

New Tech, Old Problems

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A Patreon Prompt

On her first day of training, a cat deals with a unfortunate case of mistaken identity. Unfortunately, the problems run much deeper than a mismatched ID badge and poorly-fitting space suit.

Content Warning: This story is intended for Adult readers and contains a Female Cat, Space-Age Technology, Death by Powerpoint, Light Bondage, Force Feeding, Rapid Weight Gain, Hip/Thigh/Rear Growth, Belly Growth, Breast Growth, Embracing the Change

The faint hum of fluorescent lights filled the air, mingling with the low drone of overworked air conditioning. A constant breeze flowed through the locker room as filters scrubbed the atmosphere of dust and dirt, rendering that section of the facility dust-free and pristine. Nearly every exposed surface, be it walls or furniture, was polished metal or darkened carbon. Considering the nature of the compound, the space-age atmosphere was entirely appropriate. There wasn't a single aspect of the orbital research lab that wasn't pushed to the limits, though for all its gleaming glory, it still failed to escape the common trappings of technology. A low sigh cut through the chamber's ambiance, announcing a feline's struggles with that counter-intuition. The slender cat stood before a row of air-tight lockers and browsed their nameplates, searching for the one assigned to her. Her brow furrowed with irritation when she double and triple checked, and she threw her head back as she finished her fourth sweep. She had hoped her problems were over after resolving the issue of her skewed identity with tech support, though it seemed the changes had yet to roll through the automated systems. Where her actual name was not present, her falsely assigned one flickered and stared her in the face. Had that been the only mistake, the feline would have rolled with it, but with the inaccuracy came a constellation of misinformation. The cat took in a breath, clutched it in her chest, let it out slowly, and reached for her phone. An unfamiliar portrait greeted her when she unlocked it, prompting her to ignore it and dial the help desk.

"Yeah, it's me again," she huffed. "I can't fit in this suit. The measurements are all off and it's way too big."

A clatter of keys answered her, preceding the tech's voice. "That could be an issue," the canine flatly replied. "But it might not be. The suit will fit its form to you as best it can once you get it on. There might be some extra material in some places, but it should be close enough to work until we get you a properly fitted one."

"I don't think you understand how much bigger it is."

"I'm looking at the numbers right now, and I do."

The feline's cheeks blazed. "You can't be serious. Ya'll have all the money in the galaxy and you can't get me a suit that fits?"

"It's not a factor of money, it's a factor of time," the tech droned. "We can't exactly pick another one up from the thrift store. They take weeks to make, and if you really want one that bad, you'll have to wait for the next round of training in six months."

She couldn't argue with that. "Fine," she huffed. "I'll give it a shot. Is this going to be the end of my identity crisis?"

"I'm afraid not. It'll be at least tomorrow before everything updates with your corrected profile. Sorry."

The cat sighed and with let go of her anger. "Thank you for your help at least."

"Any time. Give us a call if anything else comes up."

She hung up and tucked her phone in her pocket, then turned her gaze back to the oversized, hexagon patterned garment. With no other options, the cat swiped her badge across the locker door, unleashing a soft hiss as the chamber unsealed. A pop rang through the room when the door unlatched, and she swung it open with a light tug. A sterilized cloud billowed past her and infused her with the faint scent of detergent, a pleasant surprise compared to the harsh chemicals she expected. The soft whirr of machinery recaptured her thoughts as the suit swung out on mechanical hangers, which then spun it around and opened its back. The feline paused and pondered that, until an artificial voice broke the brief silence.

Please suit up when you're ready, Miss Loxton

The cat scowled, but bit back her frustration, stripped down, and complied.

