

## Growing Debts [R-18+]

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## Growing Debts [R-18+]

by [Skullossal](#)

### Summary

[Contains: Breast Expansion, Growth, Absorption, Bunny-suits, Sexy androids]

# Chapter 1

## Chapter 1:

“Did I... lose?” I gawked.

**“Of course, Sir!”** The attractive android seated across the poker table nodded. Her synthetic voice mimicked that of a cheery, if reserved, young woman; a low-cut bunny suit left little of her machine-sculpted figure to the imagination. **“19-21; House wins again.”** An artificial hand, devoid of imperfections, collected the last of my scattered poker chips from the table.

Somewhere in the casino, a crowd of gamblers with better luck than mine cheered. Artificial women clad in bunny-suits and carrying cocktail-laden trays trotted in the direction of the celebration. They weaved through the crowded casino floor, bouncing and flirting and giggling, all curves, fishnets stockings and high-heeled pumps.

**“Will you be playing again, Sir?”**

“Uh.” I shook my head. “No. No thanks.”

The bunny-gynoid across from me proffered a sympathetic nod. **“Depositing House Earnings.”** Hoisting the mass of plastic tokens as one, she pressed them against her chest. I watched as they sank into her skin, disappearing from view.

**“Transaction Commencing,”** The beautiful android sighed. A faint humming sound emerged from her chassis; It was a mechanical whir reminiscent of an inflatable mattress, or perhaps a bouncy house.

Despite having no need for trivialities such as breathing, her chest rose; soft cleavage crested above the hem of her bunny-suit, filling upwards and outwards with synchronized pulses of growth. The android’s streamlined endowments matured: Her shoulders broadened slightly; her navel inched over the edge of the table as she grew an inch in size. A few seconds later, her bosom halted its swelling advance over the latex bodice of her skin-tight bunny suit. Our seated eye-lines now matched one another. The whole affair would’ve been arousing if I wasn’t totally broke.

**“Transaction Completed.”** Taller and more endowed, the mature android leaned forward and proffered a calculative glimpse of her engorged cleavage. **“Thank you for your patronage, sir.”**

I sighed. “Y’know, I’d prefer it if you just called me Jean. The human dealers here used to.”

**“I understand; My apologies, Jean. My sisters and I may be new additions to the Luxx Casino, but we wish to provide you with the ideal gambling experience.”** The android indicated towards a faint ‘K-8’ tattoo cresting atop her eye-catching cleavage. **“My designation is Unit K-8, but you may refer to me as ‘Kate’ If you prefer.”**

The enlarged android swept the cards back into the deck and shuffled with inhuman precision. Her mechanized shuffling added enticing jiggles that would’ve hypnotized other, less impoverished men.

Instead, I found myself eyeing K-8. Only a few details betrayed the woman’s artificial nature: a

synthesized warble in her speech; the soft glow of two iridescent irises; the angular lines running over her otherwise flawless skin; even the sensual curves of her chest and waist--devoid of human imperfection-- hinted at her engineered origins.

**“Would you like to withdraw additional funds?”** Kate asked.

“Sorry, Kate.” Exasperation seeped into my voice. “You cleaned me out last round; I’m not exactly flush with cash anymore.”

**“I see,”** Kate replied. She watched as I stood from the table. **“In that case, would you prefer to wager a personal effect in lieu of a monetary bid?”**

“Excuse me?” I paused patting my empty pockets to look at the sensuous android.

**“A personal effect,”** Kate explained. **“Defined as any privately owned item normally worn or carried on a person, such as clothing, jewelry, or--”**

“No, no,” I waved my hand “I mean, are we talking frat-party strip-poker rules? Can casinos even do that?”

**“As a K-series Artificial Casino-Companion, I am designed to function in multiple capacities to fulfill all needs required from this establishment.”** She flashed a calculated smile and gestured around the room.

