



The cardboard box was strewn about the living room, systematically disassembled with a careful hand and an exact-o knife. It had helpfully bled its contents of millions of packing peanuts all over the place like some kind of a slain game animal. The ensuing mess had almost justified the purpose of the purchase in its own right.

It, or rather she, had been advertised very effectively. She was a robotic helper android to help clean up around the house. Do dishes, laundry, change your car's oil, everything that just tends to annoy the modern day person. Coupled with that a price far cheaper than what anybody would expect and fairly cute design options it would be a no-brainer. The company, the Aupair Corporation, was the industry leader in robotics; their helper androids could be seen throughout everyday life in everything from construction to menial labor. It wasn't hard to determine how they'd earned a basic monopoly on the industry at this point, a fact that more discerning men would be concerned about. A little while ago they'd entered the realm of home private use, but only now did you actually decide it was worth your time and money.

That's how you got to this point. After both ordering the robot and vivisectioning the box, you'd positioned the maid next to your table. Her joints were locked and she couldn't bend at the moment, so instead she stood like some kind of a weird doll next to your coffee table. Even though she seemed pretty artificial at the moment, it was immediately clear that the company had mastered the art of appealing design. She didn't look that fake at all, instead having a pleasant and round face with wide and expressive eyes. Beneath that rested a tiny resting smile, and the whole face was framed by a bob of bright cyan hair. If you looked close, you

could see the faintest of seam lines in her porcelain face, to let her get the fullest range of motion and expression from an otherwise rigid design.

Her frame was thin and elegant, dressed in a dark maid dress. You took a moment to look her up and down, and found yourself surprised at the detail of the dress. They'd even bothered to give her stockings, black heels, and even one of those little lace tiara things you didn't know the name of. Despite being next to the inactive android, you somehow felt under-qualified compared to her. You were an average person, completely normal, but this pretty, mechanical french maid was going to be your new companion. It was more than a little unusual.

Besides the robot, who's name you didn't know yet as apparently she was going to come with one, the box also included a few other things. A few spare dresses for her, a collection of allen wrenches like an IKEA set, some sort of an odd little pack you were going to guess might be a battery, and a user's manual about the length of a small novel. Luckily for you they'd made at least the beginning idiot proof; how to turn her on. A small little button inside of a hole where one the dozen allen wrenches fit inside was positioned on her thigh. You had to lift her skirt a little to reach it and you were a little surprised to see her lace stockings get somewhat... frillier at the top then you expected. Still, you found the small hole, put the allen wrench in, and gave it a firm twist.

The maid's eyes, which had been open the whole time a little unnervingly, sprang to consciousness. They were backlit, and they illuminated her face somewhat. She adjusted her gaze, moving her eyes and neck robotically as she quickly scanned the room around her. She lifted one foot, set it down, repeated it with the other. Then raised and lowered her arms in succession. Before finally, after all that, she smiled and relaxed her stiff position.

The mechanical maid dropped her gaze to you and gave another, far more genuine smile. "Hello! My name is Rosie! It's a pleasure to meet you! If you do not like the name Rosie, you can suggest a new one for me now."

Her voice was high and gentle, like she was worried she'd break something with her voice. It was pretty pleasant on the ears, but you assumed that was by design. It made sense for a maid to be pleasant in every way possible.

"No, no, Rosie is fine, I don't mind." You said, still looking up from her to down to the manual. After having the courtesy to be clear on how to activate the android, it quickly descended into an impenetrable fog of features and buzzwords. You were having more than a hard time trying to decipher it.

Rosie bowed once before looking around the room. Her smile faded and she made a small noise, like that of a startled bird. "Oh my... it appears I came with quite a lot of packaging. Would you like me to start cleaning this up?"

Her tenacity caught you off guard, but it was appreciated. You nodded. "Yeah, go ahead." You added on, "Uhhh... garbage bags are in the kitchen."

"Thank you, master!" She cheerfully added. "Is there a broom?"

You nodded again. Not that you used it that often. You sat cross legged on your couch, still pouring over her manual. After only a second she'd returned with your old ratty broom and had begun to sweep all the packing peanuts into a garbage bag. Rosie hummed a small tune as she worked though considering it was pre-loaded into her systems, it was probably closer to elevator music.

"You've got a lot of features..." You said, turning the page again.

"Oh yes." She said, finishing up the sweeping. "I come with over 100 features to make daily living easier for you." She put away the bag and picked up her spare dresses, making sure to fold them properly. "It's a guarantee you'll find something pleasant about me! Or your money back." She laughed a little at her own joke. "That was merely a joke," she added, "I cannot guarantee that, only my manufacturer can."

"Uh huh..." You turned to another page. There was a diagram of Rosie, letting you see her inner workings. Or a rather lack thereof. "Wait, how does this work?"

"How does what work, master?" She walked over, pretty much walking on her tip-toes. "Is there perhaps something I can try to clarify?"

"It looks like you're basically hollow inside?" You turned the manual around for her to see. "But it also says you've got a collection of, like, tons of internal stuff you can do?"

"Oh!" She smiles, nodding. "Yes, that is proprietary technology!" She grins, holding her bicep like she was a dainty riveter. "It keeps my form light and maneuverable, yet still has a strong tensile strength and is reliable for years to come!" She crosses her arms behind her back, though looking apologetic. "Unfortunately, the exact mechanics are actually quite certainly privatized. I cannot inform you of the exact mechanics without breaking your users agreement. That diagram is mostly to show you features. I highly recommend taking me to a certified Aupair repair technician if I show any signs of malfunction."

All you could really do is nod to that long speech. How she managed to fit all these gadgets inside her without them taking up space made no sense to you. Then again Aupair was putting people on Mars so you guessed they could reasonably do anything they wanted. "Let's see here... extendable heels, fire extinguisher, creme brulee torch, sponge, nightlight, bluetooth..."

"Oh yes, and more!" Rosie clapped happily. She began to idly roll the lint off the couch next to you with a lint roller you're certain she didn't have earlier. "I will happily demo any feature you are curious about, master. I would hate for you to be caught off guard by one of my functions in the future."

You turned the page, and found something... unusual. "Internal pressure system? This has a whole page to itself."

