

Expanding Horizons Part 17

With some sharing of Letche's kinks and some action on Josh's part, they manage to break free with the help of the agent's "assets"

“Nnngh! Come on!” Josh struggled against the lasso. In the distance, the screech of the van’s tires meeting the road echoed through the parking garage. Katie was slipping from his grasp with every passing second. Soon there would be no hope to catch up.

The weight of Letche’s breasts was incredible. Coupled with his arms bound to his sides, there was little to no range of motion. “We need to save her!”

“We need to save ourselves...first!” Letche reminded him. She lay on top of her chest. Every breath was laborious, both from the pressure of her chest and the toll such drastic milk production put on her body. To their relief, however, Letche’s mammaries had ceased their engorgement. Though they were bigger than beach balls and squished between the two of them.

A sigh of relief escaped Letche’s flushed cheeks. “Thank goodness they stopped...” She dropped her head onto them, exhausted.

Josh wasn’t in the mood to rest. The rope around his back and arms was beyond frustrating. “Don’t you have a knife or something? Anything??”

“Not...nngh...that I can reach! My hands are pinned between me and my chest!”

“Mine are pinned to my sides...” Josh grunted and tried to shimmy out from the fleshy prison. It only sent massive wobbles through the pile of milk.

GUUURGLE

“W-Wait! Nnngh you’re making them swell!”

Josh froze. Milk churned against his chest as Letche bloated further. Skin bulged around the rope as if trying to bite through the fibers. Keeping perfectly still, the surge of growth ended.

“Ooohh I can’t breathe... I can’t breathe like this...!” Letche complained, “There’s not enough room! Are you all right, Josh??”

“Yea, just fine!” he lied.

CREEEAAAK

The rope protested Letche’s newest size. “Nnngh... D-Damn rope...” she grimaced. “My boobs are swelling between our hips!”

An idea popped into Josh’s mind. Staring between the looming cleavage overhead and Letche’s tired face on the other side, he couldn’t believe what he was about to say. He blushed at the thought of it, the agent still little more than a stranger. “What if we made you bigger?”

A piercing gaze shot down her cleavage. The idea didn’t sit well with her. “Excuse me? Don’t go letting your hormones get the better of you and--”

“No I’m serious! What if we make you big enough to break through the rope?? You’re already swelling around it! If we add more pressure, it might break!”

“Or I might break!” Letche’s back arched in the search for a full breath. Their situation was dire enough. Every second spent on the ground put more distance between them, Katie, and

Shrade. Groaning at what the near future held, Letche closed her eyes and looked away. The last thing she wanted to do was meet Josh's gaze. "O-Ok, do it."

He wasn't sure what to do or how far he should go. "All right, here we go..." Moving his shoulders, Josh made her chest wobble back and forth.

GUURGLE

"Nngh..."

The increase in size was minimal. Milk flowed into her bust, but the rope held as strong as ever. Sloshing sounds were hypnotic in Josh's ears.

Letche didn't have the patience for his timid nature. "You're going to have to do more than that!"

Red-faced, Josh stared into the chasm. "Like what?? Katie always ballooned at the slightest touch!"

"That's because she--*nevermind*; just use your mouth!"

"*What??*"

Letche peered at him, annoyed she had to spell it out. "Your tongue, teeth, lips; put anything anywhere! You need to stimulate me!"

This situation had never crossed Josh's mind. It was one thing to have a woman telling him to lick her chest; it was another for her to be a stranger pinning you down with said chest in the middle of a parking garage. As supple as she was, it was impossible to ignore the awkward circumstances. The age difference alone was enough to throw Josh off.

"*Hurry!*"

Josh took a deep breath and plunged his head into Letche's cleavage. Engulfed in warm skin, he began doing whatever he could with his mouth.

GUUUUURGLE

"*O-Ooohh... It's working!*" Letche moaned, clenching her hands. Two fingers itched to rub against her crotch. "*I-It's...mmm...You're doing it!*"

GUUUUURRRGLE

Milk was flowing at a growing rate. Flesh crept over Josh's head and brushed across his ears. He could feel her underboob billowing between their abdomens and hips, pushing them apart like an airbag. The lasso only grew tighter.

CREEEAAK

"*God this rope!!*" Letche panted. Breasts far deformed from their natural roundness, they overflowed their bonds. "*It's cutting into me!*"

Josh could barely hear her. Coming up for air, he found it even harder to inhale. The pressure her tits applied to his torso was immense and overbearing. If the rope didn't break soon, he feared what may come instead. He returned to his slippery patch of cleavage and ran his tongue across her chest.