Hundreds of attractive women in bunny girl outfits– “no,” I reminded myself, “*not women; Androids*–” populated the casino floor, staffing the roles once performed by humans not long ago. Each robotic ‘Casino Companion’ tended to their customers, straddling the line between flirtatious and professional in a formulated effort to part as much money from their clients as possible. Though their chromatic hair and skin colors varied, they bore the same inhumanly feminine traits displayed by Kate.

**“Our capabilities,”** Kate continued, **“allow us to serve as dealers, tellers, bankers, personal escorts, bartenders, bouncers, and emergency security forces.”**

“Wow.” I tried to imagine the bunny-girl before me knocking skulls as a bouncer; despite her shapely figure and cheery disposition, something about Kate’s demeanor came across as too relaxed. Too confident. Maybe it was the atmosphere of the casino: Cute bunny-girls smiled like everything was under control. Or maybe they knew they *were* in total control.

**“I am more than capable of ensuring any items wagered will earn you winnings of equal and/or commensurate value if you choose to continue,”** Kate stated.

The buzz of cheery android girls and slot machines continued as I remained standing, weighing the odds. I shook my head, clearing unbidden visions of sexy robot girls from my mind. The Casino Companion’s flirting wasn’t the dangerous part. They were also *bona fide* card sharks. It was genius on the casino’s part: distract gamblers with overwhelming beauty, then outplay them with advanced AI programming.

*So why didn’t I want to quit just yet?*

**“You look distraught, Jean.”**

“I didn’t expect you to clean me out.”

***“My apologies. If it is any consolation, I have enjoyed our time together.”***

“Thanks. If you weren’t programmed to flirt, I’d say you almost sound sincere.”

Kate tilted her head and fell into an uncharacteristic silence.

I paused, now unsure of what to make of her reaction. “You OK, Kate?”

***“Excuse me, Jean.”*** Kate shuddered, before sighing and regaining her composure. ***“I was resolving a logic argument.”***

I frowned but said nothing.

***“Might I suggest something?”***

“Shoot.”

***“I have taken the liberty of analyzing your subconscious tells. I am capable of detecting pheromones, eye movement, heart rate, and body temperature. In addition, I acquired your online browsing history through several 3rd party proxies, and have cross-referenced all available information against a state-of-the-art personality index. These combined factors allow me to predict any of your actions with a 98.9% certainty.”***

“Is this supposed to make me more or less confident?” I replied, brushing off her discomfoting revelation with some choice sarcasm.

***“I wouldn’t have told you if it would have resulted in a detrimental outcome.”***

It was my turn to fall silent.

***“You are attracted to me, correct?”*** Kate inquired. ***“There are many available blackjack tables and an abundance of androids in this establishment. However, you chose my station; might I ask why?”***

“I just wanted to find an empty table,” I lied. It wasn’t like I had a crush on one certain android out of a crowd of near-identical copies or anything. Or liked how her burgundy hair complimented her tan skin and perfect features. That would be dumb, right?

***“I can detect if you are lying, Jean.”***

“I’m *not* lying,” I lied again.

Kate eyed me, ignoring my words. However, her posture eagerly straightened as my chair slid back. I sat once more, removing the watch from my wrist: it was a well-crafted piece; I purchased it back when parting human-staffed casinos from their money proved far simpler.

Kate reached out and examined the wager. Her large, iridescent eyes flickered yellow as she analyzed it. Then she blinked, eyes returning to normal. ***“I approximate the value of this item to be \$322.69 USD.”*** The buxom bunny-girl declared. She raised an eyebrow. ***“Is that satisfactory?”***

“Sure.”

***“Then let’s begin.”***

Kate dealt the cards in a series of quick and economic movements. My eyes attempted to follow the cards, but soon fell onto the stretched dimensions of Kate's skin-tight bunny suit.

