

Clean-up procedures lasted until the very end of the day, with pretty much everyone involved pulling a double shift; the janitors to ensure every surface was once again pristine and smelling of nothing but bleach, the researchers to collect and gather as much information as they could before collapsing from exhaustion. The new project head said nothing on Beth's presence, accurately deducing that his own team would crucify him if he told them to send her away, though he made sure to ignore her unless the opposite was absolutely necessary; she was a contaminant, an unnecessary variable in the equation that had ruined what was (in his mind at least) a formerly simple issue. All he *had* to do was take a group of seasoned company workers and revert someone's genetic tampering, and *now* he'd have to worry about such horrendous things as his test subject's psychological stability; he was starting to wonder if the assignment hadn't been some kind of hare-brained scheme to teach him how to be more human, or something inane like that. If it was, then the Board of Directors had seriously misjudged his willingness to use his own staff for tasks he didn't enjoy doing himself; all he had to do was ask who wanted to "deal with" that woman Beth and five people immediately volunteered, making the whole thing a non-issue.

Despite protests from both women, the staff was adamant they could not share a room. Not only did the building not have double beds, thus technically posing a "not insignificant health and safety risk" given the size of Linda's breasts, but *no one* was willing to risk another flooding incident so soon after the last one, so regardless of how much the couple complained, they were placed in separate living areas and asked, very nicely, not to break into one another's beds in the middle of the night, a not-warning that came accompanied by a very obvious nod towards the many security cameras lining the hallways. The researchers made sure not to make any references to the actual *research* itself... though mostly because even they had no clue where it was supposed to be going either; promising the two would be involved in the same experiments would be just as irresponsible as saying they wouldn't, because frankly no one involved had *any idea* what to do after that... *display*. There were plenty of thoughts floating around inside the techies' heads, but it was going to take a very long meeting and brainstorming session before a proper plan was set up.

In turn, this meant that Linda and Beth suddenly had a whole day for themselves after getting some sleep, courtesy of most of their handlers either being at home trying to recover from the incident or stuck in an office while their project leader yelled at them for supposed incompetence while a representative from the Board watched solemnly from a corner. For the budding couple, it was a time to get things back in order and enjoy one another's presence once again, especially given the shock of separation from before. It was such a welcome turn of events, in fact, that neither of them could think of anything to do but snuggle on Linda's couch (or at least what passed for a couch in Rivtech's idea) and watch television; her living space was surprisingly comfortable, despite the rather odd aesthetic of it, and designed from the ground up to provide as many distractions as possible for either the panda gal or whoever else needed to be kept in there.

The overarching goal was to give them so many things to do that they'd forget they were technically stuck inside of there until further notice, ensuring they had some form of enrichment to spend the time instead of just staring at walls and waiting for time to pass. For the two women, however, the TV was even more of a useless distraction than it normally was; even if the panda was still the *shorter* of the two, she was no longer the smaller one in the relationship, giving them both a wonderful opportunity to engage in the sort of intimacy that was only possible inside lew drawings and less-than-wholesome artwork. Beth especially was so taken aback by the ability to literally sink into a bosom that was about half as big as she was that she became unable of making any sense at all; the moment her torso had those things wrap around it, her brain had some kind of switch flipped inside of it, reducing her to a mumbling, mewling mess that couldn't put two words together. As for Linda, the sight of her tits being so colossal that she managed to bury her partner's upper body in them made for such a lovely sight that most of the time they spent in that position was taken up by her trying not to bring her hands between her legs, blushing ever more furiously over time. So the two sat there, appreciating the absurdity of their situation, while growing increasingly aroused.

