasp of pain she scarcely heard over her own noises, and the squeaking in her skin. She latched on as hard as she dared. Her hips started to grind on him of their own accord, but the fighter in her used the moment. She brought what weight she possessed down, and slammed him off the blimp wall. She might have done more, but it was already too much, and a yell of excitement turned to one of bliss. Her legs grabbed harder, but he started to slip free. Her free foot chased him, earnestly trying to maintain contact... though she wasn't sure whether for violence or cuddles at the exact moment.

It was a long moment before she came back to herself, finding her teeth biting into her lip. Before thoughts ordered again. Big. Full. She couldn't do that again. She didn't have the room. But she sighed happily to herself and her small victory. "Dislocated your arm..." she sang to herself, writhing on herself in afterglow as the Pneumatik slinked off.

Christie stood out on the edge of the balcony of the beautiful Galeworth Manor. Her eyes watched the sky. A movement of red in the distance caught her eye. She waited a moment more before speaking. She'd be within hearing range shortly enough. "Thanks for coming. It's not Heroes United business, but it's a family matter. I'd like to get my daughter back while I still have one."

The blue and red flash appeared above the balcony, before floating its way gently to land. Black hair, perfectly kept despite having just flown over a few hundred miles. "Metroville can wait one night when it comes to good partners," she started, voice strong. She offered Christie a hand, which she accepted in a firm shake. "And some people have accused us of being the World's Finest."