"*Oohhh! Mmm!! T-There's...going to be a lot of milk!*"

GUUUURRRR-SPLUURRTT!!

"*CRAP!!*"

A rush of liquid soaked Josh's torso. Bulging from his left and right were Letche's nipples, both swollen as large as apples. They released angry streams of milk into the concrete under his body. Any progress they had made was being undone by the rope's strength forcing the milk out.

"It's...It's no use!" Josh gasped.

"Hold my nipples closed!!"

He couldn't believe the request he'd just been given. Not only would reaching them be nearly impossible but doing so would back up Letche's lactation. "But what about--"

"Just do it!!" Her eyes pleaded with him from above the milk jugs. *"A-And massage them while you're at it!"* She blushed a bright red. *"They...They like being massaged..."*

If it would help them rescue Katie, Josh was willing. Moving as best he could, Josh slipped the rope into the crook of his elbow so he could bend his forearms around the outside. Letche's nipples rested against either shoulder. Straining his flexibility, he was just able to reach them in his palms.

"I-I got a hold on th--"

GUUURRRGGGELLE!!

"MMMM!!!"

Milk sprayed in gallons at his touch. Hoping for the best, he clamped down and closed off the exit to Letche's mammarys.

GRRMMMMBBLLLL

"NNNNGH... O-OH GOD..." Letche winced.

Josh felt like he had just stuck a hose into an already-full balloon. Letche's skin swelled and tightened across every inch. Her milk had nowhere to go; it could only build inside her body. *"Are you all right??"*

"You...nnngh!! Y-You better hope...this works!"

CRREEEAAAANK

GRRRMMMMBBLLLL

The sounds of the rope and her chest complaining played together like a symphony. Josh clenched his fingers in massaging patterns, urging Letche fuller and fuller.

"A-Ahh!! Ooohhhh that's tight!! Nnnnghhh there's going to be a LOT OF MILK!!"

CRREEEAAAANK!!!

GRRRMMMMBBLLLL!!!

"We're almost there!!" Josh announced. The rope dug into his back like a cable. He didn't know if it or the deformed, yoga ball tits crushing his body was more uncomfortable. *"The rope is about to break!!"*

"It better!! I-I...NNNNGH!!! I-I feel like I'm about to POP!!"

CRRREEEAAAANKKK!!!

"NNGH!!!"

Letche's chest began trembling. It swallowed Josh's fists and in an instant of bloating, he was engulfed into her cleavage. Milk gushed from her nipples despite his clenching fists. The pressure was too high.

“AhhhHHH!!!” Letche screamed, her hand finding a way into her pants. “*I can’t take iiit!!*”

POW!!!

A sound like a whip cracked through the parking garage when the lasso finally snapped. Their bodies flew apart and Letche rolled over her chest before coming to rest on her back. Josh’s hand released from her nipples, they expanded to their true size. Gurgles emanated from her depths like a faucet ready to blow.

SPUUUULLLCH!!!

Milk erupted from Letche’s gargantuan chest. It washed over the concrete ceiling above before showering them a second later like warm rain. “*Ahh!! Aaahhhh!! AAAHHHMMM!!!*”

Josh blushed at Letche’s orgasmic expressions forcing her mouth into a scream. He averted his gaze until her pleasure, and letdown, were reduced to little more than slow drips from the ceiling.

Letche was the first to speak, breathing heavily and doing her best to cover her now beach ball-sized breasts. “*G-God dammit... I can’t believe I let him get the better of me...*” She inspected her chest. It was small compared to how large Josh had just made her grow. “Well, that’s going to add a few permanent inches.”

“I-I’m sorry! I thought--”

“Don’t worry about it; you did what you had to do.” Letche smiled warmly. “And I won’t tell Katie if you don’t.”

Josh’s eyes widened. “*KATIE!! We need to save Katie! Where did they take her?? Are they going back to the dairy farm??*”

Rising into a cross-legged position. “Probably not, but knowing Shrade and Talia, I think I have a pretty good idea of where they’re going.” She struggled to get to her feet.

“Do you need to release anymore??”

“No time; if Talia is going where I think she is, we need to hurry.” A set of keys was tossed through the air. “You’re driving.”

How is Katie faring?