

The bill came in.

"Ah, fuck."

The collection agency was never far behind when she got a bill she couldn't afford. These days the process was near-automated, collection agencies getting a live feed of citizens unable to pay their month's taxes, all set up in a way that distributed in-debt citizens evenly across all areas that required them.

She stood outside her door, not even bothering to clean up this time as she watched her collectors arrive.

"Is this the residence of Barley Harker, citizen ID 0-122-4350276?"

"Yup."

She tried to run once. It didn't go well, and her memories of her time at waste processing were not happy ones.

"So, gonna turn me into a doll now?"

"Nope. This month you get bargirl duty."

"Aw what? Seriously?!" She pouted.

"Haha, we can turn any old bozo into a perfect sex doll with ease, but this month demand for bargirls have sky-rocketed, and those require a much more niche kind of in-debt citizen," The male collector groped her breasts, exemplifying his point.

She blushed and instinctively slapped the stranger's hand away, "Hey!"

"Get used to it bar-girl," He gave another grope before the other collector interrupted him.

"Sign here," She said. It didn't seem like she was much for talking.

Barley sighed, pressing the palm of her hand into the computerized block of goo the collector held up for her, shivering as her hand sank into the cold material. The machine gave a beep, and her hand was let free.

"Turn around and lift your shirt,"

Ugh, time for transport. She hated transport.

The woman fixed a circular device onto Barley's spinal port that instantly bio-mechanically linked up to her body. Her status on all social media platforms and chat clients was automatically marked as "In-debt", as she officially became a Debtor. And all of a sudden, the world went black.

Barley crossed her arms in the transport void, blowing a tuft of hair out of her eyes. She *hated* the transport.

Soon, a bright point of light shone in the distance, one that came steadily nearer, increasing with velocity exponentially. As it arrived, the universe popped back into view as quickly as it had originally disappeared.

"Hello 0-122-4350276. May I call you Barley?"

As her eyes adjusted to the brightness of her new spacial coordinates, she caught sight of a cream-coloured fennec fox wearing a lab coat. An obvious sign of intellectual superiority, or at least that's what scientists think.

"No."

"Okay Barley, could you please have a seat?"

Her body was automatically manoeuvred to the cold metal platform she was directed to, the device on her spine overriding all control she once had. She did not like this scientist.

"Mmm, says here you've been in debt four times before, have you not?"

The scientist's voice grated on her ears. She hoped he would shut up and finish the whole "Ohoho, you're in *debt*!" lark soon.

"Interesting... First time two years ago, assigned as a doll, good good, all very normal, but here's the fun part! You got assigned for waste disposal??" The scientist laughed, "Must've had lots of fun with that, I imagine!"

Barley groaned. She already relived the experience enough every time she went near a toilet, she did *not* need some jackass laughing in her face about it.

"Third and fourth were both dolls, though. A reward for good behaviour, I imagine?" That annoying grating laugh again, "But now my dear is something new for you, I'm sure you are well aware of what a bar-girl is?"

"Yeah, I've been to a bar in the last year," They always kind of weirded her out, even knowing they were perfectly sterile. Something about their endless moans...

"Good, good," The scientist pressed a few buttons here and there, machinery whirring into life around her.

A robotic voice filled the room, "INITIATING BACKUP." a pair of wide-swept green lasers scanned over her body, one horizontal one vertical. This always left her feeling tingly.

"BACKUP COMPLETE, BODY OF CITIZEN ID 0-122-4350276 AS OF 71-08-01 SECURELY STORED IN COLLECTRIX FACILITIES."

The machinery whirred back down as its task was completed.

"Now that that's out of the way, let's proceed..." The scientist picked up a syringe, giving it a flick and shaking up the glistening golden liquid within.

"Oh boy" was all she could think to herself.

The scientist rubbed her arm with alcohol, a formality at this point as sterilization was automatic in these kinds of places. She winced as the needle broke her skin, the syringe's contents depositing themselves into her bloodstream.