The cat stepped into the would-be form-fitting outfit with care, drawing on every ounce of her natural instincts to avoid falling on her face. Fortunately, several factors worked in her favor. The mechanized arms moved with her and gingerly dressed her, and a thin powder coating its inside let it glide across her bare fur. A purr rumbled in her chest as the sliding sensation spread across her form, grazing her subtle curves with folds of material. True to the tech's word, the high-tech garment tightened around her figure, loosely hugging her profile as she slipped her arms into the sleeves. The fit was not as tight as she would have liked, but it was a far-cry from the fashion disaster she anticipated. Her fingers nestled into integrated gloves with ease, and a similar comfort hugged her torso as the back of the suit zipped up. A soft moan tumbled from her lips when it conformed to her hips, though the same snugness failed to find her chest. Though well disguised against the midnight material, folds gathered around her chest as the garment shrank to its limits. She silently prayed no one else would notice, though the last of the suit's self-tailoring interrupted her divine pleading. Hardened plastic sprung from her collar and fitted around her head, matching an anatomy that wasn't quite hers. She closed her eyes and ducked away from the materializing shell, dodging thin panels and ridges until a failsafe kicked in. Another electronic voice announced the discrepancy into her ear, and she sighed with relief when the helmet reconfigured to her face. The cat admired its ingenuity, and her appreciation redoubled when its hues shifted to compliment those of her pelt.

She took a moment to drink in the suit, flaws and all, until it spoke once more. *Miss Loxton, please proceed to your first training assignment. I've mapped its location for you, as well as the best route to take.* The feline's visor shimmered, and a path along the floor illuminated in her HUD. *Please proceed when you're ready.*

The feline shrugged and embarked on her marked path. As she left the familiarity of the lobby and locker room, she grew more appreciative of the artificial assistance. Hallways

bore through the shining compound like a labyrinth, winding around test chambers and research labs alike. Broad windows offered peeks of scientific labor, through the truly cutting edge development took place behind closed doors. Still, even the declassified projects earned murmurs of appreciation from the cat. Her pace slowed as she watched a scientist don a pair of heavy metal boots, then set their heel on the wall and walk up toward the ceiling. They scaled the immaculate surface as easily as they waltzed up to it, tantalizing the cat's interest and imagination. In the back of her mind, she lamented her missed opportunity on the development teams, though getting to play with their toys mostly made up for it. Her gaze drifted away as she continued onward, until a yet another project enraptured her attention. She watched with naked awe as an engineer pointed what appeared to be a fancy flashlight at a test weight. A cone of light illuminated the box before focusing on its face, locking on and allowing the bird to lift it with ease. They slung it around the room effortlessly while their colleague wrote down their findings, until sparks leapt from the device and the beam faded. A heavy thump shook the floor when the crate landed, sparking a spirited discussion between the developers. The feline averted her gaze and briskly retreated, departing before she became a witness to an incident.

Her trek through the compound continued as transparent glass gave way to opaque metals, significantly limiting her distractions. She followed her suit's path perfectly, weaving between offices and lecture halls until she finally reached her destination. The dull murmurs of several conversations greeted her as she stepped into the crowded room, one of the last to arrive. Her eyes fell to the floor and she climbed to the back of the hall, and she took her place in one of the few remaining seats. The instructor arrived shortly after, clad in their own version of suit. The feline idly wondered if they were standard issue uniforms, though the fox's voice interrupted her musings.

"First, I want to congratulate you all on making it this far. You're the best of the best, and you should be proud of yourselves. That said, we will not make this easy for you."

The feline scoffed under her breath.

"This will be the most intense training any of you will have ever faced. By the time you leave here, you will be prepared to leave the planet and face any challenges that may find you out there." The voluptuous vulpine paused. "We are here to help you prepare yourselves, but it is ultimately on you to rise to the occasion. Is that something you can do?"

Murmurs of confirmation rolled across the room.

"Is. That. Something. You. Can. Do?"

The feline and her colleagues spoke as one, and their answer rang through the lecture hall.

"That's more like it," the plump vixen nodded. "Now, not everyone here will fill the same role. Some of you have already been assigned your specializations, but the rest of you will find your calling throughout the next two weeks. Before then, however, there are some

basics everyone needs to know."

The lights dimmed, and dread filled the feline's chest as a screen descended behind the fox. For all their glorious science, the facility still relied on projectors and power points to bore their trainees to death. She felt her fate seal when a "Basics of Spacics" title card faded in across the blank canvas.

