

Linda had not yet developed the mental fortitude required to put a stop to her spurts, much less when held under what was effectively duress, so to suddenly find herself bloating with milk once more, *without* Beth there to help her, led her down a vicious cycle she couldn't really break free from.

The team around her worked in overdrive, figuring that if they were going to take advantage of any situation at all, this had to be it. Besides, ignoring her when she needed help the most was, horribly enough, the best way they could ensure the stress reaction kept going for as long as possible. Electrodes were placed to monitor vitals, machinery was dragged in to ensure that the area was kept clean, pumps were activated on the off-chance that fluids had to be drained from the ground. Already Linda's bust, which had been kept at a rather large size ever since her "close encounter" with her partner back home, was beginning to take up more and more of her chest, creeping closer to her navel as the seconds ticked by. She was quickly placed on a bed, where her breasts' *weight* became painfully clear, making it difficult for her to breathe once they began reaching absurd sizes again. Within seconds, most of her torso was covered by a pair of udders that were already beginning to leak, prompting the team to grab two tubes in order to hook them up to her swelling nipples, the milking machines ready to go at any moment. Linda looked towards the one-way mirror on the other end of the room; she could only hope with all of her might that Beth wasn't there to watch any of that, that she was safely at home, away from the travesties being wrought upon her by a group of people who had no right to touch her.

She wasn't. She was too busy being home, trying desperately not to fall apart. Not that Linda could ever know that; the panda gal was slightly too busy being milked like a cow.

This would turn out to be far, *far* more appropriate an analogy than even she initially thought, seeing as the staff believed the best position for her to be in wasn't lying back down with two growing weights on top of her, but on all fours with her tits hanging towards the ground. Linda protested this, claiming that at no point did she allow them to treat her like some sort of dairy cow, and for a few brief moments it did genuinely look like she'd get everyone to back off... at least until Dorden sternly told her to quiet down and commanded his staff to go ahead with it anyway. The end result was a surge in milk production once stress levels reached higher and ever higher, the assistants having a hard time moving her onto the specially designed harness. It was much like a massage bed if one only had the frame, allowing her bust to be moved around and examined freely while also conveniently placing a great deal of stress on her back. To be fair to the company, the harness *was* meant to alleviate that; it's just that Linda really *was* capable of growing large enough that even it was insufficient to deal with all of her weight.

Much to her chagrin, part of Linda was becoming aroused at the proceedings. If it wasn't enough that she was now being treated like a literal cow, stuck on a piece of metal and having two pumps hooked to her tits, now she was feeling that warmth start to melt down into her

nethers and towards her head, leaving her so lightheaded that the idea of getting drained like that didn't immediately register as terrible with her. The panda gal's eyes veered downwards towards her bust, watching as it rhythmically bounced and swayed under the strength of the pumps, creamy white milk pouring out of her engorged teats and filling the clear plastic tubes leading into the wheeled pumping machinery. She should be getting drained, but of course she was getting bigger; why wouldn't she, when that's what her primal brain wanted? Why remain at that size when she could grow larger, fuller, bigger, heavier, more and more and always more, until her tits were squishing against the ground and she could no longer feel them weighing down on her back. The staff around her seemed to be fighting their own arousals as well, judging from the multitude of tense, tight pants and fidgeting going around; wasn't every day they had to issue the order to raise the frame upwards a couple of feet to "provide room" for a pair of breasts whose growth seemed to be accelerating, and the novelty of the experience was certainly making a few of them reconsider their ethical approach to their jobs.

All anyone could do was stare and hope things stopped. The milkers had enough capacity in them for even the worst case scenario, being equipped with multiple high-pressure tanks, but what they were seeing was still... to describe it would be to not do it justice, as it was simply too much to put into words. Just minutes before, Linda's bust had been regular-sized; large, yes, but nothing too out of the ordinary. Now, even though her body was elevated at a good eight feet into the air, her tits were already halfway that distance to the ground, their sheer *size* enough to make everyone sweat, the aggressively loud churning of milk inside of them overpowering the whirring of the pumps, the milk balloons inflating in every direction as they strained the suction cups placed on the nips capping them. Like two colossal fleshbags being filled, their pear shape grew slightly pinkish at the bottom, where most of the milk was accumulating and most of the strain on her skin was being placed. Poor Linda could only beg for more, her eyes glazed over, her tongue outside her mouth, her voice breaking apart whenever words left her throat; she no longer cared about remaining decent, or maintaining the integrity of the experiment, being far, *far* too enamored by yet another immense growth spurt. It was even better now that she was in that observation room, what with there being plenty of more space to occupy; it wasn't like back home, now she could *truly* let go, *truly* take advantage of her unique physiology.