This was her fifth time getting the nanobots, and she still never got used to the feeling of them modifying her body. It was designed to be painless, and it

was, but that didn't mean it wasn't extremely uncomfortable as all the privacy of her body was violated at once. The nanobots seeped into all her bodily tissues, leaving no part of her body and flesh untouched as even her brain got a healthy infusion of their influence. Once her body was fully saturated by the nanobots, the sensation stopped.

“Ready for the activation? Oho, of course you are,” The scientist pressed a button, not even waiting for an “okay” as the nanobots whirred into life carrying out their programmed task.

The most obvious changes were in her crotch and tits, but at the same time she was fully aware of her internal organs being rapidly modified and re-purposed. It was trivial for the nanobots to handle the task of homeostasis for a month with no additional resources, and could go further if need be, it long being known how to fix the staggering inefficiencies of living creatures. Her lungs burned as her ability to breathe was taken away from her, before her brain was adjusted to understand that she no longer even had lungs. The same happened to her heartbeat, her entire cardiovascular system broken down into raw materials to be re-purposed by the army of nanobots.

But soon the only thing she could pay attention to were her expanding erogenous regions. Between her legs she could feel her vagina sealing up and a pair of twin-cocks taking its place, each complete with its own ball-sac, and on her chest she could both see and feel her tits inflating, literally inflating with air as they became hollow and slightly translucent. Pleasure burned through her body as her sensitive cocks and overinflated tits neared completion. Her breasts were bouncing around like beach-balls, as at this point they practically were. Her cocks both grew to 30 centimetres in length, her ball-sacs each as hollow as her tits and the size of her head.

The scientist was grinning as he watched the procedure. He must do this often, as he very clearly enjoys his job, “Enjoying yourself there?”

She tried to speak, only to find her modified body incapable of it. Opening her mouth and bringing her hands to her face, she could feel that her mouth interior was nothing but a socket for a pipe to plug into. Her lips were fully decorative, their only purpose being to hide the socket when not in use.

The scientist smirked, “Don't worry, soon enough you'll get your first fill,” He walked over to the heavily modified canine, rubbing her hollow tits, sending an unexpected wave of pleasure through her. The scientist laughed as she moaned, knowing that it was one of the only sounds she would be capable of making for a month.

“According to my charts, you are to be deployed to... “Galaxy's Place To Get Super-Fuckin' Drunk and Fuck”. Fun name,”

Oh shit. Ohhh shit, no way, no way she was going to go there. Aw fuck, couldn't they have just chosen some shitty bar on the other side of the country? Shit, shit shit shit.

Well, she knew for sure meeting Galaxy again like this would be an interesting experience. She got the feeling her ex would be having a lot of fun with her...

"AARON! NEW DELIVERY! GO GET IT!"

Ugh, he hated working for Galaxy. He'd be glad to go deaf, at least he wouldn't have to have his ears blown out every time she shouted at him.

Aaron slipped his way behind the bar to find the new delivery waiting for him on the arrival pad. "HEY GALAXY, ITS ANOTHER ONE OF YOUR BAR GIRLS!"

He heard Galaxy's distinctive brisk-pitter-patter coming his way, "Ooh! Let me see!"

She reared up, supporting her weight all near the back of her many, *many* legged body. Galaxy was a genemod fanatic, obsessed with getting the wildest changes she could find; She got her body completely changed as often as most people would dye their hair. Bits and bobs of her old bodies persisted, but her current form was mainly that of a big-busted foxtaurpede: Her upper body was that of a vixen, and her lower body was that of a really really long many-segmented millipede. Her lower body filled almost all the bar counter when she was out front, and you could easily tell where she left to simply by following her lower body to get to her.

"Holy shit, Barley?!" Galaxy circled around the fresh delivery standing nervously on the transport pad, "I ain't seen you in years! How come you never visit, dear?"

