

## Strawberry Cream Preview

They were like rubies glistening in the sun from the morning's watering. Plump, bursting with juice, and larger than golf balls, they were the most tantalizing strawberries Mary had ever seen. Her mouth watered as she squeezed one on the vine, only for it to fall off at the slightest touch.

It would have been a shame to waste it.

Juice flooded her mouth when she ate the fruit in one cheek-bulging bite. The rich flavor of tart and sweet made her squeal and tense with enjoyment. Her eyes closed and her ears drooped in bliss until the final swallow. Even as the late summer morning edged into the high seventies, the strawberry was enough to give her chills.

*"Moooooooooooo..."* she moaned in delight.

She had to have another.

And another.

Soon several handfuls worth of strawberries were cradled lovingly against her bust. Mary ate them as fast as her mouth would allow, not minding the juice running down her chin and into her cleavage. It would be easy enough to clean herself up later; her morning milking always left her needing a shower.

*"Mmmmmoooooooooooo..."*

*GRROOOWWWWLLLLL*

Her belly rumbled louder, encouraging her fruity gorging.

*"MARY!!"*

The cowgirl's chest jumped when she threw her hands into the air. *"I'M SORRY!! I--"* Relief blanketed her heart when she saw it was only Jessabelle. *"Oh geez... I thought you were Hank!"* She quickly wiped her mouth of any of the dripping sugary evidence.

Jessabelle dropped an empty basket and put her hands on her hips. *"You better not have been eating them strawberries! Can't you read??"*

*"But...have you seen them?! They're MASSIVE!"* Despite Jessabelle's gaze, Mary's hand shot out to pluck a final berry and pop it in her mouth. *"Mmmooo sphey're shooo jushhy!"*

*"Because Hank used some special spray fertilizer on them! Yer supposed to wash 'em off before eatin'!"*

*GRROOOWWWWLLLLL*

Not one to leave her stomach wanting more, Mary dared to pick several stragglers and fill her cheeks before getting up and approaching the gate. *"Phell sphey tashte phine shoe me!"*

*"Dammit, girl, swallow!"*

Mary did so with a juice-dripping grin. *"With pleasure!"* Tail whipping in happy victory, she winked and cleaned any evidence from her face. *"Don't tell Hank?"* She asked, opening the gate with Jessabelle looming over her.

*"Only if you get out already!"*

*SPANK!*

*"MOO!!"* Mary bounced out of the garden holding her palms to her rump. *"Yes, Ma'am!"*

Escaping from her strawberry caper with Jessabelle murmuring from the garden, Mary felt ready to start the morning. Her belly sat laden with a breakfast of fruit and her mind was refreshed.

“*Mmm!!*” Shudders ran through her as she stretched her arms overhead, forcing her watermelon breasts to bulge against the front of her overalls and stretch her white crop top. “That is *muuuuuch* better! Should tide me over until lunch is--”

*Guuurrrgle*

“*Ngh!*”

A squeak brought on by sudden welling pressure made Mary stumble in the dirt. Milk was raging in her breasts after oversleeping and was angry at the lack of space. Placing a hand atop her bust, she gently massaged the firm bloat of skin pushing through her neckline. “O-Oh wow... I must have been fuller when I went to bed than I thought... You girls feel like you’re going to--*Ah!*”

*Grrroooooowwwwwlll*

*Guuuurrrrrrrrrrgle*

They trembled visibly larger, gurgling in sync with her stomach. Dairy was stretching her skin to the point of tensing her overalls. Much faster than normal. Some mornings were heavier than others, but Mary couldn’t recall a time her breasts had reacted so violently seemingly without a cause, and certainly not without the stimulation of a pump. A wince deformed her face from the combined discomfort of her flourishing milk and stomach. One of her hands discovered her waistline to be slightly distended from the pile of fruit settling deep within her.

“*M-Maybe I should have been milking instead of eating so many berries...*” She took her chest in an arm and strode with gentle, but frantic steps toward the barn. At this level of fullness, she wanted to jostle her breasts as little as possible.