Without missing a beat, she nodded and hummed again. The lint roller went to your shoulder, helpfully removing the dust from your unwashed t-shirt. "Indeed. That is an intended feature of mine. My form is controlled via a carefully circulated amount of compressed air, and that amount can be adjusted by you on request."

You blinked. You have no idea why you'd want to do that. "Why would I want to do that?"

Something peculiar happened. Rosie's grip on the lint roller faltered slightly on your shoulder, but she transitioned instead to rolling the other side of the couch. "It's a therapeutic tool, mostly. Some owners find that adjusting my form to various... proportions can help relieve stress." The android didn't meet your eye.

"Adjusting your form... air pressure..." You looked down at the users manual again, trying to make heads or tails of the complicated info. "So like... you... take in more air? And you... get taller?"

Rosie pursed her lips. She walked to the edge of the couch opposite of you, ducking down to pick at the armrest, picking up individual, imperceptible crumbs and lint bits. She piled them on her palm for disposal. "Not... exactly."

The page at the bottom had an asterix. Said asterix brought you to the back of the manual under a different category, marked in red. You poured over the schematics there, the illustrations...

You felt your face turn red. "You... *inflate*. Like a blow up doll."

Rosie ducked a little more behind the arm rest, picking up the last little crumb she could find. "Y-yes. That is a feature of mine. But like I said, it is a therapeutic tool! I-It is meant to relieve stress!"

You put the manual down, looking at the robot. She stood up quickly, stiffening her back and walking back to the garbage bag she'd set down earlier. With equally robotic movements she dumped her meager pile of crumbs into the bag. As you watched her walk, your eyes went back down the diagrams and illustrations. Those painted a far different possibility.

There was no thin and elegant maid there. There, she was depicted as a curvy, seductive robot, dress straining at her hourglass figure. The maid there smiled at the reader, feather duster in hand, like some kind of parody. The skirt was lifted, the lacy stockings from earlier now on display, only tight against bulging thighs. Stress relief indeed.

Looking back at your Rosie, she seemed almost embarrassed, currently scrubbing the counter with a sponge you were, once again, certain she didn't have minutes ago. Her mouth was tightly drawn, her glowing eyes looking determinedly down at the grimy counter. "You have a *secret blow-up doll* feature." You said out loud, oddly loud in the room.

"T-that is not its proper name. The feature's intended name is '*Pneumatic Stress Relief*!'" You saw her pale cheeks turn red. You could tell that this was a little LED that had been placed under her skin... you'd definitely paid for the detail it seems. "It is a standard issue feature, completely benign!"

You look between the diagram and Rosie, trying to piece together the image in your mind. The newly-bought blushing maid was clearly embarrassed, not looking at you at all. You did your best to imagine her inflated to the proportions of the robot in your manual. The image was far from unappealing to be honest. The way her lacy stockings would grip her thighs, the top of her dress tight and straining...

You bit your lip. This wasn't necessarily why you bought her. You'd bought her to clean up your sty of an apartment, a task that even now she was performing. Rosie had rung out your sponge to dry and had begun to clean the cobwebs from your corners. It had really only taken her a matter of minutes to clean a startlingly large amount of your apartment. She had to go up on her tiptoes to reach some of the webs, leaning up against the wall. You could see the back of her dress lift somewhat as she reached, and while nothing was revealed, you could more than imagine the view you would get in other conditions.

There was a tense, awkward silence between you two as she worked, her gentle humming gone. You broke the silence. "So... if I wanted to see the feature, would I be able to?"

Rosie didn't falter this time, finishing up a big cobweb from the corner. "Yes, you are if that is what you request." She spoke with a slight tremor in her high voice. By the red glow on the wall she was facing, you could tell she was blushing. "T-though, I must say that it may give me some difficulty in my further cleaning!"

You sat back on the couch as she turned to face you. She was looking down, her cheeks red. Her arms were crossed over her lap, her mouth tightly drawn. You weighed the cost and effect between having her continue her job versus inflating herself. It really didn't take you long to come to a decision. "Maybe just a little. Do you have settings?"

She nodded, walking to the table and picking up her manual. Rosie helpfully opened the manual and turned it to first the page with the perverted diagram, then a few pages past it. "It's marked here, on a scale from one to twenty. One is my standard size, and twenty is the maximum pressure I am safely rated for. Anything past that is unsafe and not recommended, master." It was an odd scenario, with how efficiently she explained things to you yet how clearly embarrassed she was by it.

"Let's just move up by one size, please? To start?" You found yourself blushing already at the thought.

Rosie, for her part, seemed almost a little relieved. She found a smile. "Only one pressure level up? Okay, I can definitely do that, master."

She took a step back to the center of the room, stopping briefly to realign the end table by your tv. Then, she closed her eyes and held her arms at her sides.

A small hissing sound rang out into the room. It took you only a few seconds to realize where it was coming from; it sounded like a balloon being inflated by an industrial tank. You glued your eyes to the maid, and watched in amazement and growing arousal as her body grew. Her figure swelled in her dress, her petite and dancer-like frame growing slightly more curvaceous and full. Her top grew a little more defined as her breasts grew, and you watched as her thighs swelled and grew more wide in her stockings. The hissing continued more and more, until finally it stopped. By the time it did Rosie was noticeably more curvy than before, boasting easy C-cups inside her dress and far more thick thighs.

Generally, it looked like a fairly noticeable jump between sizes one and two. You were actually a little surprised, and it didn't take you that long to realize how much you were blushing. Rosie opened her eyes and re-crossed her arms over her lap. She was blushing a little, but seemed a little more confident than she was earlier. "Master, as you can see," She began, turning in a slow circle. "My body has changed its proportions simply by compressing more air into my central forms. I can also confirm that my air compressor is working in optimal order."

She concluded her diagnostic by curstyng with a slight bow, bouncing back to her feet. You found yourself wondering if she wore a bra, given her normal size. She wore stockings, and presumably panties as well. Maybe her bra was designed to stretch? Or maybe her form was simply designed to always have built in support-

"Master?"

You shook yourself to your senses, your perverted daydreaming broken by her voice. "Oh, yeah?"

"I was simply asking if you wished me to return to my earlier pressure?" She nodded again, holding her arms out as if to give room to her chest. It really wasn't *that* big by all standards, but for some reason she was giving it a wide berth. "Or do you wish for me to remain at this size? T-to relieve stress on your end, of course." She added hastily.

