

“Ah, I see you’ve got yourself under control, good,” he mused, almost like what he’d just said wasn’t at all raising more questions than anything else, “it normally takes our more active customers some more time before they figure out how to keep themselves in check; I’m glad to see you’re a fast learner, it’s going to make this a lot easier going forward.”

“And what’s *this*, if I may ask?” Veena blurted out, surprising herself with how forceful her tone was, how steady it came out, and how much control she suddenly had over her own voice, “Am I to believe that you were *expecting* this to happen... Ark, was it?”

“Ark, yes, and yes, yes we were!” the Sylveon replied, giving her a wide and predatory grin when he cleared the last few feet in between where one of the taur’s breasts began curving down and taur herself, “Like I said, LactCorp makes provisions for this sort of event, and you weren’t the first, nor will you be the last, to undergo such a... productive spurt, let’s just say that.”

“Your sales rep told me that you had no one else on the roster that even came close to me,” the Espeon insisted, crossing her arms and finding it somewhat harder than normal on account of so much boob in the way, “so unless that’s radically changed in the last couple of years or so...?”

“Oh no, absolutely not! You’re still the best cow we have around!”

More words would come. More words that would ultimately mean very little compared to those that had just come out of Ark’s mouth; or rather, compared to the *one* word that came out of his mouth, the only one that truly mattered. She’d heard it before, and multiple times as well, more often than not thrown at her as an appropriate descriptor; she’d heard it before, and many times she nodded along, content in *being* a cow, in *becoming* a cow, in being one of the best dairy producers known to... well, perhaps not furkind, but to a lot of people, surely. And she’d been happy to hear it, again and again, occasionally even acting in ways that encouraged others to bring it out and use it; it was only fair, especially given how she *was* the best cow the company had around. But there was something about the way the Sylveon spoke it, some special quality permeating his words, that made it... better. She couldn’t place her finger on it, mostly because she was afraid it would make it worse, but it made her feel... comfortable. Safe. *Loved*. She *was* the best cow they had, damnit, and they *loved* her for it; they didn’t *care* if she flooded anything, they didn’t give a damn about property damage or the cost of keeping her housed. They were looking for one thing, and one thing only: her happiness. Ark had said so himself: his job was to provide customer satisfaction, and at that moment, what more could Veena want than the satisfaction of knowing she was the one, absolute best milk maker on the roster of a company she wasn’t even a part of? What more could she desire beyond the safety of knowing that she *was* the biggest, she *was* the milkiest, and by the heavens above, if she wanted to continue being that, she had every right in the world to it. There were no ifs, no buts, no hold ons, just herself, her multiple rows of multiplying tits, hundreds of feet worth of milk-stuffed udder, and her desire for *more*. More, because that’s what she deserved, wasn’t it? She was big, yes, and the biggest, indeed, but she could be better, she could be *bigger*; hadn’t she grown that far? Hadn’t she bloated all the way to a point where her body had apparently needed to grow further rows of milkers just to keep her total capacity contained? Or, perhaps, she had grown *so* productive that her biology adapted by giving her even *more* of a milk production capacity; who knew? Veena

certainly didn't, nor did she care enough to find an answer to questions that were best left unanswered, not when there was so much better stuff to do. Not when she could command her body to bloat, to produce again, to make milk at an astoundingly efficient rate while completely destroying the law of conservation of mass. She hadn't even eaten breakfast yet, and by the Espeon's estimates, it was probably closer to lunchtime already than it was to any reasonable hour in the morning. She should be *empty*, struggling to make even a single drop, not the gargantuan quantities of dairy she had swimming around inside of her. Yet, she wasn't, and she absolutely *was* holding those in her, as well as a serious and almost all-consuming need to make *more* of it; there was no reason not to anymore, and with Ark sitting there on top of her... well, he was sitting there on top of her. There was no way around that, she had a whole person just casually sitting on one of her tits, and it didn't even look all that uncomfortable either; hell, a fully grown, adult male, and they looked positively *tiny* next to the *one* breast they picked to climb, and she had... how many of them? It was hard to tell; Veena wasn't even sure if her rows always had three tits to each one or if there'd been a time where there were only four; having five around to each of her racks just felt so natural that the Espeon didn't think twice about the fact that she was encroaching on the edges of a room that was supposedly distorted to fit her precise specifications. Then again, was it any surprise that a body like hers could not be contained? Six rows on top and fifteen down below, her milktanks having surpassed three hundred feet in width and once again resuming their outwards march as they filled with more milk than ever before? If anything, the fact that the dimensional compression *had* lasted for as long as it had was the real surprise there, with Veena having half a mind to ask the Sylveon what sort of black magic was used to keep her and her girls back with such seeming ease. But to ask him would be to waste time, time that could instead be used to fill herself up even more; there was something in the back of her head, a clarity perhaps, or a moment of insight, that had brought Veena to the edge of enlightenment and unceremoniously shoved her the rest of the way there: the realisation that, in the end, only she held control over herself. Not her biology, not others, not the nebulous desires of a company she wasn't even certain existed anymore, but *herself*. Her mind, her decisions, *her* desires and the ones she had for her life, nothing else, no one else. Only she, Veena, the Espeon, the taur, could lie there and proclaim what reality was, at least when it came to herself; the rest of the cosmos still existed, but she held absolute dominion within the shell she called a body, and she alone would call the shots when it came to how much growth was going to take place. Would it ruin her home? Yes. Would it break through a dimensional pocket designed to hold her in check? Absolutely. But, in the end, was that not why the Sylveon was there? If it wasn't, they would've turned the pumps on and actually done something about her size problem, rather than lie there massaging her tits with their ribbons. They would've put in a modicum of effort to keep her smaller, as opposed to... well, whatever she was, because "bigger" felt like it was missing the mark somewhat. Numerous? Gargantuaner? Something along those lines, and yet somehow, Veena kept thinking that it wasn't *enough*; freed from the shackles imposed by her own idiocy, she was now open to experimenting with things that she would've balked at beforehand, forms and shapes that old her would've

