

This carried on for... a significant amount of time. No one present could bring themselves to do what had to be done, even knowing there was a non-zero chance they were staring at Linda's end right in the face. Something had taken hold of their minds and bodies, binding them and refusing to let go, a few even going so far as to remove their lab coats and protective gear while they watched on, flabbergasted and unable to think about what to do. There was nothing left for them; nothing but wait for a miracle that, unbeknownst to all of them, was just about ready to show up. Beth, in her infinite lack of wisdom, threw herself at the road as quickly as she could, very nearly toppling over multiple times and running through so many red lights that it was a wonder no police cars were after her. She pulled into the parking lot and left her car in the middle of it, sprinting into the compound and ignoring the front desk's clerk when he told her that it was too dangerous. Linda's partner burst into the laboratory, hoping to find the love of her life gasping for breath atop a bed after being thoroughly milked, only to be faced with the two behemoth mounds that had already pushed everyone else against the other side of the room. She allowed herself a few seconds of shock before her brain turned most of itself off and diverted all power to muscle memory and sheer, unbridled and mindless determination; it was now or never.

Without so much as a single thought put into it, Beth began climbing up the sides of Linda's right breast, sinking her hands and feet into it and leading to such an overwhelming release of milk that the corresponding milking machine finally reached its operational cap and burst free from the teat it was servicing, allowing an unprecedented amount of the panda gal's production to start slamming into the wall and door on her side. The human woman wasn't even thinking of that; all that mattered was getting as close as possible to Linda herself, as at that point, even Beth had her doubts about being able to milk her lover properly. It took her far too long, especially when she discovered the hard way that the final leg of the journey would have to be done by crawling with her back to the ceiling, but she got there: the center, where Linda herself was being kept, safely hidden away by her expanding bosom and just barely conscious at all. If the pressure on her chest wasn't enough, the lack of oxygen in that pocket was finally getting to her, causing the panda gal's brain to become increasingly less focused, her eyes slowly glazing over as she fell unconscious in stages.

There weren't a lot of options left for them. Down to the very last pass and with no further avenues to choose from, Beth did what she could: wriggling in between the ceiling tiles and the vast amounts of milkstuffed breastflesh underneath her, she brought herself as close as possible to Linda, arms wrapped around their body and painfully compressed against the hard surface above her. Their faces were practically glued together, hot breath falling on one another; it was just enough for the panda gal to wake back up, if only barely, giving her the right amount of consciousness to mumble her partner's name before falling quiet again, her face *pleading* with Beth for everything to end. There was no fear or elation left, just tiredness, and a deep, *deep* want for her troubles to be done and over with. She might as well just be back at her old job at the end

of a shift; nothing about her really sold the idea that the panda was being squeezed by the confines of the room she was in.

Beth... had nothing. She couldn't milk her lover, she couldn't slide down and help with more pressing matters in more sensitive areas (being unable to move at all anymore, really), which left her with only one option: bringing the two of them closer together and planting a deep, unashamedly tongue-filled kiss directly onto Linda. Their soft moaning was muffled almost completely by the infernal sloshing all around them, but the effects would soon be seen; with the sudden intrusion of her other half into the equation, the panda gal finally had everything her lust-addled body could ask for, right there in the cozy confines of her own bust. Beth was there, with *her*, having travelled from goodness knows where just to be there in her moment of need. It was simultaneously heartwarming and arousing to the nth degree, giving the panda gal's body the perfect excuse to finally, after so long, cross the line and find some level of release.

Like a flip had been switched, her growth stopped, courtesy of the flow of milk erupting from both nipples suddenly increasing in strength, the sheer amount of it enough to tear through the one remaining suction cup and send whatever machinery was on the way tumbling several feet backwards. Glass was shattered and the door to the hallway torn off its hinges, the flood of cream too thick for even the drains to handle; much like back at her place, Linda was making damn sure that the whole building was going to be smelling of her lactic bliss for days to come, and that was *after* cleaning up the mess she was making. It was a boobgasm of proportions as immense as her own, enough that the remaining techies had to huddle up in a corner just to avoid getting pressure-hosed by both the main jet and the *several* ricochet ones. The release lasted for what felt like hours, with Linda very slowly draining down and shrinking back to what her size used to be... which didn't mean much when one considered how much had to go for that milestone to be reached. There would be tons upon tons of milk to be drained before she was even halfway there, and yet, despite the forces involved, neither her nor Beth ever broke the kiss. It was a climax shared between the two of them, every sensation conspiring to make the human woman also undergo her own orgasm-by-proxy.

It kept going for long enough that, by the time it was done, neither woman had the strength to stand up, needing a few of the assistants present to help them up and onto their feet; Linda was carried over to the bed, which had miraculously survived being pushed up against the wall and nearly smashed apart, while Beth was given a folding chair and told to keep still while they measured her vitals. As soon as the staff got back into a rhythm, it was as if nothing ever happened; measurements were carried out, jargon was mumbled incomprehensibly in between asking where certain tools were, even monitors were being dragged back into the room when the technicians who evacuated began to return. Getting cables and power cords to work amidst the mess of milk the floor became was no easy feat, requiring a whole lot of duct tape and inventive

use of the walls, but as soon as everyone got their act together and began doing their jobs, they were back on track to getting something useful out of the panda.

