

Probably should've invested in some safety rails, now that he thought about it.

The last thing Aadian saw before he was covered in gunk was someone on an upper level of the workshop bumping into a dangerously unsecured, uncapped barrel, sending it flying off the edge and its contents splurging all through the air, before darkness overtook him and his back was flattened to the floor. By the time he came to, a large group of workers had gathered around him, all trying to pull him up from the oozing substance that had slightly solidified around him, while the man responsible for the accident kept shouting apologies from up above. The Teshari couldn't really think straight; hell, he could barely remember what happened until someone yanked some of the goop from his mouth and gave him a glass of water, and even then he had to contend with a pounding headache that refused to go away.

"What... w-what happened?" he mumbled, rubbing his head and finding it still coated in whatever was in the barrel.

"Someone dunked you in accelerator serum, boss," one of his coworkers replied, sounding quite worried, "I think someone in the last shift forgot to fasten it and Bill didn't notice it until it was too late."

The words "accelerator serum" didn't really register with Aadian until it was too late to do anything about it; then again, the substance had already infiltrated into his body from the moment he was covered in it, so there wasn't a lot he could do there. The first indication he had that something was dreadfully wrong came when he heard the workers around him gasping and letting go of him, a few apologizing before trying, and failing, to catch him on the way down; rather than a dull thud, however, what he felt was a rather squishy landing, one that he certainly wasn't expecting... but as soon as he looked down and observed his chest, the reason for this was made patently clear: he had tits.

Not just breasts, not merely boobs, but *tits*: big, round and absolutely stuffed with something resembling milk, if those spurts coming out of them were any indication. In those short moments in between the initial shock and him falling to his knees, they had somehow grown big enough to dangle dangerously close to the ground even when he tried to keep his back parallel to it, big enough that he could sink his fingers into one of them and they'd vanish completely in the pudge. It'd be alluring, downright arousing even, if not for the fact that they were still growing bigger and heavier, leaving him in a state of blind panic once he fully realized what was going on with him. He sprang to his feet, only to trip backwards and land flat on his ass thanks to his center of gravity being shifted so much, and from his new position got to observe as his bust continued to swell and bloat, taking up more and more of his lap as each second ticked by, making it harder to move the longer he waited. With no one around him willing to help, most likely convinced that they'd become infected by the serum as well, Aadian did his best to put his

four arms to good use, hefting those heavy mounds and dragging his sorry self over to where he could find some help.

Sadly, by the time he reached Prinrin's office, he was less thinking about how she might help him get back to normal and more wondering where he could get unlimited access to an industrial-grade milking machine, because those things he had attached to his chest were so full that he literally couldn't take a single step more; the moment he opened the door to talk to the goblin he fell forward, by that point barely even moving an inch as the udders he sported had bloated out *so* much that they were already practically dragging along the ground. Even then, the small fall was enough for a good gallon or so of milk to spurt out from each of them, giving Prinrin all the information she needed to know on what was going on; with a disturbing amount of ease, she began acting even before Aadian managed to squeak out a small "Help!", pulling on multiple conspicuously located levers and shouting orders into an intercom. Within moments, a whole entourage of robotic automatons appeared from multiple doors behind the Teshari, who was unfortunately too consumed by the sight of his own breasts to really notice (and quite literally at that, with his muzzle stuffed into his cleavage whether or not he liked it); though they struggled to move the mounting weight of those milk factories, the goblin's robotic creations nonetheless managed to get enough of a grip on Aadian's body to lift him up and carry him over to one of the containment cells, as per Prinrin's instructions.

The goblin herself decided to join in, following the large group of robots as she loudly demanded explanations from the Teshari as to what in blazes had happened, only really stopping after the fourth or fifth time the answer was obscured and muffled by the same pair of milk-stuffed tits that were the problem to begin with. The tiny goblin sighed, rubbing her temple with one hand as the other went to work on a small data pad she carried on her; this way, she could remotely open the chamber and prepare it for its brand new occupant, though whatever they were supposed to do *after* Aadian was safely secure inside a locked room was still up in the air. There was so much that needed to be done that it wasn't even funny: find the culprit, figure out what happened, try to come up with some sort of antidote, all while doing their best not to let the poor guy drown in his own milk, assuming that was even possible. All of this and more swam around inside Prinrin's head when she unceremoniously ordered the automatons to drop the Teshari inside the room and then vacate the premises, giving the poor guy a nod and a half-hearted assurance that they'd find some way to "fix" him before inputting the security code on the door panel and locking the whole thing down.

She let out a long sigh again, followed by a very slow inhale and then a series of breathing exercises designed to help calm her down. Prinrin knew that if she walked into the main workshop floor without centering herself, there would be a non-zero chance of someone else being dunked in the same substance that led to Aadian's growth spurt, and that was the last thing anyone wanted. Best if she calmed down before storming in and demanding answers, which was

slightly complicated by the fact that she had to hear the Teshari on the other side of the door begging to be milked because of how stuffed he felt. Not being one to deal with those sorts of things herself, she offhandedly activated the sound dampening system and mentioned something to one of the nearest robots about making sure the drains were working properly, not bothering to check if the room that Aadian was *in* actually had them or not. The most important thing now was finding out what happened so she could finagle a solution, and to that end, Prinrin straightened out her back, cleared her throat, and marched straight into the main workshop area with her war face on.