A thick curtain of panic settled over everyone present when they realized they might very well have just kickstarted a self-sustaining process they had no clue how to stop. One of the technicians bolted out of the lab in order to phone Beth, hoping she'd have some insight on what they should do, while the rest of the team went into overdrive trying to figure out just what exactly they were supposed to do in that situation. Was Linda ever going to stop? Did her growth just keep going until eventually it hit a cap? Was it something they had to do or did it just... peter out naturally? No one present had any idea, and the time they wasted trying to come up with an adequate response to their emergency was enough that, by the end, both of the panda gal's tits were firmly on the ground, squished heavily against its cold tiles, while her nips were

being pushed in opposite directions. Both udders were *remarkably* full, so much so that “touch tests” revealed that they had practically no yield to them whatsoever, the currents within loud enough that many of the assistants had to close their ears just to function properly; a few were sent out to grab noise-cancelling headgear, but by the time they found it, it’d already be too late.

Linda was beside herself with carnal glee, unable to process what was happening to her beyond the bare basic realization that it had something to do with her breasts and it was really, *really* good. All she cared about was achieving larger sizes, the growthsplosion of milk forever linked in her mind with Beth’s presence; so what if her better half wasn’t there *physically*, when she could picture her so clearly in her mind’s eye? Swimming around in her cleavage, stuck between two colossal mounds that refused to go down, ready to milk until she finally came... it was all a dream, all a fantasy, which is why Linda found it quite odd that it *felt* incredibly real. Her mind was now in full damage control mode, working as best as it could to shield the panda from what was actually happening around her, lest she have a heart attack from sheer embarrassment.

Several miles away, Beth was going through her second box of tissues while deftly ignoring the several phonecalls coming from her workplace, figuring that even if she lost her job over the whole debacle, it still wouldn’t be the worst thing to happen to her in the past week. It took a chance glance at the screen for her to notice that the number *wasn’t* her boss’, but someone else entirely that she didn’t recognize; panic too began to set in once the young woman remembered just how many missed calls there had been, and she practically tripped over herself trying to grab the damn thing. What followed was a long, awkward, *also* panicked conversation whereby one of Rivtech’s employees conveyed everything that was happening and desperately asked her if they had any real idea of how to stop Linda from completely burying the laboratory underneath her growing size. Beth’s eyes were focused on the far wall in front of her, mind racing with the many possibilities for what her answer could be; truthfully, she should’ve just told them exactly what they needed to hear... but was slightly too embarrassed to do it. This posed an interesting conundrum, seeing as she absolutely *did not* have the time to drive over to the compound and fix things herself, but somehow couldn’t force her mouth to speak the words that needed to be spoken.

It got to the point where the techie on the other end of the line began scream-begging for Beth to say or do something, telling her how he could *hear* the sloshing coming from the end of the hallway; if she didn’t do something, Linda would be hurt. Her *partner* would be hurt, her *lover* and *friend* would be hurt. An idea so horrible as to be completely unbearable, giving Beth just the right amount of incentive for her to break through her own awkwardness and let loose with everything she knew: how climax was the only way, how the panda gal needed to reach the limit of her stamina before being thrown off the edge and made to shrink, and how they’d never go anywhere until they could take all that stress and turn it into pleasure and enjoyment. It was

clear from their silence that the technician wasn't buying it, but their brain probably let them know none of what was happening made sense anyway, so they quickly thanked her and ended the call.

