Ayana groaned as she shifted to get comfortable, feeling the office chair creak under her fertile weight.

It felt good to be on-break, one of the many her adoptive-sister allotted during Ayana's shift. There were often 'unexpected' breaks in the form of milking sessions, briefings, debriefings, and harmless-but-arousing-experiments; Ayana was quite used to it. After all, they were the Hizuki sisters; they lived and breathed biological science.

 As it so happens, they now bred it too. Ayana looked down, barely able to see her bloated womb around the taut pair of spheres resting on her chest. Having been the size of her head before pregnancy, Ayana's breasts had ballooned ridiculously as the months passed. Now they were to the point that she couldn't even reach around them to feel her nipples. She'd been extremely sensitive before, and pregnancy had magnified her arousal tenfold, leaving her thankful for the protection afforded by the nurse's garb she'd squeezed into.

 She didn't know why Touko insisted on ordering such small uniforms; Ayana mused as she regarded herself in the full-wall mirror that Touko installed in her cramped office. Her crimson eyes regarded long blue hair still damp from the morning shower. Her creamy skin seemed to glow with maternal pride, still partially dried from hastily toweling off what little she could reach. Her pert, human, nose could still smell the faint honeydew scent of her shampoo, as well as the remnants of the cocoa-butter and coconut oil that Touko had scrubbed her rotund body with in their spacious shower that morning.

 Ayana felt her lavender nurse's garb creak alarmingly as she shifted her weight again; her legs wriggled, spread at nearly 90 degrees around her planet of a womb; her belly so huge it easily reached the floor from where she sat and lifted her mammoth breasts to tickle her chin. Such was the sheer size of her pregnancy; Ayana's legs couldn't reach fully past her belly - and Touko fared little better with her own size. Ayana's pointed dog ears twitched slightly, as did her fluffy point of a tail as it wagged; despite her ill-fitting attire and fertile bulk, Ayana was happy.

 And why shouldn't she be? She was swollen to near-immobility with Haruki's litter, the boy finally manning-up and marrying her after college - preferring her personality over Airi's snippiness. Airi *had* attended the wedding, but left soon after the reception began, and Touko theorized that the short girl knew she'd missed her chance.  Airi now worked in an engineering firm in the Bahamas; if her Christmas card could be believed.

Regardless, Haruki provided and doted on both Ayana and Touko as best he could - a trait that Touko surreptitiously rewarded by boosting all three of their fertility levels via a hormone she'd developed and slipped into their food. Thus resulted in Ayana’s current state: full of a wriggling batch of kids - her 'litter', as she'd taken to calling them. 3D ultrasound scans had shown her pups as having her traits - namely her dog ears and tail, but otherwise being healthy, albeit big, human babies. One kicked, trying to get comfortable amidst their siblings; Ayana gave a motherly smile as she reached under a beach ball sized breast to rub the spot.

"Ayana," came the sugary voice of her sister over the ceiling intercom, "get your cute butt out to the front desk; our first afternoon patient will be in soon."

"Okay, I'll be there in a sec." She replied, blushing at Touko's chuckle overhead. With a soft grunt, she scooched her legs under the chair and stood slowly. Beneath the plush layer of fat coating her thighs and ass, Ayana's powerful genetically-enhanced muscles rippled, making moving a relative breeze. Sighing gratefully as the underside of her belly left the chill tiled floor, Ayana arched her powerful back and huffed as she began to move. It was an awkward waddle, her ponderous orb swaying from side-to-side and the seams of her skirt on the verge of splitting around her round shelf of a butt as she awkwardly moved. The double-doors to her office whispered open at her approach and Ayana entered the wide, white-tiled hallway and heaved herself to the lobby.

At Touko's insistence, full-wall mirrors had been installed along the walls here, making it appear that a parade of hyper-pregnant Ayana's waddled along. She suspected that her amourous adoptive-sister had cameras installed behind the mirrors to film her ponderous movements on a near-constant basis. A small price to pay for steady employment; it could be worse: at least there weren't any mirrors in the bathroom stalls.

Blinking away the glare from the lobby windows and glass doors, Ayana gave a sigh of relief as she eased herself down onto her workstation - the desk was automated to rise and overshadow her belly so Ayana could actually reach it, but her breasts remained in the way. So the dog girl turned parallel to the desk, while she'd be in profile to the patients entering from the lobby; Ayana would be able to get work done. Swinging the hydraulic arm holding her laptop over her mountainous bump, Ayana had set to work checking messages and the day's itinerary when the entrance doors parted and a moon moved in.

