

Every single day, Leslie carefully got out of bed while thanking her lucky stars that she spent as much money as she had on it. It was probably worth more than her entire house *plus* all the amenities inside of it, but it was better than sleeping on the ground; no other choices for someone beset by her kind of... condition. Checking her bedside monitors, the vixen was at least relieved to find out that her nightly production rates were within acceptable parameters, just enough that she could forgo an emergency morning draining and skip straight to getting her day started; those opportunities were becoming fewer and farther between as time went on and her body continued to acclimate itself to brand new sizes on an almost daily basis, so she intended to make good use of them whenever she could.

Even still, skipping the morning routine of checking all of her equipment still wasn't something she could afford to do. Yes, it took her nearly an hour to ensure that her nightwear wasn't torn or damaged, followed by the lengthy exchange procedure where she swapped it out for the swimwear she had to use in order to be able to take baths, quadruple-checking the compressor systems every step of the way to be certain that no sudden surprises would be coming her way. After a quick shower and ten minutes of blow-drying herself, it was back to her bedroom for the second round of clothing swaps, this time for something far more casual and comfortable that she could wear around the house; it was her day off, after all, so no point wearing anything stuffy. Even then, it still occupied so much of her time that, once she was done, Leslie could feel her stomach grumbling at the lack of a proper meal, giving her a good reason to forget about one last check-up of her monitors, right when doing so would've prevented disaster.

The vixen had to be *extremely* careful when moving around the house, given her extreme compression levels; she may live on the ground level of her apartment block, but even solid ground had a limit for what it could endure without cracking open, hence why her floor was just solid concrete rather than some nice wooden panelling. At the very least the carpeting helped to hide most of it, though it was still an eyesore that she had to deal with every day; it was hard to get accustomed to it when the building outside looked *so* much nicer... or at least, the bits that she didn't have to use in order to go check the mail, which had also been stripped to the bare basics in order to avoid constant maintenance costs. Such was life for someone as dense as her; she could very well compress her size to the point where she looked to be perfectly normal, even being of average height, but there was little that could be done about the *mass* that she carried on a daily basis. Compressors could do a lot of things, but they weren't magical.

It created such a long laundry list of problems for her that it had ceased being even remotely tolerable years prior, with the vixen running mostly on annoyance at that point in her life. She couldn't sit down anywhere without having to engage in some frankly embarrassing gymnastics just to ensure that her balls and cock were hanging off the edge of the seat, nor could she forget about herself and lean over any flat surface without either breaking it in half or having it sink a good three feet or so into the ground. This was not to mention the very simple fact that she

couldn't even *exist* anywhere that wasn't on solid ground; anything from the second story upwards, any motorized vehicles, ships, planes or really anything that wasn't her two feet was entirely out of the question, lest her weight break through the inevitably insufficient flooring beneath her and lead her to fall down to... well, not injury, but certainly further structural damage. It was a constant struggle, and not one that she enjoyed living with, but it was one that she'd gotten *very* good at containing... most of the time.

It used to be easier, back when her hyper genes kicked in and the size was manageable enough that she didn't require compression gear at all. Even when it became needed, Leslie was convinced that it was just something that would pass eventually, and her life would get back on track soon enough. But as the years went on and her body refused to stop growing, filling and producing at an ever-faster rate, things stopped being so simple as to be handleable with wishful thinking; it became a matter of ruthless pragmatism and mundane, boring solutions that completely removed the lewd and kinky aspect out of this new life of hers, turning what had once been an endless source of arousal into nothing short of a nuisance that turned her life upside-down and required her to completely overhaul the way she went about doing literally anything. The vixen had to change jobs, change homes, get permits, be tracked by a governmental agency dealing with extreme cases like hers, have special plumbing installed, the works; by the end of it, she hadn't even reached her thirtieth birthday and already felt like she'd been through a full midlife crisis, if not worse.

It wasn't *all* bad though, even if Leslie insisted on being a grump about things. Ultimately, her body still focused all that growth in two very specific areas, and it was manageable if she just kept all the safety concerns in mind, opening the path to *some* degree of enjoyment if she was having a good day. After all, it was hard to ignore the fact that every single one of her tops and bras had to be fitted with extra-strength compression gear just to keep her size *stable*, in addition to the many additional layers needed to bring her back down to something that wouldn't require custom-ordered clothes to be covered up. The same could be said for her package, which despite its weight and productivity, *could* still be fitted into a regular old pair of jeans without needing one of those fancy nut pockets that some hypers wore. She *did* look absolutely normal, and indeed, with some care, she could lead a perfectly normal social life, assuming people didn't ask too many questions about why she always sat down so rigidly and with her back bent at a weird angle; it just so happened to be more of a psychological strain than anything else.

