

Expanding Horizons Part 15

Several female agents arrive at Hannah's apartment, taking measures to shrink her down and transport her to their base. Hannah is resistant to answer their questions at first but she is swiftly persuaded by the agents.

“M-Mmmmm!!” Hannah groaned against the ceiling of her apartment. The wind was blowing across an exposed nipple squeezing through her gaping door. Within twenty minutes of Katie and Josh leaving, her apartment building was flooded by agents dressed in similar suits to Letche. Several wore lab coats she’d otherwise only seen in movies.

Hannah wasn’t able to witness much of the goings-on. Only a rounded sliver of an opening between the ceiling and the top of her chest allowed for a small view through her door. The rest of her prison was dark. All light was blocked from the windows by overbearing breasts. She might have been concerned for the integrity of her floor if she weren’t so overcome by arousal.

“The hell did she do to herself??” one agent groaned from outside her door, “It’s like she *tried* to make herself this big!”

A fellow agent responded, slapping the overflow of flesh and making her cry out. “You don’t get this big if you’re not doing it on purpose. Probably had fun up until she was pinned against her own ceiling.”

“Freaking swimming pool’s worth of milk in there...”

Hearing them talk about her breasts in such a way was arousing. Hannah felt like some sort of erotic oddity of science. “Nnnngh, hello??” she called out, sweaty in her home-made sauna. “Are you going to get me out??”

“We’re working on it.”

The sound of what Hannah considered to be a large diesel truck pulled up outside her apartment. Men’s amused chattering came from the walkway below.

“Hey! How bad is it?” one of the truck drivers called out to the agents at Hannah’s door.

They were silent. She could feel them ogling her three-foot-wide nipple, then cried out when one of them prodded it experimentally. “Ahh!!” Milk squirted at the slightest touch.

“You better bring the big one, Seth,” the agent sighed. “With the extra-wide adaptor.”

“T-The big what??” Hannah whimpered.

A sound like a giant snake slithering across the sidewalk and up the concrete stairs made goosebumps break out over her skin. A metallic end clinked in unison with a man’s grunt.

“We’ll have to drain this one before we can even get to the other one,” he advised.

“Drain how?? What are you doing??”

“Hang on, girly, this might be a little cold.”

“What are you--*EEK!!*”

Metal slipped itself around her bloated nipple like a ring of ice. It was pushed by the weight of two agents and held in place, sinking the adaptor deep into her areola. “Turn it on!” one of them yelled.

“W-Wait!!”

CHHHLLLUUCK!!

“NNNGHH!!!!”

The hose jumped to life and suction consumed Hannah’s nipple. Its pink form was drawn into the metal coupler before the force pulled milk from the depths of her chest.

“Ahhh!! A-A-AHHH! GOD!!”

“They always react the same way...” an agent sighed, wiping his brow.

“Fun to watch, though.”

They stood at her door, watching Hannah’s milk expand the hose on its journey to a holding truck. Her door remained a wall of flesh several minutes later.

“*I-It’s milking me! You’re taking all my milk!!*” Hannah couldn’t keep herself from orgasming. The release was far too substantial.

The agents stared, feeling bored.

“This might take a while. Wanna grab some lunch?”

“Yea, I could eat.”

Several hours later at the dairy farm, Talia stood in a holding room swirling a cup of milk. A tank with Hannah’s name scribbled across it stood in front of her. She hummed, sniffing the liquid. It passed through her lips a moment later, only to be spat into a nearby drain.

“That bad?” a scientist asked, a clipboard in hand to take notes.

“Terrible.”

“Just like the others...”

Talia shook her head. “It’s so obvious when it’s a second-hand infection. She’s clearly not a natural-born milker. Where is she now?”

Checking his clipboard, the scientist responded, “We’re keeping her in room fourteen at the moment.”

“Maybe her knowledge will be more useful than her milk.” Talia tossed the rest of Hannah’s dairy down the drain and left the holding room. The dairy farm was quiet as night began to set. It was always quiet when her sister wasn’t there to complain about her methods.

“My farm, my rules,” Talia grumbled. “Damn government agency thinks they own the place.”

A key unlocked room fourteen. Inside was an empty pad made of concrete. Several drains were spaced across the floor for its previous milking purposes, but Talia had recently had it cleared of machinery to be painted. The timing couldn’t have been better. In the center was a single chair. Hannah sat tied to its frame, her head forward in slumber.

“Wakey wakey...!” Talia cooed after closing the door.

“W-Wha? Where am...I? What ha--*Oh my God!*” Hannah roused and was in a fog for only a moment before the sight of her chest brought back a flood of memories. Topless, she gazed upon a pair of breasts large enough to fill her lap like a pair of beach balls. “Where are my clothes?! Who are you?! What did you do to my boobs?!”

“I’m Talia,” she explained calmly, standing in front of Hannah, “You’re at my dairy farm and you’re going to tell me what I need to know.”

Hannah was in a panic. A part of her missed her room-filling girth, but she fully expected to return to her B-cups afterward. “What happened to my chest??”

“I believe the words you’re looking for are ‘thank you’. We drained it and it appears the pleasure of it all put you out cold.”

“Y-You...drained them?” Hannah stared at the jiggling flesh pillows. “But they’re--”

“Giant? Yea, what did you expect when you let them engorge so large? Say hello to your new bra size, honey.”

