

Expanding Horizons Part 19

Josh and Letche come across the remains of a destroyed van and know they're on the right track. Upon reaching their destination, Josh is met with far more of Katie than he thought possible.

“Turn here, turn here!” Letche frantically pointed to a backroad leading from the highway into the darkness. Drops of milk sprayed across the windshield as she did so, her hands working hard to drain the remaining contents from Katie’s abduction.

Grinding his teeth, Josh turned at a faster speed than was comfortable. Thoughts hardly registered anymore. All he cared about was finding Katie. “Why the hell would they take her out here?! They’re not going to hurt her, are they?!”

Letche watched his knuckles turn white as he gripped the steering wheel. “They won’t hurt her, I’m fairly certain of it.”

“What’s even this far out of town?!”

“You would be surprised... A lot of industrial plants are built in the boonies like this, often because there is livestock to maintain alongside the product.”

Josh was in visible distress. He had been since they managed to attain freedom and take chase after Katie. “I can’t believe I let them get a hold of her. They just took her! *And I couldn’t do anything because I had a damn rope around me!*”

“Calm...nnggh...” Letche breathed as the last of her milk drained away. Her breasts may have been empty, but the car floor was sopping with dairy. She didn’t want to think about the cleaning bill coming her way. “Calm down,” she started again, “We’ll get her back safe and sound. I just hope Talia hasn’t gone too far...”

Josh turned his attention to Letche. “What’s that supposed to mean?”

“Nothing! Sometimes my sister just tends to get a little too caught up in what she’d after and--”

Communication paused between them when the headlights fell upon a pile of wreckage. At first glance they thought it nothing more than a pile of trash, but upon closer inspection, Josh slammed on the brakes.

“That’s the van,” Josh said with certainty. “They were here!”

“And it looks like Katie put up quite the struggle.”

The van was blown open from the inside out. A fissure had opened the roof down the middle to split the vehicle in half like a clam. Awkwardly-bowed panels of metal were strewn about.

“It looks like the thing exploded...” Letche said in awe. She’d been big, but never big enough to cause this kind of damage.

They glanced at each other nervously. Josh was confident they were on the right track, but his fears for Katie’s wellbeing only grew. “We must be going the right way.” Slamming on the gas, Josh continued down the desolate road.

Fifteen minutes later, after winding through the desert, Letche announced, “We should be getting close. I can see the glow of the lights. It’s just up here.”

Josh didn't know what to think when they rounded a corner to head down a straightaway. In the distance was what appeared to be several warehouses and packing plants. It was too close to the milking plant he and Katie had worked so hard to avoid. "*Another dairy farm?!?*"

The agent bit her lip in frustration. "Not exactly... This is what comes after the milking."

Rubber squealed when Josh hurled into the parking lot. It was empty save for several tanker trucks, a flatbed, and a few small sedans. A sprawling building like an airplane hangar stood against the dark of night with floodlights. The sign above the office read 'Cow Belle Milk Distributors'.

Josh was beside himself. "A bottling plant?"

"My sister bought out the company a few years back. I always thought she was just trying to corner the market... Now, after seeing her and Shrade working together, I'm starting to wonder just how long the two of them have been planning this whole operation."

Looking closer, Josh was able to make out what looked like puddles of milk covering the back of the flatbed truck. White fluid had also pooled around its tires. Coupled with Talia's dairy farm logo on the tankers, he was starting to get an idea of Talia's true intentions.

"Front office looks closed," Letche hummed after staring into the dark windows. "It might be best if we try and sneak in around back through the loading area."

Leaving the car for the sake of discretion, the two of them clung to the walls and walked around the corners of the massive establishment. Even with Letche at his side, Josh's nerves sang with anxiety. Being out in the open in the middle of the desert at night had the same sensation as being watched by countless invisible eyes. The sound of voices around an approaching corner was surprisingly settling.

"Shh," Letche warned. She peeked around to take in the area. Josh did the same when there was no obvious danger of doing so.

