

Dick Heist
-A Cyberpunk Short -
By Razmagurk

I hung over the hallway like a ninja.

Okay, more accurately, I hung over the hallway like a big-titted bimbo ninja. My naked breasts were so expansive that they dangled down below me, just waiting for some approaching security forces to run face-first into them as they turned the corner.

Not for the first time, I cursed my overpriced, malfunctioning boobs.

All around me, a tempestuous rain pounded against the towering glass heights of the Astrophallicorp World-Headquarters. Countless floors below the people partied, drunk and revelrous, to their own success.

None of them knew how close I was to snatching it all away.

I crawled, hallway to hallway, these ridiculous things swinging and jiggling at even the slightest movement, their amped-up sensory receptors feeding into my brain with toe-shivering fidelity. Just a little more. I was almost there.

I had intended to turn back into a man at this point, but the bimbo look had gotten me this far, and until I got a chance to reboot them properly, I'd rather have the tits working for me than against me. And besides, I was still stuck acting the part, even if I did turn back.

Up ahead I heard a clamour. Someone was coming. Multiple someones. I clutched the high-tech dick in my hand as I considered my options. Could I jump them? Just drop down on top of them and hope I had the weight advantage? But uhg, no, as in-the-way as these stupid tits were, they were surprisingly light. I could maybe use the cock I was holding as a weapon? But no, it was still connected to my sensory feed as well. That would smart.

I held my breath and clutched tighter to the ceiling.

Ideally I'd be able to talk my way out of it. Pretend to be some poor piece of giggling bimbo arm candy who got lost while off looking for a place to quietly suck some cock. I could feel my face shifting at the thought, lips plumping, eyes widening, tens of thousands of credits worth of subcutaneous machinery responding to my subconscious.

Ah, but well, I couldn't talk my way out of being four layers deep in a high-security zone, now could I? And any security forces on duty tonight would be hormonally augmented while on duty, to avoid just such temptations.

I flashed furiously through my inventory of skillsofts. Violence was once again looking like the only option. I hated violence, really. I preferred to move through the system like a ghost, I preferred no one ever find out I was there.

But sometimes, well. Sometimes your tits malfunction and grow so big that no one on earth could miss them.

They rounded the corner. There were three of them. Heavy armor. Corporate. The kind of outfits that said 'party's over.' I guess that was the point, huh? They were a stark contrast to the precisely-tailored suits worn by the guards I'd seen at the gala below.

Honestly, I was kind of honored. A three-man tac-team just to deal with me?

I couldn't see the look of surprise in the leader's eyes as he made contact with my hanging tits - of course - but I could see the body language. A bimbo dangling from the ceiling in tactical lingerie, with a knobby cyberpenis in one hand? It bought me only a moment's hesitation.

I let myself drop, crashed into him, his head between my thighs, tits crashing into his helmet. I spun, rolling with the momentum of my fall, carrying him down with me. Once on the ground I spun, twisting with my abs and lifting my legs into the air, legs splitting wider than any acrobat as I tried to slam my carbon-reinforced stiletto-heels into the faces of the remaining guards.

You know what? It was a good move. I think I would have even gotten away with it if not for the weight of my knockers pulling me down. The swing of my legs whiffed just past their faceplates.

Another reason I hate violence? - Each of the well-armored forms grabbed one of my legs. - It so often fails.

"Well now missy..." one of them tutted. "What are you doing here?"

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What was I doing here?

I looked around at the gala. Black ties and little black dresses. High-ranking corporate officials and shareholders dancing, mingling, sampling the wears and fucking with all the virility an unlimited cybernetics budget and anti-aging therapy could afford.

And there I was, the one person who didn't belong. Not that any of them could tell. I adjusted my thong back into position as I graciously pulled off the dick I had been sampling. The waiter took it and put it back on the tray and we both resumed our rounds.

Dicks. That was what had brought everybody here today. An entire corporate megalith devoted to big hard fat smart-dicks. Not a home in the sprawl didn't have at least one. Advertising campaigns had turned into culture wars, propaganda on a truly staggering scale - the normalization of what had once been fetish culture.

