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Day in the life of some of Madison's staff.

Contains: Breast Expansion as Weight Gain

Supply Chain

Maureen stalked through the halls of a massive structure that had once been a research lab. Her low heels clacked on the industrial linoleum floor as fast as they could without running. A mousy girl followed, shadowing Maureen for the day.

“Didn’t this used to be a science lab?” The girl squeaked.

“Research, and yes. All research operations have been moved to a facility upstate.”

“Why?”

“To dedicate this facility to production.” Maureen sighed. “Are you here for the tour or are you here to learn your new job, Miss Walker?”

“Sorry Ma’am...”

“Good.”

The two women stepped into a large warehouse filled with stainless steel tanks several stories high.

“This is secondary condiment storage. We have dedicated supply lines of tankers coming in during each shift.”

“Tankers?”

Maureen rolled her eyes faintly. “Semi trucks with fluid tanks. We receive shipments from all the major fast food chains, and there are high capacity pipes running from here into main storage in the next building. It’s critical that we keep these tanks stocked, but not let them get so full that the tankers can’t empty their deliveries.”

“I see.”

“Tell me why?”

“Ma’am?”

Maureen gestured to the enormous tank beside her. “This is fry sauce. What happens if the primary fry sauce tank is full, and this one is too, and a tanker of fry sauce needs to make a delivery?”

“–Um– they have to wait?”

Maureen favored the girl with a small smile.

“That’s right. The tanker will have to sit in the unloading bay until enough fry sauce gets consumed. Now what happens if another tanker arrives to fill that tank, ketchup?”

“They’ll... also have to wait?”

“Exactly. We’ll have a backlog.”

“That’s not good.”

“No. This is why we try to maintain these tanks at about half capacity. Roughly one thousand mega liters.”

The girl’s eyes went wide.

“It’s about 30 tanker loads.”

“I... see...”

“The primary tanks hold about three thousand mega liters, so it’s important to keep them topped off.”

“I understand.”

They walked for awhile, and the young woman spoke again.

“I... I have another question, Ma’am?”

“Yes, Miss Walker?”

“Why do we need condiments?”

Maureen rounded on the girl.

“What?”

The new girl shrank in on herself, shoulders hunched and she seemed to grow even smaller.

“W—what I mean is, wouldn’t it be more... efficient... to just... it’s all going into tubes anyway, right?”

Maureen’s expression softened.

“Ah, I see.”

They continued walking.

“The full truth of that mystery is something only Chloe knows.”

“Chloe?”

“The VP of Operations, yes. She’s Madison’s only true confidante, as far as I know.”

Maureen pushed open a heavy security door, and the two women stepped out into the mid-morning sun. They crossed an elevated catwalk between two buildings, and the new girl gaped.

“I’ve... I’ve never seen her so close before...”

Filling the sky a few dozen feet from the catwalk was a wall of skin. Above the muffled sounds of countless kitchens and assembly lines within the primary building, Maureen and Miss Walker could hear faint gurgling and creaking. There were no other sounds. The city was too far away, and even birds had long fled the area.

“She’s quite something, isn’t she?”

Miss Walker only nodded.

“I do have a theory about your question.” Maureen began in a conspiratorial whisper.

“Hmm?”

“She does sometimes eat solid food, if the rumors are to be believed.”

“I see.”

“But I think even in the feeding tubes, she can taste the original flavors. So the burgers need ketchup, mustard, etcetera, and the fries need fry sauce.”

“That *-uh-* that makes sense...”

The young woman was still staring at the miles of mammary skin that stretched far into the distance.

“Come on, we still need to go over the primaries.”

Maureen pulled open another door, and Miss Walker followed her through.

“This is our main perishables wing. Tomatoes, onions and garlic are in this room, while lettuce and pickles are across there.”

The new girl nodded.

“And this...” Maureen pushed open another set of doors, to another hall lined with latching doors. “Is primary meat storage. Pork, chicken, beef.” She pointed at each door in turn.

Miss Walker noticed thermostats beside each door.

“Shouldn’t *uh*— shouldn’t meat be frozen?”

“Oh, we use it up much faster than it could go bad.”

“I see...”

A portly, balding man rushed down the hallway toward them.

“Maureen, we have a problem.”

“What is it now, Dave?”

“There was a big accident on I-33, and our shipments of pork won’t get here until tomorrow afternoon.”

“Gods damnit. What’s our current supply?”

“Two twenty-seven kilograms.”

“That won’t last the night. What’s the cycle on barbecue burgers and meat pizzas?”

“Thirty–eight minutes.”

Maureen pressed the bridge of her nose with her thumb and index finger.

“Alright. Reduce the cycle to eighty–three minutes. Are we blending with beef?”

“At five percent, Ma’am.”

“Increase it to fifteen.”

The man’s eyes went wide.

“She’ll know!”

“Just do it, Dave. Up the sauce rate by 3 grams per second, and see if we can get extra shipments of ground beef and barbecue. Second shift if we can, third at the latest.”

The man nodded and scurried away.

“How do you know all that?” The girl asked.

“What? The ratios and consumption rates?”

“Yeah...”

“Experience, Miss Walker. Years of experience.”

“But... Madison hasn’t been here for *years*...”

“Madison *has* been here for years. But you’re right. I worked logistics for Sysco for fifteen years before I took this job.”

“I see...”

“Don’t fret, Miss Walker. You won’t be doing anything so mission critical as my job. For now we’ll keep you in the lettuce department. It’s pretty low-risk.”
Maureen chuckled. “We could make burgers without lettuce for a week before *she* notices.”

Miss Walker sighed with relief.

“Don’t mistake me. Nobody here at Madsgenix Production has a cushy job. You’ll be expected to pull your weight. After all— our production is always expanding.”