Especially on days like those, where the sense of pressure didn't fade away into the background. Leslie knew that waking up to normal values was too good to be true; wouldn't be the first time her body pulled a fast on her like that, giving her perfectly regular feedback before turning up the heat to as far up as it could go. Midway through making herself a sandwich, the vixen felt her balls begin to tighten, or at least feel like they were being stuffed so hard that it was hard to really think of it in any other way. The sense of pressure was mirrored in her breasts

as well, accompanied by the appearance of two faint smudges on her shirt where her nipples were pushing against it. Suddenly, the vixen felt incredibly hot, sweat pouring from her brow as she rushed to finish her breakfast while she still could, straining the time she had left before getting up and gingerly rushing over to the bathroom in order to empty out.

It was the only way to handle episodes like that. She couldn't shrink, nor could she will herself to stop making more milk and cum like some hypers could, so the only way around it was to... drain herself. Luckily, the extra-expensive plumbing connected to a dedicated sewer line was robust enough to handle anything she could pour into it; not so luckily, doing so required the use of machinery that could operate through her compressor clothing, requiring even more prep time that always seemed to last forever when she felt her arousal spiking like it was at that point. Seconds stretched into hours, minutes into days while Leslie prepared the tubes and set the pressure gauges to the correct values, mumbling to herself about how stuffed she felt and how much she needed some release. She had stopped questioning how exactly the compression field transfer worked a long before; the vixen just knew that as long as she followed the proper steps, then she wouldn't burst free from her house. Thus, with two pumps attached to her now-exposed breasts, one firmly lodged over her shaft and the output pipes directly connected to the drain array in the middle of the bathroom itself, it was time to flip the switch and let the neighbors know just what was happening in the privacy of her own home.

As much as she tried her best not to let it get to her, it was impossible to resist the need to vocalize exactly what she was feeling every time the pumps were turned on. To describe it wouldn't do it justice, nor did the vixen really have the brainpower required to put to words whatever it was that her brain was trying to tell her; rather, it was this apotheosis-like event, where her mind ascended to a higher plane from which it simply refused to descend, leaving her with just enough consciousness to appreciate how utterly absurd her sensitivity was, and just how much it was being pummelled into submission by a bunch of uncaring, unfeeling machinery.

But Leslie couldn't help it, not with the kind of sizes she was hiding underneath those compressors; with so much mass compacted into such a tiny little space, it really couldn't go any other way. She'd tried to fight it before, back when she still had the willpower to do so, back when she believed herself capable of taking her life into her own hands and doing something about the fact that her tits, cock and balls refused to stop growing, but found that it only made things worse. She *had* to compress them, that much was a given, and doing so made the sensations coursing through them all that much more powerful thanks to the frankly ridiculous amount of spatial distortion making it so that even a fingertip touched *far, far* more nerve endings than it had any right to. With two whole suction cups on her milkers and one down below on her shaft, those were a lot of proverbial fingers being pressed onto her, leaving the vixen unable to do anything but stand there and wait for it to be over; not a lot of places she

could sit down in that state without completely breaking it, and she was *not* about to replace a toilet again.

Rather than find relief in the draining, however, Leslie began to feel *worse*... for a given value of the word, at least. Hooking herself up to the pumps and letting them go at full blast was supposed to help her relieve herself, it was supposed to *empty* her and let her think properly, even if it took a few minutes before the effects began to manifest; that time, however, the sensations that were supposed to start waning only grew stronger with time, leading the vixen to open her eyes and look down, half-hoping half-dreading to see some change in her size. No such luck though; her tits and nuts were about as big as they'd always been, though certainly a lot more productive than usual given the amount of milk and spunk being pumped out of her. Even through half-lidded eyes the vixen could see the thick mixture being poured down the drain in the middle of the floor, the milking machine sputtering and shuddering every few seconds as it struggled to deal with the increased load. It had never done that, which was certainly alarming, but somehow Leslie didn't really think it mattered a whole bunch; right then, the only thing that truly seemed to register was just how damned *good* it felt to have her body be so productive, and to be forced to be milked like a dairy cow and breeding bull at the same time just to be able to function. It tickled a lot of buttons she worked hard to pretend she didn't have, which in turn only made her body produce even *more* thanks to sheer arousal.