And now? Now no one went down the street without at least one. And god help you if you were wearing last year's dick. Entire wars had literally been fought to stomp out the competition.

Tonight, they toasted to that success. Tonight, they partied with dicks and holes of their own. Tonight, they got to sample the latest designs. And tonight would be their downfall.

I had a thousand faces to wear for an event like this, no matter how little I belonged here, no matter how out of place I was. But this particular event, this particular plan, it called for something special. Tonight, I had to step out of my comfort zone.

No one so far had suspected that the petite girl with the big perky tits and the whorish dress was at all out of place. No one suspected that she wasn't a girl at all.

And so I giggled and jiggled from group to group, mingling and laughing and pretending to have a good time as I availed myself of product and availed others in turn.

It was the corporate event of the year. The annual reveal of the upcoming product line to the corporate higher-ups and shareholders, no matter how unfinished and buggy it may have been. Rumors had it that their total market saturation had caused their growth to disastrously plateau. That meant trouble. If this new dick didn't sell, well...

And that's where I came in.

The theft of a prototype at this stage would be hushed over quickly, but if it got into the hands of those people willing and able to exploit security flaws? Let's just say these people would pay good money to stop something like that from happening.

I worked my way once more through the crowd. All around me people danced and drank and fucked to a band that had been the big thing 40-60 years ago, when they were actually as young as they look now. And they fucked and they drank and they cut loose like people who never partied except for this one time every year.

And there he was. My target. The reason I was here today as a bubbly 5'5" sexpot and not my normal masculine self. Astrophallicorp's CFO. Who just so happened to have a thing for big-titted bimbos.

I ramped up the sluttiness in my body-language simulator. I'd paid good money for maximum seduction, to be able to stand out even at an event like this. I could feel my gait shifting, my back arching, lips pouting into a coy horny smirk. I signalled my tits to go up an extra half-cup size, just in case.

It was easy enough to integrate smoothly into his little group. He and his wife were going on about the various flavors their equine dicks could produce - actual flavors, not just sensory simulation. I licked my lips as his eyes wandered to mine, then unabashedly down at my breasts.

I arched my back to give him a better view. My body was scanning his body language, retinal dialation, pulse, finding out - with every little glance he gave me - exactly what he liked, then subtly tweaking itself to respond better to his positives.

In other words, he didn't stand a chance.

It didn't take long before he offered me a chance to taste it for myself. I giggled as though it were the funniest thing I ever heard, then slid down graciously to me knees. His rigid equine rod was a

masterpiece of phallic technology, distinguishable only from a flesh and blood codger by its impossible heft, the soft glowing blue line running down the side, and the overpowering scent of hazlenut.

I cooed at the sight of it and fell to my knees. Not that I was into guys or anything - really! But a job is a job and I was confident enough in my masculinity and sexuality to get the job done no matter what it took.

Putting a hand on his wife's equally equine appendage, I slotted in a blowjob skillsoft specifically chosen for this occasion, cross-referenced in a distant database to give these makes and models of dick maximum pleasure.

My lips and hands moved of their own accord, dancing to the artfully preprogrammed passion. The CFO was so blissed out that he didn't even notice the haptic-backdoor in my tongue I was using to jack his credentials.

If I hadn't been alternatively gagging myself on the couple's chocolate-hazelnut horse-cocks, I'd have wiped a bead of sweat from my brow. The plan had worked.

"Are your..." he furrowed his brow over the pleasure unsure if it was real or some part of his bimbo blowjob fantasy. "Are your tits getting bigger?"

"Huh?" I looked down.

"They are!"

Shit! He was right. The left one was swelling. I sent it an abort command and then a shut down request, but all I got were errors.

I turned away quickly, clutching my hands over the alarmingly rapid inflating of my chest. Hastilly, I sent a signal to the other one to catch up so that at least they'd be the same size, but that was the last command that one seemed to accept before it too started spitting errors.

Shit, shit, shit!