The patient was huge by most standards, her round belly almost managing to the floor with its girth and a chest that rivaled Ayana's in size, but it was her striking ivory-silver hair that caught the nurse's attention: done up in a long braid with spiky downswept bangs. Her skin was pale, but not sickly, giving off a maternal luminescence inexplicably reminding Ayana of the full moon on a dark night. The patient wore sunglasses perched upon a slender nose, and sapphire-centered ebony-crescent earrings dangled to frame her face. Her skin glistened with sweat from the summer heat, the black and white bikini straining impressively around her bulk.

Glancing quickly at the schedule, Ayana cleared her throat, "Miss Gracia?" she asked.

 "Call me Haruka, please." Came the reply with a dazzling smile, the woman pulling down her sunglasses to reveal honey-coloured eyes.

 "Alright, Haruka." the dog girl replied with a smile, "You're here early, fifteen minutes almost."

 "Early but late," Haruka replied, giving her womb a pat, chuckling, "I'm not as nimble as I once was, so I left home early. Mikyuki offered to drive me here, but she can't fit behind the wheel of her car; so I just took a cab." the statuesque woman shrugged, her breasts rippling.

 "Well thank you for arriving; Dr. Hizuki will see you now. Follow me." Ayana let out a soft 'Ooh' as she heaved herself upright from the chair, taking a moment to find her balance, her bulk wobbling slightly. From the corner of her eyes, she caught Haruka's surprised blink.

"Wow! People weren't kidding, you're huge!" The ivory-tressed woman gasped, waddling over to press her belly gently to Ayana's, her hands sliding over the doggirl's gut in languid rubs. The nurse shivered, biting back a coo of pleasure at the patient's touch, her skin tingling with desire.

Face flushed, Ayana gulped for breath - biting back another shiver as delight threaded through her at the other woman's caress and belly-to-belly contact. "Mmph! Y-Yes, r-right this way..." Ignoring Haruka's knowing smirk, Ayana panted as she pivoted down the hallway, leading her patient to Touko's office.

The hallway mirrors allowed Ayana to see behind her to Haruka, watching the ivory sphere of the other woman's belly bob gently up and down as she moved.   
"It's narrow here. Why all the mirrors?" The silver-haired woman asked.

"Here at the Hizuki Clinic, we believe in venerating the pregnant body - that all mothers-to-be should be placed on a pedestal as the goddesses we are." came Ayana's practiced, regular, reply. "Plus I'm told it augments natural sunlight as well as our own motherly beauty." There was no argument there; Haruka radiated it.

"You don't say?" The pale woman quipped, lips twitching in a smile as she regarded Ayana's onion-shaped ass that utterly filled the nurse's scrub-skirt she wore.

The dog girl could feel her patient's eyes amourously tracing her swollen form. Ayana's face flushed, her thighs rubbing together slightly at the thought of more alone-time with the lovely Haruka Gracia. She blinked as they neared the examination room and Ayana heard grunting.

"Touko?!" Ayana squealed, fearing that her sister had gone into labour; jabbing frantically at the door controls. Ayana grunted as she squeezed her bulk through the doorway, only to be greeted by the plush mounds of her older sister's fattened butt and long, pale legs spread around her bulbous sphere of a womb. But rather than the crowning head of a child crammed between her legs, the doctor's pussy was spread by something else. Ayana blushed furiously as she watched her black-haired sibling bounce upon a thick dildo seemingly projected from the floor. The shaft looked like porcelain, but easily stood up to the rough pounding - even vibrating slightly at the cusp of each thrust. Touko was nearly nude; her crimson shorts piled up aside her lab coat, with only her preferred bandages straining around her impressive chest, which quaked as she pleasured herself.

 "Unf! F-fuck yeah!" Touko managed, teeth gritted as she thrust the toy balls-deep; shuddering in climax while spurts of femcum coated the shaft to puddle on the floor. Her inky hair waived languidly, kept in place only by the bandages wrapping the latter half. She blinked away the haze of lust, slowing her furious thrusting to peer over her shoulder at Ayana's flustered face and Haruka's approving nod. "Oh... you're here early."

"Glad I am." Haruka replied with a smirk. "I was told you were a party-animal, Doctor; but not this much!"

Ayana shook away her embarrassment; face still flush, and nipples rock-hard at the sight of Touko bobbing atop that thick pole. "S-sister, what are you doing?!"