Everyone's reaction to seeing their boss show up could be adequately described as a mixture between existential dread and an intense need to pretend like they weren't hearing anything. Surprisingly, not a single person spoke up once Prinrin demanded to know what had just transpired, hoping beyond hope that maybe, if only they said nothing at all, everything would go away and they wouldn't have to provide any explanations. As the goblin continued to press the matter, however, and it became crystal clear that things wouldn't magically vanish on their own, the many workers in the workshop began to look at one another, presumably in an attempt to find someone who might take the blame instead of them, before all of them ended up staring in the direction of a single person, the one who started it all: Bill, who was still in the upper levels trying to fix the disaster he had caused by putting some bloody safety rails in place where they should have been to begin with. The poor guy didn't even notice it until the overwhelming silence began to register, at which point he began looking around in a blind panic; his questions would be answered once the service elevator slowly crept up towards the catwalks, a very pissed-off goblinoid standing inside of it with an accusatory glance, eyes like fireballs and her hands probably ready to sign off on a whole bunch of damning paperwork.

Perhaps the worst part of it all was that Prinrin was actually perfectly cordial and polite, albeit in a way that betrayed that she was one bad choice of words away from exploding with poorly tempered anger at the sheer idiocy that had led to one of her best workers being stuck inside of a room with a pair of perpetually-swelling tits. She wrote down as much as she could, gradually transferring her anger towards whoever was in charge of the previous shift, trying her best to stay focused on finding a solution rather than attempting to blame this incident on someone; it wouldn't help anyone, nor would it solve the problem of the Teshari bloating up in the containment chamber. She concluded their "conversation" by gently reminding this Bill fellow that he had thirty minutes to fix the safety railing up to agreed-upon standards before "drastic measures" were enacted, then promptly turned around and headed back down the elevator, making sure to stare at everyone she could all the way to the exit. None of them dared look back, knowing better than to tempt their fate when Prinrin was actually justified in seeking retribution, and thus the goblin made her way back to the holding cell unimpeded; well, she though "holding cell", but it was really more of a milking station at that point.

... wait, was it though? Did she remember to actually order her robots to milk the Teshari? Surely she had, that would've been an immense faux pas on her end if she hadn't; one can imagine her surprise when Prinrin pulled a bench towards her and got on it in order to check on Aadian through the porthole, genuinely expecting to see several automatons hard at work emptying them out, only to be faced with... white. An off-colour white, to be sure, but one that was so pure and unchanging that it took a few seconds before the correct sequence of neurons fired to let the goblin know what it was she was looking at: milk. An all-encompassing, room-coating quantity of milk that had risen to such a height that it took her outright tapping on the glass for the vibrations to reveal just how thick the liquid on the other side was. From there it wasn't too long until she practically fell off the bench in her hurry to get the door open, summoning about a dozen or so robotic units and ordering them to wait at the end of the corridor until she was done emptying the containment chamber. Luckily, the door opened outwards; not so luckily, the pressure inside was such that the moment Prinrin undid the lock, it forced the whole thing wide open and sent her reeling back, not from being hit in the face with a half-ton slab of steel, but thanks to the *deluge* of milk that gushed out from the room!

She blacked out for a few seconds, only vaguely aware of tumbling around and smashing against a wall, coming to when her brain failed to restart her breathing properly and needed some manual assistance. Prinrin found herself completely covered in milk from head to toe, smelling incredibly sweet and feeling like the definition of "sticky", all while her gasping for breath was accompanied by another, far more frantic set of inhaled and exhaled coming from close by. She dared to look up, her eyes going wide at seeing what awaited her inside of the chamber she'd just opened; no wonder the milk levels were so high, Aadian's tits alone occupied a good half of the volume inside of it, and were still growing to boot! The Teshari begged for her to help him, his voice muffled slightly by both the sounds of churning cream and the fact that it was coming from behind a pair of breasts larger than any the goblin had ever seen, but even then the panic was perfectly clear. Something had to be done, or that poor guy was going to be squished against the walls by his own bust.

Unfortunately for everyone involved, it wouldn't be Prinrin who did anything to fix the situation at hand. She certainly *wanted* to, and had the moxie and determination to get it done, but sadly lacked the mobility required to actually get around to doing anything at all, for unbeknownst to her, the milk she had been blasted with shared the same growth and transformative properties as the accelerator serum that had caused the problem to begin with; as such, the moment the goblin attempted to move from her prone position, she suddenly found herself stuck to the ground by a pair of tits large enough to drag across the ground even if she were to stretch out her back properly. Panic was quick to set in, Prinrin flailing about as she commanded her automatons to "help", a command so vague that the stupid things had to stand around processing it for a few seconds, at which point both their master and the unfortunate Teshari in the containment cell were both being buried by busts of calamitous proportions. Even

when the robots *did* act, they did so by vanishing into their maintenance area, leaving both growth spurt victims to scream and beg for help for a couple of minutes before the automatons reappeared, dragging with them multiple ramshackle assemblies of pumps and tubes attached to large, apparently freshly-welded cylindrical canisters. Aadian couldn't see what was coming, but Prinrin could, and still didn't know whether to feel elated at the prospect that her creations were smart enough to interpret her command as a need for a milking machine, or utterly terrified at the prospect of turning into a goblin-sized dairy cow.

These, however, would be concerns for after she was done, for no matter how many reservations she might've had about the whole process, none of them survived first contact between her engorged, milk-leaking nipples and the suction cups at the end of the pumps. In fact, very little of her survived at all, leaving naught but a mewling, moaning mess begging to be drained harder. Which would probably be a necessity, all things considered.

They were still growing.