A wide, broken smile spread across her lips once this realization set in, with the vixen slowly lowering herself until she was kneeling carefully on the floor. The room seemed to go quiet as she did so, all background noise vanishing and leaving only the rhythmic pumping of the suction cups and the whirring of the engine keeping the whole assembly running. The grin became more solid, more self-assured, as Leslie came to understand that her body was undergoing a transformation that would probably leave her in incredibly dire straits by the end of it; it would have been best if she phoned someone up, perhaps called her handler at the HAA to let them know that there was a massive containment failure just waiting to happen at her place, but... she didn't. There was a certain amount of enjoyment to be taken from knowing that her body was quickly slipping away from her control, especially when the gurgling of the drain became audible and the vixen was suddenly made aware of the fact that it was *clogging up*; to know that her body was so productive and bountiful that it could overwhelm systems designed specifically to keep it in check was, if nothing else, *incredibly* arousing, thus kickstarting a vicious cycle that Leslie doubted whether she had the energy to stop.

She certainly lacked the willpower though; why bother holding back the inevitable, after all? Why not simply throw herself into the jaws of this great beast she called her libido, the one she kept caged up in the back of her mind all the time for fear that it might do something stupid? Living her life the way she did was... tiring, exhausting even, having to waste time and resources worrying about everything when, really, she could instead be spending them indulging that

raging inferno burning inside of her. Maybe, she thought to herself, if she threw enough fuel into the fire, then it would eventually burn itself out; that was how it worked, right?

So what if the machinery next to her was already starting to move around from how much it was clanking about, so what if the robotic voice synthesizer was telling her that the holding tank was reaching maximum capacity and that the pumps couldn't drain out everything she was producing in time? The floor was already starting to become flooded thanks to all the spunk and cream bubbling up from the jampacked piping beneath her feet, so why should the vixen care about some holding tank that wasn't even a fraction of the size of all the plumbing that she'd already clogged? It felt downright ridiculous to waste time thinking about that, especially when the suction cups were already getting full and ready to pop off.

But they couldn't though. Not because she didn't want to, of course, but mostly due to how irritating it would be to have to deal with all of the paperwork and bureaucracy that inevitably came up whenever her compression fields were either turned off or failed entirely, it being slightly difficult to hide someone who weighed a few dozen tons, most of which were focused entirely on her package and bust. Buildings would be destroyed, avenues flooded and goodness knows what else if she truly let loose, hence why it was important to use one hand to hold the tubes on her tips, and her free hand to keep the one on her cock firmly in place. Sure, this wouldn't really do much considering all three were overflowing and not even connected to her skin anymore, but as long as the compressor fields were kept up, that was all that mattered.

Not that they'd remain that way for much longer, given how much fluid was pouring out from... well, just about everywhere. With the piping clogged up, the drains overflowing, the suction cups just barely holding on and the tubes they were feeding keeping the holding tank at maximum capacity until the machinery ran its safety limiter and started to flood with milk and cum in equal measure, it didn't take too long before the whole bathroom was flooded, followed quickly by the hallway outside, the kitchen, living room, bedroom, and then once the oozing mass reached the front door it was already a few inches thick and warm up to make the atmosphere inside Leslie's apartment reach near boiling point. Of course, this only served to egg the vixen on further; with her mind already warped by her own arousal, having the air itself conspire to keep her hot and bothered in the most literal sense possible, any possible solutions to her dilemma that weren't some variation of "let go" or "enjoy yourself" were rapidly erased from her mind, leaving only those magical words which told her that the best she could do was to just give up trying to contain herself and make that someone else's problem. Would that result in a large chunk of the city being destroyed? Yes. Would it mean painting the landscape white with a several-foot-deep lake of seed and milk? Absolutely. Would she even be able to *stop* if asked or commanded to? Very doubtful, to say the least.

But that was someone else's problem now, not hers. Someone else's issue to deal with, as soon as they were done with the evacuation.

So she let go.