"I'm sure you all know space is dangerous, but by the end of your training, you'll have a proper respect for the void. Let's start with the protections offered by your suits. The first ones were developed..."

The feline suppressed a groan and sat her chin in her hands. There wasn't a single new piece of information on any of the slides, and her thoughts wandered as the previously lively vulpine sank into a dull monotone. Her own boredom with the material seeped into her voice, and one by one the trainees retreated to the inner theaters of their minds. A soft ping from the cat's suit soon dragged her back to reality however, and several more ensured she stayed there. A wall of text scrolled on the edge of her vision as more and more of the students discovered their garment's built in chat feature, eventually coaxing the cat to join the silent conversation. Her amusement faded with her first message however, which bore the name falsely thrust onto her by the company. She let out a quiet sigh, exhaling her breath and enthusiasm. The discussion continued without her as she explored her suit's other functions and discovered a web browser, then passed the time on social media. The feline only occasionally glanced at the presentation, falling back into her numerous feeds when no new information presented itself. She begrudgingly returned to the lecture once she exhausted her distractions, and she suffered through the fox's closing remarks. The final slides imparted a few useful bullet points, which she documented with her visor's built-in camera. She made a half-hearted promise to return to them later, and swiftly forgot her resolve when the vixen released them for lunch. Her AI guide echoed the announcement and highlighted a route through the building. She rose from her seat with everyone else, then piled into the hallway with her new coworkers. The feline integrated herself into verbal conversations much more easily, and though each started with a name correction, she found herself fitting in surprisingly well. She walked with her pack and followed them to the cafeteria, until a buzz in her ear corrected her course.

Where they took a left, her guiding AI directed her to the right. She excused herself with a semi-confused shrug and promised to catch up with them later, then parted from her group to appease the electronic navigator.

The feline began to suspect her digital partner was acting up. Despite being able to see the cafeteria from the divergence in her path, the AI guided her down a long and winding series of corridors. Each turn took her deeper into the facility through grand, high-security doors of metal and carbon, until she finally reached her destination. The voice in her ear bid her to step over a sealed threshold and take a seat in a pristine room, occupied only by a single, double-wide chair. Her companion's insentience grew with her hesitation, and the cat blocked the voice from her thoughts for a moment. She considered calling her tech once

again, and a particularly annoying buzz from her suit made the choice for her. She silenced the navigation and rang the help desk, dialing the number from memory, only to find their answering machine. She rolled her eyes and surmised they were likely on lunch as well. Instead of waiting and suffering through at least a half hour of electronic nagging, she gathered her nerve and stepped into the curious room. The door slammed and sealed behind her the instant she cleared its plane, leaving her with few other options than to sit down. Before she could cross the room to do so, her assistant chimed in.

Miss Loxton, please take your seat when you're ready to begin.

"Are you planning on telling me why I'm here?"

You were briefed on this before your arrival to the compound, Miss Loxton. A review should have been requested at least twelve hours in advance.

The cat's ears flattened to her head and she scoffed. "Of course I have, how could I have forgotten?"

She half-expected an equally snarky reply, and when none came, she thanked her stars. It likely wouldn't have gotten sarcasm right anyway. The feline took in a breath and held it in her chest, wildly imagining what kind of training could possibly take place in such an ominous room, and sat down. The sides of her hips fell far short of reaching the chair's edge and the tips of her ears barely reached the headrest, but she settled into place regardless. The tension drained from her muscles after a quiet moment of inaction, until that harsh electric voice spoke into her head once again.

Please rest your arms on the arm rests, and the procedure will begin.

She didn't like the word "procedure," but bit back her apprehensions in favor of a more practical issue. "I can't reach. They're too far apart."

She could almost hear the calculations in the computer's brain, or lack thereof. Especially in the silence that followed her concerns. *Acknowledged. There appears to be a discrepancy in your measurements, Miss Loxton. Recalibrating fitting chair.*

The cat's tail slowed as she pondered that name, giving the AI ample time to do its job. Servos whirred as the armrests drifted closer to her sides, and the instant she moved to use them, the robot locked her down. Metal manacles sprung from hidden mechanisms and locked her wrists in place, severely limiting her options for escape.