"Like, uh, what can I say, daddy?" I turned back just long enough to purr in his ear. "Your dick has that effect on me." I gave his horse-dong one last squeeze, licking my lips, then I turned and sauntered off like it was nothing.

Error 302: Breast not responding.

I fed it commands, shut downs, emergency overrides, but still it kept growing. Hardware issue? Was there a leak in the microgel line? Was I going to have to dump the entire tank into these things before it stopped?

People were looking. Already it was surpassing the limits of my slutty black dress, flush flesh bulging against the seams. I tried to play the red on my face as a cool arousal, tried to play my choice of an obviously way-too-small dress as intentional, but despite that - or perhaps because of it - people just stared all the harder.

I made way towards the security elevator. Heels clicked beneath me, hips swinging with every step. I tried running but whatever was locking me out of my breasts wasn't letting me adjust my body language simulator until it was fixed. Anything out of the skillset's repertoire - fighting, sneaking - were handled by other systems, but outside of those scenarios I couldn't stop moving like the sluttiest bimbo at prom even if I tried.

I should have made for the exit. I should have aborted the whole plan until I could go through and scrub every system. But was I really willing to come this far just to let something like this stop me?

I grabbed one of the slick, fresh dicks off a tray and hooked it into my network - in a tingling flash I could feel every inch of it, every throbbing factory-fresh nerve. I'd only get one shot at this.

The security elevator dinged and a small hole flipped open at crotch level. I shoved the smartdick inside, tits pressing against the wall like great pillows. The machine pinged my cock for an ID, and I fed it that of the CFO. As far as the system was concerned, this was that old codger's flavorful lollipop.

The door dinged and I stumbled in, tits scraping along the side of the frame. I slapped the door closed button with the dick still in my hand.

I'd made it. I was in. Just one little problem.

My tits continued to balloon before me, already they were big enough to cause trouble. I groped and mawed my hands over them, trying, in the limited space of the elevator, to activate the emergency manual shut off switch. It stopped, but for all my fumbling I'd also amping up my sensitivity to 50x.

I let out a breath at the sudden blast of sexual fidelity.

"Shit!"

I put a hand on my hip and huffed. My tits were literally out of control.

I could feel the cool of the elevators as it traveled up and up and up into the most inaccessible portions of the building.

I hefted the great tits before me and tried to position myself such that I could turn the sensitivity back down, but - fuck! - even just brushing against my nipples was enough to send my knees quivering. There was no way I was going to hold down for ten seconds needed to manually adjust the volume or size.

Okay - I rubbed at the bridge of my slutty little nose - a bad start. But here I was. Somehow, the plan had worked. Now I just had to waltz into R&D, snag the prototype, and walk right out with all the other guests.

I took a deep breath. In and out. How hard could it be?

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"How hard can this be?" The security guard's voice was silenced by her helmet, but I was able to intercept the comms traffic between the two of them easily enough. "We found an intruder, we take her in."

"I'm telling you, she's not the one we're after! You saw the dossier."

I furrowed my brow. If I wasn't the one they were after, then who?

"Hi boys," rang a melodious voice. "Mind if I cut in?"

Two large metallic hands clapped onto the security guards' helmets, dashing them into each other so hard they cracked.

I looked up in awe at my savior. A heavy-duty security android, thick with masculine cybernetic muscle. A handsome body built for power, posing demurely beneath a flowing black dress.

"Wait... Lydia?"

"Aw, what gave me away?" Her voice was girlish and bubbly despite her masculine form. Though it was hard to see the android's face beneath the helmet, I could tell the voice wasn't coming from those lips.

"I'd know that sense of style anywhere." I raised an eyebrow as I ran my eyes down her form. "Lydia, what is all this?"

"Oh, you like?" She posed daintily. "You know that old joke - what's the difference between a full-body security-prosthetic and a sex toy?"

"Yeah, yeah," I rolled my eyes. "Firewalls. So you just - what? Stole some poor guy's body?"

"Beats being there in person."

"You don't think the dress is too much?"

