

Chav Machine's Revenge

For TwilightSputnik

By TheSpiralledEye

Hannah gets more than she bargains for when she accidentally activates the chav machine while she is still inside.

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Hannah watched the other women walk past her; all in fashionable skirts and beautiful make up. They looked more like models than scientists and she hated them for it. All her life she'd been called frumpy, even ugly; but she had taken it all in stride because she was smart. She held onto this false belief, this naive hope that once she left the world of schooling behind and entered the adult sphere she would find others like her. Who shunned the world of makeup and men, who valued intellect over superficial beauty but of course that had been all so wrong.

When she joined the company as a genetic researcher she had been shocked to find that not only did many other female scientists look better than she, they put in effort. Instead of focusing on what was important, their work. She shunned all things pretty in defiance, refusing to style her hair or put on makeup in the hopes that somebody would follow her lead. They never did, instead they whispered behind her back. She hadn't caught them yet but she was sure that's what they were doing.

When that bitch, Katie, had arrived to work on a marketing campaign it had been the last straw, she was so pretty and she knew it. Watching her lean over the CEO's desk and show off her cleavage while having the gall to act as though she had no idea what she was doing made Hannah want to vomit.

That's when she'd created the chav machine, to bring that bitch down to Earth. Now she was out there, working the corners like a good whore and getting exactly what she deserved. For a while she had been riding high on her superiority but now that had passed. Now she found herself hungry for more.

She sat beneath the main table of what she had dubbed The Chav Machine, reconnecting the wires that had come loose while Katie struggled. She had been making slow improvements to her special little room over the last few days, all ready for the next lady scientist who dared look down on her.

She grinned, lost in her daydreams of revenge and without meaning to, bumped one of the wires out of place causing it to spark. A moment later all the lights in the room flared to life and the mechanical whirring of gears filled the air.

“What? Dammit, I’ll have to-hey!”

Before she could even get up off her hands and knees the thick metal door to the room slammed closed; the hiss of the thick hydraulic locks setting into place turned her blood cold. She had never implemented a handle on the inside and now she was trapped! The only way to get out would be for the machine to finish a run of programming but of course that was out of the question; there was nobody on the other side to start it regardless.

“Great, just wonderful.”

Now she was going to have to wait here until somebody noticed she hadn't signed out at the end of the work day. At least this company's stupidly high security checks would be useful for once, though she would have a lot of explaining to do when they came down here and found her side project.

Oh well, at least she could finish her updates. She leaned back down to readjust the wires she'd bumped when she felt something clamp around her ankle. In shock she turned just in time to be yanked out and into the air by a familiar mechanical arm.

“Put me down you stupid thing!” She demanded, it of course, did no such thing.

Instead another joined it, the mechanical tentacles wrapping around her legs and arms until she was spread eagle in the air before moving her towards the table. Hannah struggled, panic rising in her chest as she realised the machine was active, somehow she must have started the sequence with that electrical shock and she knew all too well what that would mean for her.

Visions flashed before her eyes of the fat, stupid blob of a woman Katie had become and she began to struggle anew. Not only would being turned into that ugly thing be awful but if the mental programmer sunk its metaphorical teeth into her she would never be able to reverse the process!

More mechanical arms appeared, these ones equipped with some of her new upgrades. She winced as lasers cut away her sensible lab coat and loose pants. The fabric fell away followed by her underwear leaving nothing but her underwhelming, frumpy nakedness.

Even now, despite the situation she could not help but burn with anger looking at her square hips and small breasts. It seemed so unfair that nature had made her a woman yet given her none of the assets.

A shiny nozzle appeared before her, pausing for a moment in front of her face as if to taunt her before moving down to her toes. A thick orange spray sputtered forth and began applying the fake tan. It was bright orange and ghastly; even worse than that though, it was applied badly. Even from this angle she could see the splotches, the uneven coat. She writhed trying to get free but could only make the most subtle of movements. If anything, all she was accomplishing was making the tan look worse.

She shivered as they passed over her tiny breasts, noting that it took only a fraction of the time it had taken to paint Katie's. She at least had the foresight to hold her breath as they passed over her face, wincing as she felt the cold, sticky liquid congealing in her hair.

The arms manoeuvred her, holding her up so that the nozzles could paint her back as well while clippers buzzed somewhere behind her skull. Humiliated tears stung at her eyes as her hair started to be shaved away, falling to the floor in mousy clumps.

"Stop you stupid machine! This isn't supposed to be for me!" She cried, but it was hopeless, the machine didn't care and if it did it was not capable of stopping mid way through it's process.

