

# The Interrogation

BY TROGDOR297

The room is pitch black and silent. Then with a series of clanks, banks of bright overhead lights turn on. A woman lays horizontal, suspended facedown in the air by a metal cage of restraints. She's blonde and in her mid thirties. Her hair is tied back in a tight bun, her clothing a slim professional suit with a pencil skirt. She wears a pair of black cat-eye glasses, her make-up done impeccably, lips cherry red. As light fills the room her eyes flutter open as she arises from unconsciousness.

"Wha...what? Hello? Where am I?" She speaks in a thick russian accent. Her features are sharp and fierce, the signature of a slavic beauty. "Hello!!" She calls again, though there is no answer. She struggles against the restraints but finds them unbreakable.

She lifts her head to look around. The room is an enormous rectangle, the walls in all directions are featureless steel-plate. The floor is non-existent, instead a black void echoes below her. The only change in the wall's monotony is the large pane of reflective glass directly in front of her, no doubt a two-way mirror. She reckoned that it was very likely she was being watched, but why?

The sound of a speaker crackled around her. "Ms. Petra Krinkov. That is your name, correct?" The mysterious male voice also had a slavic accent.

"Yes? Who are you? Let me go!" She demanded.

"Ahh, Ms. Krinkov, I'm afraid you are not in a position to make such demands, not yet at least. You see, we know you have information; information we require" The voice of the speaker was cold but not harsh. They spoke as if they were someone reading the morning news.

"I don't know what you speak of!" She wrestled against the restraints, but her efforts were futile.

"Oh, no? You are not Ms. Krinkov who is aide to the Russian Ambassador working in France?"

She shook her head in frustration. "Yes, that is me, but I do not see how that matters? I am just a secretary, why not kidnap the ambassador?"

"Because, Ms. Krinkov, the ambassador is loyal to the motherland, while you are not" An edge of harshness became clear in the speaker's voice.

"What! I am a loyal civil servant! I have worked for the embassy for almost ten years!" She protested.

"Yes, and for four of those years you've been leaking secrets to the Americans, have you not?"



She was silent, for a moment. Then she spoke fervently. "This is an outrage! How can you accuse me of such things without a shred of proof!"

"Ah but we have proof my dear. It took us awhile but we have acquired your burner phone text records, we put a keylogger in your personal laptop, we even bugged your apartment. It's undeniable that you have indeed been working for the enemy."

She said nothing for a long moment. The speaker prompted her "Ms. Krinkov? Have you nothing more to say in your defense?"

She shook her head. "No, as it would appear that would be a waste of both of our time. So now I have a question for you, comrade. You are in possession of this supposed goldmine of evidence, and you are now clearly in possession of me."

The speaker chuckled. "Both true facts, Ms. Krinkov"

She continued on ignoring his jibe. "If these two things are true, then why am I here, and not in a ditch somewhere with a bullet between my eyes."

"Astute observation, Ms. Krinkov. As you'll remember, I began this little talk of ours by stating that you have information that I require, and this is still true. You see, while we do have all of this recorded evidence of what you've done, that evidence states that you met several times in person with an American Diplomat. Those conversations we do not know the content of. That is why you're here"

She sneered. "So, it's to be torture then? How typical..."

The speaker tsked. "Now, now, no need to be rude. There will be no need for torture if you simply tell me the truth."

In response Petra spat, trying to hit the glass ahead of her. The droplets of spittle fell short dropping aimlessly into the void below.

"Hmph, so be it." The room filled with the sound of machinery starting up. Petra Krinkov craned her head around to find the source, but was unable to locate it.

"So, what will it be? I expect a great deal of pain?" She asked sardonically. "I can deal with pain..."

"Ah, I'm sure you could, Ms. Krinkov. But no, my methods do not revolve around sheer pain" The sound of a pump starting somewhere behind her could be heard. Then suddenly she felt pressure within her chest. She looked down at herself, to see the front of her blazer and the blouse beneath pushing out from her.

"What?! What is this? What are you doing to me?"