called “scandalous” or “lewd”, but now felt like a perfectly reasonable way to spend her time on. Mostly, these just tended towards making herself bigger and calling it a day, but not in her mind; no, there were subtle differences between *just* growing, and doing it in a way that anyone else would call identical, but to her... well, it was identical as well, but pretending it wasn't made it a lot funner and more enjoyable. Plus, she held absolute control over herself, so it was a matter of just wanting things to happen and they would; with the Sylveon by her side, however, things were even *simpler* still, and for one good reason: the Sylveon himself. Were she alone, Veena might've struggled with what to do, not because of the general direction, but mostly whether or not she should go *completely* overboard or just slightly. The presence of Ark by her side, however, made the answer obvious, seeing as the young man *had* gone out of his way to help her achieve this new, perfect state of being, and as such, he deserved a *reward*; he deserved something special, like her deliberately bloating herself up to such a ridiculous extent that it strained even the dimensional bubble's ability to contain her, at least more than it was already struggling. Hell, looking at herself, the Espeon couldn't help but wonder if she shouldn't do it anyway, *regardless* of what Ark wanted or not: yes, having a grand total of eighty tits spread across sixteen rows was *good*, she wasn't going to say it wasn't, but should she really stop there? Or should she, instead, snap her fingers, telling her body to start producing milk once again, instructing it to *bloat* while keeping most of its bounty to itself? Child's play; her nipples were as dry as they could be, driving pressure up to such insane heights that it was frankly nothing short of miraculous that Veena even succeeded at keeping herself awake, conscious and sane. Alas, she had better things to do than to lose her mind; she had Ark there, and lacking any other source of warmth and love, then clearly the Sylveon needed something big, soft and *very* hot to snuggle into. It wasn't a waterbed with an electric blanket, but it was the closest thing she could provide: the Espeon leaned sideways gently, taking Ark in her arms and barely noticing how she was much larger than he was, even more so than she had been initially; Veena had been so busy growing her tits out that she failed to register how the rest of her body, while not exactly as gargantuan as her assets, had also grown outwards. Were she to place her feet on the ground and stand tall, she'd reach a good thirty feet of height, maybe thirty-five if she bothered to stop slouching, though likely closer to fifty if she was being honest with herself, with a corresponding increase to the rest of her *admittedly pudgy* self. Not fat, but certainly enough for Ark to sink his fingers into and grab a couple of handfuls, something she was going to thoroughly encourage as soon as she stuffed the young man into the middle of two of her rows. It wasn't *quite* a cleavage, but a quadage? Whatever the space between four breasts was called, she unceremoniously shoved the Sylveon into it; she had enough of those in front of her, and it'd be criminal not to share with the one person she *could*. Ark certainly seemed happy, if all that drooling was any indication, his ribbons flying wildly from side to side as they flailed about, seemingly uncoordinated; Veena had to take hold of them and keep them firmly grasped in one of her hands, wondering what she should do with them, and nearly always coming back to the exact same solution: use her powers. More precisely, actually put her psychic abilities to good use to put the *ribbons* to good use; she began gathering energy around her, the gemstone inlaid on her