"Oh, like your one to talk." She cocked a hip, exaggerating her already feminine poise.

"What's with those tits, Lee?"

"A slight malfunction." I tugged my thong and what remained of my tactical bra - now hopelessly resting beneath my bountiful bust - back into position. "Nothing I can't handle."

"That's what you get for using all these illegal augs. What if you can't find anyone willing to fix those things, huh? You're going to have to carry those things around in a wheelbarrow!" she laughed. "And that's if the cops don't nab you - those tits clearly aren't regulation. A guy can get into serious trouble with tatas like that."

I rolled my eyes. She made a sound like she was sticking out her tongue, but didn't actually follow up with the motion.

"You know it occurs to me it would be very easy for you to work your magic on these things and get me back to normal."

"Oh?" She purred as she ran a finger down my cheek. "You're offering to let me hack you?"

"On second thought..." I stepped back. "Maybe it's for the best. What are you even doing here, Lydia? There's nothing on this floor except for the --"

There was a moments pause. I could just imagine Lydia's grin.

"Oh no. You're after my prototype aren't you! Why?"

"Same reason you are, I imagine. I can't speak too much about my employer - a girl's got her secrets. But look, the way I see it, we'll work together and grab it, okay? Just like old times. Then we'll figure out what to do with it. How does that sound?"

I tried and failed to cross my arms over my chest. "Just like old times? Is this like the time in Monaco then, where you left me for dead? Or the time in New Bogota where you used me as a human shield? Oh, maybe it's like that time in the Dominican where you left me to fend off the billionaire's assassin-harem?"

"Lee! I would never!" Again, I could hear her grinning. "I was thinking more like the time in St. John's. Remember that? Just the two of us and the sea?"

"And enough experimental aphrodisiac to drown a cow. I think that was a very different experience for you than me."

"My point, Lee, is that if you can't trust your friends, who can you trust?"

I rubbed at the bridge of my nose. I was going to regret this. But she was right. We had a common goal and things were already starting to go tits up, no pun intended. I couldn't deny that Lydia was handy to have around.

And so together the two of us pressed onwards, into the heart of the building. She didn't even comment about how my every step seemed plucked from some well-practiced pornography.

"How are we looking?"

"Just the one camera and a pair of guards," she said. Our backs were to the wall before it rounded into another security hallway. "And I'm taking care of that now." Her body fell back into a more neutral position as she focused elsewhere. "Got it!"

I poked my head around the corner. Sure enough: one camera, just above the main lab access, two armored forms beneath.

"Shouldn't there be... more guards or something?"

"Twos not enough for you?"

“There should be more than that. Even with the party downstairs keeping them occupied. This is almost... too easy? Can you hack them?”

“Not while I’m controlling this guy.” She gestured down at her body. “We could probably take them, but I expect they’ll be a little better armed than that last group.”

“Yeah, especially after those ones didn’t report in.”

“Come on Lee, don’t you have, like, an air duct or something you can crawl through?”

Again I failed to crossed my arms over my heaving chest.

“Right, right. The tits. Well, there’s our answer.”

“Huh?”

“Seduce them! You’ve got the body for it, Lee. And aren’t you always saying how you can talk your way out of anything?”

“What!? No! Look, these guys don’t fuck around, okay? They’re not just going to -” but I was already been shoved around the corner

“Uh - “ I stumbled the first few steps, my body language emulator trying to play the motion into a smouldering strut. I was full steam ahead, hoisting my tits and putting a finger to my pillowy pink lips. “Hi boys!” I leaned as far into the role as I could. “Do you have something long and hard for me to- uh.”

I took a step back. They didn’t move. They couldn’t.

Dead.

Or... well, disabled would be the more appropriate term. Full-body prosthetics did a good job of protecting the brain even after catastrophic damage to the rest of the body, but what the hell had happened here?

Lydia poked a head around the corner.

“Wow Lee, I guess those looks of yours can kill after all, huh?”

“This wasn’t me.” I shot her a glare.

“Then who?”