"Testing the equipment," Touko grinned, sliding down as deep as she could go and wriggling her wide hips in a circular motion, shivering with minor climax before standing with a grunt. The slick ivory dong slid out of her, seemingly remaining locked to the floor. Catching her breath, Touko nodded to the rod "It's our new ultrasound.”

"That little thing?" Haruka asked, squeezing around Ayana to peer at the tool.

"It's not …exactly little." The doctor added, grinning; her hands running in lazy circles around her belly as she came down from her high. She looked to Ayana, "Recognize it?"

 Shuffling closer - and gently bumping Haruka aside - Ayana bent forwards, her belly meeting the floor as she got a closer look. "This is the item Airi sent us?"

"Bingo." ‘Touko snapped her fingers while she waddled around to stand next to her sister, resting a hand on her shoulder – and ignoring how their bellies nuzzled together. With a flick, the Doctor pulled a pair of glasses from the depths of her barely-bound cleavage and rested them on her pert nose, smiling smugly as she entered lecture-mode. "It utilizes a sub-sonic pulse to send out a harmless signal that reverberates through the uterus - kinda like the echolocation of bats - and returns as data that will be projected as a 3D image on this screen," She pointed to a blank monitor mounted on the far wall, "allowing us to see a full mapping of the kids in crystal-clear quality. Ayana," at this Touko leaned into her sister to whisper conspiratorially, pressing her rotund bulk against the dog girl and inciting a coo of pleasure from Ayana, "we can finally see how many pups you're packed with, and what genders they are. Imagine getting the nursery prepared perfectly?" Touko lovingly ran her hand over Ayana's fertile swell, rubbing in slow circles, grinning at the pleasured sounds the nurse made. "We could even do your examination now, if you want." Her hand snaked down to gently caress and tug at her sister's stubby spike of a dog-tail, jerking it and inciting another gasp from Ayana.

"B-but," Ayana managed, biting her lip and glancing at Haruka - who looked intrigued at this amourous display - "W-we've got a p-patient..."

"Don't mind me." The silver-haired woman replied, her hands hefting one giant breast, tweaking the stiff nipple that outlined the bikini top. "I don't have anything else planned for today, I'd love to stay and watch you work that thing." Her pale face was flushed, hips wriggling unconsciously with desire, "I can wait my turn. The better to watch you and get *really* worked up."

"It's decided then!" Touko crowed, giving Ayana a slap on the rump. "Lose the skirt and get in position. I'll dress the part." At this the doctor waddled over to her discarded clothes, an unheard signal summoning automated hands from ceiling panels to scoop up the attire. "You want the exam sitting or standing?" She asked, stepping into the proffered shorts and putting on the lab coat.

Ayana wriggled out of her skirt with a blush, Haruka having waddled over to help her, "Standing... since I've been sitting too much today." She looked to her patient demurely, "Thanks..." Her tail wagged as the cool office air caressed her bare ass.

 "Anytime!" Haruka smiled with a wink, tossing the lavender skirt onto a nearby exam table. "It's the least I can do for a free show."

 "Yep, and it's also a demo for you." Touko added, waddling over to the wall-monitor and pressing a sequence of buttons, it buzzed to life, showing nothing but soft green. She grinned, "Ready Ayana?"

The nurse nodded timidly, her face beet-red; spreading her legs over the still-wet erection projecting from the floor. "Y-yes." she squeaked, hands reaching behind to spread her fattened ass and expose her plump, shaven, nether lips.

"Good, hold still, and tell me if this reminds you of anyone." The doctor pressed a key, and with a soft whir the dildo rose from the floor on a flexible cable, snaking its way up and caressing Ayana's flesh. The dog girl nurse shivered, eyes widening as the automated dong teased her moist entrance with its bulbous head.

"I-It feels - OH!" Ayana managed before the tool rammed itself unceremoniously into her cunt, vibrating so hard that she came on the spot. "O-oooh! Ayana managed, eyes shutting tight at its slick entry. "It's huge!"

"Yes, and...?" Touko quipped, "Who does it remind you of?" Her eyelids were heavy with lust now and a slow smile creeped across her face.

Through the shocks of pleasure - especially when the thickness stuffed inside her vibrated - Ayana could feel some form of familiarity with the fake dick. "It's - it's - ugh! - H-Haruki’s!" she managed, humping the air rapidly and causing her litter to kick and squirm. "It feels like my husband's!"