She had to wait for the perfect moment and escape, if she could just get out of the grasp of these mechanical arms then maybe she could escape. She could concern herself with getting the door open later.

Vibration near her pussy made her squeal and she looked down to see the shaver raking its way across her mound leaving only stubble behind. She hated to admit it but the vibration actually sent a tingling pleasure radiating up her spine; it had been a long time since she had...well, it had been a long time.

That distraction was enough to stop her from noticing the wig until it was placed atop her head. Scratchy and coarse her fingers grasped to try and take it off though of course it was no use. She could only hang there, humiliated, as the tiny arms adhered the mess to her head. Long strands fell in front of her face; blonde only by virtue that it was yellow. Honestly it was so pale it almost looked white and brittle enough that were she able to touch it Hannah was sure it would come out in clumps.

A mechanical whirr from the floor and once again it opened up and Hannah's panic returned in full. The amount of work that had gone into creating the expansion pants had been gruelling; but watching the effects on Katie had been motivation enough to finish the suit entirely. Now it rose up from the floor, huge and stretchy, the neck hole easily big enough to open wide and swallow her with the help of yet more mechanical arms.

She kicked and screamed, not even caring if anybody judged her now. If they found her at least they could put a stop to this! It was no use though, she had programmed the

machine too efficiently, it knew exactly how and when to release each limb to force it into the suit before grabbing it once more.

Slowly but steadily more and more of her disappeared down into that huge body suit that slowly began to cling to her skin and tingle all over. As she felt the foam inside begin to form around her ankles and she quaked with fear. She had never been beautiful but at the very least she had always been skinny; now her own creation was threatening to take away the one feminine asset she had!

Her skin began to tingle and she bit her lip to keep from moaning as she felt it beginning to stretch. Why had she made this feel so good and terrible at the same time? Her brain was getting mixed signals!

“Hnnngh...oh god....why...why is it in my pussy?”

She could feel it, her legs were spread so wide the foam couldn't help but fill her as well, she could feel it widening her hole, turning her vagina fat on the inside and out. Like a whore who had taken so many men she could no longer tighten. Oh God, that was the point wasn't it?

She continued to moan and writhe her her legs turned into thunder thighs and her ass began to swell. She could feel it, the fat expanding from taut muscle to a full on bubble butt. Her hips bones clicked as they widened to accommodate it and her middle began to form rolls of flab.

It wasn't fair! Her stupid machine couldn't have at least expanded her breasts first? Given her a single taste of what it would feel like to have an hourglass figure before turning her into a fat, orange whale? Speaking of though, that tingling had now reached the undersides of her breasts and Hannah held her breath.

That tingling felt good, deliciously good but also wrong. She was determined not to moan, not to enjoy this one bit but her resolve was quickly dissolving as the foam sank into her breasts. They turned big, then huge, then fake. She could feel them turning round and stiff as fake silicone formed under her skin. The new breasts were perky despite their immense size and even through the opaque fabric of the suit she could see her nipples turning hard and long.

“Oh fuck, fuck oh God hnnng, s-stop! They can't get any bigger! Why are you still growing!!”

Every time she was sure she was at the end of her torture the foam just kept coming, filling her up, making her even fatter than Katie had been until even the giant body suit felt painfully tight against her skin. Her ass pressed against the metal table despite being held

out above it; she could feel how rotund it had become and the weight pulled her down. She could hear the machinery working over time to even hold her up as the suit finished its work.

She wanted to weep with relief as those lasers returned to cut it away but found there was little relief to be had.

The body it revealed was something awful; so fat she couldn't even see past her shiny fake tits. Her pussy lips quivered, exposed to the air and now super sensitive after all that expansion. For the first time Hannah questioned her motives for making this machine, perhaps it had been going too far.

Then came something new, she had been so distraught over her body warping that she had totally forgotten about the new additions to the machine's programming. As she was strapped back down she watched as those new special lasers she had been working on appeared to hover about her face; the genetic material stored in those UV rays was capable of changing many of the fine details of a body and now she was going to experience it first hand.

"Ouch! Ah! That stings!"

The lasers hit the side of her eyes and despite her terror, Hannah stopped struggling. One wrong move and that beam of light could hit her and there was no way that would end well for her. She was forced to lie still, grinding her teeth as she felt the machine add crows feet and laugh lines to her face. Ageing her first on her face and then all over her body. Stretch marks, huge silver thunderbolts, were added to her thighs and stomach. Within minutes the twenty year old had doubled her age.