Barley was having enough trouble standing while just supporting her massive tits, and her ex coiling around her didn't help.

"Aww, not up for a chat?~" Galaxy giggled, curling upwards and sliding her tits into Barley's face, "You used to be so close, working here every day just to please widdle-ol'-me~"

Barley fell backwards into Galaxy's coils as she blushed hard, her body moaning for her as Galaxy rubbed her tits in her face. She only blushed harder after her body made obvious what she could usually hide.

"Look at you, you're absolutely stunning!~" Galaxy examined every inch of her body, admiring every amplification of femininity and modification caused by the nanobots, "Heee, I always said you should get a change, but I never expected to see you like this! You look amazing, dear~ Shame about your nice tight anus being gone, but *look* at those *cocks*!~"

She moaned more as Galaxy ran her hands over her lengths... Wait, she didn't have an ass? It hadn't occurred to her before, but the realisation of just how far she was modified set in. She had no digestive tract, and anything that went into her mouth would pass through her totally unaffected.

“Oh gosh, why am I boring you with all this chit-chat, we need to get you hooked up!~ Hmm, what should you be filled with... Aw, who cares!~” She lifted Barley with ease, bringing her over to the front of the bar and setting her down on the counter.

Oh god. There were so many people. Oh fuck, she could recognise her friends. Oh no oh no oh no.

“Oi, settle down all you rascals! We got a brand new bargirl in stock for y'all to try out!”

The crowd oohed as they stared at her, some of her friends covering their mouths in shock as they recognised her.

“Heheh, that's right, you all remember Barley don'tcha? It seemed like only yesterday she was working here, serving all y'all and leaving her butt so adorably visible under her maid outfit as she cleaned the counter~”

Barley blushed brighter than would ever be possible if her blush wasn't simulated by neurally-linked nanobots, tapping directly into her embarrassment and making it visible to all. It was a long time ago, but yeah, it really did seem like only yesterday she had a crush on the owner of this place while working here as a slutty-maid-to-hire. Galaxy was a Lamia back then.

“And now look at her! Finding her way into debt in the best way possible, as our loving bar-girl! I trust y'all will take full use of our new attraction for the month she's available!~”

Galaxy supported herself with her lower body as she rose to the ceiling above Barley, pulling a long thick hose from the ceiling and plugging its end into Barley's mouth-socket.

“Ready for this dear?~” Galaxy giggled, not waiting for an answer before turning the valve that unleashed the flow of beer into her.

Within moments she could feel it rushing down her throat, travelling through her insides and getting split off into four separate flows; Two for her tits and two for her cocks. She looked down, tilting her head to see under the hose and at her tits quickly being filled with the liquid. Needless to say, beer is a *lot* heavier than air, but her tits are designed with that in mind. As they fill, they sag ever so slowly and little by little, balanced in a way that ensures her tits look perfectly perky once filled to capacity.

But at the same time, her massive tits were only half the story. She couldn't see them, but she could feel her balls swelling as they were filled, expanding even beyond their previous ridiculous size, filling to be so utterly massive under her cocks. All it took was a single bar patron to give them a squeeze, and she was sent moaning profusely, her legs wobbling as her cocks were instantly brought to the precipice of cumming.

Galaxy lowered the pressure of beer pumping into her to a crawl, just enough to keep her fully filled at all times under the bar-girl's expected

demand, but not enough to overfill her with the mess that would follow, "Alright everyone, who wants a pint!"

Barley whimpered as a patron put their pint glass under the tip of one of her cocks, trembling as she knew what was about to happen. She's not stupid, she's done this before. She's milked plenty of bar-girls of her own, filling herself pint after pint as they moaned endlessly. She sometimes imagined what it felt like, but soon she wouldn't need an imagination to find out.

"Cmon dude, make her cum already!"

"Yeah, come on!"

The person waiting for their pint was visibly embarrassed as the rest of the bar cheered them on, "Hey hey alright, shut up already! Now... For the first of many refreshing pints cummed and milked from our brand new bar-girl!" He squeezed her balls hard.