Touko giggled, "Yep, that's my addition to the design: it can assume the shape of any penis - so long as the appropriate shape for the setting is received. Remember that glove I used for his handjob last week? That was for this."

Ayana's eyes widened in realization, but further response was cut off as an orgasm rolled over her. The nurse's rotund form stiffened suddenly, and she howled in release, femcum spurting out of her shivering pussy to spatter on the floor.

"Bravo!" Haruka cried, clapping her hands, "That'll work for a demo! Can't wait to try it next!"

"H-hot..." Ayana managed, her huge chest heaving, "My body feels sooo hot!" Her hands weakly pried at her nurse's garb, but the buttons held firm - designed to withstand the strain just enough to avoid popping open when she breathed. Strong legs shivered, keeping her gravid body aloft while the medical toy quaked inside her. Ayana's hands groped her enormous chest instead, "F-full, ohhh! They're gonna leak!"

"That they are." Touko breathed into Ayana's pointed ear, the doctor's hands seizing a fistful of buttock and squeezing heartily, massaging the cheek. "You're a beautiful, fat, cow, Ayana, and I thank the stars I work with you every day." the doctor added, planting a kiss on the younger woman's cheek. "C'mon Haruka, let's give her a hand!"

"Right behind you doctor." the pale woman replied, bumping her own belly into Touko's back and plump ass. Her honey eyes locked onto Ayana's heavy breasts, "I guess we'll start here?"

"Yep," The dark-haired woman said, waddling around her panting sister like a moon in orbit to cup one of Ayana's enormous breast, her free hand patting a bandage-bound breast in sympathy. "Her litter will get FAT off of all this, as will mine since I know she'll have such a surplus." Touko licked her lips, now leaning forwards on her tip-toes to cradle the doggirl's tit in both hands - the orb squirting so much that a stream of milk managed through the stretched material of her uniform.

Ayana groaned as she felt her breasts being toyed with, Haruka's hands joining in to heave and grope the unattended boob. She squealed and came again as the automated tendril holding the dildo began to twirl the thick rod clockwise inside her, caressing her g-spot and sending her over the edge. "Unf! Unf! P-please! D-don't just s-s-squeeze!" she panted, face flushed, eyes shut tight as pleasure shocked through her fertile frame. Her hands caressed what little she could reach, feeling the kicks of her young throughout waves of orgasm.

"Fine then, we'll squeeze AND suckle!" Haruka grinned as her hands seized the material of the nurse's garb and parted it in a spray of buttons and shower of milk. Ayana of course wore no bra, her fat nipples sprinkling showers of cream over her naked swell and onto the bellies of the two women before her. Her eyes opened wide as both Touko and Haruka Gracia's mouth latched onto her dark nips and suckled wildly. A veritable milky hurricane occurred, her enormous breasts hosing cream into the two hungry mouths. Haruka's eyes widened in surprise, spurts of milk escaping her suckling mouth to dribble down her chin and into her cleavage, leaving a lake of white in her pale canyon. Touko simply suckled all the harder, eyes shut, handling Ayana's production through experience and the lack of lunch that day.

Ayana's pleasure built, mounting higher and higher with each orgasm, building to that final eruption. Her hips buckled repeatedly, losing stamina and forcing the mechanical tendril to curl spring-like to cradle her wide ass for support - all the while thrusting deep and corkscrewing the thick rod inside her. "Oh! Ohh! OHHH!" Ayana's rotund body quaked as she reached the pinnacle, her belly rubbing against the wombs of the two women feeding from her, stray spurts of milk lessening the friction between them. Femcum erupted from her, splattering the mechanical tentacle and dribbling down its coils. Touko and Haruka gave a few long, final, sucks before releasing the wet nipples with soft pops of displaced air, waddling back and heaving for breath as the nurse floated down from her peak.

"Now THAT..." Haruka said, face pink, catching her breath with a smile, "Was a test run." She gave Ayana's belly a pat, "Thanks for the meal, girl. You should offer it more often."

 Tiredly Ayana nodded, slowly lowered to the floor by the automated tentacle, its length soaked with her juices, "Uh-huh," she peered over her naked cleavage to see Touko wiping her mouth clean. The doctor's gaze was on the monitor screen, its reading forgotten in the chaos.

"Hey Ayana, guess what?"

"What?"

Touko smiled, a look of wonder and joy on her face, and pointed to a cluster of pudgy shapes revealed on the screen.

"Thirty."