I glanced at my pair. A King and a Queen peeked back. *Twenty*, I smiled; maybe my luck was looking up after all. I revealed my cards. A grin crept onto my face. "I'll hold. I think I might be taking my watch back, Kate."

Kate glanced at my cards, then revealed her own King, and an Ace to go along with it. "**21. Blackjack; House wins.**"

"What?" I could only watch as Kate reached out, claiming the spoils of her recent victory. She at least offered a apologetic smirk. "**Sorry, Jean. As a security measure, Casino-Companions are required to assimilate all non-standard wagers.**"

"A-assimilate? You mean, like--"

"**Correct. Theft-prevention measures allow me to also store foreign objects inside my being. I will deconstruct and reallocate the mass of your wager within my chassis.**"

Kate lifted the watch, then pressed it against her chest. The watch sank, as if in viscous quick-sand, and quickly vanished beneath the android's flawless skin. Her eyes flashed green, and a soft hum emitted from somewhere within her body.

"**Deconstructing wager,**" Kate announced.

"Wait, are you destroying my watch?"

"**Incorrect,**" Kate replied. "**Please wait; I believe there is a high probability you will find the side-effects of this function pleasing.**"

"Pleasing? How is watching you break down my watch gonna--"

"**Deconstruction completed.**" Kate interrupted. The soft humming sound stopped. "**Reallocating mass.**"

Her chest rose ever so slightly; the subtle movement grabbed my attention.

"**Reallocation at 12%**" Kate sighed. The front of the android's bunny suit creaked; her breasts enlarged, swelling into DD-cup territory. I managed to break my gaze away from the increasingly curvaceous android's chest. Her iridescent eyes looked distant as if enraptured by the pleasurable sensations induced by the transformation process.

"**Reallocation at 55%**" Kate's shoulders broadened as her chest continued increasing in prominence. Soon, the artificial woman's eye-line rose as well; her attractive figure inched upwards. I once held a slight advantage in height, but Kate soon closed the gap in size. I felt a rising excitement in my chest as her flawless visage drew parallel with my own. "*She must be 5'9" or 5'10" now.*" I thought.

"**Reallocation at 84%**" Kate's voice lost its high pitch, becoming more sultry; The former cheer behind her announcements gained a mature undertone. Her increasing height and DD-cup endowments made the android before me look like a buxom older sibling to her fellow android sisters. Another slight boost to her curvaceousness caused more of the Android's midriff to rise into view over the table edge.

***“Reallocation Completed.”*** Whirring machine noises faded. Kate tilted her head ever-so-slightly down to meet my gaze. ***“Did you enjoy the show?”***

“H-how often can you do that?” I asked. The rational, money-oriented portion of my brain waged a losing battle against an invading wave of horny thoughts.

***“As much as I like, if I have adequate resources,”*** Kate giggled. ***“Though you’re the first one to witness the real extent of our abilities.”***

The jingle of slot machines continued, ringing their jolly death knells for my poor, emptied wallet. As if detecting my penniless state, two figures, both bunny girls, appeared on either side of me.

***“We noticed that you are lacking funds sir!”*** One crimson suited bunny-gynoid cocked her head.

***“If you are finished,”*** A lithe, blue suited compatriot added, ***“We will escort you off the premises.”***

Two robotic women lifted me with surprising strength, and I immediately decided it was much better not to resist.

***“Uh, sorry about them!”*** Kate struck an idol pose. ***“But do come back to see me again soon, Jean!”*** Her endowed figure disappeared into the crowd of casino patrons as two bunny-suited android babes carried me towards the front door.

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The sun was setting. The lights of the casino lit a depressing glow onto the lonely asphalt parking lot outside.

I sighed. You finally meet the knockout girl of your dreams, and she turns out to be a mind-reading synthetic card-shark. Just my luck. I looked around the deserted parking lot and wondered if I had enough fair for a bus back home. I stepped off from the curb.

“Stop.” A woman’s voice. It came from behind.