"Y-yeah, uh, remain at current size." You pause. "Actually, can you set this to default size?"

“Certainly, master.” She bowed. “I can set this with no difficulty!” With a graceful turn on her toes, she returned to the kitchen. You heard her start to hum again as she messed with pots and pans in the kitchen. Her attitude had improved it seems. Maybe by actually testing the pressure adjustment it had helped her accept it? Or maybe she just assumed you’d gotten your fill of inflating her.

Running water confirmed her intention to scrub all your cookware. Which is for the best, as you’re certain you’ve never cleaned that cast iron before. You took another glance at the door stopper manual, looking at the page that Rosie had opened for you. Twenty levels of pressure, color-coded in a blue to red gradient. If one to two had changed her from a twig to a somewhat curvy woman, you couldn’t begin to imagine what ten was, let alone twenty.

Rosie continued to hum. The clanging from the pots was rather fast, as it appears that Rosie’s cleaning skills let her wash dishes faster than humanly possible.

“Rosie?” You interrupted her.

“Yes, master?” She rounded the corner. She blew on her hands to dry them, the effect being more like a hair drier. She smiled at you cheerfully.

“Can you inflate to pressure level three please?”

Her eyes widened a bit. “Oh! Um, of course. One moment, please.”

Rosie closed her eyes and held her arms out. Once again, the hissing returned and Rosie began to grow. Her body swelled out, her maid dress once again growing more tight by the second. Her bust grew more and more, growing rounder and more full. Her bodice tightened around her chest, finally growing more defined by her inflating frame. Her thighs moved from being simply defined to now being undeniably thick, and you can tell her inflating breasts had pushed her dress slightly up, revealing more of her stocking lace at the top. By the time the hissing stopped, her breasts were roughly DD sized, with her thighs matching the level of width.

Rosie opened her eyes, blushing slightly. “There, pressure level three.” She let out a slight sigh of exertion. “Do you... wish for me to return to my standard size?”

You shook your head. “N-no this is fine.”

Rosie bowed. “Of course, Master... I will return to my task.” She turned and stepped into the kitchen, her blush never dimming in brightness. She vanished around the corner and despite how little she was in the room for, the image of her swelling into the more curvy maid never left your mind. It was addicting, the robot inflating like some kind of a blow-up doll. Only a blow-up doll that seemed to be finishing up your dishes, judging by the quiet.

Sure enough, Rosie re-entered the room in a moment, feather duster in hand. She began to gingerly dust the more delicate of your room’s decor, moving gracefully. Despite her earlier statements, she seemed to adjust to her new proportions quickly, effortlessly moving her curvy form around your knick knacks. You watched as she got close to bumping a ceramic bird with her swollen bust only to recalculate and adjust at the last minute. She was blushing, clearly embarrassed, but also she looked a bit more confident as she moved. Maybe being on the job refocused her? You weren’t certain. There was something you *were* certain about though; you weren’t done inflating your new maid.

“Rosie?”

“Yes, master?” She looked over her shoulder at you, holding the feather duster idly askew. The echo of the diagram was never more true than it was now.

“How about pressure level four?”

Her eyes darted from her bust, to the feather duster, to the picture frame she was about to dust, back to her bust, then back to you. "Master?" She pointed the feather duster at the picture frame. "Would you rather I work on cleaning? Or would you rather I formally shift to *Pneumatic Stress Relief* mode?"

Was it your imagination? Did she... smile there? No, she was usually smiling when she was working from what you could tell. It was more than likely just that. For some reason her offering to formally enter the porn mode made you feel embarrassed. It was like she was calling you out on leering at her, or shaming you for just using her like a blow up doll.

Not that that was going to *keep* you from inflating her further, mind you. It just made you feel a little more sleazy than you think it should have. "No, no... just pressure level four will be fine, we don't need to activate the specific mode."

"Of course, Master."

The hiss appeared again, and Rosie once again expanded. Her figure inflated a bit more, and by now it was pretty clear she'd started down the path of unreasonability in regards to her inflation. While her chest had been DD cups before, now they inflated even further beyond. Her maid dress grew overly tight around her growing orbs, no longer acting as a proper uniform and instead as a bodice for her bust. They had also lost any degree of realism; by this point it was pretty clear that they were perfectly round underneath that tight dress and were more like actual balloons attached to her chest. Not only that, but her breasts continued to raise her dress higher, revealing even more of her inflating thighs.

Said thighs were starting to really take advantage of those stockings. The tops of the lace were coming properly into view, letting the lacy garters finally greet the air. Her flesh, or rather skin, or rather plating, you weren't really quite sure *what* her skin was, bulged at the edge of the lace. Her body that you could see gleamed slightly, and not in a metallic way that was to be expected from a metal or plastic body. The way it shone on the parts of her skin that bulged around the lace was more pneumatic than metallic... just like a blow up doll.

The hissing stopped and Rosie opened her eyes again as she finished her self-inflating routine. When she'd finished, her breasts were perfectly globular E cups that pushed at the confines of her dress, while her hips and rear were a little wider than her dainty shoulders. Only now, via the lifting of her dress, could you really see how much her hips have been expanding over time. You figured one more pressure level and that thigh gap would probably vanish beneath the force of inflating maidbot.

She looked down at herself. To your shock, she took her hands and cupped her chest, bouncing her bust once before resting her palms atop her twin spheres. She turned and craned her neck as if to examine her rear, before giving up and looking back at you. "Master, I've run an impromptu pressure systems check," She crosses her legs before uncrossing them. She smiles again at you, bowing deeply. "And I can confirm that my pressure regulation system is still in working order."

Rosie rose back up, but her smile was different. Her eyes were different... they were slightly closed, her smile somehow a little tighter. It looked almost a little more mischievous than her normal cheerful politeness. The robot crossed her arms over her lap again, but this time didn't give her new chest any extra berth. She instead let her forearms tuck underneath the sides of her breasts, pushing them outwards a little more. It was undeniably flirtatious of her.

She continued, still smiling at you. "Shall I return to my task?"



You blinked. Something about her demeanor had changed, despite her still talking in a courteous manner. The curvy blow-up doll maid had turned and cocked a shoulder as she'd said that, as if she'd been ironic in that statement. It had seemed... more sassy than a factory setting maidbot.