We pushed past the bodies. The dick-reader beyond was fried violently and the door slid all-too-easily at our touch.

We snuck through the facility as best as a remotely-hacked combat chassis and a titty monster gentleman thief could. The bodies outside weren’t the only ones we were seeing.

We were in a lab. Research and development. Banks of glowing lights as massive databases coordinated research data from across the world. I had been expecting something a little fancier from a corporation like this, but I guess I was only seeing the mundane. When this thing was feeding data right into the eyes and brains of those working here, I'm sure it was a sight to behold.

"What the hell happened here?" Lydia lifted the limp wrist of one of the office workers.

Her words were silently fed into my brain, but as though in answer, a voice boomed from the other end of the lab.

"Open the damn thing! Don't make me say it again!"

We crept low, or, well, as low as we could. The way the enormous boulders of my tits threatened to scrape orgasmically along the ground kept me on my toes.

Who could have fought their way through security like this? What kind of master criminal would even try?

And then I saw him, and I sighed.

It was just some asshole with a gun.

I pride myself on a certain level of professionalism as a criminal, a certain *je ne sais quoi*. I do things quietly, I do my research, I have a plan. If all goes well you don't even realize anything's gone until you get the ransom demand a courteous 48 hours later.

So you can imagine my horror, my disgust, when, after all that planning, all that work, some dumbass off the street with a corpsec-surpluss assault rifle somehow manages to land my score without so much as a plan in his head.

I sighed.

No wonder security was running around like crazy; they weren't after us, they were after him. The only reason they didn't have a dozen more guards on him right now is because they must be trying to keep this a secret from all the gala-goers below.

He was a rough sort. Long coat, hulking muscle, but not the familiar bulk of the cybernetically augmented. I could just picture him pumping iron like some kind of animal. His hands were rough and dirty and his face mishappen. In a world of readily available aesthetic surgeries, you had to have fallen pretty hard between the cracks to wind up like this.

But hey, those cracks grew deeper every year.

He cocked his gun for dramatic effect and pointed it at a quivering employee. It wasn't even a scientist, just a custodian caught in the wrong place at the wrong time.

"I said, open it up!"

We crept closer. I'm sure I must have looked ridiculous, my movements alternating between swinging sex-pot and lithe ninja, but I was just glad my stealth and combat systems were able to take priority. I darted from desk to desk. If we were lucky could we get the jump on him? I didn't like our odds if we had to clear half the hallway before he could pull the trigger.

And that's when our luck ran out.

He looked our way.

Imagine trying to hide between a tree with a beachball strapped to your chest. I dove back down behind the desk to avoid his gaze. Big mistake. A whorish moan escaped my lips as my amped-up assets flooded me with pleasure.

"Who's there?"

I glared down at my tits angrily. Of course. Of fucking course.

"Come out or I start shooting!" His voice was rough and unsure, but the sort of unsure that told me he'd much rather just open fire and be done with it. "I said get out here!"

I didn't make a sound.

"I'm talking to you, lady!" He advanced across the office, gun pointed at my position. I let out an internal sigh. There was no way I was going to be able to fight him, especially if he had the range advantage. That left me with only one option...

"Like, don't shoot!" I put up my hands and stood, just enough force in my step to send my tits jiggling and swaying in what my skillsoft assured me would be a captivating pattern.

Sure enough. The asshole's eyes boggled at the sight of my massive micro-gel-stuffed melons. They too were a miracle of illegal cybernetic science. Boggling was good. If he hadn't boggled, I'd be in serious trouble.

"Who the hell-?"

"Gosh, mister!" I said, swaying unsteadily. "I'm like, totally lost! I was supposed to meet this old guy somewhere around here for a blowjob? And he totally ran off and now I don't have anything to suck!" I pouted my lip as big as it would go, which, given the high-tech nature of my face, was quite a lot. Something told me this was not a job for subtlety. "Can you help me find my way back to the party?"

Behind him, still hidden some distance away, I could see Lydia facepalming.