"Uhhh, is this supposed to happen?"

You were briefed previously, Miss Loxton. Time is of the essence, so please hold all re-briefing requests and questions until the end of the procedure.

She liked the word even less a second time. "Hold on, I never consented to thi-"

In her protesting, she failed to notice the tube snaking down from the ceiling until it firmly lodged itself in her mouth. Her words broke against its nozzle, and her struggles became even more futile when a strap wrapped around the back of her head. It left her nose free and granted her ample breath, but that was little comfort against its unknown intent. Her nerve deteriorated when several mechanical arms floated down into her vision, each tipped with a tool more terrifying than the last. Rumors of bio-experiments rose to the front of her memory as they hummed and clacked to life, pumping her pulse to a panic-inducing pace. She squeezed her eyes shut and resigned herself to her fate as they closed in, though that moment of finality and terror never came. The feline hesitantly peeked, and found that most of the machinery had rotated to her back. Soft sparks and pinpricks of pressure penetrated to her fur as it worked and modified her suit, fitting it with reinforcements and mounting racks and handles. A deep sigh of relief spilled from her muzzle and flooded the tube, though her respite was short lived. Her breath blew back in her face as fluid filled the hose from above, filling her chest with soft pressure until its payload arrived.

A dense, syrupy mixture lethargically crossed her lips and spilled over her tongue, suffusing her senses with a sinfully sweet flavor. She couldn't help but moan in approval as it filled and bulged her cheeks, and her apprehension shattered as eagerly swallowed to make room for more. In the back of her mind, she wondered if her friends' lunch was as good, but her musings faded as the fluid oozed to the entrance of her throat. Intense flavors consumed her thoughts and she relaxed her gullet, guiding it down to her belly under its own power. She wiggled her hips in gluttonous bliss and lashed her tail as a pleasant weight settled in her middle, filling the soft dome of her belly out beneath her suit. The minor folds in the space-age fabric filled as her paunch crept into her lap, spilling over her thighs with the urgency of a molasses avalanche. Her feeding fervor faded as she approached the limits of her capacity, and a tinge of worry seeped into her shameless bliss when the flow showed no signs of stopping. Her tail slowed as she tried reach out to her suit's assistant, though with her mouth full and arms restrained, she had few options to draw its attention. The mechanics dancing across her back followed her motions as she wiggled and squirmed, though eventually, she wobbled her way just out of its acceptable limits. A buzz filled the chamber as the metal appendages withdrew, and she slouched with relief. At least until the digital voice spoke up once more.

Subject is unable to use their freedom responsibly. Restraining until stage one is complete.

The cat's eyes widened and adrenaline resurged through her system as a carbon fiber belt sprung from the back of her seat and coiled around her waist. She wheezed into the feeding tube as it tightened around her swollen belly, though its natural curvature thankfully slid it down to her hidden belt line. She tested her binds and found them more than restraining, unable to wiggle or wobble more than a fractional inch in any direction. The AI chimed in approval, and her feeding resumed as the nest of robotic arms descended on her once more. Pinpricks of mixed delight and discomfort sparked over her form as they

modified her suit, loosening its fibers and mounting mysterious equipment to her racks. It lined her arms and legs with brackets and handles as it relieved the tightness in her middle, freeing up more space for her stomach to fill. The tireless pumps above ensured the robot's efforts were not in vain, and the feline whined with the conflicting sensations of a forced feeding. She hardly noticed the mechanisms tailoring her garment as her middle filled more and more of her lap, spreading her pelt taught and etching stretch marks into her hide. Each struck her nerves like a little lightning bolt of bliss, marking her gastric progress with sensitive marks. The feline found herself thankful that the suit hid the gluttonous marks, though she began to wonder how long that blessing would last as it tightened. The feeding pumps cut off before she could dwell on that thought for too long, and she let out an exhausted sigh through her nose as the robotics retracted. The hose remained sealed against her lips, however, and in the silence that followed, she wondered how many courses it had in store for her.