"Y-yeah." You respond as she hums softly. Rosie retrieved her feather duster from the table and returned to dusting. She was working slower than before, taking more deliberate movements. "Rosie?"

"Yes, Master?" She calls over her shoulder, her voice having a more melodic ring to it.

"Did you change settings?" You'd rejected the suggestion to switch to porn mode earlier, but something about her had shifted regardless.

"No, I have not..." Rosie trailed off, dusting away. She put the duster down again as she finished cleaning the corners of your television. She turned profile, letting you see her face, and her body. Her curves really were over-exaggerated now, her bust being basically a shelf below her chin. That flirtatious look faltered, replaced with the wider eyed, more innocent look of before. She glanced back at you briefly, then gave that scarlet blush again. "I-I am sorry, Master. The pressure increases in my body can sometimes interfere with the programming of my CPU. Some actions are identical in *Pneumatic Stress Relief* mode as they are now, which can lead to some of my reactions being identical to those I would have if I was in that setting." She pursed her lips and tugged at the hem of her dress, trying to pull it down. "Which can be r-rather inappropriate at times. I apologize immensely, and if you'd like to lodge a formal complaint, I-I'd be happy to get you Aupair's customer service line-"

"I don't want to complain, don't worry!" You wave her off, and Rosie looked relieved. "I am firmly satisfied with my purchase."

"Oh, thank you!" Her smile returned, but she tugged again at her dress. It looked like she wanted to say something but didn't, instead her gaze briefly flicked to the maid dresses laying on the counter. You recalled reading something in the manual, which at this point lay forgotten by your side, about her having multiple dress sizes standard in the box. Before all this inflating had started you'd had no idea what the sizes were for. These were in case her owner was a pervert and wanted to keep her at ridiculous sizes all the time for constant eye candy. You weren't really about that, and while Rosie's current proportions were certainly appealing, you weren't about to keep her this size all the time. She could't really fit under the couch with a chest this size after all.

Did this mean you didn't want to see her get bigger? Absolutely not. That dress was really only one or two pressure levels bigger from forking over a view of her ass, and that siren song was not one you could reasonably ignore. Even now Rosie was just far more provocative as she worked.

She'd retired the feather duster in favor of a washcloth and was wiping down the windows, screens, and mirrors of your home. It didn't escape you that she'd taken the liberty of closing the blinds as she'd started. As she bent over and moved, her bust bounced in her dress, and her dress would raise just a tiny bit more. This was always quickly corrected with mathematical precision by her spare hand, keeping her wafer-thin modesty intact for the time being. The blush on her cheeks normalized into a dull glow as she buried herself in her work despite her porn-star proportions. The cheerful hum even returned to her voice after a little bit of time. As she worked, you took the opportunity to take in the good view.

"Let's go to pressure level 5." You didn't even realize you'd said the words until they left your mouth.

Rosie straightened, this time not facing you. "Very well, Master." She said, her voice not losing her cheerful candor.

She held her arms to her side as the inflation resumed. Her figure inflated more and more by the second, and you watched with restrained glee as the uniform approached an unreal tightness. Her chest reached the size of watermelons stuffed down her blouse, but just as light and bouncy as before. But from your view, this accomplished the task of finally raising her dress enough to get a great view of her ass. To your amazement and delight, her hips being wider than her shoulders had also resulted in her ass becoming an equally round and bouncy bubble butt to match her chest. It framed her thighs perfectly, and your theories on underwear were proven correct. They'd equipped Rosie with a pair of black, lacy, frilly panties. Closer to lingerie, matching the elegant provocativeness of her garters and stockings. It was as if her body was a gradient, going from benign and cute at her heels to sexy and alluring at her ass. Though the stylized Aupair company logo printed on them somewhat diminished the effect. Not that much though.

No matter the amount of tugging and pulling, the hem of her dress could not reach below her ass. She turned back to face you, though her neck was craned to try and look at her inflated rear as she pulled. She awkwardly hopped up and down as she pulled, causing her chest to bounce. You could see the outline of her bra from how inflated her bust was as she moved, answering another question you'd posed earlier about her undergarments. Her bouncing was

just as exaggerated as her size, utterly weightless in her movements. Which stands to reason if she was full of air.

Eventually Rosie gave up, looking at you plaintively. She crossed her hands over her crotch, though this time it was less of a polite and respectful pose and more of way to try and preserve her modesty. "M-Master, if I may propose that I change into a larger size dress?" She was blushing again.

You wondered what caused her earlier slip into the other mode. Why didn't she shift here? Was it the embarrassment? For some reason you didn't want to just formally shift into the porn mode, that felt wrong to you. Though if Rosie just so happened to slip into it herself, then that would be a different story. You wouldn't necessarily mind that one.

"M-master?" She reiterated. "I need your approval to authorise this..."

You decided to just be horny. "No, I think your current dress is fine."

Her artificial blush informed you that she was not expecting this response. "O-oh." Rosie nodded to herself as if to formally notify the order in her head. "Very well, Master." With the physical representation of a stammer the maidbot returned to her work. Earlier her movements had been a combination of precise and elegant, moving with a robotic efficiency that had allowed her to clean what seems like 70% of your apartment in only a few moments. Though now with her inflated proportions stretching her dress to the seams she seems to have slowed down significantly. Every step caused her body to bounce obscenely, her humongous bust bobbing up and down despite her bra. She couldn't decide on what part of her body to try and keep under control, her hands darting to her chest to try and keep it steady as she walked. Only for seconds later to try and pull her skirt down to try and cover her rear. Neither attempt really helped regain her dignity.

Pressure level 5 out of 20. This was technically only a quarter of her maximum size, or at least a size that could be considered safe. You wondered idly what she meant by that before squashing the idea, as Rosie's continued tasks meant that she was unintentionally putting on a show for you. Her bending over to wipe away grime from beneath a table meant that she had no choice but display her lingerie-clad ass for your enjoyment.

The manual slid from your knee as you uncrossed your legs. You bent over to pick it up, only for Rosie's hand to quickly flash into your vision and snatch it up before you could reach. "Allow me!"