Several workers were busy loading crates of bottled milk into a refrigerated truck. Though the fluid looked no different than normal milk, Josh could swear he could smell the distinct sweetness of Katie's lactation.

"Please tell me Talia isn't doing what I think she is," Josh whispered.

"I wish I could... But I don't see any other angle at this point."

"If other women drink that, they're going to end up like Hannah!! *Is she insane?!?*"

Letche shook her head. "Keep your voice down. Talia isn't *that* stupid. Pasteurization is all you need to remove the infective properties of Katie's milk. It was one of the first tasks our scientists were given; we couldn't risk having it spread. I have no doubt Talia has taken every precaution in her distribution. Not to prevent other girls from ending up like Katie, but to keep the source of her product a secret."

Blood boiled with rage in Josh's ears. "Katie isn't some cow to be stolen and milked... She's a person! She didn't ask for any of this!"

"I couldn't agree more, and trust me when I say Talia and Shrade will have to answer for everything they have done."

With careful steps and quick movements between shadows, Josh and Letche managed to sneak past the oblivious loaders. It didn't take long for them to find a doorway leading away

from the loading dock and into the heart of the building. The most striking feature of the atmosphere were the countless feminine moans drifting through the air. They had no clear source, all bouncing along the white brick halls.

It made Letche's heart sink. "There might be more women than just Katie here..."

The level of enjoyment in the moans struck Josh as odd but he thought it better not to mention it. "Where should we go? If we just walk around we're bound to get caught!"

"If I had to guess, my sister and Shrade are the only employees here right now. We shouldn't run into them, assuming they're busy with Katie. We'll cover more ground if we split up."

"*Split up?* Isn't that the number one thing *not* to do?"

"Only in the movies. Once we confirm they're here, I'll call back up from the agency. Finding Katie is just as big of a priority."

"I'll find her. Don't get caught," he warned as Letche stepped away to explore a hall. He glanced at her blown-out shirt. "And if you see Shrade, don't...you know..."

She rolled her eyes and withdrew her taser. "Thanks for the golden piece of advice."

Left alone, Josh set himself down an opposite hall and into the storm of moans. There weren't as many as he first thought; most seemed to be the same exceptionally-strong gasp echoing back and forth. His attention was drawn down a branching corridor where he found a set of large swinging doors.

Shadows appeared on the other side of the doors suddenly and his heart skipped a beat. They swung open, leaving him nowhere to hide among the stretching hallway. Relief washed over him when he saw it wasn't Talia or Shrade.

Two women strode from the doors chatting amongst themselves. They didn't look old enough to be out of college, by Josh's estimation. A pair of bikini bottoms was the only clothing on their frames. Full, rounded breasts hung to their belly buttons like large droplets. Each had a towel draped over their shoulder used to wipe sweat from their bodies. The plumpness of their nipples was out of this world, as if they'd been given attention for hours.

"I'm *exhauuusted*. I must have pumped a couple thousand gallons today!" one of them, a redhead, groaned. She ran the towel between her cleavage and under each breast.

The other one, a woman with short black hair, snorted. "Please, talk to me when you're puttin' out a *dozen!*"

The redhead glanced behind her through the double doors. "I felt like it was nothing compared to that new girl... She better slow down..."

"What? Worried she'll put you out of a job?"

"You're damn right I am! We'll both be out of a job at the rate she's going and this beats the workin' the club by a *mile!* I don't think I could go back there after this gig!"

Massaging her chest tenderly, the blonde sighed. "Amen to that. Wanna hit the showers then grab a coffee on the way back to the dorms? I could use a--"

She stopped after noticing Josh standing down the hall.

Both screamed in alarm, covering themselves with hands and towels. "*Hey, perv!! This is a female-only workplace! Get the fuck out of here!!*"

Josh couldn't have cared less. "Is there a girl in there with short brown hair and a headband?!"

