

unwilling, breast expansion, lactation, assimilation, (kinda) inanimate TF (minor sensory deprivation and machine fucking)

It was an extremely promising job interview; good pay and rotating shifts. It suited Saige very well, she was almost convinced the woman she was talking to would become her new boss. While she spent the interview mostly calm, sometimes the other woman's gaze felt a bit too strong... Which Saige wanted to consider as a positive thing! She had a lot to bring to the table, she was confident in her resumé and she was presenting as a proper business woman.

Like a sensible aspiring worker, she studied the place a bit before applying. It was one of those 24/7 fast food places, only a little fancier. They had a whole wing dedicated to desserts! Saige was certain she's had some of them before on a Friday night craving, so she could talk excitedly about the topic.

The first half of the interview came to a seemingly natural finish, the boss had something to attend to so she called a short break. That's when Saige felt something drop in her chest. She felt goosebumps and excused herself to the bathroom.

Was it the anxiety? She felt pretty calm until that moment. She looked at herself in the public bathroom mirror; she didn't look sick, though she was very obviously worried for her health. The inside of her chest felt so cold, and her— Her tits were growing?! No, that can't be possible—

But she was seeing it! As they grew right before her eyes, they were also getting colder. It was enough to make her shiver, it came in quick waves as soon as her body got used to the temperature. She didn't know what to do, she gulped and found herself breathing faster— And she could see her breath! The temperature wasn't cold enough for her to see *it*, something very wrong was going on!

It must be some sort of panic attack or worse— She thought, the growth was considerable but just enough to tighten her business jacket. If she walked out, people could probably tell something was going on, but she didn't want to pass out on the public bathroom's floor either.

She wanted to get into her car and go to the nearest available doctor, but to get out of there she had to walk through the building itself. Well then, so be it. Luckily, there weren't any customers inside, she could avoid that embarrassment at least. She also saw her boss in her way out, waving at her and trying to explain that something was wrong with her health, but her boss interrupted her—

"Good news, you've been hired!"

Right, that was awesome, yet Saige was far more concerned about this emergency. "T-thank you, but I really need to leave." Even if turning her down right now might cost Saige her job, she had to go—

However, her exit was blocked by her coworkers.

"No, honey, you've been *hired*. You're part of us now."

Saige felt colder, heavier. She didn't know how to deal with this, "Let me leave." She asked her boss, not looking at her in the eye. Things were happening way too fast and she was realizing her boss' gaze meant something different than what she expected.

"Don't resist." Her boss threatened, dropping the smile just a bit.

"You can't do this! You can't keep me here! My health might be in danger, just— Hey!!" Saige complained, which was exactly the opposite of what her boss asked of her. Now the fact that there were no customers inside was the worst thing that could happen to her. Her coworkers restrained her and covered her mouth. She could feel her heart pounding in her ears as well as the cold, growing more along with her tits, now big enough to forcibly unbutton her dress shirt under her jacket— It was uncomfortable, but not a problem since her coworkers brought her to the employees only room and undressed her. She tried to resist, but another coworker was tying her limbs.

She fought all she could, horrified by how so many strangers were touching her— And yet, not a single one of them probed or touched her more than to undress her. The interview made sense now, since she was offered a coffee as soon as she sat down... They must've poisoned it somehow! That woman's smile, her satisfaction... It must all amount to this... And Saige couldn't even figure out what it was.

There wasn't much else to do, she was ridiculously outnumbered, vulnerable, distressed and cold. All her clothes were stripped from her body, and she knew even her bra was ruined thanks to the sudden growth. When she thought her body couldn't take anything colder, it washed over her in a new wave.

She was then being moved by these people to the dessert wing of the building, unable to resist, only able to watch what her fate was going to be. She wasn't protesting until she saw the bizarre machine with a human's shape, all the little belts that would secure her in place and the two big round holes at the chest level— even bigger than she was now. She struggled in panic, but it was too late.