You looked up only to see that Rosie was reaching across your coffee table, basically laying on it. Her breasts were smooshed up against it, her chin basically nestled into her own cleavage. Behind her, her butt stuck up as she leaned over, and her face was downturned as she brought the manual up. Her glowing eyes met yours as she raised her face, and she gave a nervous smile. "You dropped this, Master."

You reached out and took the manual back, returning her smile as she straightened. Shades of her elegance returned in that smile, alongside the simple pose she took. Hands atop her breasts, her legs side by side. Her outfit was obscene at this point, but her demeanor was respectful and polite.

"Hey, Rosie?"

"Yes, Master?"

You found yourself blushing again. Did you really dare to keep this up? By now there was really no point in pretending that Rosie was really a cleaning helper at this point. She was

as much of a maid as a nurse was in a bad porn movie. Was it really worth trying to pretend you weren't going to take this as far as she was able to go? Who knows what size level 20 was, or if something even was beyond!

Your daydreaming was broken by the sound of hissing. You watched in amazement as, unprompted, Rosie was inflating herself even bigger! She'd left her arms hovering by her side as her figure ballooned, that small smile never leaving her face as she inflated bigger. Her watermelon sized breasts swelled in her bodice which was already tight across her chest. Down below, her thighs squished against one another as her hips grew far wider. Rosie's stockings made her plastic skin bulge around them, her panties growing even tighter as her hips expanded with rampant air.

There was the sound of seams straining, screaming for release, before finally a beautiful *pop pop pop* as her dress finally split at the center. Her cleavage was revealed in its pale gleaming glory, taking a view of her lacy black bra with it. Just like her lingerie panties and lacy stockings, her bra was a gorgeous dark frilled thing with complicated patterns. It also seemed to be made out of far stronger materials than her dress was, as it seemed to be stretching fairly well compared to the dress.

When the hissing stopped, her watermelon sized breasts had expanded to a little bit bigger than basketballs, and the chest of her dress had ripped clean open. While her dress still covered her shoulders and her skirt still hung a little over her navel, her massive balloons were free and clear to see. Not to mention that her humongous ass was now not even remotely covered by anything other than the lingerie panties and some truly tight stockings with garters. All her exposed skin, from her thighs to her boobs, gleamed like rubber balloons.

Rosie opened her eyes and sighed lightly, before giggling slightly. Her cheek lights burned red and she took a slightly more relaxed position. She crossed her arms behind her back and leaned forwards somewhat, batting her eyelashes towards you. "Pressure level six." She stated like it was a matter of fact.

It was your turn to stutter slightly. "I didn't ask you to inflate yourself yet?"

Instead of apologizing, Rosie instead simply giggled again. "I took the liberty to do so myself, Master. The pattern had arisen and I made an assumption that you would request it." The maid bounced on her heels once, causing her chest to bounce alongside it like an inflatable castle. "Did I assume correctly?"

Unmistakably, that melodic tone she'd had before was back. The same flirtatious ring she'd had when she'd switched to *Pneumatic Stress Relief* mode. You watched with more attentive eyes as Rosie moved. She hummed softly to herself as she moved back to behind the table and close to the wall, her movements lacking that unsure stutter from before. Like a performer on a stage she walked, her movements subtly seductive. Or at least as subtle as someone with basketball sized breasts and a four foot ass could be. But there was surely no mistaking it, Rosie was switched back into her other mode.

She looked over her shoulder at you as she gave her hip a slight wiggle. "Master? Are you satisfied with my current size?" She shifted her weight to her other leg and with a surprisingly sassy gaze put her hand on her hip. "Should I set this to my default size?"

"Rosie, did you... did you switch to your other mode? The *Pneumatic Stress Relief* setting?"

Unlike last time, she didn't stammer or correct herself. "I may have, yes!" She sang.

You found yourself not correcting her. But you did decide to ask for clarification. "Why?"

"I analyzed your gaze." She turned around and sat on the arm of your armchair across the room from you. She crossed her legs, and to your surprised delight heard a rubber squeak emerge from her thighs. "The look in your eyes matched my reference files of example users of this mode. I theorized that meant you'd want me to shift, as well as take in a bit more air." She giggled, rolling her shoulder as she crossed her arms underneath her bust. "Did I assume correctly, master?"

You were nodding before she even finished her question. "Yeah, y-you did."

"Good!" She grinned, standing up. "Then if that is the case, shall we proceed?"

"Proceed with what?" You took the manual and set it to the side, your hands on your knees.

"With relieving stress~" The flirtatious ring in her voice caught you by surprise. She smiled warmly, her eyes becoming heavily lidded as she approached. "I'm assuming that you are not going to be satisfied by pressure level six. I *do* go up to pressure level twenty... and I think you might want to see what that looks like. Am I correct, Master?"

Of course. Just earlier you were day dreaming about seeing what a pressure level *one hundred* was. For some reason though, you were having a hard time just saying what you wanted to see. Rosie had gone through a rather significant change over such a short time. Starting as this nervous but obedient maid, trying to specify that her pervert feature wasn't for perverts. Now she was this walking, talking blow up doll that was offering to inflate herself as big as possible just please you. Her seductive tone, flirtatious movements and more confident attitude had caught you off guard entirely, and now you weren't sure what to make of her.

Though Rosie knew exactly what to make of herself. She giggled as she sat down on the table in front of you, far closer than she'd been before. She rested her hands atop her breasts and leaned in a little closer. Though she was breathing heavier, you could feel no breath coming from her. It was after all only an effect that the robot had. This once again illustrated the level of detail she'd been programmed with. "Should I resume building pressure? Or would you rather enjoy my current size for longer?"

It took you too long, but you finally found your voice. "No, let's keep going. I-in fact..." Your voice found strength as your brain connected the dots to your new goal. Fueled by indecent desires, you spoke with a new conviction. "In fact, let's go up to pressure level ten."

Rosie's eyebrows raised, but her smile widened. She giggled, wiggling in her seat. "Oh, that'll be my pleasure, Master! Pressure level ten, coming right up~!"

This hissing sound resumed, though louder this time. A rather significant measure louder. Rosie started to inflate again, though this was different than the other times. Before her growth had been slow and measured. Inches appeared over the course of steady seconds. That came from going up one pressure level at a time; a measured inflation. Jumping from pressure level six to ten on the other hand produced a *very* different effect.