forehead shining as the Espeon focused on four spots around her head. There, invisible to the naked eye, were four small folds, just tiny enough to be real, just big enough to let the ribbons through, four folds that bridged the gap between where Veena unceremoniously shoved the Sylveon's ribbons into, and four of her many, *many* teats out front. She didn't tell Ark to what to do; she figured the young man would know exactly what had to be done now that he'd been given remote access to four very needy nipples, and with the rest of his body pressed down on all sides by a quad of incredibly tight, supremely stuffed, and *still*-growing milk tanks, all he *could* do was what Veena *wanted* him to do... and at that point, it was just a drop in the bucket. Maybe an hour ago, if anyone asked what she thought of the idea of shoving someone between four tits and having them milk her udders, Veena might've blushed brightly enough to light up her living room and immediately start pretending she didn't want just that. Now though, it just felt... routine, almost blasé. Like *not* doing it would've been the weird option, when she had just so much room to shove Ark into and let him experience marshmallow heaven, so much *more* room now that she was growing again. Hell, she could barely even feel the ribbons, assuming they were doing anything at all; the whole exercise was just so that the Sylveon could have some fun, because really, nothing truly compared to having four hundred feet of tit absolutely stuffed to the nines of hyper-compressed milk all trying to go through *one* single opening while said opening was artificially kept shut. It was a weird mixture of painful and desirable, an agonised climax of sorts, and one that she was intent on prolonging as long as physically possible; if not, she'd just build on it until she found something she *could* prolong, and damn the consequences. Veena could already barely hear herself think as well, in between the groaning of skin and the gurgling of milk, but she could always have more. She could force her tits to produce more milk, hundreds, *thousands* of gallons of it every other seconds, stretching herself out and increasing her density to levels that *really* shouldn't be possible; she could make herself bigger purely by growing out, adding ten feet, twenty feet, fifty feet, pushing on five hundred total for each of her milky udders. She could give herself extra nips on each one as well, *really* live up to that bovine nature of hers, even if none of them would relinquish even so much as a *drop* of all the milk kept just a hair's breadth away. She could make herself milkier still, until the line between fat and milk gland was blurred so thin one might wonder if there even was a line at all, or if each of Veena's breasts had become a psychic-powered milk production facility that transcended the bounds of physical law. She could grow: she could add *more* rows of tits onto her, she could make her taurus longer, she could turn ten quintets into twenty, she could turn the quintets into sextets, she could turn them into octets, she could *bloat* until they reached five hundred feet in width and then kept in going regardless. She could make the rows on her upper torso match the ones on her lower one, until there was a solid, uninterrupted wall of purple rising from above and behind her, down to an immense throne-bed of breastflesh, then right back up towards whatever counted as a ceiling in that pocket dimension that refused to grow any tighter. And amidst all of it, Ark, the cute little Sylveon who started it all, whose only visible parts were his ribbons, wriggling around and still, presumably, getting busy with her own nips on the other side of the tiny portals, and the very tip-top of his ears, protruding out from a quad-cleavage that had more

or less devoured the rest of him, leaving the man entombed in titty from top to bottom. If only she was more mobile, then Veena had *plenty* of ideas for what she would've done to him instead: they *started* at plopping her enormous self on top of that cutey and then grinding her tits all over him and only went up from there, with the highest and most debauched of ideas being firmly stuck inside of the "never speak of this" bin, locked away where none would ever see them. Alas, she was stuck atop herself, unable to do much beyond grow, become bigger, become fuller, turn more numerous, then repeat until the whole room was starting to feel... cramped.

It hit her. It had snuck up on her, then hit her when Veena least expected it. With her body being what it was, the taur had expected to just keep going, with no "until"s attached to it. She was just going to grow, period, and nothing could ever stop her; at no point after her epiphany had Veena stopped to think that, dimensional distortions or no, she was still inside a room, and this room had a limited amount of volume she could occupy. Granted, it took a *lot* of herself to reach this point; literally thousands of feet of tit in every direction, a true boobscape upon which Veena could reside upon and live in her perfect paradise... a paradise so perfect that, quite frankly, she didn't want to let go of it. The Espeon looked around, at... herself. All she could see was herself: her body, her tits, her milky udders, everywhere she looked. There were no other things there, nothing to break the visual monotony, and frankly, that's *exactly* what she wanted out of it, and if the universe had any other plans, then it was welcome to stand in line and voice its complaints so she could ignore it. No, there was herself, and she needed *more*; it wasn't enough that all she could see *below* and *above* were her tits, they needed to be in *all* directions, and three-dimensionally as well. Thus, she would be, by simply willing herself larger.

Was she packing tits that were six hundred feet wide and loaded with enough milk each to feed a whole city for a year? Easy enough: force them to overproduce and stretch out until they encroached on, then went over four digits. Did she have a two-digit number of rows underneath her tauric self, already a number that most people would find absurd? Well, that was clearly not enough: three digits were needed, and not small ones either, with her body lengthening as much as needed to make it work. And was each of her racks blessed with anything other than ten udders?

Well, the answer was simple there, really.

Did it matter that the room was filling up too quickly? No. Did it matter that the ribbons had stopped moving and the whining coming from within her bust turned into a series of high-pitched moans and the clear release of a man brought to the edge? Also no.

The only thing that mattered was that she grew *bigger*. And no room in existence was going to stop her. Not even that one.

The walls could only hold for so long.