Wheels turned over in his brain. He had not been expecting a bimbo. Few do. My heart pounded. Would he take the bait? Doubt crept into the edge of my awareness. What kind of an idiot would you have to be to take something like this at face value?

“Party, huh?” He smirked and pawed at his crotch. “Little missy, I got all the party you could want right here.”

Oh, thank god. He was exactly that kind of idiot.

Internally I was sighing in relief. Externally, my big expressive eyes widened in awe as he revealed his dick. It was... organic? It was impressive for something all natural, but hardly the biggest I’d ever seen. You didn’t see many people with natural dicks this day. Was this guy some kind of luddite? Maybe one of those crazy conspiracy nuts who thought the government was using cyberdicks to control people?

That’s when Lydia struck.

“Party’s over for you, hon!” Her hand crackled with electricity, her dress bulging as her masculine synthetic muscle sprung into action, catching him literally with his pants down.

But Lydia’s flare for the dramatic was once again going to be her doom. Despite the speed at which she cleared the gap, he had the gun up and upon her, using it’s length to deflect Lydia’s weight - and electrifying reach - away from him. The gun let rip a trio of bullets at close range, tearing into Lydia’s synthetic chest. Dress torn, she crashed into a wall.

“No!” I screamed.

The asshole panted, cold hard organic adrenalin flooding his system. His eyes scanned the room, darting this way and that to be sure there weren’t going to be any more surprises.

Then, eyes on me, he raised the gun.

“Ooh!” I feigned a swoon, putting the back of my hand to my forehead. I fell forward, tits first, pressing myself against him. My vocalizations were given an air of authenticity from the very real shock of pleasure washing through me as my needy tits kneaded into his strong masculine flesh.

What I wanted, of course, was to run over to see if Lydia was alright, but I was counting on him catching me. Now I had him exactly where I wanted.

I fell to my knees, my cybernetic body adjusting its height and the pillowy press of my big bubbly bimbo butt against the floor to line me up at perfect dick sucking height.

And then I got to work.

I’m a people person, foremost, really. That means reading them, reacting to them. You had to be a good judge of character in this line of work. And this guy? You didn’t have to be sucking his cock to tell that this was a guy with a lot of pent up frustration. He didn’t have the agency in his life or in his relationships. He didn’t understand why everything wasn’t like he had been promised. He couldn’t get a date and he was either too poor or too virtuous to hire one. He blamed the world, and was right to do so, but in all the wrong ways.

In other words, when a quivering bimbo got all weak in the knees at the sight of his manly violence and started pressing her lips to his straining dick, he didn't even give it a second thought. At last, he was getting his.

Though he wasn't quite big enough for me to make a show of it, I brought my pillowy tits to bear. It was an odd situation. I had a thousand different skillsofts in my library and a massive database of dick-specs. I knew what worked for every brand imaginable. But for this? Well, I was practically flying blind. Nothing to do but find out the old-fashioned way.

I cupped his turgid member between my high-tech hypersensitive hooters, I played with the head as it poked itself out, flicking my coiling tongue along the underside in a variety of complex patterns, then running it around the ridge.

I was drooling profusely, getting it good and wet so it could more pleasantly pound between the soft warmth of my fuck melons. My body was playing out a hodgepodge of carefully programmed dances, all designed to bring maximum visual impact and maximum pleasure.

If there was one good thing I could say about them it was that my tits were a perfect crevasse for dick.

"Mmm," I moaned, winking up at him as I pressed my thick lips tight against the underside of his head, kissing and sucking in equal measure. "This is so much better than the dicks downstairs."

Already he was grunting, gasping. One hand gripping tight at my hair and guiding me deeper onto him. I took him deeper into my mouth - as deep as I could with these chest pillows still in the way - and started slurping, squeezing, rubbing with my cheeks against the wet warmth of his all-natural cockflesh.

He humped up, hips getting into it, awkwardly at first, unsure, but he fumbled into a rhythm soon enough. I took it graciously, bobbing in time to his lead like the blowjob queen my body was forcing me to act like.