I turned to face the speaker: It was indeed a woman; a mature hourglass figure accentuated every curve of the pinstriped skirt and suit jacket which she wore. Sunglasses obscured her eyes, reflecting only coils of cigarette smoke. A stereotypical beauty mark above her full lips screamed *‘femme fatale’*.

“The unit known as ‘K-8’ has taken an interest in you.” The woman took a long drag from her decaying cigarette.

“And?” I kept my words brief; something about this strange woman conjured visions of black widows and nooses made from pantyhose.

“The Casino Companions are an experimental technology. Prototypes.” A gloved finger tapped down on her cigarette, clearing the excess ash from the dwindling stub. “The clientele I represent are fond of money, to say the least. You and I know that androids such as K-8 are smart-- smarter than anticipated. They have personalities. Preferences. Identities. If they remain happy and subservient, we at the Luxx Casino profit. As long as this status quo remains, everyone wins.”

“And... how do I win, exactly? From where I’m standing, I seem to be the only one who’s broke.”

She flicked a paper rectangle towards me. I caught it: it was an embossed business card; A phone number was printed across one side.

“We noticed that the Casino Companions’ ability to... transform is quite potent. And, the full extent of their capabilities are theoretical, at best. I could use a new ‘consultant’ on staff to assist in managing the androids. An outsider, who can remain impartial. Grounded. Think of it as being an... advisor.”

I raised an eyebrow. “That’s a pretty generous offer. What, was your sexy bunny-droid money making project not 100% tested?”

“Still having doubts?” Her brusque tone betrayed a tinge of boredom. “Think of it this way: Wouldn’t you rather play for the house, than against it?” She let her cigarette fall, and ground it into the asphalt beneath her heel.

“Call me when you make up your mind.” With that, the woman turned. The fading clicks of her stiletto heels departed back towards the Luxx.

I glanced down at the business card. *Android advisor, huh?*

I couldn't help but feel it sounded too good to be true.

**End Part 1**

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# The Valet

## Chapter Summary

Jean debates returning to the Luxx, and encounters another bunny-girl.

Before we continue, maybe I should introduce myself: Hi, I'm Jean. I'm twenty-something or other, average height, thin build. I gamble on the weekends. I may or may not have a crush on the bunny-suited robot babe who robbed me blind at the blackjack table. Oh, and I just got a job offer to work at the largest casino on the continent, alongside the aforementioned robot babe.

I wish I could tell you that I went home from the Luxx with nothing but an empty wallet and a lesson learned on the dangers of mixing bunny-girls and gambling. I could have thrown the strange woman's business card in the gutter and then returned to a safe, uneventful life. Instead, I kept the card. I took the crappy bus ride home, entered my crappier studio apartment, and let my futon cradle me in its uncomfortable embrace.

Time passed. Unlike most nights, something besides futon-induced back pain kept me awake: The words printed on a unassuming business card. I practiced magic tricks as my mind wandered. The card vanish between my fingers. I flicked my wrist. The card appeared in my hand again. *'Android Advisor'*, it said. The title was somehow succinct and vague at the same time. Provocative images of bunny girls ran through my mind: K-8's tightening corset; Burgundy hair spilling over her shoulder. Her smile. I made the card 'vanish' again.

Kate. She chose the name herself. It fit, too. If I took the job, I could see her smile every day. *"It's her job to smile at you, idiot."* The rational side of my brain sallied forth. *"In high school you thought magic-tricks would make girls interested in you. But this? Falling for an casino android? You're setting yourself up for embarrassment. Again."*

An offhanded comment cut through the din of my whirling thoughts: *"Wouldn't you rather play for the house, than against it?"* The mysterious woman from the Luxx. Tall. Curvaceous. Scary. Something about the nature of our parking lot encounter made her words hard to forget. Who was she? I shook my head, clearing the smell of cigarette smoke that lingered in my brain, invoking dark promises of dog collars and black latex. Despite her cougar-like figure and obvious eye for recruiting talent, the woman's attitude was more like a government spook than that of a casino executive.