They strapped her onto the machine, her limbs bound, her tits in place, the cold metal feeling simultaneously terrifying and pleasurable as it pressed against her sensitive skin. Her head rested straight ahead with a small air vent that muffled her screams for help. The door closed behind her, she felt tight against it all, trapped and helpless, her whole body feeling a mix of warmth and cold. This couldn't be happening, it just couldn't—

It wasn't over, she realized as her tits started getting bigger, colder, heavier. She shivered, not knowing if she was still seen by anyone as she was pretty much sealed from the outside. The embarrassment, however, was still present for her— She couldn't be moaning in this situation! She was kidnapped and basically being tortured! It just couldn't— It couldn't—

And then her tits fell into place. They stopped growing, Saige couldn't see them anymore but she could feel how they were almost bigger than her upper body, so swollen and so cold. She was hit with the horrible realization that her body was producing something thick and cold, she was so full of it, she felt like she was going to burst.

Her nipples got thicker too, almost as thick as her wrists, resting in perfect placement on the machine. She could feel a different texture from the machine around her nipples, and something else about them had changed, she was about to find out.

The machine was powered on. It started vibrating and with that, a series of small nubs rubbed the most sensitive parts of her thick nipples in a rotating motion. Saige moaned against her own will, her breasts feeling everything way too much, it was freezing and it was like her body knew

exactly what was going to happen and made her feel every ounce of anticipation.

So the machine pressed on her tits.

It made her realize her nipples now had *one single hole* each and she was about to be milked— Except it was a very cold and thick substance coming out of her breasts. She moaned louder, not sure if she could be heard from outside, and she couldn't stop herself either. Her tits were pouring out *vanilla ice cream*, she was mounted into *the place's* ice cream machine, she was its tank!

It was freezing, almost painfully if it weren't for the extremely pleasurable sensation of release as it slowly poured out. She needed to be milked like this so bad, she didn't realize how the rest of her body was reacting or moving either. She had her limbs restrained and was basically enclosed in the thing, but she was moving her pelvis as much as she could. It was then when she felt a noticeably phallic object rubbing against her lips— She didn't know if it was there all along, but it was wet enough to make it impossible not to keep rubbing.

This all happened during the first soft serve she experienced, all the different sensations altered her perception of time; she was feeling overstimulated at the end, subconsciously searching for more stimulation even if it was technically out of her control. She also felt her tits fill up to the previous state— when they felt like bursting— quickly enough for the second serve.

The second ice cream was served and Saige could only think about the third one. She hated what was happening to her, but this sensory input was all she had. The third one made her pussy rub against the phallic object way faster, as much as she could in her position— And even if it should've been obvious at this point, she didn't expect the machine's dildo to move on its own— She genuinely thought it was something for her to rub herself on. Maybe she just couldn't bring herself to think this machine could be made for such a cruel, twisted purpose.

When the fourth ice cream was being served, the dildo penetrated her in a perfect rhythm. It was in and almost out of her as she came from all the stimulation, moaning and feeling so cold and so good. She didn't get to recover from her first orgasm when she was building up another one, feeling the fifth serving move the machine again, she could even feel the lever now, the small shift in pressure when someone placed their hand on it. It messed her brain up, the pouring was always too slow, she felt like it got slower by the serving. Maybe it was getting thicker inside of her or it was just her skewed perception, maybe it was just her body savoring every second of it, it amounted to her cumming from getting fucked and milked over and over again.

From that point and on, it didn't stop. She was trapped in this machine, perhaps becoming part of it without any customer knowing it. She'd swear the employees served more ice creams than they were really selling, and that the dildo penetrating her was being changed periodically by bigger, more exciting ones. Against all odds, she didn't even have time to get bored; she looked for more ways to assimilate into the machine, to produce thicker and creamier ice cream, to slowly abandon human needs, only remembering her old self as she got off identifying as a machine, and a lovely one at that! She could bring so much joy to everyone, and everyone who used her brought her even more joy, and pleasure, and release.

The ride of pleasure she'd go into every time anyone actioned the lever and poured her contents out was enough for her to start wishing she could

thank them! She wouldn't be the same without her users, her tits wouldn't fill up again, she wouldn't come as hard or have as much fun. She could no longer work her vocal chords, and even if she could still feel her human face, it didn't make much of a difference. Becoming the machine and feeling every inch of it that was her too, just being able to think without any other function than to be milked for that thick, delicious cream, made her get to the brink of an orgasm, cumming after, during and before she served the next one.

She could only *feel*, but she could also hear something echo a chirp from within the machine every time an ice cream was served. It must be cute from the outside, and it was probably her only way of making the world know what she was experiencing.