Soon he was amping up for real, his grunts and moans coming faster, raunchier, his voice hitching and his heart pounding. I could feel his dick pulsing in a way I'd never felt before, as a hot hormonal mix of potent testosterone and adrenaline pounded through it. I sucked him in deeper, gasping for breath between moans of my own as he slammed his hips into my ultra-sensitive tits with every thrust.

I didn't need to breath, mind you - internal air tank - but in the moment it felt right.

It wasn't a habit of mine trying to get men off. Well, no more than was polite in our current society, but you didn't need to be a people person to tell that this was the best damn sex of his life.

Which is why it was a shame he didn't last long. Hell, he couldn't have gone longer even if he wanted to. Without a cyberdick He couldn't have heightened or dulled his pleasure, couldn't have flushed his poist-coitals and gone right into a second round, couldn't even modulate or record the experience. It was sad, really, but I guess it just went to show how far beyond the rutting ape humanity had become.

And so, soon he was tipping over the edge, balls surging, dick swelling in my mouth. With my sensitivity maxed out I could feel every splash of his hot cum as it spilled out over my tits. Tingly. Hot. Not as much as I'd have seen from synth balls, but way more than I was expecting from a natural like that.

And then, right as he was falling off that cliff of pleasure, I smashed him in the head with the cyberdick in my hand.

That should have been the end of it, really. But I must have miscalculated. There was more to this guy than met the eye. His eyes flashed with rage as he fell back confused towards Lydia's slumped body. I tried to lunge forward, tried to twist, spin and deliver a high heel to the side of his skull-

But - ah - had I mentioned the tits?

"You bitch!" Betrayal lit across his face. No doubt he'd have a complex or two about this to discuss with his therapist, but that was not a now problem. What was a now problem was the gun he brought to bear.

Shit, shit, shit!

I flinched, a hail of bullets sprayed out towards me.

"The hell?"

It was like the whole world was in slow motion. The bullets slammed into my massive pillows, one by one, each little brass nub sending my hooters rippling and bouncing before it fell away. I screamed out in brain-blanking, body-shattering climax. The bullet-proof gel had absorbed the impact - best damn money I'd ever spent - but the sensitivity, all pleasure no pain, was firing way above the safe limits right into pleasure centers of my brain.

I screamed and I cried and I gasped, the rest of my body falling to the floor, moaning and writhed in pleasure.

The asshole was more confused than anything else. He'd just shot me and here I was, some kind of bullet-proof slut. Another betrayal. He stumbled back another step, back against the wall.

"Big mistake, boy." Lydia's eyes snapped open, her remaining arm now just in reach of the man's ankle and crackling with electric power. He screamed as she dumped the legal maximum taser force into his body. He too, fell to the ground writhing, then went still.

My tits were still tingling as I came around.

"Well done, Lee!" Lydia's voice echoed in my ears. "We'll make a femme fatale of you yet."

I clutched at my singing gel-sacks, struggling to suppress the feedback loop. The echo of that perverse trauma was still replaying in the vast volume of my knockers, but there was nothing I could do but rub normality back into them - they still weren't responding to my commands.

"Are you okay?"

"Aw," I could hear the smugness in her voice. "Were you worried about me? Sweetheart, I'm not even here, remember?" Her hulking masculine bulk of her body rose to its feet, and gave a dainty - though

painful - ballet twirl. "But I don't think this guy will be playing tennis anytime soon. He's in a lot of pain, but hey, not to worry. He's corporate right? He's got medical."

She adjusted the shoulder of her slinky evening dress, which had been torn from two-straps down to one. She was showing a lot more of her heavily-muscled chest now, but somehow she pulled it off. I smiled. Somehow, she always managed to pull it off.

She beckoned me over to the vault the guy had been trying to get opened. This was it. One last barrier. I ran over so fast my tits smacked me in the face but I didn't even care. This was it!

"I suppose this is your time to shine, Lee."