“Filling you up Ms. Krinkov...While you were asleep we gave you a bit of cosmetic surgery; such a beauty you are but with a boyish figure... you deserved a nice pair of tits, so we thought we'd help out one of our citizens. Of course, we didn't know what size you'd want so we gave you implants that can be filled.”

The sound of the pump stopped, and the pressure ceased. Petra looked back down at her chest. Her top was considerably fuller than it had been a minute ago. The buttons on her silk blouse strained to keep the garment together. She could see down her top, and indeed her breasts were no longer the modest things they'd been before. They were now round and taut, the size of softballs. Her soft skin was shiny and stretched. Staring at them, she only now noticed the two clear tubes that ran out from the bottom of her blazer before attaching to the restraining cage and snaking off towards the ceiling. These were the tubes that were attached to her breasts and had filled them.

“What the fuck!” She yelled.

“Why so upset, Ms. Krinkov? We've just given you a free boob job! One that you desperately needed, might I say. I'd say we've done you a considerable favour, saved you a fair bit of money too. Now why don't you tell us about your little talk with our yankee friend? Unless...unless you feel that they aren't big enough yet?”

Krinkov shook her head in disbelief. Was this really happening? She took a moment to mull it over, before deciding. “Do what you must. I have nothing to say to you”

“Very well, Ms. Krinkov, have it your way...” The sound of machinery whirled to life once more. This time she dropped her head down to watch. The clear tubes that ran up under her jacket tensed as they filled fluid. Seconds later she felt pressure once more, and then pain as she felt herself becoming restricted. The buttons on her blouse were holding on better than she'd expected. They were digging into her flesh, causing her great discomfort. Gritting her teeth, she paused for a moment before she pushed herself up against the restraints, before letting herself go. As she dropped she thrust her chest forward. Her efforts were rewarded as the seams on the button let go as her flesh surged against it. With a pwing her blouse burst open, leaving her tits exposed. She lay there, breathing heavy from the effort, as the sound of the machines died down to nothing once more.

“My, my, impressive effort, Ms. Krinkov. Such ingenuity. And such impressive breasts too...”

The blonde, still breathing heavy, looked down at her round firm tits. They hung off her chest, perfectly spherical, each the size of a cantaloupe. Her pink nipples had gone erect in the cold air, each sitting at the upper edge of each breast, pointing slightly forward with her current angle.

“My god...” She whispered. Though the pressure had abated, her skin was still on fire. Each globe was shiny and bright pink, as her skin struggled to adjust. Two stretch marks had appeared on the sides of each melon, her skin refusing to cooperate with the sudden growth.

“So, Ms. Krinkov, what do you say? Those are pretty big, you'd have to agree. 2000cc's in each, my readings tell me. Shall we talk now?”



She shook her head. She was adamant on not revealing the secrets that she'd shared.

The voice over the speaker sighed. "Have you no concern for your own welfare, Ms. Krinkov? Look at your poor skin, I reckon if we filled you any further right now, you'd likely split open, like an overripe piece of fruit..."

The thought filled Petra with dread, but she reminded herself that she'd already resigned herself to death, and if this was how it happened so be it.

The speaker continued "Fortunately for you, Ms. Krinkov, we came prepared for such levels of greediness. You're not the first girl who didn't know when to stop..." Two mechanical arms descended from the ceiling, with a spray nozzle attached to each. They lowered until they were below her, then rotated their arms so the nozzles were directly beneath her. With a mechanical whir they sprung to life, spraying her breasts with a cool fluid. Almost immediately the pain and tingling that she'd been feeling had disappeared.

"What was that?" She asked, her curiosity overriding her stoicism.

"A moisturiser, though calling it that would be like calling the hydrogen bomb a firecracker. It increases the elasticity of the skin exponentially. It was developed by the military to assist with skin graft surgeries; surgeons could just stretch the surrounding skin to cover the wounded area, but I've found it has other more ...interesting uses"

The sound of the pumps began once again, Petra tensed as she felt the pressure within her breasts once more, but this time there was no pain. Instead it was just a dull numbness. The lack of sensation didn't take away from what she was seeing though. Like a balloon attached to an air hose, each jug slowly expanded further and further out. Soon they were the size of soccer balls, but still they kept growing. Her newly enhanced skin stretched effortlessly to accommodate the growing implants within. She began to feel their weight as they hung off of her, though they were nowhere near as heavy as she thought they would be.