The girls were taken aback by his urgent tone. "Y-Yes, but--"

He knew there wasn't time to waste on the rest of their answer. Sprinting ahead, Josh ran between the two startled girls and burst through the double doors. He almost fainted from shock once inside.

The room was like an airplane hangar: spacious and three-stories tall. Hoses and catwalks crossed over the ceiling. Spread out across the floor were various stations. Each had a leather chair reminiscent of something from a dentist's office and an end table with bits of entertainment such as magazines or books. A pair of suction cups attached to hoses hung over each chair and ran to the roof and beyond. The atmosphere smelled of cream and sugar like sweetened milk were being used in a humidifier. TVs hung on the wall. Each played a different channel as if Josh had stumbled into a gym. His attention wasn't focused on these features, however; he was frozen in place before a pair of monolithic breasts.

The pair of tits sitting full and bloated in the center of the hangar was vertigo-inducing. Each rested over fifty feet wide and two stories in height. A single nipple alone was large enough to hug like a tree. Suction cups over three feet in diameter were latched onto their pink forms, guzzling milk from the depths of the two house-sized udders. Josh felt small. Insignificant. Like an ant. He couldn't imagine the sheer amount of milk churning inside such impossibly-large breasts. It was certainly audible, as was the milk gushing through the hoses and into the ceiling. He would have fallen to the ground if his body still had the capacity to remember gravity.

"Nnnghhaaaaahhh!!!" a labored scream came from behind the mountains.

"K-K-Katie...??" Josh squeaked.

"*JOSH?*!" How she'd managed to hear his terrified whisper was a mystery.

The sound of her sweet voice pulled him out of his stupor enough to move his legs. Never did he imagine he would even have to run around a pair of tits, yet here he was. Thirty seconds later, he rounded the left breast and saw Katie slumped in her own chair.

Josh yelled and ran towards her. "*Katie!*"

Relief overcame the girl. Panting and exhausted from such production, she smiled weakly and held out a hand to meet him. The other stayed in front of her, making sure to push the wall of flesh away from her face. "*I can't believe you found me!*" she cried.

"Of course I did! Letche and I came after you as soon as we were free!! What happened to you?! Y-You're..." Josh glanced at the pale wall to his left. It extended upwards as far as his neck would bend. "*You're so big...*"

Katie was close to a breakdown. With Josh back at her side, however, she felt safe once again. "I-I-I don't know what happened! I tried slowing them down, but...*they got out of control!*!" She squeezed his hand and fought against the pressure of her chest and the hoses. "*Thank you for coming for me...*"

"It's going to be all right, I promise." Intent on rescue, Josh made to free Katie. He stopped when he saw nothing restraining her to the chair. "You're not tied down...?" he said in confusion, wondering why she hadn't fled.

Katie stared at him wordlessly, blinking several times. An annoyed slap of her hand against her chest sent a resounding gurgle through the wall of milk.

“Oh, right,” Josh realized in embarrassment.

SLLUUURRRPP

“*NNGH!!*” Katie shivered when the hoses sucked particularly violently.

“*Are you all right??*”

She nodded weakly. “T-They’re...*reeeeaaally* sensitive like this. Those hoses, just keep sucking!!” Katie moaned and pressed her head against her chest, sweat pouring down her face. “*I can’t take it! This milk hasn’t stopped coming since I--*” She didn’t dare say how she managed to single-handedly tear open an entire van. Confessing such intimate thoughts about Josh to be the source was too embarrassing.

He couldn’t bear to see her in such a way. The hoses had to come off. Looking around, his eyes fell on the catwalks above. The hoses ran along them suspended by cables. Determination struck. “Hang on! I’ll get them off!”

“*P-Please hurry!*” It hurt when he left Katie’s side, but she had faith he would return. In the background she could hear him climbing a ladder on a far wall. A full minute passed before he’d managed to climb to the ceiling and reach one of the metal bridges. Pounding footsteps on metal rang out when he raced towards the greedy tubes.