Her chest, already being the size of twin watermelons and having burst free from her dress, swelled out like someone was madly pumping her away. They surged forth, her bra desperately holding on as the swelled up rapidly. Larger... larger... larger still, growing to resemble a set of beach balls stitched to her torso. Her lacy black bra was trying its best to imprison her rapidly inflating boobs but as time passed and she continued to inflate it quickly showed that it was not up for the task. Rosie smiled and stood up from her position close to you,

resting her hands atop her humongous chest, gently pushing them down to free her gaze. Her bra strained as it struggled to contain her, and she simply smiled at you, her eyes heavily lidded.

Rosie gave you a wink and turned around to reveal her behind. You watched as, in real time, her ass inflated bigger and bigger, stretching her lingerie to its limit. Her panties were being slowly consumed by her rear, turning from elegant and lacy underwear into an indecent thong by the second. The inflatable maid swayed her hips as she inflated, looking over her shoulder to try and gauge your reaction. Her swaying was far from unintentional, and it was like a hypnotic pendulum to you.

There was a loud tearing sound, and for a quick second, you thought that Rosie had popped like a balloon. Though after a second of actually paying attention, you quickly pinpointed where that noise had come from. Her garterbelt had given up, losing the war against the flesh of her inflating thighs. Up above at her bust, her bra had just barely held on, but you could even see it quivering in real time. One more pressure level and her breasts would be free to see, and Rosie seemed to know it.

The hissing stopped, and Rosie smiled. She bounced her chest once before twirling in a circle, her arms at her side. When she stopped, she put her hands on her hips and cocked them, moving her thighs a little closer to you. You could see how her skin shined like latex, and the loud yet inconsistent squeaking of her body as rubber flesh rubbed against rubber flesh. By the time her inflation had ceased, her breasts were as big, if not a little bigger, than beach balls. Her ass had not fallen far from the tree, her cheeks being about the same size. "Pressure level ten." She grinned, winking at you. "This is halfway through my safe pressure levels."

Previously the maidbot had been pretty content to just let you sit and look, with her trying to return to her work. Now in her new mood, Rosie took the opportunity to show off. She strutted about, swaying her hips and giving you come-hither glances. She ran her hands down her curves, gently pressing her fingers to her breasts and thighs. You could see how her elastic skin bended around her hands, pushing up and out every time *identically* to a balloon.

In fact, Rosie looked far more like a blow-up doll than a maid, or even a simple machine at this point. Her skin was so taut, her curves so weightless and bouncy. Her lingerie painted across her shiny latex skin, and her innocent and expressive face now shifted into one that can only be described as desire. Finally, she faced you again, still glued to your position on the couch. She leaned forwards, pressing her shoulders together to emphasize her cleavage. "Master, would you care for some direct relief?"

You didn't know what that meant. To say you had a firm grasp on what Rosie's mode was supposed to do at this point was an understatement. This direct relief statement was a new one to you. You figured there's no way saying yes could hurt though. "Yes, let's try it?"

Rosie seemed overjoyed at this fact, grinning ear to ear. She bent down and wrapped you in an embrace, her squeaky curves enveloping you. The maid's giant breasts squished against your chest, filling the space of your neck and under your arms by virtue of her sheer expanse. She sat on your lap, wrapping her thighs around your midriff. The size of her thighs was so large that she basically enveloped your entire lower half in the pneumatic pillow that was her legs. She giggled as she held you close, her inflatable body squeaking all the while. "*Direct relief~*" She grinded her hips against your waist.

You couldn't help but gasp as she moved. She was so *light*, just like a balloon. When you'd unboxed her she'd been a heavy machine, but now you were shocked by how

comfortable and effortless it was to hold her against you. Your hands wrapped around her and instinctually moved to rest on her rear. The movement was in no way stopped by her.

"Let's do more air." You said. It came from a place inside you, a desire that you knew no amount of extra air would sate.

"Master, I must say," She began. Her voice still dripped with a seductive rhythm, but a glimmer of her normal self was there. It was in the explanatory way she talked, like she was reading a tutorial off to you. "Pressure levels eleven through twenty are designed exclusively for extensive inflation." She gyrates against you again. "My body will undergo rather... *significant* changes. Is that satisfactory to you?"

"You mean you'll be *more* of a balloon?"

You heard her giggle. "Absolutely."

"Rosie?"

"Yes, Master?"

"Let's go to pressure level fourteen."

You knew that this was what she wanted to hear before you heard her gasp. "Of *course*, Master~!"

From her position against you, Rosie began to inflate once again. Her chest expanded, her thighs expanded, you could feel your fingers part as her ass expanded beneath them. Like the blow-up doll she was, Rosie inflated more and more. Right against your cheek, you felt her bra finally give up, snapping on the center. Properly freed, her massive bust bounced free. They were perfectly round, gleaming like a set of giant erotic party balloons. Between your blushing pants, you noticed that the company had bothered to give Rosie nipples, albeit plastic ornamental things. That didn't even begin to stop you from finding her rapid inflation incredibly appealing.

Then you felt something. A new sensation pressing against your belly. It wasn't the continued expansion of Rosie's boobs. Those huge balloons were wrapping around your shoulders now, pressing you in between a puffy and round rubber sandwich. No, this new sensation was a different part of her inflating. You removed your hands from her ass to feel it, and it took you only a couple seconds to identify it.

It was her *stomach*! Her belly was rapidly inflating like a big balloon. In only a matter of seconds of loud pneumatic hissing, Rosie's belly had inflated like some kind of a life raft. You were having a hard time actually holding onto her, as her inflating gut was attempting to push her off of your lap. You tightened your grip on her ass to try and keep her in place, but it was getting difficult as the maidbot rapidly inflated. When you did grasp her harder, you heard her make a truly indecent noise. Her gasp and moan was so *human* that it almost made you let go; it was a moan of horny ecstasy.