When the pumps shut off once more, they were like two pale basketballs attached to her chest. The pinkness of her skin had abated, returning to her natural pale complexion, though the two stretch marks on either side remained. Looking at them hanging off of her, she could just barely see her two pink nipples at the outer edge. They looked so tiny now against the massive orb they were attached to. As they hung there, she began to notice veins starting to appear on the surface, pressed up against her skin by the imposing implant within.

"Oh god...." She moaned.

"Had enough, Ms. Krinkov? We can stop anytime you like, you just need to tell me what you told them." The speaker said playfully.

"I'll never tell you anything! Fuck you!" She retorted. "Just kill me, and be done with it"

"Tsk, ts, where's the fun in that my dear." With a click the pumps began once again.



She groaned as fluid once again began to enter the twin implants. The mechanical arms gave each tit another spray of the moisturiser, just as they began to swell once more. She could do nothing but watch as they slowly expanded further and further from her body. She felt her spine ache as more and more wait pulled her ribcage forward.

After a minute of this the pumps stopped once more. Now she had two cream beach balls hanging off of her chest. Gravity was starting to have an effect on the implant's shape, stretching them to be slightly ovular. She could no longer see her nipples, as they rested somewhere a few feet in front of her. More veins now pressed against her skin, as blood desperately flowed through her trying to reach every inch of new taut skin.

"My, my, very impressive. You've currently tied the record Ms. Krinkov." The speaker said smugly.

She looked away from her twin hanging mammoths to look at the glass. "You've done this to others?"

"Oh yes, about a dozen or so women. Most stop at the size you were after your second round of fill. The idea of a life with tits bigger than soccer balls persuades most to talk. The woman who reached this size wasn't actually a prisoner, she was my lab partner. She wanted to see how large one could go using the elasticity spray."

"This was the biggest?" Petra asked, voice sounding scared.

"Oh no, she could've gone bigger, but I stopped her before she rendered herself entirely immobile. We still don't know what the upper limits are...Care to find out?"

"What...what did you do with the previous prisoners, what'll you do with me?"

"Oh we keep them around, most now act as escorts for upper ranking military."

"So...slavery"

"Well if we're going to be glib about it, then yes! But they were traitors to the state, all of them, they should be happy to be left with their lives" The speaker's voice rose with anger. When he next spoke he'd regained his composure.

"Any more questions, or are you ready to share?"

"Just one more...Why do this?" She asked.

"I thought I'd been rather clear, we need the information you have..." The speaker said, voice sounding irritated.

"No, no, I understand the goal. I don't understand the methods. Why "this"?" She said, attempting to gesture to the enormous zeppelins that hung rigidly from her body.



“Ah, well, traditional torture was failing to get results, and so we were tasked with alternate methods. This is what I came up with”

“But why this?” She asked again.

“Well, Ms. Krinkov, I’ll tell you...”

She waited in silence. “Well?” She asked.

The speaker chuckled. “I chose this because...well because I’m a simple man. I like big tits!”

She sighed and rolled her eyes. She’d suspected as much, but had thought maybe there was something more to it.

“So, are you ready to talk, Ms. Krinkov, or shall we break some records?”

She sneered at him. “I will tell you nothing”

“You know, I’m rather glad you said that” The speaker gloated. The pumps whirred to life and the tubes filled with fluid.

“Oh god...” She said as her already gigantic breasts began to fill once more. Every few seconds the arms would move around and spray her skin with more elasticizer. She groaned as more and more weight was added to them, as her skin stretched further and further.