“Hang on!” he said once more. Wrapping his arms around one thigh-sized hose, he pulled against the suction latching it onto Katie’s nipple. The milk rushing through the tube vibrated against his arms.

“*A-AHH!! MMMMM!!! J-Josh! Careful!*”

SLLLSHSHSHS

Her screams echoed in the hangar, along with a monumental amount of sloshing from her chest. Josh’s actions, although minuscule in comparison to their size, produced an incredible amount of noise. He pulled again.

“*NNGHHMMM!!!! N-No more!! They’re on too tight!!!*” Katie felt like the orgasms were being sucked from her nipples themselves.

Josh released. There was no freeing her by brute force. “Don’t worry! I’m going to think of--” He froze when voices came from outside the double doors.

“*Why isn’t she producing like before?!*”

“We were lucky to get her into the facility at all! Our systems can barely handle the output!”

It was Talia and Shrade. Josh was certain of it. If they caught him now there would be no hope to save Katie and on the catwalk he was completely exposed. There was no time to run down the ladder to an exit. Heart pounding as their shadows appeared on the other side of the doors, Josh peered over the edge of the railing.

Katie’s yawning cleavage rested twenty feet below. There wasn’t time to hesitate. Throwing caution to the wind, Josh pulled himself over the guard rail and fell between Katie’s mammoth tits like a stone into a pond.

BWOOOMPH!!!

“M-M-MMMMM!!!”

Katie had to clamp her hands over her mouth to keep from screaming when Josh slid between her chest and the entire mass of flesh jiggled. Hot and sweaty, her cleavage swallowed him whole. Darkness enveloped her rescuer on all sides. Pressure beat against his body. Milk swirled in his ears. Josh felt as though he'd just fallen into a pool of jello.

Moving was far harder than he anticipated. As carefully as possible, well aware of the arousal it caused Katie, he inched his way to the top of her cleavage using a combination of motions between swimming and rock climbing.

“Mmmnngh!!!”

Talia and Shrade entered the hangar. They stared at the massive pair of mammaries in similar awe to Josh. “Still sensitive, huh?” Talia called out, noticing Katie's loud outbursts.

“P-Please, let me go!!”

Talia ignored Katie's request. From atop her cleavage, Josh was able to spread her breasts and spy on the villains from above.

The kidnapper turned her attention to the scientist. “Her milk is nowhere near as sweet as the batch from my farm, Shrade!!” Talia hissed, a half-empty bottle of milk in her hand.

Shrade was defensive but did not shy away. “I tried to tell you her lactation conditions aren't the same! Look what we've put her through. She's stressed! And it's likely the guy she was with had a positive effect on her production. ”

Rolling her eyes, Talia brushed off his explanations and stepped towards a control terminal near the door. Josh kicked himself for not noticing it earlier. “I'm looking for a solution, not excuses. Her milk is what we need to take over the market.” After typing, she asked Shrade, “You're sure this new formula will do it?”

KA-CHUNK

Overheard, metallic grinding clattered from the rafters. Josh glanced up to see an industrial sprayer lowering from a track. A hose dyed with a bright pink fluid ran from the wall to a nozzle. The setup reminded him of a sci-fi weapon.

Shrade stared nervously. The sprayer was meant to treat an entire herd of cattle, a fact he was sure Talia was aware of. “It's extra concentrated like you asked. It should kick her breasts into high gear. I wouldn't go too heavy though; genetically, she's already an over-producer and taking up three milking stations as it is.” He felt it necessary to explain once more. “She only needs a light dose; a few drops in a glass of water would honestly be better.”

Talia ignored his warnings. “I don't tell you how to work your science; don't tell me how to run my business.”

As she turned several knobs, the sprayer hummed to life. Soon it would be primed with the scientist's lactation-inducing concoction. Watching from inside her cleavage, the color drained from Josh's face when it lowered to take aim directly at Katie's breasts.

What happens next?