

# A Day at the Office

Content warning: This story will feature extreme breast expansion and hyper lactation. If that doesn't sound like something you'd enjoy, I suggest you stop here.

Also, this is part three of an ongoing series! This series includes even more extreme breast expansion (Universe+), so if this is a bit big for you, you might not enjoy the rest. Links to the first and second chapters are in the description.

A cheery tune floats through the air, humming whimsically from Kioko as she strolls down a corridor. The painted brick on one side of the hall passes roughly and glossily beneath a fingertip as her hand glides along it with her gait. The opposite wall is clad in more typical drywall, in the same somewhat warm off-white paint. While the hall to the parking garages is far from a scenic spot in the complex, Kioko is just glad that it prefers a gradual slope to any stairs. Such things are bothersome to a lady with her physique, after all.

Kioko is quite tall, and while her voluminous blonde mane is groomed to stray clear of her eyes, her more noticeable trait shows no such courtesy. Filling nearly the entire lower half of her vision are her monumental breasts. Stuffed into an under-equipped tank top, Kioko's only view looking down is a broad expanse of her own fair flesh, only broken by the depths of her vast deep cleavage. She giggles as she feels her wandering gaze land there, and jostles her right breast with her free hand. A wave ripples across her bosom as the massive thing barely wobbles; it is perturbed more by her gait than her prodding.

Her left hand comes off the wall, and grabs at an article draped across its shoulder. She sighs as she unfolds a veritable sheet of white fabric. She rests it on the shelf of her chest as she walks, extracting a white cloth cap from the fold. She shakes it once to reshape it, folding down her fox ears to place it upon her head. Kioko then lifts the remainder of the parcel, a comically oversized lab coat.

“As if this thing makes me any more subtle.” She chirps. Shrugging, she pulls the coat around her back. As one arm is situated in a sleeve, she runs her fingers through a fluffy tail, before raising it and its number into the shelter of the coat. “Discretion isn’t really something I’m built for anymore~”

She begins the task of pulling the garment across her front, reaching as far as her arms can take it. The edge of the coat at her fingertips makes it perhaps three-quarters of the way across her expanse before she runs out of arm span to carry it. Kioko giggles again and gives her bust a small hug, the orbs swelling almost imperceptibly beneath the motion. Her globes squish beneath her embrace before a purple speck of light grabs ahold of the leading edge of her coat. Her hands come back, faintly lit with the same light. The coat ends quickly float the remaining distance, meeting at the front of her prow, if barely. As she fastens the buttons to hold it shut, she clicks her tongue.

“I guess I really am big today...” She mutters. “I probably shouldn’t overdo it *that* much more...” Finished with her task, she runs a finger across the straining fabric. The slightly rough cloth has barely any give left, despite its massive dimensions. Kioko frowns, and furrows her brow. “I guess I should probably tone it down.” She lets out a tense breath, and her chest deflates an entire inch in moments. While the coat is still very full, the straining creaks of the fabric subside, and it no longer looks like it might tear at the seams with a deep breath. “That should do.”

Kioko reaches the end of the long hall, and rounds the corner to a much shorter one. The drywall terminates at the corner, finally matching its opposite. The hall continues several feet to a door with a moderate mirror on its face. She strolls up to it, and smiles toothily at her reflection, winking a purple eye as they flicker back to her natural blue. Her breasts pulse subtly, and while she spares them a glance, she doesn’t break her stride. Grabbing for the handle largely by memory, she presses down and opens the way to a nearly abandoned parking garage. A small blue crossover sits in the nearest spot, alone in the dim space, but Kioko pays it no mind. She

scans the brick-and-concrete laden surroundings carefully. She raises a hand at the door she entered through, a purple wisp pushing it shut and staying firmly against it. She walks briskly to a corner obscured from the entry ramp, before closing her eyes. Her right hand comes to rest on the swell of her chest, before a circle of purple light shines, broken slightly by the coat atop it. Her eyes open, slightly illuminating the wall in front of her in a purple light. The glow soon flows across her form, and in moments she is clad in her light. Her breasts swell massively, the coat expanding with them as she disappears into the light. As their expanse nearly brushes the ground, the swelling of her form quickly contracts, and in a flash, she's gone.

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A few scant minutes later, a brief flash lights from behind a large warehouse. The industrial district surrounding the building moved with the mechanical bustle of its work, though none seemed to notice the brief flash of light. Kioko strolls around a corner towards the front of the building, humming once again. She spares a couple further glances at her coat's condition, and nods. She selects a glass-paneled double door and squeezes herself inside, brushing past the unopened door with only moderate maneuvering. Within are stark white walls. A pair of metal detectors choke the already narrow hall while a young man in a matching white cap with a gold badge stands at a control panel. His gaze lazily tracks to the new arrival before quickly averting as high onto her face as possible.