Not being able to act on their sexual drive turned out to be far harder than either of them thought it'd be. Even the act of enveloping Beth with breastflesh was enough to make one of the researchers walk into the room to "check up" on how they were doing, making it clear that they *were* being actively watched at all times. Both of them were perfectly aware that maintaining that level of physical proximity was only making things worse for them, especially given *what* was being used to keep Beth all cozy and snuggly, but neither had the mental fortitude required to put an end to it. Their set of circumstances was literally fantastical in nature; if either of them were told, just a month prior, that everything leading up to where they were now was to happen, they'd laugh the person off and tell them to stop jacking off to online comics. Now, however, this was *truth, reality*, and neither Linda nor Beth really knew how to deal with any of it; without any kind of frame of reference, it was all too easy to give into the allure and spend hours doing nothing but snuggling with one another, making the display of excess be their new normal. How could they not, when it felt so good?

Two days later, the two were finally separated for the first time since Beth showed up unannounced, ostensibly because a series of tests had to be run on the human before anything else happened. In reality, the team was simply out of excuses and wanted to get the two of them away from one another before something bad happened, especially given that Linda's breasts had already begun to fill up again, despite the researchers' firm belief that it shouldn't have kickstarted milk production until at least a week after such an intense climax. As such, while Beth was carted off to run a series of mostly worthless (if slightly interesting) physical exams, Linda was sat down in her room and instructed on proper milking etiquette, courtesy of several hours' worth of googling how dairy cows were drained and then a full afternoon of converting the language into something less suggestive and outright insulting for her. Despite the techies'

best efforts, the panda gal caught on almost immediately, primarily because she ran the exact same type of search herself and recognized a few key expressions from the very first results she found on results listing; it made her *want* to laugh, but seriousness was required for the polite fiction to be upheld, so she made an effort to remain stony-faced and businesslike. Once they were done, she asked if they were going to give her a smaller milking machine, like the ones used during her unfortunate incident, and was assured one would be provided to her by the end of the day.

Thus, when Beth came back from having her blood drawn (again) and her physical endurance tested via the use of a heavily modified treadmill, she found Linda waiting for her, sitting on her couch, which had been conspicuously turned around to face the door, with two large mechanical pumps attached to her breasts and the sound of whirring filling the air. The human gal stood at the door, staring at the sight in front of her, marvelling at how the pumping made it so each of her lover's tits jumped and swayed in sequence, trickles of milk occasionally spurting from her teats; it was obvious that the panda was already dry, that the whole thing had been set up purely to put on show for her own sake, but Beth didn't care. Even knowing that someone would show up and put an end to it, she leaped forward and threw herself at Linda, smothering the panda gal so hard that, for once, it was *her* having trouble breathing from how tight the hug was. The couple's lips met, their tongues soon after, and within moments they were silent once more, their mutual presence enough to fill the air far more than the milker ever could. Even given the circumstances they were in, the two women knew that now *nothing* could separate them... at least not in the same way as before; barely took ten seconds before the intercom piped up and told them to break it up (all for the sake of the machine's integrity, of course), leaving the two giggling as they sat down on opposite ends of the couch.

"So what now?" Beth asked, turning around so she could turn the TV on, "Any idea how long this is gonna last?"

"Well, the first round of treatments lasted for... I'm gonna say two months?" Linda replied, stretching her arms before draping them over her bust, "And everything went according to plan until the last moment, so I don't think things are going to be as speedy this time around."

"So... you're saying we're going to be spending *at least* two months together in here? Probably more?"

"That's *exactly* what I'm saying."

Their tone was calm and collected, their words seemingly innocent, but the expressions on their faces were anything but. The devious glimmer of a million plans glinted in their eyes as the two made plans to abuse the hell out of their proximity, especially now that there was no job in

their way. Sure, they wouldn't be able to consummate or do much more than exchange a kiss before being told off, but both of them were certain they'd have more than enough opportunities to stretch the line so hard that, at least eventually, they'd make breastplay a possibility, and from there, the sky was the limit.

That was the plan at least. Both Linda and Beth were simply too caught up in the moment, in the realization that they'd have so much time for one another, to really wonder about any other possibilities, or worry about what the future held. For them, this was their reality now, so all they could do was make the best of it and take it one day after another.

After all, they were just getting started.