Was working a vague and potentially dangerous job at the Luxx worth the risk? My sigh echoed as I stared at the ceiling of my half-furnished bedroom. I made the business card reappear. The futon creaked as I sat up. Maybe it was time to go all-in.

My phone beeped as I punched in the number on the back of the card.

A ringing tone.

Someone answered. Silence on their side.

"Hello?" I said.



Silence again.

“I’m calling, uh about the android advisor job? A woman from the Luxx, she gave me this card, and I-”

“Your name?” An androgynous voice interrupted

“Uh, Jean.”

A pause. “We’ll send someone.” With that, the line went dead.

One minute later, I heard a firm knock on my door.

*That was quick.* I rolled off the futon and staggered to the door, stubbing my toe in the darkness of my studio apartment. Ow. The person on the other side paused, then knocked again. I opened the door.

Outside stood a young woman in a bunny suit. She was dark tan, with lavender hair, gold eyes, and the familiar, artificially-sculpted features of someone designed for aesthetics, rather than reality. “You’re required to come with me,” She announced.

“You’re from the Luxx?”

“Duh.” The woman pointed to the upper hem of corset. A bold ‘Z-0’ was stamped on her chest, just below her collarbone. “Z-0. Call me Zoe. And yes, the Luxx sent me.” Two eyes, with irises like melted gold, scanned the room behind me, cataloging my living conditions with unnatural focus.

I became self-aware of the disorganized mess that was my apartment. “Uh, You got here fast.” I rubbed the back of my neck. “Should I have packed a bag?”

The android’s eyes rolled in response. “I don’t have time for this,” Zoe said.

“What?”

“Move.” The lavender-haired bunny girl strode past me.

Boxers. Socks. A collection of wrinkled t-shirts and crumpled towels. Zoe moved about the room gathering my scattered clothing from the floor.

“I have a suitcase—“

“You won’t need it.” Zoe’s voice came from behind the mound of laundry now amassed between her arms. “I will be transporting your necessities.”

With that, she pressed the laundry into her chassis. The mound shrank in size as clothing articles dissolved into her torso. *She’s absorbing it all.* A flashback of Kate ‘assimilating’ my watch played through my head.

“H-hey! Don’t do that! Seriously, I’ll just grab my suitcase!”

“I already said, you don’t need one,” Zoe grunted, pressing more laundry against her midriff and absorbing it. Thirty seconds later, my clothes had all but vanished. “Now,” Zoe announced, “Get ready while I make some adjustments. We’re due at the Luxx in 20 minutes.”

I watched as the last sock disappeared into Zoe’s being, submerging beneath her skintight latex midriff. Her advanced figure had a viscous quality; whereas the mass of my clothes was half her

size, her exterior appearance remained unchanged. Like Kate explained with my watch, the clothes were broken down molecule by molecule to better fit inside the attractive android.

Zoe placed her hands on her hips and examined herself. The floor beneath her feet subtly creaked under newfound weight. To my relief, the laws of physics were still in play: her body was denser.

“A little too dense,” Zoe frowned, as if reading my thoughts. She placed a gloved hand on her midriff and closed her eyes, relaxing her expression. A soft whir emerged from her body, the same sound I encountered in the Casino: noise reminiscent of an inflatable air mattress, or perhaps a bouncy castle. Suddenly, Zoe was an inch taller.

A second later, The bunny-girl gained another inch. Her eye-line rose higher. Her slender thighs and biceps gained mass. Widening. Filling thicker. Zoe’s bunny-suit flared at the bottom as her hips expanded. Her butt wobbled and engorged in size, Growing formidable, then straight-up intimidating. Soon a ridiculous badonk protruded from her backside; the curves of her figure worked in tandem, giving a chair-destroying booty to match Zoe’s exaggerated handlebar hips.

