

Further Testing

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A Patreon Vignette for Aurum

Thalia belongs to Aurum

After Thalia's accidental exposure to a potent fertility formula, she was taken off her technician duties and became a test subject. Not all of her coworkers are as happy as she is with the turn of events however, and one in particular seems ready to give into her jealousy

Content Warning: This story is intended for Adult readers and contains a Female Vulpix and Mightyena, Fertility Hormone Overdose, Breast Expansion, Ass Expansion, Inflation, Weight Gain, Lactation, Immobilization

A soft, heavy sigh poured from the mightyena's muzzle and sent shallow waves across her coffee. Pillars of steam rose from the drink in the following calm, dancing before her scowling eyes. She helped herself to another sip, though her gaze never left the test chamber just beyond her office window. A sharp clink broke the brooding silence when she set her mug down, followed by a squeak as she turned to her screens. One displayed a list of upcoming tests and procedures, all for her sole subject, while the others showed an array of camera feeds. Every single one showed the bloated and gravid form of her coworker, and she regarded each angle with equal disdain. A pang of jealousy knocked in her chest as she browsed the details of the day's tests, until she locked on a particularly unexpected experiment. The canine wiped the sleep from her eyes and checked again to find the text as resolute and unchanged as her first glance. The edges of her lips curled with envy, and she reached for her phone before her nerve softened. A set of quick rings buzzed in her ear, soon ended by the voice of her boss.

"Director Lyn, I have Thalia down for another fertility enhancement. I'd like to clarify if that's a mistake or not."

"Abby, I know you're jealous-"

"I'm not," she barked.

The director paused long enough for the mightyena to regain her composure. "*I know* you're jealous, but no, that is not a mistake. Thalia is uniquely receptive to the serum, and if we can figure out why, we stand to make it available to many many more in need."

"Then we should at least try to apply out findings to someone resistant."

"Like you?"

The scientist's breath caught in her throat. "I mean, if you insist, I-"

"I didn't," she said flatly. "Look, we've been over this. When we have a better idea of what's happening, we'll open up the candidate pool, and you'll be at the top of the list. I can't get funding for hunches alone though, so you'll have to wait until we have hard results. Do I make myself clear?"

The canine sighed and deflated. "Yes, director."

"Good." The administrator paused. "I sympathize with you, truly I do. Part of me wishes I could have been the one in there too. You'll get your chance eventually, but until then, I need you on this side of the glass working the data."

"I understand."

"Thank you for what you do. Keep me posted on your results."

A click punctuated the conversation, and Abby slouched into her seat. Deep down, she knew the director was right and respected her wisdom, but the sight of that hyper-pregnant vulpix sapped her resolve like nothing else. She was nothing short of a fertility goddess, nearly immobile with her brood, a state the mightyena had only experienced in her deepest fantasies. She longed to be in Thalia's place like nothing else, and she ruminated on the potential years separating her from that opportunity. A ding from her computer announced the onset of the day's first test and dragged her back to reality. With another sigh, she swallowed her longing and brought up the trial's procedures. Thalia was to receive a modest dose maternal hormones, the difference between what she produced and what her figure demanded. The scientist's eyes widened at the magnitude of the figure, until a burst of mirth crossed her muzzle. She scrolled passed a dead pixel, revealing the decimal point beneath and bringing the number to a reasonable value. The canine briefly wondered what would happen if she hadn't noticed her mistake. Inner visions of fertility deities vied for her attention at that slightest provocation, eventually eliciting a stray, intrusive thought. She didn't need to wonder when the tools to make it reality were at her fingertips. The gravity of her suggestion tugged at her consciousness, but her claws clacked across her keyboard, her mind already made up. A few keystrokes and passwords were all it took to edit the test's parameters, and a deleted decimal point set her plan in motion. She saved her changes without regards for the consequences, then set the procedure to run.

Thalia leaned back in her reinforced chair and idly opened her mouth as a robotic hose approached, her eyes locked on her book as the nozzle slipped between her lips. A strap wrapped around the back of her head and sealed it to her muzzle, kindling a slight blush in her cheeks. Memories of her ascension to test subject-hood clouded her thoughts and stoked her arousal, coaxed out by the familiar sensation of being filled. She rolled forward in her seat and rested on the vast swell of her belly while she guzzled the prototype formula, basking in the sensations of it taking effect. Her chest sparked and tingled with the cocktail of maternal hormones, drawing out streams of milk from their peaks. Her gown glided over her thighs as her hips subtly spread, gradually inching toward the limits of her seat. The vulpix's rear wobbled with a new layer of flab, and the tight hide of her belly became more so with her flourishing litter. Thalia's stomach swelled with the experimental drink and stood against her overfilled womb, pressing against the rest of her inner workings to the point of discomfort. A hint of worry flashed across her eyes with borderline pain, spurring her to reach out and hit her panic button while she could still reach. An alarm sounded in the test chamber and lit the observation room, casting the mightyena's shadow against the foggy glass. Her inaction deepened Thalia's panic, and she let out a muffled string of curses before the weight of her breasts tipped her forward. Her sloshing drowned out the abrasive alert until she wobbled to rest, and the pressure in her middle ballooned to unbearable levels. In desperation, she blocked the nozzle with her tongue, stemming the flow for a brief moment before the pump overpowered her. Pain and pleasure mixed as stretch-marks covered her belly like lightning bolts, until her metabolism surged to meet the trial.

The vulpix's middle let out a gurgling groan and adapted to her altered meal schedule,

and pressure in her belly dissipated as it processed the formula at full speed. The tight ridge of her middle softened under a layer of plush flab, then vanished behind her growing breasts. Thalia shamelessly moaned into the hose as the majority of her new weight swelled her boobs, tipping her forward on soft, milk-filled pillows. Jets of ivory sprayed across the floor and pooled around her bloated form, squeezed free by her own weight. Her ass shredded her gown and counterbalanced her chest before she disappeared into her own cleavage, however, titling her back and lining her face up with one of the room's many cameras. Her cheeks blazed as she made eye contact with the lens and everyone watching the feed, lancing her with a bolt of embarrassed lust. The vulpix squished her colossal thighs together as carnal need ignited her nerves, propelling her to the brink of climax. She buried her muzzle in her hands as each pulse of the pump pushed her closer, eroding the last of her endurance and swiftly shoving her over the edge. The hose's strap snapped just in time for her cries of bliss escape and ring through the chamber, bouncing off every wall and resonating in every microphone. Her muscles twitched and convulsed with rapture until the last of her energy evaporated, sapping her strength and leaving her to collapse atop herself. The soft sounds of her snoring filled the room shortly after, signaling the mightyena to conclude the trial. The chamber's lights dimmed and allowed Thalia to rest, and the scientist contemplated her choice as data poured into her computer.

A trill of second-hand pleasure ran down her spine as the last seconds of the test looped on her monitor, and she contemplated her choice as a hand inched across her thigh. *Maybe I can't do it myself yet, but living vicariously through her is the next best thing.*