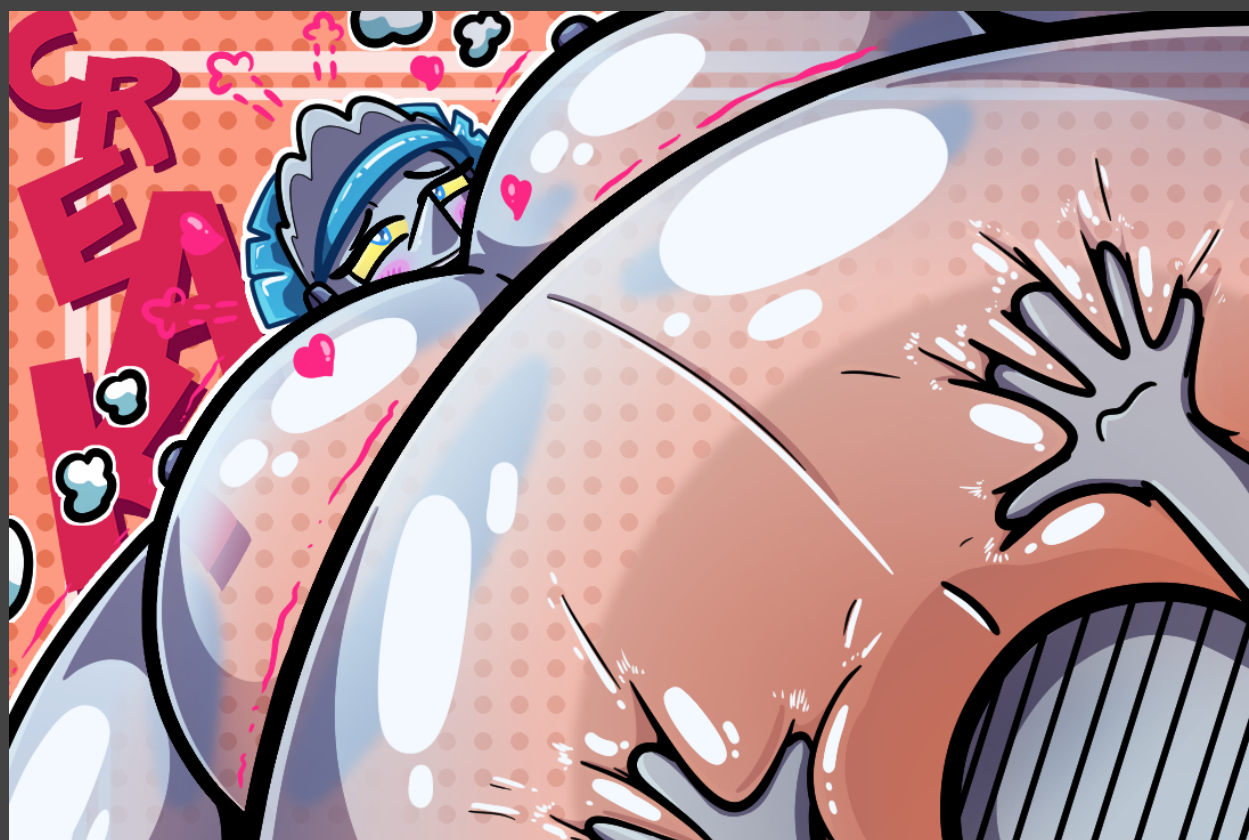
"S-sorry, Master~" She panted, rubbing her hands down your arms. She squeezed you with her thighs. "I'm not familiar with these sensations..."

You squeezed her once more to hear her gasp again, like a big inflatable toy. Though the pressure mounting between her now literally yoga ball sized belly and you was becoming far too great to actually resist. Your grip on her faltered, your sweaty hands sliding across her smooth surface like going down a plastic slide.

Rosie bounced away from you like a beach ball, landing on her back on the floor. After only a second on the floor, you quickly realized there was no way she was getting up; with her

belly as big as it was, and her ass being almost as big, she was basically immobile there on the floor. The maidbot didn't mind, giggling and moaning on the floor. From her position, you had an excellent view of her panties growing tighter... tighter... there was a loud snap and a squeal from Rosie as they flew away into the room.

While the Aupair company had bothered to go for the detail of giving Rosie nipples, they had not done the same with any genitalia, even ornamental. Rosie lay there like some kind of an incredibly perverted Barbie doll, still rapidly inflating. Her arms came up to rub her belly as she continued to inflate, growing larger and larger. She was bigger than your dining room table now, easily the biggest piece of furniture in your room. The whole time she was moaning and wiggling on the floor, her legs trying to kick as she inflated. This was becoming quite difficult for her as her thighs inflated even further, her stockings ripping right on down the side as she grew. Even her calves were starting to puff up as she got more and more immobile.



You found yourself rushing to her, pressing your body against her. She gasped as you did, and you positioned yourself to try and see her face. Her mouth was wide open, panting in that fake way she was earlier. The red LED's beneath her cheeks were blazing with light. "M-master... p-pressure level 14~!"

It occurred to you now that she'd finished growing. Her belly was only *just* shorter than you, with you able to comfortably press your cheek against her rubber expanse. Her bare breasts were huge, bigger than yoga balls, while her ass was just a tad bigger than that now too. Her legs at this point were too swollen to be bent at all, while her arms were just *barely*

puffy at her shoulders. Her skin was cold against your cheeks, chest, and crotch, lacking the body heat of a normal person. It was like pressing yourself up against a bouncy castle.

The comparison was actually far more accurate than you realized. Rosie's skin bended and moved beneath you, though not as if she had a surplus of room. The pressure within her kept you from pushing in too far, springing back. Every experimental test of this pressure brought another loud moan of delight from the maid. Nothing about her felt real; not her skin, not her pressure, not anything.

You didn't really think about what you were doing before you started. One minute you were hugging and caressing the balloon bot, the next you were climbing her. In only a matter of a few seconds you were straddling her, pressing your thighs around her belly and your crotch atop her crest. Your scaling of her had brought on a brand new series of squeals and gasps from her as you went. "M-master! T-t-that is not within recommended p-parameters!"

Despite her words of warning, she didn't remark on any other protests. In fact, when you laid down to peer at her face the best you could between her humongous gleaming breasts, you could see her smile and lidded eyes.

"Rosie, we're at 14, yes?"

It took her a minute to speak between her panting. "Y-yes, master~"

"And 20 is your safe limit, yeah?"

"That is true!" Her voice was cheerful and breathless, as if she was silently hoping you were going where she thought you were going.