The most striking difference was that her breasts were... noticeably larger. Even though they were clearly empty, if possessed of a few leftover droplets, Linda's bust had once again received a boost to its apparently baseline size, now being large enough that it covered a significant portion of her torso, leaving only a small strip above the waist. She was only barely aware of this, or anything else for that matter, leaving Beth to openly wonder what was happening with her and just *what* the team did for her to bloat up like that. No one dared answer her, especially not with the project head still inside the room; the latter took initiative anyway, immediately ordering the human woman out of there and demanding she wait in the lobby until they could "get to her," despite the protests of quite literally every single person present.

"She's the only reason this wasn't a complete failure!" one of the techies cried out.

"Yeah, if it weren't for her we'd all be smushed up against the wall! You were sitting on your ass doing nothing!" another one added, conveniently forgetting they too were sat doing nothing of substance.

"Show some fucking decency!" *several* people shouted.

It was an utter mess, and one the senior doctor had no patience for. Giving up entirely, he relented and allowed Beth to remain inside the laboratory, muttering something about "having a smoke" before leaving himself, with the rest of his staff having to pick up the slack when it came down to cleaning everything and making sure all the damaged equipment was accounted for.

The rest of the day was taken up by high-grade maintenance and so much janitorial work that Linda, as soon as she found herself with a functioning consciousness again, was hounded by an incessant need to apologize to the several dozen custodians that had to be called in just to deal with the "small spill" she had produced. The panda gal knew it wasn't her fault, at least not morally speaking, but that still didn't make the foul looks and disapproving sighs easier to deal with, especially when anyone was unfortunate enough to trip and fall on any one of the many, *many* patches of thick milk that had since curdled in record speed. The floor drains could only do so much, even after a whole team was sent into the access shaft below just to unclog them, and within a few short hours there was at least a hundred buckets filled with her cream waiting outside the laboratory, and it *still* wasn't enough to clean everything out; there still remained enough of it that ten or so janitors had to go over every surface with a series of mops, what with their absorbence being strained and eventually destroyed after barely a few minutes of scooping up her fluids. It was genuinely impressive how so much of it ended up on the ceiling... or would be, if not for how difficult it was to scrape it off and get rid of the smell.

It was the stench that really got to everyone, with a few people even going so far as to wear a gas mask with some weird kind of filter just to keep it from floating up their nostrils. It left both women wondering what kind of horrible mess Linda's apartment must've been left as, considering it took at least a couple of days before anyone called in for a cleaning team. Then again, her release back then hadn't been so explosive that it literally shattered glass, but that hardly meant anything, especially to the very embarrassed and ashamed panda that kept apologizing to everyone she met.

In the meantime, the research staff kept on going through their checklist to the best of their ability, determined to get as much valuable data out of that incident as they could, doubly so now that Linda had undergone yet another growth spurt; no matter how hard the techies tried to empty her out, their test subject's bosom just didn't shrink any further, leaving everyone, panda included, completely baffled by her body's seeming ability to just grow without rhyme or reason. Linda herself wasn't about to complain; whether it be through habituation or her brain chemistry being negatively affected by the rampant genemodding, she quite liked seeing herself at that size. Hell, on occasion both her and Beth found themselves exchanging glances, a smirk forming on the corner of their lips as they thought about all the wonderfully lewd things they'd be able to do once they had some privacy once again. If there was ever any hope for her breasts to be returned to what they used to be, Linda made sure to stamp it out and replace it with a steadfast insistence that she be allowed to *keep* her current bust size, if only so she could "enjoy" it to the best of her ability; not only that, but the thought of maintaining her milkiness was beginning to infiltrate her mind as well, though the panda gal still had enough common sense left in her to avoid dwelling on it too much. Explosive climaxes like the one she *just* had were fun, but the clean-up post-facto was too great of a cost to pay.

As for Beth, she wasn't going anywhere anymore. Maybe she thought that after such a display of improvised genius, the laboratory staff would thank her, give her a voucher for a free dinner and then allow her to walk away (relatively) unscathed, but even if the research team was intent on helping Linda as much as they could, even they couldn't ignore that what had just taken place between the two of them was of *immense* importance to their project; if not for the obvious connection between the two of them leading to a significant amount of new hypotheses on long-term exposure to panda milk, then for the simple reason that she was the only one they knew of that could stop Linda's growth bursts and prevent another disaster like that from taking place. They made sure to tell Beth exactly that, leaving the human half of the couple to flinch at the sudden display of honesty, and assured her that they'd do the best they could to not only take care of her every need, but to smooth things out with her boss back at the diner (who, for the most part, Beth had completely forgotten about); her presence there was just too important for them to pass up on it, they assured her, and her participation might very well help them devise new and improved strategies on how to "fix" Linda's "problems".

As far as both women cared though, there were no problems, plural; apart from the increased milk productivity, things were the best they could possibly be, and if the techies were under the impression that they were going to take away Linda's tits from the both of them, they were sorely mistaken. Nonetheless, the couple still realized that it truly *was* vital for Beth to stick around, if only for practical purposes, plus it gave her a reason not to go to work and deal with the constant stress of it for... however long it took for the project to finish. She agreed to the proposal, much to everyone's obvious relief, and thus began the second row of tests. Everything from blood samples to physical measurements, *again*, were conducted on the human woman, half-hoping they'd find nothing and half-dreading they would. There were no external changes to the way she looked, but considering the type of work Rivtech did, that hardly meant anything; Linda herself remained outwardly human weeks into her genetic treatment, even when her DNA sequences were already altered, so as far as anyone present knew, Beth could very well be headed that same direction, assuming physical contact or milk consumption somehow managed to "infect" others with whatever it was Linda had. For the sake of everyone present, they hoped it didn't, if only because several of them had swallowed a non-insignificant amount of the panda's sweet cream in the process of trying to get rid of it.