When the agent turned off the pumps this time, they’d more than doubled in size. They stretched out from her body like great balloons, each of them nearly five feet wide, and hanging off her body by at least 8 feet. Her skin began to tingle as they swayed beneath her; the elasticizer had kept her skin blemish free, but it was starting to find its limits. Her skin was starting to get shiny once more, as the fluid of the implant pressed against her tissue. If she were standing now, they’d easily be resting upon the ground in front of her like two great blimps. At the tips her nipples remained erect, though the two tiny nubs were quite difficult to spot against the enormous field of flesh where they rested. A low dull moan droned out of her, her eyes half lidded.

For the first time the speaker no longer sounded smug and secure. “My gods, Ms. Krinkov, you, you are incredible. After my partner achieved such sizes I’d always wondered what was truly possible, but wondering and seeing are two very different things!”

Her head slumped down, her body exhausted and aching.

The speaker continued, ignorant of her condition “But surely...surely now you will admit defeat, and tell me what I need to know? Even with our special spray I don’t think your body can take much more.”



Her torso began to shake, causing her mountainous mounds to shake. It was only when she lifted her head that it was revealed that it was because she was laughing.

“Perhaps you’re right, Colonel Kreminsky, but I still don’t think I’ll be telling you anything”

The speaker was incensed. “What?! How do you know my name!”

The blonde smirked. “Because, dear Colonel, it is not you who have caught me, but we who have caught you”

“We?!” The speaker yelled.

Suddenly red lights began to flash, and sirens echoed around them.

“What?!” The speaker yelled.

“You see Colonel, we, meaning my American friends and I, have known for quite some time that you’ve been on to me. Those clandestine meetings that you were so desperate to hear about, were us discussing how to use this knowledge against you. They reckoned you’d try and kidnap me soon, and so they had a tracker implanted into my wrist.”

“But...but...” The speaker stammered. In the background Petra could hear gunfire echoing in the room outside of the speakers.

“Of course, we’d heard rumours about your unusual interrogation methods. I told the Americans that as long as they came quick I’d have nothing to worry about. But they took too long and so here I am with these...” She ran her hands along the upper expanse of her tremendous bust, each one the size of a compact car.

An explosion sounded somewhere far off, causing dust to fall from the ceiling. “But do you want to know my secret, Colonel?” She continued without waiting for his response. “I wanted this”

“You...you did?!” The colonel said, sounding flabbergasted.

She nodded. “You were right, dear Colonel, that a beauty such as myself deserved a nice pair of tits. It’s something I’ve always dreamed about, and then when I heard about your methods, I volunteered for this mission without question. I honestly doubted that the rumours could be true, I’m glad to say that I was wrong”

“I’m a simple woman too, Colonel. I also like big tits. And you have given me the biggest goddamned tits in the world” She moaned again, this time with obvious pleasure. She bit her lip eagerly, as a wave of goosebumps passed over her enormous expanses of titflesh.

From behind the pane of glass she could hear the sound of yells and a door being kicked in. “Unfortunately for you Colonel, you’ll never get to see them ever again.” The sound of a scuffle could be heard from the room ahead of her. “Goodbye Colonel” She said with a smile as she rested her hands upon her breasts.



“Holy shit...” A new voice sounded over the speaker, an American. “Agent Krinkov, are you okay?”

“Never better, darling!” She said with a dazzling smile. “Although, I’d like to come down now”

A few minutes later and the machines whirred once more. Then she began to move. The walls opened behind her, and the metal cage that held her swung into the adjacent room. There a small group of Navy Seals waited for her, all of them open mouthed as she the machine entered the room.

“Hello, boys!” She called. “Could you all be a dear, and help a girl out. I’m afraid I’m no longer able to move under my own power”

The soldiers quickly hustled to remove her from her restraints, and lower her to the floor. As suspected, while standing, each breast rested on the floor, several feet ahead of her. They were each deep enough that her cleavage nearly ran horizontal from her. Petra shivered with delight at their sheer bulk and mass.

The soldiers all just stood around her and stared. Krinkov looked around her at the group of men all ogling her with obvious desire. With a smirk, she unzipped her pencil skirt and slid it down along with her panties, exposing her lower half “Come now, darlings, no need to be shy. Show me how you Americans fuck!”

And then they fucking rain a train on her.

God Bless America.

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