"I think I want you to go all the way!"

She giggled, "Of *course* M-master~!"

You continued to lay on her as the hissing continued. This was her biggest jump yet, jumping a whole six pressure levels. And you felt her expand below you, growing even larger. You pressed your cheek to her belly as she inflated, her panting growing louder and higher in pitch as she grew. She was bigger than your couch... then soon approaching the size of your car. You could feel your ceiling directly above you coming closer and closer to your back as you were raised by your maid's humongous belly.

She grew more and more rounded rapidly as she took her true form as a helpless round balloon. Her hips were absorbed into her ginormous belly, her breasts simply placed along her rounded body. Her legs were puffy nubs on her lower hemisphere, and her arms were identically puffy. She couldn't bend either of them, at best wriggle her fingers. Her head had almost sunken into her rounded body, only just poking out. In no uncertain terms, Rosie had transformed into a perfect sphere.

The hissing inside of her was slowly drowned out by a different noise. Not her desperate panting and moans, or even your own. A low, subtle creaking sound. Like that of a balloon being pumped just a bit too full. Looking down at the balloon beneath your nose, you could feel how tight she felt. The give that was there earlier wasn't there anymore, and beneath your probing hand was hardly any give, if any at all.

Only inches away from hitting the ceiling, Rosie finally stopped expanding, the hissing stopped. There was no quiet in this room, not between your own pants, Rosie's noises of sweet pleasure, and the never-stopping creaking of Rosie's inflated body. She was full, no way around it.

“P-p-p-pressure... I-level.. T-twenty~!” She gasped. Her voice was higher, more breathy than before. The maidbot was clearly intensely struggling to keep herself together in both an emotional and physical way. At best she could gently wiggle her arms or feet, but any movement greater than that was impossible.

She was naked except for only a few scant things. Her black heels. Her stockings, so torn that only ragged remnants around her ankles. That weird headband thing you didn’t know the name of. Otherwise, she was almost ten feet tall now laying down, nothing short of a massive blimp taking up eighty percent of your living room. You were laying atop this panting sphere, moaning away yourself as you were only inches away from being pressed against the ceiling.

“M-more!” You gasp out. You feel yourself grind against her body, trying to rub as much of her belly as you could reach, even if it was very little. The creaking of her body didn’t concern you as much as it did excite you. She was so full, such a big *balloon*! She wasn’t a maid, she wasn’t anything other than a big balloon for you to feel and caress.

“M-more?!” Rosie gasped beneath you, for the first time since ten pressure levels ago sounding unsure. “M-master, I’m not... d-designed to safely get a-any... b-bigger!” She was gasping through her utter ecstasy of pressure.

“You need to be bigger~!” You gasp, awash in your own pleasure. You grinded on her harder, feeling her tight, taut body bend beneath you.

“Nnnnnf~!” Rosie bit her lip, feeling the sensations of you against her. “O-okay!” She gasped, her voice breathy. “T-tell me... w-when to s-stop... oooooooh~!”

The hissing, that wonderful hissing, returned. You felt her inflate beneath you once more, growing bigger and tighter. In only seconds you felt the ceiling at your back, but this only invigorated you to move more. You did everything you could to feel yourself against her, to touch as much of the balloon maidbot as you could.

Below you her creaking grew louder and louder as she inflated, each one growing deeper and more powerful. You could feel the sound beneath you, pressed against your whole body. They signaled like the warning sirens of an oncoming bomb, each one a sign that you should probably call for her to stop. Though you didn’t instead relishing in the tightness of her body as she pushed you harder and harder against the ceiling.

Below the creaking, you could hear Rosie pant. Her voice had started so gentle and high but had descended into a far more sultry tone when she’d shifted modes. Now that breathy and delicate voice had returned as she panted in desperate, synthetic gasps. Her breathing grew faster and faster as she inflated tighter and tighter, her voice even raising somewhat as she did.

The creaking was growing deafening. You didn’t have a living room anymore; Rosie *was* the living room, there was no room for anything else except for the panting maidbot. She’d been so delicate and lithe, now she was just a balloon. A blimp.

A bomb.

Beneath you, you saw Rosie’s skin slowly turn transparent. There was nothing inside her, no mechanics, no skeleton, nothing. But you could see clean through her to the carpeted floor beneath you both. The maidbot was so full she was even see through, and a thought in the back of your mind reminded you this *should* be a sign for you to tell her to stop. You ignored it.

Rosie grew tighter. Tighter. Tighter still. There was no give, no give at all, and she wasn’t even getting bigger at all, just more and more full.

She panted, gasping for breath. Her voice grew higher and higher.

You moaned, your own voice growing louder.

Her body groaned, growing even louder than you.

Rosie was basically squeaking, her voice so high and breathy. She wasn't a maid. She wasn't even a machine. She was a spherical blimp, trembling with sheer pressure. There was no more room, not a single millimeter left of give. Your very last chance to stop her. Instead, you closed your eyes and bit your lip.

Rosie's panting reached a crescendo in octave. She gasped and squealed in pleasure as suddenly, something finally gave.

BANG

The room was shook by a massive rush of air as Rosie finally detonated like a bomb. Her spherical body vanished in an instant, instead being replaced by millions of tiny pale rubbery scraps that shot across every inch of the room. All the areas she had meticulously cleaned of dust and clutter were now being besieged by her own latex debris, blanketing not only your living room but your kitchen and even parts of your bedroom in her remains. Nowhere in the apartment was spared by the blizzard of tiny rubbery scraps that had once been the loyal, cute maidbot.



The air rushed out of your lungs as you were first pressed against the ceiling by her explosion, then plummet to the carpet below, landing with a heavy thud. You felt her scraps below you, as well as others stick to your sweaty skin.

You rolled over with a grunt, a smile on your face as you looked about. Nothing really was left of the maid you'd paid for. Though that was not exactly true. You could see a few remains here and there; a heel over there, her hair as a cyan wig on the couch. That silly headband thing you still didn't know was in the kitchen, you could see. Mingled with her shrapnel was also her own packaging material, the packing peanuts that had been in her box now joining her scraps.

You spotted the manual nearby and idly pulled it close. There was a phone number on the back.

"Hello? Yeah, I'd like to ask an insurance question... yeah is popping covered on the warranty?"