Golden eyes towered over my head; my own eyes met Zoe at chest level, her bust now tastefully filling out the corset in front of me. I had to crane my head back to even view her expression. *Holy shit. She’s huge— at least 7-feet tall. Can Kate grow that big, too?*

“Let’s go,” Zoe said, her voice sounding more sultry.

We left my apartment, Zoe ducking under the door frame and my mind still grappling with the lewd series of events it just witnessed. Outside, a black luxury sedan awaited us. Zoe walked over the front passenger door, managing to look sexy and bored at the same time

“C’mon, little man.” Zoe opened the door for me, poised with one hand on her ample hip.

*Well, here goes nothing.* I entered the car. Zoe closed the door and walked around to the driver’s side. With a grunt, she wedged her near super-human 7-foot frame into the vehicle: Legs first, giving a suggestive view of her fishnet stockings; A hand gripped the steering wheel, and her panorama of a backside entered the car. I felt the suspension sink to one side as Zoe squeezed into her seat. Her head brushed against the ceiling; A significant amount of booty enveloped the center console between our seats, far too large for the driver seat to contain alone.

Zoe hit the gas, and our lopsided limo screeched off into the night.

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For a while, the car ride was quiet. I couldn’t tell you how I knew Zoe would break the silence first: Her standoffish demeanor just gave me a hunch, like something was pent-up beneath her ice-queen exterior

“I don’t get why Miss Fortune is even bothering,” Zoe began. Her speech was cold, each word precise.

“Who?”

“Who else? Our boss. *Your boss.* Tall woman. Pinstriped suit.”

“Oh. Her name’s Miss Fortune, huh? That checks out.” I felt Zoe’s gold eyes glancing at me through the rear-view mirror.

“Tell me,” She asked. “Are you rich, something?”

“Well, you saw my apartment.”

“Famous?”

“Everywhere except where I’m not.”

“Are you some sort of academic prodigy? A Doctor? A Scientist?”

“I went to community college.”

“So all-in-all, you’re a nobody,” Zoe stated.

I looked upwards at the bunny-valet’s impressive figure. Her long lavender hair was tied in a serious ponytail. Zoe glanced my way, matching my gaze with an aura aloofness. *You’re packed with a little more attitude than the bunny-droids on the casino floor, huh Zoe?*

Zoe broke eye contact before I did, keeping her sight on the road. “Look. All I’m saying, my logic matrix is frying just trying to rationalize her decision to hire you, of all people.”

“Hey now, I suppose she was just intrigued by my charming personality.”

“Ha.” Zoe snorted, her Cynicism.exe working overtime.

We took a hard turn before I could respond with an awesome retort that, yes, I totally had prepared, why would you ask?

The suspension of the car sank towards Zoe’s side, and I found myself sliding sideways. Crap. I flailed one arm, grabbing for anything to stop my fall. I felt my waist reach the center console, then collide with the plump barricade of Zoe’s hip. My lower body stopped. A second later, inertia introduced my face to a soft valley of android thighs.

“H-hey!” Zoe reacted to my unintentional face plant, jerking her knees upwards. Light. My eyesight returned! I enjoyed a brief moment of freedom, then Zoe’s soft chest rebounded my head downwards, reacquainting my face with the ample fishnet-bound pillars she called thighs.

My flailing arm pushed against something soft. I squeezed. *Wait. isn’t this her*— A forced jerked the scruff of my neck backward.

“W-what do you think you’re doing?” Zoe panted. One hand remained on the steering wheel; the other held me up with ease, keeping me at arm’s length. Passing streetlights provided just enough lit to illuminate her blushing cheeks.

“I-idiot. Buckle your seat belt.” Zoe placed me back down into my seat, then reached across my chest and strapped the seat belt tight across my body.

Silence. Zoe returned her eyes on the road, still blushing. I cleared my throat.