The bargirl exploded into bliss, falling to her knees as she cummed hard, beer shooting from her cock like a fire hose before stopping just as fast as she started, exactly as she reached a single pint cummed.

The crowd cheered as the bar-girl moaned, her balls instantly restocking with beer thanks to the pipe she'll be hooked up to for the next month. Her other cock was already dripping booze like pre, all pent-up and ready to cum its load at a moments notice.

That moment was a few seconds later, as the second patron pointed her right cock down and groped her balls, igniting a fresh new wave of pleasure through her body as she cummed another load of fresh beer instantly, arching her back in pleasure and inadvertently pleasuring herself more as her heavy breasts bounced around on her chest.

She was completely immune to refractory period, her other cock already ready to cum a fresh new load of booze. She knew how quickly people with cocks lost interest as soon as they cummed, but for her pleasure just built up more and more with every cum, her mind almost overflowing with bliss as yet another customer came to get their pint, and then another, and then another.

"Hey dude, suck one of her cocks!"

"What? No way!"

"Haha shut up, it'll be awesome, hey I'll even suck her other one at the same time, it'll be rad!"

"Ugh, fine, I know you won't shut up about it,"

The pair lowered their mouths over her cocks, igniting a new level of pleasure within her as her shafts were directly pleased, bringing her through the full range of orgasm twice at the same time, until soon enough she burst both her loads simultaneously, the two men blown backwards from the force of her beer-cum, the rest of the crowd laughing and cheering at the beer-soaked pair.

"Hey, what's wrong with you all?? Y'all sluts are so busy sucking cock that you're all completely forgetting about her tits!"

She could see a new wave of ideas fill peoples minds, and suddenly she realised just how needy her massive tits were. Her nipples had been leaking this whole time, lactating the fluid that's been pumping through her for the last hour. Was it an hour? It felt like days to her bliss-addled mind.

Galaxy grinned as she slapped the bar-girl hard on the back, forcing her to fall forwards into the crowd, stopped from falling to the floor by only the nozzle attached to her from within her mouth.

Unfortunately for her, and fortunately for anyone thirsty nearby, her tits were dangling from her chest at the perfect height to suck.

Nobody wasted a single moment, the closest two patrons immediately taking advantage of the opportunity and clamping their mouths over the bar-girl's oversized areola, sucking hard and coaxing beer from her.

Once again, her levels of pleasure reached a new mind-destroying height, another pair of people sucking on her cocks doing nothing but add to the unbelievable pleasure. Her mind was being wrecked, intelligent thought had been pushed to the back long ago, and now all she wanted, all she needed, all she craved was to be used, sucked from, forced to cum, groped, refilled, drank from, over and over and over again. She served countless patrons in her half-conscious state, waves of bliss crashing over her mind as consistently as waves on the sea shore, eroding her weakened mind. Even Galaxy herself gave her tits a suckle, slapping her balls to fill another pint at the same time. Hours passed by, hundreds of people had come and gone, word of her arrival spreading to everyone who knew her. She didn't even care that all her friends had sucked her cocks and tits, the endless waves of pleasure had left her unable to think of anything but cumming and being milked.

Days passed, maybe weeks, maybe months, she didn't know. All she knew was that all she ever wanted was to be used in this way forever. She vaguely noticed being moved around a couple times, her mouth pipe being swapped out for syrup, or cake icing, or whipped cream, and once just normal milk. All she cared about was the endless cumming, the endless milking, the endless serving. She vaguely remembered something about being required to say something in order to be turned back, but she didn't care. She had all her friends; They all came to suck her off and milk her tits every single night.

*10 years later.*

"CITIZEN ID 0-122-4350276 STATUS: NON-PERSON. ACCESSING RECORDS... FINDING UNNEDED BACKUPS... DELETING 71-08-01... DELETED."