"Hey there!" She giggles, "First day?" He hurriedly shakes his head.

"N-no." He stammers, "I started Monday." He coughs, before straightening slightly. "ID card, please." Kioko smiles. It's always fun when they distract themselves with the rules. She casually fishes into her neckline for a moment before plucking out a small plastic card from it. He awkwardly takes it and puts it through a scanner, face reddening from the display. His eyes widen when some details come up on his screen.

“Class A? Almost nobody has clearance like this...” he murmurs.

“I’m just overseeing a delivery on behalf of Miss Kouris today.” Kioko smiles, moving towards the scanner. “There’s no need for any formalities with me, I just need the card for some clerical reasons!” Any objection to her alibi is quickly forgotten as she raises her hands to the sides of her enormous breasts. She presses them in, hard. Her flesh starts peeking out of the narrow slice of her top that isn’t buttoned, and her bosom bulges out obscenely as it compresses forward into her undermatched coat. Slowly she walks forward into the metal detector, her maneuver only barely giving her the clearance to pass through it without getting lodged in place. The guard only watches in awe long enough for the realization to set in; he then becomes quite entranced with the readouts on his screen. Once through, he gingerly hands her her card and mumbles good day. As she strides down the hall, she takes a deep breath. Her bosom pulses as she rests a hand to one side, and as she exhales the mammoth orbs only bounce in time with her step.

She really needed to get to the delivery room soon.

Her pace increases, tails twisting excitedly under the cover of her long coat. Kioko’s deep breaths do what they can to stay the anticipation of her “delivery”, and soon she comes to a large steel door with a card reader next to it. Kioko’s coat creaks as she pulls out her card, and the door opens with a soft click. Within is a dimly lit space, nearly vacant entirely. A handful of small hanging lights on the ceiling illuminate a number of metal cylinders around the edges of the warehouse’s main room. Hoses like black serpents snake down from the silos and connect to a plinth in the center of the room. Kioko shuts the door behind her, and passes her card over the inside card reader. With a few quick button presses on the adjoined keypad, the small screen next to the scanner dutifully displayed “B- Access Denied”. That should keep the door shut from prying eyes. Kioko lets out a deep sigh. Almost immediately, an audible gurgling sound can be heard, followed by two dull pops. Kioko clicks her tongue and smiles.

“You just can’t wait, can you, girls?” She chirps, patting her bust as it visibly swells beneath her tight coat. Waving her hand, the surviving buttons come free. The coat falls open in defeat, leaving her tank top stretched to its limits underneath. “Good, I can’t either.”

She rolls her shoulders, shrugging off the coat. The ruined article crumples to the floor, disturbing the thin layer of dust and dirt. She strides to the center plinth, gently cupping a breast and cooing reassurances to it. The flesh, unfazed, merely gurgles and swells under her touch. Kioko grabs at the bottom of her top, peeling the garment carefully off of her body. Despite her bosom’s best efforts, its growth isn’t enough to fix the tarp-like shirt to her. The tank is folded in half and tossed over a shoulder. A purple glow envelops it, and the mass of fabric shrinks down until actually resembling something a human could wear. Before long, she arrived at the central plinth. It is a simple metal wire rack, and on it rests two cups. These cups affix to hoses, which trail off towards the silos. By the count and size of the silos, this room could probably contain a month’s produce from a large dairy farm.

Or an afternoon draining Kioko’s bottomless tits.

Kioko picks a small remote off the rack, and waves the free hand over the milking cups. One lifts eagerly in a purple glow, carefully guided to rest over Kioko’s erect nipple. With a button press, the machinery around her whirrs to life. The low hum of the pumps precedes a light tug on her breast. Releasing one cup, she affixes the other. With both gently sucking onto her own rack, a glow encompasses one finger, which she pokes deeply into her left breast. Immediately, the floodgates open, and the tube is inundated with thick cream. She raises the suction to its maximum level, doing naught but causing the volume of flow to double and triple. She moans and begins stepping back, her breasts swelling and roaring. Despite her retreat, the advancing swell of her breast slowly rolls over the wire storage rack. The masses of milk-bloated flesh climb onto the metal frame. It cries out in creaks of agony before buckling and bending under the immense weight of Kioko’s milk factories. The giant hills of flesh gurgle and rumble, their

production seemingly stimulated by the machine's ministrations. After a time, the swelling stops. Kioko's eyes glow brightly in the gloom- the light from her pupils casts a gentle light onto her chest. A goofy grin works its way across her face, and she settles down into a sitting position. She lays back against her fluffy mass of tails. The soft warm fur cradles her as she holds up the remote. A readout slowly ticks up. She gently runs a hand across what small portion of her chest she can reach, before grabbing a heaping handful. The fatty flesh of her tit, while slightly firmer than usual, still has plenty of give, and bulges satisfyingly through her fingers.