I put an ear to the safe. It was old fashioned. No chance of remote access, no chance for tech fuckery. You could brute force it only with a diamond-tipped saw. Brutally simplistic, prone to all sorts of it's own errors, but unhackable. A final line of defense, and a good one - for all her skill, Lydia couldn't do anything to this short of throwing it out the window.

I adjusted the sensitivity of my ear to ultra-fine and started spinning the dial. Safecracking was largely a lost art. There were some very expensive - and very illegal - skillsofts that could help, but I didn't need any of them.

What kind of master thief would I be if I couldn't even do this, huh?

The safe clicked open.

"Here it is!" I reached into the vault and pulled out the slick dick from within. It stood proudly in the air, inflating into rapid turgidity as it powered up into it's display state.

"Wait, that's it?" Lydia would have raised an eyebrow if I could see her real face.

"That's it."

"I was expecting something a little more..."

"It's a dick, Lydia, not the holy grail. You never had an eye for these things."

"It looks just like last year's model."

"And the year before's, and the year before that. But that's not what's important. It's what's on the inside that counts. And more importantly, how much people will pay to get their hands on it."

As I held the thing in my hands, I thought of everything this represented. Money, mostly. Piles and piles of money. Enough money to finally pay off the loans I'd had to take out with some very nasty people to get all these illegal augs.

I let out a slow breath. Hell, it was enough money to retire on. I could start getting some fun augs for myself. I glance around conspiratorially. Maybe... - I blushed at the memory of that recent overdose of pleasure - maybe I'd experiment a bit more with these tits?

“Hey Lee, do you remember that time in Cali?”

“With the... rigged basketball game? And the nunnery full of prostitutes?”

“I was thinking more like that bit on the roof at the end.”

There was a click of a gun right behind my head. There was no way I was going to get my tits in the way of this one.

“Really Lydia?” I sighed. “Again?”

“Sorry Lee. But I have a client who is going to be very disappointed if I don’t deliver. It’s just business. You understand. No hard feelings? We do make a great team.”

I considered fighting. Could I duck out of the way before she pulled the trigger? Did I even want to risk that? She was armed but she was injured. Could I - ? No.

I put up my hands in surrender.

“You know one of these days, Lydia, all these betrayals are going to come back to bite you.”

“One day, I’m sure.” Even facing away, I could imagine her wink.

Slowly, I handed over the heavy phallus in my hand.

“Thank you, luv. See? Aren’t you glad you made the right decision? And hey, don’t worry, I’m sure with the skills you’ve developed here today you’ll think of some other way to pay off those debts of yours, huh?”

She laughed, and just like that she was gone. An old trick - she’d manually removed herself from my visual feed. She’d had me hacked all along.

I couldn’t see her, but with my amped up ears I could hear her running back down the way we came. Without her around to suppress the alarms, the lights were already flashing red.

I don’t know how long I lay there. Too long, I was sure, people would be investigating soon, but I had to be sure she was gone.

I let out a laugh - a small ironic chuckle that turned into a deep full body laugh so hard my breasts bounced.

I reached into my cleavage and pulled out the dick. The real dick.

It was shiny and golden and glowing with next-gen bells and whistles and sleek neon-chrome lines. She hadn’t even seen me palm it when I was taking it out of the safe. She’d taken her eyes off the prize and ran off with the one I’d spoofed the CFO’s data onto. I’d even made sure to have it ping home loudly. Escape wouldn’t be impossible, but it would certainly make her life difficult.

I gave the bulbous head a little kiss for good luck and made my way over to the nearest window. The tip of my finger receded to reveal a small cutter and a length of cable. It wouldn't be my stealthiest exit - massive tits pressed tight against the windows as I slid my way down the side of an office tower in the pounding night rain. But with how distracted they were with the gala and Lydia? I might just be able to pull this off after all.

I gave my tits one last squeeze. They hadn't made it easy, but they'd gotten the job done. Hell, they'd even saved my life. Maybe I'd keep them after all.

But, well, that was a story for another day.

Sluttily, I slipped the dick back between my tits, sauntered over to the window, and leapt out into the neon-strewn night beyond.

The End.