“O-Oh my God...” Hannah gaped. It was strangely arousing to be in such a state, though she didn’t dare admit it.

“Now then, I believe you know someone I’m looking for. Katlyn? Perhaps you know her as Katie? Runs along with a guy named Josh?”

“I don’t know what--”

Talia was firm, stepping closer. “Where are they?”

“Like I would tell you! I’ve heard about what you did to her! Katie is my friend! You assaulted me, kidnapped me, and tied me to a chair! *Why should I tell you anything?!*”

“Mmmmm, because it’s in your best interest, dear.” Talia extended a finger and rubbed gentle circles around Hannah’s strawberry nipple.

“*W-W-What are you... Mmmmm...*”

Talia applied more pressure. Hannah’s skin was already warming and becoming tighter. “You *liked* what happened, didn’t you?” The finger pressed itself into her nipple like a giant pink doorbell.

“*Nnnnghhh please, stop!*” Hannah panted.

“Most girls would have called someone. But I think you *liked* watching yourself swell up like a balloon.” An open hand squeezed Hannah’s chest as it began overflowing her chair. Milk was gushing inside the girl’s bust once more, and at an accelerating rate.

“I-I’m growing... *I’m starting to lactate again! Mmmmm I’m going to get even bigger! Please!*”

“You wouldn’t happen to...*enjoy* the thought of your tits growing, would you? Just...*expanding* bigger and bigger and *bigger*.”

“*M-Mmmm... Mmmmmm!!*” Hannah whimpered, powerless against Talia’s teasing grasp and seductive words. “Stop! There’s going to be...too much milk!”

“Nonsense. I’ll bet you used to be tiny, didn’t you? Maybe nothing more than a B-cup? Even smaller, perhaps?” Talia took the sides of Hannah’s chest and jostled it to release a contained slosh. “You’re already filling up quite nicely! You’re twice as big! And only getting *fuller*.”

“*Nnnnghhh please!!*” Hannah bit her lip. The weight of her chest was massive on her lap and threatened to pull her out of the chair. It would have had it not been for the restraints tying her arms behind the backrest.

“Why don’t you tell me where your friends are? I can make it worth your while. Don’t you want to be big? I can see it in your eyes. You *want* your chest to be like a blimp.”

“*M-Mmm!!*”

SQUULCHH

Milk squirted from Hannah's nipples with rising pressure. The teasing was becoming too much.

"Uh oh! Looks like someone is getting a little too full too quickly!" Talia squeezed both nipples and made her shiver. "Can't have that, now can we?"

Talia stepped away to a nearby table. "W-What are you doing?" Hannah groaned, watching her every move.

"Just having a little girl fun!" She turned around with two circular silicone clamps. The sight made Hannah's eyes bulge.

"N-No! *Mmmmm you can't!*"

Talia stood in front of her, positioning the clamps. "Don't try and fight it, dear; you're drooling."

CLAMP!

"NNNGHH!!!"

Hannah's milk immediately backed up, bloating her chest a foot in all directions. "*Ohhhh GOD!! I-It's building up!!*"

Talia resumed her teasing. Tapping on the top of her rising cleavage, Hannah heard her chest echo only inches from her chin. "You sure have a knack for this," Talia giggled. "You could be a star producer!"

"*So full... Ooohhh they're so full!! P-Please! I...can't...hold it!! NNNGHHHH!!*" Hannah shook against an orgasm and released a heavy sigh. The torture wasn't finished. Each udder rivaled a bean bag in size and pulled at her shoulders with threatening weight. "*Please I feel like--*"

CRACK!!

BWOOMPHSLLSHH

The chair shattered under Hannah's weight. She was sent careening onto her butt under her chest before it flowed over her torso in a heaving mass. It pinned her from her collarbones down to her knees, her arms trapped under its depths with no hope for escape.

"*MMMMM!!! I-I can't...MOVE!!*" The sheer idea was orgasm inducing it and of itself.

"Ready to talk?" Talia asked, leaning her elbows on top of Hannah's chest and looking down at the pinned girl.

"N-N--"

Sensing her restrain, Talia began leaning her body up and down to make Hannah's chest flow in waves. It teased the milky contents and made her nipples engorge with delight against the clamps. Milk had never wanted to be free so badly.

"*NNNGGHHHH AAHHHHHHH OK OK OK!!!*" Hannah screamed from under the heap of pleasure. "I saw them with someone in a suit! She had black hair! They were talking about going to find a scientist!"

It didn't take long for Talia's mind to process her sister's actions. Patting Hannah's chest, she said, "Good girl..." Content, she turned to leave.

“W-Wait!” Hannah squirmed under her ever-expanding chest. “Aren’t you going to unclamp me?? My milk has nowhere to go!!! What if they permanently grow again?!”

She couldn’t see Talia from under the creeping mass of her chest, though her voice rang in the empty room. “I think I’ll let you enjoy it for a bit. You’re having too much fun to stop now, from the sound of it!” The door swung open with a creak. “I’ll send a milker in a few hours... Right now I’ve got a stray cow to rustle.”

The door slammed and left Hannah alone.

GUUUUURRRGLE

Her chest continued to balloon from her own undeniable pleasure. Feeling her cleavage engulf her head and squeeze her cheeks, her whimpered amid the mounting sounds of swirling milk. “*M-Mmmm!!*”