Left alone and in the dark about what the hell was happening with Linda, Beth could do nothing but stare at her cellphone and go through the innumerable scenarios that could be taking place, filling her head with all manner of possibilities, none of them even remotely good. If the techie could hear the panda gal's breasts all the way from the other end of the building, then there was absolutely no way things were even close to being under control; assuming that her better half was currently undergoing the same kind of fill-up growth spurt that she did back when they were at her place, there was no telling what might happen. The staff wasn't going to just milk her like a cow, and it was highly doubtful they could get the same level of sexual arousal out of her that she herself managed to; even if they tried, Linda's own resistance to that sort of manipulation would surely prevent her from feeling comfortable enough to achieve orgasm the way they had before... or so Beth assumed. It was a confusing jumble of emotions and thoughts in that head of hers, with only one real certainty: she had to go there.

While the human half of the equation grabbed her coat and ran down to the garage, Linda's explosive inflation was already straining the laboratory equipment's ability to deal with the flow of milk. Half the people involved were already ordered to leave, with only the essential staff remaining in order to tend to the machinery; by that point, the harness was no longer required, as the panda gal's back was firmly stuck to the ceiling and her torso was getting progressively smothered upwards into itself by a pair of breasts that defied all sense and explanation. The milking machinery was reaching its limit, spillage was everywhere, and despite everyone's best efforts to try and calm her down, Linda was still going strong... too strong, in fact, leading to several of those who remained behind to have to deal with some uncomfortably strong emotional reactions, mostly around their loins; it was hard to remain objective and scientific in one's approach with the amount of moaning going around the room, especially when it was muffled by a rack of such immense proportions.

The news they received from the person sent to make the call didn't make it any better. Everyone, project lead especially, had expected something useful they could use in practice, a trick they could employ to help empty Linda out; instead, they were effectively told they had to indulge her even further and hope for the best, something that no one was particularly keen on doing. Not only was it against company policy in so many ways that they couldn't even count them all, but even those who'd been with Linda from the start couldn't fathom the idea of engaging with her in any sexual manner; it was too great of a mental and ethical block for them, even when faced with something like her growth burst. Everyone thus stood around, looking at one another with their expressions mixing equal parts of confusion and fear, having to occasionally take a few steps back just to give Linda more room to grow. It wasn't until someone

was brave enough to move *forward* and try to touch the panda's red-hot milkers, leading to a gush of cream so powerful it nearly threw off one of the suction cups, that the reality of the situation sunk into them: even if they *wanted* to do what Beth told them to do, it was too late. Linda was too big, too productive and too out of it for them to do anything about it. All they could do was watch.

The project lead continued to issue orders regardless, with his conviction growing shoddier and flimsier the longer he kept barking them out, until he was reduced to a barely-audible mumble. Internally, he wondered why the company placed him in such a career dead-end, still not quite realizing how much of a pawn he had turned into; they honestly believed this could be their break after the long dry spell at their old assignment, so to see everything go up in flames and be drowned in two colossal tanks of cream was... too much for him to handle. In front of everyone, he turned around, grabbing one of the folding chairs they kept in a corner and setting it up as far away from Linda as he could. His staff didn't do much better, most of them just giving up entirely and collapsing on the ground far enough away that it would take some time before they'd have to move. "Failure" was the word in all of their minds, not only of their experiment, but towards the panda gal as well; after promising they'd fix everything for her, they somehow managed to screw it up in the most spectacular way possible, paving the way for... frankly, they didn't even want to think about it. They all fell into a fugue state, unable to so much as think about what they were supposed to do, reduced to babbling infants struggling to push a round peg into a square hole.

Meanwhile, Linda continued to grow at the same rate as always, occupying ever more room than before and quickly approaching the top limit of what the milking machines could do. The suction cups were barely holding onto her swollen nipples, there was already a small flood that the drains were hard at work dealing with, and if no one did anything to stop it, then it was a toss-up between what broke first, the cups or the holding tanks. A few of the techies present thought of maybe getting a betting pool started, distract themselves from the obvious failure and all that, but it never went anywhere; they just kept watching, kept staring, all while Linda's ability to breathe was further compromised by a pair of udders that refused to stop swelling. Mercifully for her, there was very little Linda left in her head at all; it was nothing but instinct in there, driven by pleasure and an incessant need to feel herself bloat even harder, damn the consequences and damn practicality. There was no room in her mind for anything but *milk*, and if that meant tearing through the room she was in, that that would just have to happen.