Things fall into a rhythm, and Kioko makes herself comfortable. Occasionally she checks between her phone and the readout, eyebrows furrowing more and more. Before long, a loud click is heard at the door. Two knocks echo through the room, carrying just over the ruckus of the machinery's ceaseless consumption.

The door opens briefly, before the new arrival turns and locks it again. Though of moderate height, her stark white hair shines in the dim light of the warehouse. It is tied in a bun, leaving the tan skin of her neck exposed. As she turns back toward Kioko, the lights of the room glint along the top edge of her glasses. A pendant in her ample cleavage glitters from a ruby gem, framed by her suit-clad bosom. The clean white article is wrapped firmly around a chubby middle that flares out into broad hips and thick thighs. Her plush lower half is fitted in a skirt, and thigh highs taper down to her high heels. She walks towards Kioko, clicks from her shoes piercing the thrum of the milking machine.

"Having fun, Ms. Tanaka?" She asks, her voice contains a twinge of warmth, and no more. "It seems you are." Kioko offers a small wave.

"Hi Correna. What's got the big boss doing inspections?"

"I thought I'd relieve the technicians of your antics." Correna replies. Her tone darkens as her gaze falls to the mounds of flesh beneath her employee. "I see the station has been flattened." Kioko rolls her eyes.

“We designed it this way so I could fix it!” She whines, her ears flicking.

“You can bend it back into shape, but you can’t so easily fix metal fatigue.” Correna steps alongside Kioko’s breast, and scans the surface. “Now. Have you noticed any irregularities with your body that I should know about?”

“*I’m* fine.” Kioko huffs. “But your gauge seems to be broken.” She points to the readout. “I should be three-quarters done filling the thing by now but I’ve barely made a third!” Correna snickers.

“Ah, yes. I forgot to tell you: We had extra subterranean tanks installed.” She taps her sole against the ground twice rapidly. “Now you can have more than twice your ‘fun’ when you offload here.” Kioko laughs aloud. A loud gurgle sounds throughout the room, and the machinery around them starts to rumble and groan.

“You might want to invest in stronger pumps, too, then!” Kioko winks. “Knowing there’s more space to fill, I might not be able to help myself.”

Correna marches to the display. Her eyes dance across the readouts, and her recent frown deepens.

“Noted. Now cut it out, the system is going to burst.” She asserts. The gurgling and the groaning steadily die down, and Kioko crosses her arms with a pout.

“You’re no fun.” She mutters. Correna walks over to Kioko’s other side, and beckons to her. Kioko sighs and lobs the remote over, which the other woman deftly catches. A few short button presses later and the machinery stutters to a stop. Correna tuts under her breath and sets the device on the base of one of the tanks.

“You’re done for today. I’ll need to have the staff inspect the pumps after that.” Correna’s tone is merely stern, but Kioko’s ears could pick up traces

of a growl. “Clean up the damage you’ve done to the holsters, then you are free to go. You can come back Thursday to make up for the missing capacity.” With that, Correna turns and walks for the door.

“Aye, boss lady.” Kioko groans. Her far hand trails across her bloated bosom and gives it a comforting pat. A blush comes across her face in spite of the situation.

Kioko is snapped from her reverie as the door locks once again click open. Correna turns her head back one last time, fixing a disapproving side-eye on Kioko’s blushing face.

“**That**, Ms. Tanaka, is why I performed today’s inspection personally.” With that, she saunters her pudgy frame through the threshold and shuts the door firmly behind her.

Kioko sighs, and purple lights dance over the curve of her bust. Slowly at first, but gaining in speed, the tank-sized masses deflate and gently lower her to the ground. She rolls to her feet with practiced ease, and finally lifts her tits from the floor. She passes a purple wave over them, and a small cloud of dust floats to the mangled metal she’d been resting on. The milking cups pop from her dripping nipples and clatter to the floor. Milk droplets mix with the grit of the concrete as Kioko tries to remember which way she’s supposed to bend the wire frame. One thing is firmly set in her mind, though.

That wasn’t how today was supposed to go.