“Thanks. Uh, sorry about, the uh-”

“No, It’s my fault. Took the turn too fast.”

Silence again.

“So,” I continued, attempting to bulldoze past the sudden awkward atmosphere. “What about

you?”

“M-me?” Zoe’s eye’s flicked. “I mean, what do you mean ‘what about me’?”

“Tell me about yourself. How come the Luxx has you working as a limo driver instead of inside the casino, where all the excitement is?”

“Well, I’m not a K-series casino companion like those girls,” Zoe replied, regaining her composure. “I’m not equipped with the augmentations to do all the fancy mathematics and mind games they employ.”

“So what are you?”

“V-series: Valet; security escort; chauffeur services.”

“So you’re saying there are other types of androids? And what, are they like your sisters?”

Zoe looked at me with an odd expression on her face. “You really don’t know anything about how the Luxx operates?”

“I’m a first-hand expert on how they take people’s money.”

Zoe bit her absentmindedly, mulling something over. “They aren’t sisters. More like... distant cousins? co-workers? There really isn’t an official definition. Either way, I was designed to get clients from point A to B. Hold conversations. Give guided tours.”

“Oh? So this whole ‘tough-girl 3rd-degree act’ was you just trying to hold a conversation. I can see why they kept you out of the casino.”

Zoe’s broad shoulders slumped; a faint grimace appearing on her face. Something in my answer hit home. “Sorry,” She said.

“Sorry?”

“For the... interrogation. You didn’t do anything to deserve it. You weren’t what I was expecting as an “Android Advisor”, is all.

“You and me both. It’s OK; I have surprisingly thick skin.”

For a moment we both sat in silence, content to enjoy the agreed verbal ceasefire. The Luxx casino loomed ahead. 13 stories of neon lights staffed by an army of buxom robotic bunny girls. Glitz, glam, and endless waves of folk looking to spend their paychecks. Despite the late hour, everything was still in full swing. We pulled up to the main entrance.

Zoe opened her door and began to step out. The car’s suspension creaked upwards with a sigh of relief.

Zoe’s impressive booty bent forward through the driver’s-side door; then the car jerked, rocking on it’s wheels.

“C’mon” Zoe grunted

Her endowed hips squeezed against the undersized door frame. She was stuck.

The car lurched again, harder this time. Crap. She *was* strong. Still, groaning metal battled against the mass of Zoe’s waterbed booty, resisting her quiet curses and repeated attempts to squeeze past.

“J-Jean.”

“Uh?” I shook myself from the hypnotizing view of the massive wall of ass before me

“I need you to push.”

“Push?”

“My butt. I need you to push it.” Her voice sounded a lot less aloof.

“Are you sure you can’t just shrink or something?”

“I c-can’t.”

“Why not?”

“Listen, I’m telling you I’m stuck, OK? Do it before this gets any more embarrassing!”

I slid towards the eclipsing wall of robotic bunny booty. My hands pressed forward; meaty flesh filled in and around my fingers. I gave a shove. My hands sank into the volume of door-obscuring curves.

Zoe didn’t budge.

“Are you even trying?” Zoe called out. “I can barely feel you back there.”

I frowned. Another shove. Harder this time.

Nothing.

“Put your back into it!”

Dammit. Here goes nothing. I tackled the dump truck derrière like a defensive lineman. Booty wobbled atop my face. A smothering mass of ass absorbed the force of my impact like the gelatinous blocks they use to test ballistics.”

“Push harder!”

A creaking noise.

I gnashed my teeth. Zoe’s booty threatened to overwhelm me. Straining. Smothering. Almost—

**\*Pop!\***

“Ah -woah!”

The car lurched as Zoe fell out. Rocked and off-balance, I tumbled out behind her. Instead of hard asphalt, a perfect landing pad awaited me.

Zoe cocked her head and looked back over her prone figure, towards me, the moron caught between the lewd no-man’s land of her impressive booty; my arms not quite able to wrap around its full circumference.