The tiny lazer beams disappeared and the sound of clicking machinery met her ears. For one blissful, beautiful moment she thought herself saved. Perhaps the machine was breaking down since she hadn't finished updating the sequence. Maybe she could escape with at least a tiny bit of dignity intact. Then it would just be a matter of reversing the process, perhaps she could get away with this after all!

Then a familiar rubber tipped nozzle appeared and her dread began anew. She had worked on that formula for months; Katie had been its first test subject. She had created it to rapidly transform sugars into fats within the body in order to expand a person rapidly while also making them sleepy and compliant, all the better to help the mental programming sink in later. She had altered it since using Katie, made it stronger and more addictive.

As the nozzle approached she could see the sweet syrup already dripping from the end of the hose and she clamped her mouth shut. If she knew what it was going to do perhaps she could fortify her mind against it. She barely had the time though as one of those mechanical clamps appeared, squeezing at her cheeks until her lips pursed against her will

as the nozzle began to drip the sweet liquid into her mouth. She tried to push it out with her tongue but all that managed to do was coat it in the deliciously sweet syrup.

She tried to fight against it, but already she could feel the drugs seeping into her bloodstream and her jaw began to relax enough that the nozzle could push inside. It started slowly, a small gush of the substance coated her tongue and slowly dripped down her throat.

Hannah began to recite the periodic table in her head, a distraction that would hopefully stop the effects from taking root.

'Hydrogen, Helium, Lithium, Beryllium...'

She was just about to finish the first set when she realised she was sucking. She stopped immediately, horrified that she had let herself fall for it so soon. She kept naming elements, but found herself almost falling into a trance, naming elements and suckling at the sweet fluid.

She felt her cheeks expanding.

'Boron, Carbon, Nitrogen...'

Her neck was growing flabbier.

'Oxygen...Fluoride...Argon...no wait, that wasn't right...'

She absentmindedly drank down her delicious drink, trying in vain to remember what element came after Fluoride. She was sure she knew this a moment ago but it was so hard to think. Her thoughts were moving like molasses. She still knew the answer but she was almost too drunk to think of it.

It was getting harder and harder to drink now, her lips were so thick, almost as if they had been botoxed. It made using them properly hard, as the nozzle gently slid from her mouth she realised she couldn't relax it. It seemed as though her lips had become stuck in a permanent, pouting, duck face.

There were other changes she had made to the machine though, weren't there? She was sure but for some reason she was having a hard time recalling them. As the machine raised her up she groaned, feeling her skin jiggle thanks to the movement. She could feel her fat tits hanging freely in the air as a sharp pain formed on her right ass cheek.

Oh that was right, the tattoos. She couldn't see what the gun was painting; even if she had the energy to turn her neck there was no way she would be able to see past her thick shoulders but judging by what she could feel it was a heart. Right in the middle of her

left bum cheek. Outside of the tramp stamp that was probably the least classy tattoo in existence.

Then she was moving again, being shuffled through the air until she was fully upright and more panels in the walls opened. The stink of musk and cigarette smoke met her nostrils and for a brief moment she felt confused. The smell was somehow old; not the sharp painful smell that burned her nostrils every time she passed the smokers outside on break.

A moment later a flash of pink entered her vision and she realised the smell was emanating from it. A shaggy, faux fur coat made of the most hideous pink fabric was being draped around her shoulders. The mechanical arms let her arms go one by one but she was too slow and sluggish to do anything but let them dress her before holding her in place once more.

An enormous leather skirt; made from enough fabric to cloth an entire person were they normal size, was squeezed around her waist. It felt far too short, barely covering half her thunder thighs. She would never have worn something so scandalous even before she was plus sized, let alone now. And yet she had no choice as her weak kicks did nothing to stop the arms from tightening it around her waist with a studded silver belt.

“Owwww...” She moaned, feeling her flabby toes pinch as a pair of purple high heeled boots made of fake leather were forced onto her feet. They were lined with fluffy fake fur just like her jacket and she couldn’t help but giggle a bit as they tickled at her skin.

“M-maybe I should have ordered a bigger size...” She winced, her feet felt constricted, she was sure her toes must be turning blue. How she would be able to walk in them she had no idea.

Not that it was going to be an issue right now, those mechanical arms were still puppeteering her across the room now ‘dressed’ and ready for the next step. There was a sudden moment of clarity as she was manoeuvred across the room; horror breaking through the muddled confusion caused by her syrup. The programming chair was coming into view.

“No...” She whimpered, “My mind is all I have!”