Stage one complete. Proceeding to stage two.

A torrent of conflicting emotions swirled in her chest as gears ground in the ceiling above, pushing her pulse until quiet abruptly returned. The feline chanced a glance upward, just in time to watch a new set of arms and tools reach down. Some bore screwdrivers while others held small tanks of fluid, and they whirled around her form in a practiced symphony of hardware. Buzzing and whirling filled her ears as they mounted containers to key points on her suit, outfitting her with a significant supply of strange solutions. Amid the complex chaos, the feeding tube released its hold and retreated into the ceiling, granting the cat a small peace of mind. She closed her eyes and let her head roll back into the seat as the robots finished their work, leaving her in an all too fleeting solitude. The weight of tanks and canisters bore down on her figure, and confusion arched her brow when she chanced a look at their work. The feline found no obvious purpose to the fluids, but more mysterious were the unoccupied handles and hoist points around her figure. The majority of them sat on the landmarks of her hips, though she saw them on her shoulders as well, in the fringes of her periphery. The cat eventually decided she'd rather not know, and even if she did, an encroaching food coma made it difficult to focus. The cat relaxed her muscles and metaphorically opened her arms to lethargic sleep, though the all too familiar artificial voice returned and trampled her tranquility before she drifted off.

Initiating hormone feed.

The cat's eyes snapped open, and the sensation of simultaneous injections suffused her form. A wave of heated tingles radiated from several sites and swept through her form, standing her fur on end and locking her muscles. An unsure groan tumbled from her muzzle as it engulfed every inch of her body, blazing brighter and hotter until she worried she would melt. Fortunately, that fate never came. Instead, every smoldering bolt of pleasure gathered and condensed in her figure, migrating to concentrated points. Discomfort furrowed her brow as her soreness filled her hips, undercutting the pleasurable sensations of incremental growth. Her suit hugged her growing curves as her rear spread to fill her seat, soon meeting the constraints of its armrests. The AI released her wrists as the

chair resized to fit her changing frame, accommodating her growth until it tapered off. The feline ran her fingers over her enhanced curves and surveyed the damage, until the transformative front flowed elsewhere. Her thighs coiled and tightened when the bolt of sensation struck below her rear, gaining mass and muscle until they could easily support her widened frame. Her calves toned up similarly, until a layer of matronly pudge swaddled those swells in softness. The cat gained a few inches of height as her rear softened with padding, straining her modified suit to its improved limits. The patterned fabric left none of her enhancements to the imagination, then enhanced them as it matched her changing fur patterns. Her coloration remained constant, save for the bright marks etched across her curves. In the back of her mind, she realized the stripes traced her stretch marks, but she hardly cared in the moment.

She squeezed her thighs together and groaned with need as an inferno bloomed in her core, fueling the growth of her belly. Soft gurgles filled the chamber as she rapidly metabolized her unexpected meal, softening the dome of her belly with an apron of pudge. The growing rolls shifted under her suit and spread her bulk, endowing her with a pair of love-handles that reached just passed the squish of her rear. The cat's lower roll dipped into the space between her thighs while the upper propped up her breasts, which grew with similar speed. One of her freed hands dove between her thighs and groped the doughy roll of her middle while the other cupped her growing chest, marveling in the wonder and sensations of fertile expansion. A deep, undisclosed fantasy came to life as she squished and squeezed her chest, both indulging herself and verifying their reality several times over. A slight pang of disappointment sounded in the back of her mind when their expansion leveled off, though she took great pleasure in enjoying the results. She hardly noticed the soft padding enveloping her arms or her second chin, nor did she find her softening cheeks right away. The cat only emerged from her self-indulgence when her digital assistant's voice returned, and even then it had to repeat itself several times to steal her attention.

Your first treatment is complete, and you are dismissed, Miss Loxton. Feel free to have lunch on the chance you're still hungry. Your next treatment is scheduled for tomorrow. Please enjoy the rest of your classes for the day, and welcome to the Broodmother Colonization Unit.

Maybe she could used to being Miss Loxton.