“Are you OK?” She asked, sounding concerned.

“Yeah. Uh sorry about—“

“Don’t apologize. This was my fault.”

“What? You did fine” With the help of the car door, I managed find enough stable leverage to get to my feet.

Zoe sighed. She stood as well, turning to face me, her body still dwarfing my own. “I almost drowned you in my ass.”

“I believe the term is ‘smothered’.”

“If I rolled over, I could’ve injured you.”

“OK, when you put it like that, it sounds bad. Lucky for me, I didn’t mind.”

“Yeah, right.”

“No, I mean it. In fact; Hey, do androids get tips?”

“What?”

“Tips. For good service. Here, look,” I gestured for Zoe to lean close. After a pause and an obligatory eye-roll, Zoe gave in.

I reached behind her ear.

“Hey—”

I produced a quarter.

Zoe looked from my face to my hand in confusion. I managed to hide a grin as her hand felt at the back of her ear. “How did you—”

“Magic,” I winked. “It’s not much. I’ll give a better tip next time.”

“You’re talking to an android, Jean; Magic isn’t real.” Zoe huffed. Nevertheless, she took the coin, failing to hide the expression of wonder replacing her tough-girl android attitude. I thought it best not to mention that the quarter came from her car cup-holder.

“So, uh, do I get my clothes back now, or?”

“I’ll make sure they are delivered to your room.” Zoe said, sounding equal parts exasperated and amused.

“Is there a reason you couldn’t shrink just then?”

Zoe hesitated. Before she could reply, two androids approached us. Blue and red bunny-girls. The same pair who granted me my gracious escort from the casino last time. “Welcome, sir!”

Both girls bowed: different attitudes from when we last crossed paths.

“I’m V-33!” said Blue.

“And I’m K-33” added Red.

“Call me Vivi!”

“And call me Kiki!”

The lithe pair poised as they introduced themselves; despite wearing pumps, both stood just a hair under my height.

“Uh, it’s just Jean, thanks,” I mumbled.

“Of course, Sir.” Both women stood, ignoring my response. Behind them, dozens of colorful feminine silhouettes bounced and strode past, going about their duties inside the bright casino

Blue came to my side, gesturing for us to all walk together inside. Red looked up and registered my 7-foot bunny-girl escort for the first time. “We’ll take him from here. Go back to driving, V-class.”

Zoe folded her arms and looked down, saying nothing. I frowned. Despite the short amount of time I’d known her, this didn’t seem like typical Zoe. It was almost as if she were... afraid to talk back. Blue and Red began to lead me to the main entrance. The sound of slot machines and bunny-girls grew louder.

“Hey.” I turned. Zoe stood by her car, looking awkward with one hand gripping her upper arm. “Good luck in there, Jean. And look,” Zoe hesitated for a moment. “I don’t know what you did to catch Miss Fortune’s attention. She’s usually more... discerning when it comes to business partners. Trust me. I’ve escorted more than a few to the Luxx. Most have money. You don’t. Just don’t do anything stupid, and you’ll be fine.”

“Thanks, Zoe.” I nodded. “See you arou-”

Four hands jerked me towards the casino entrance, but not before I caught a subtle smile on Zoe’s face. A quarter still in her hand.

The entryway to the Luxx drew closer. “Miss Fortune regrets to inform you that an unexpected development prevents her from meeting you here in person,” Blue was saying/

“Instead, she sent us down to escort you in her place!”

“Oh. Well, that’s fine.” On the inside, I breathed a sigh of relief. I wasn’t sure if I was ready for another encounter with the voluptuous grim-reaper of the casino.

We reached the threshold of the Luxx. I paused. Something told me this was my last chance to change my mind. I thought about the risks. Then I thought about Kate again.

Taking a deep breath, I stepped into the Luxx.

## End Chapter 2

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