But there was no stopping it, the arms pinned her in place as the metal manacles clamped down on her fat wrists and non-existent ankles. The helmet and visor lowered and she instantly closed her eyes. Perhaps if she could just keep them shut the trace wouldn’t take effect.

“N-Neon...” She whispered, hurriedly trying to distract herself from the white noise in the headphones currently pressed against her ears, “T-tungsten?”

The music was soothing, those low beats that seemed to reverberate in her skull, echoing back on one another and making her lightheaded. She had designed the auditory system to attack the brain's nervous centre with specific wave patterns that helped with relaxation and sleep. Despite being aware of how the strange music worked she still felt her nerves beginning to melt away.

The syrup and the music worked in tandem making her muscles untense and sag back in the chair. She kept losing her place in the periodic table no matter how hard she tried and without ever realising it, her eyelids began to relax from their scrunched up position. A tiny flicker of light passed through her lashes and without thinking, she blinked. Doing so opened her eyes for just the briefest of moments but that was all it took.

The pulsing, hypnotic patterns that swirled on screen ensnared her and no amount of repetition of elements could bring her mind back into focus. Hannah could feel her thoughts getting even slower until they had stopped entirely. There was nothing in her skull but the bliss of nothingness; no stress, no knowledge, nothing but the pretty circles and spiralling whirling round and round to that low, repetitive beat.

The screen began to change; she saw herself in high school; a loner, an outcast; her only friends were her textbooks which she spent every lunch time alone with. But then she grew jealous of all the pretty girls, she started to copy them and finally boys paid attention to her!

No wait, that wasn't right; she hated those girls and made herself as different as possible...didn't she? She watched from a first person perspective as she smeared hot pink lipstick on her lips and met a boy behind the toilet block. How wonderful it had been when he'd kissed her, how she'd become addicted to the attention.

Hannah felt her thoughts becoming muddled; she had been a loner in college so what were these wild parties she was seeing? Why was she getting down on her knees to suck men off in dark corners so often, all while getting fat on beer and junk food. That hadn't been her, had it?

Yet she could remember it so clearly, even *feel* it. Her folds began to moisten as she watched herself during her first ever spit roast; sucking one guy off while another ploughed into her. Once she discovered sex her college grades dropped; she traded tutorials for late night rendezvous that paid in petty cash and cigarettes. It had been wild and so much fun. She took so much dick she lost track and when the college finally kicked her out for indecent behaviour she hadn't even cared. Becoming a whore was more fun than being a scientist anyway.

That scent of cigarette smoke got stronger until she could practically taste it on her tongue; no wait, she actually could. For a moment she remembered something; a brief flash of her working on some sort of machine, adding cigarettes and a lighter to a tray.; but then it was gone again. She would never have the know-how to build a machine anyway.

He flashed by her swollen lips and she drew in breath, bringing with it a heavy stream of thick smoke. It burned her throat and lungs and made her groan; it was heavenly. It had been far too long since her last smoke and she'd been starting to crave it so badly. She breathed in again and let the smoke rush out her nostrils adding to her relaxation as more and more life events played out before her eyes.

Her first man this morning, holding her up against the wall of an alley and fucking her hard and fast. He'd wanted to get things over with quickly; he was an important business man after all; she didn't care really, so long as his tackle worked that was all she cared about.

Her vision began to fade as her cigarette burned out and was removed by some unseen force. A moment later mechanical whirring stopped the pretty music and something heavy lifted off her head. She was dazzled by the bright room; all white and filled with shiny machinery she didn't have the foggiest idea about. Why was she here again?

Before she could remember the heavy metal door swung open revealing some sort of control room. With a grunt she hefted herself up, wincing as she took each step and the bones in her ankles protested; she really had to save up for one of those scooters. She wandered into the room and found it filled with notepads and computers, there were a number of labelled buttons but even with them she couldn't tell what any of them did.

After peering curiously for a few moments she realised something even more important; she didn't care. She probably got too drunk last night and wandered in here and if there was one thing she did not know about this strange place, it was that all of this looked expensive. The last thing she wanted to do was accidentally break something and get footed with a giant bill.

Instead she turned on her heels, fat ass knocking a pile of papers to the ground. She considered picking them up but decided against it.

"Ain't ma problem." She shrugged, besides, it was hard getting up with all her weight.

She groaned, looking at the tall staircase in front of her. It was going to take forever to get up all of those!

She patted her sides and found neither her purse nor any cigarettes in her pockets; well damn. Her pussy was tingling in that distinctive way it always did before she had her

first cock of the day though so it was time to hit two birds with one stone and take a client so she could afford some cigs.