

Strawberry Cream

Mornings started early at Dairy Star Farms. Often one could hear the lowing of milk-laden cowgirls drifting from the barn before the first cock crowed. The farm's buxom girls, eager to provide some of the sweetest and most nutrient-packed milk available, refused to let something like an early start keep them from emptying their engorged breasts.

This morning was no exception, although it was busier than normal. Bustling heifers busied themselves across the grounds, each with a task necessary for an important business meeting between the farm's owner, Hank, and a possible big-name client: a prominent national bakery chain. Dairy Star Farms was one of several in the final running to be the milk supplier for their higher-end confections and the farm world was aflame with competition. Hank's solution to dazzle the visiting rep had been a picnic lunch and a tour of their facilities, complete with all the girls looking the best. And fullest.

Mary could hardly believe how busy her fellow milkers were. Everywhere she looked, there was someone sweeping the old farmhouse's front porch, picking up stray bits of debris, or even washing Hank's beat-up work truck. It would be time soon enough for her to start her designated chores, but after sleeping in, her breasts were close to demanding relief. Milk strained her glands to the point of sensitivity. Her nipples throbbed for the suction cups this morning; hardened eagerness pulsed beneath her overalls and crop top.

Clatter!

The gate to Hank's home garden shuttered closed in pursuit of a bottom-heavy cowgirl.

"Mornin', Mary~" Jessabelle smiled with a sweet tone. A basket of fruits and vegetables sat cradled in her arms and cushioned against her chest. "Aren't you lookin' full this morning!"

Mary's breasts puffed with pride at her amazing capacity. Capable of holding nearly three gallons each before risking discomfort, and able to go from empty to full within less than an hour on a good day, her udders were considered the most productive at Dairy Star Farms.

"Full and ready to--" Mary's breath caught in her throat when she saw Jessabelle's cargo. "Look at those strawberries!?"

"Gorgeous, ain't they? Ripened just in time for the picnic today! Hank is goin' to--"

Smack!

"Ow! HEY!!"

Jessabelle slapped Mary's hand away. "These are for the *picnic*, not yer breakfast." With a shooing hand, she directed Mary to the barn and walked toward the farmhouse. "Now go milk those things before they burst. We have a lot of work to do before lunch!"

Pouting and rubbing her stinging hand, Mary stared at the gate to the garden. Her tail twitched against the backs of her thighs with temptation.

Grrroowwllllll

She placed a hand over her stomach, angry at its lack of breakfast.

"Those are for the picnic... But any still on the vine are fair game!"

She knew she would have to be quick, but if she got caught pilfering from Hank's garden, it wouldn't be the first time. Opening the gate just enough to slide her wide hips through, Mary stayed low in the leafy refuge. Among the rows and boxes of plants it didn't take long for her to find her treasure. A small sign was stuck in the ground reading "Do Not Eat".

“Jessabelle had *plenty* for the picnic, I’m sure they can spare a few of the extras...”

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...*”

GRROOOWWWWWWLLLLL

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’!*”

GRROOOWWWLLLLL

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 *muuuuuuch* better! Should tide me over until lunch is--”

Guurrrrgle

“*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!*”

Grrroooowwwwwlll

Guuurrrrrrrrrrgle

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.

Sloooooosh

Sllloooooosh

“*Nnnghmmooooo...*”

The sound of slushing dairy hastened her efforts. Every bit of stimulation would only cause her glands to produce more milk. Even for Dairy Star’s top milker, there was a limit to how big she wanted to see her breasts engorge.

Guurrrrgle!!

“*I’m going I’m going!*”

Her nipples were starting to feel warm. Tingling brought them to angry puffs against her undershirt and denim. Much longer and she wouldn’t be able to hold it.

“*Leaking milk is wasting milk...*” she whispered, remembering Hank’s motto.

Mooooooo!!!

Mmngghmmooooooo!!!

Mmmmmooooooo!!!!

The barn was a flurry of moans and bellows from her fellow heifers. It was no secret that the pumps were an overwhelming delight to the senses, especially when fully engorged. Cowgirls relished in the release of their creamy pressures. Some handled it better than others, but most mornings and evenings the barn was a lustful scene of pleasure and nudity torn straight from the mind of a depraved artist. For the sake of the girls’ privacy, Hank, and any other men for that matter, were forbidden from entering during peak hours.

MMMMMMOOOOOOOOO!!!!!!!

Mary shivered at the sounds of release, both milk and sexual. Listening to them was making her own flow feel that much more intense. Her breasts wanted to relieve themselves for the morning. Many times she likened it to waking up with a full bladder, but this was becoming much worse and at a rate she couldn't explain. She was bloated and laden with cream: more than ready for her daily letdown. Already her groin was becoming wet with anticipation.

GUUURRGLE!

“N-Nngh!!!”

She stumbled to the barn door, using the rough wood for support as she tried to catch her breath. One hand tenderly massaged her bust as she surveyed the pump situation. Whatever was causing her excessive lactation was assaulting her milk glands more by the second. She could feel her skin shifting to accommodate her heaving reservoirs.

“Mmoooooo... O-Oh no...”

They were all full. The barn featured twenty of the milk-draining devices, ten on each side facing the center aisle. Each machine was equipped with pads and handles, allowing the user to sit or kneel on all fours for the duration. Most cowgirls opted for the latter, with their overalls either around their ankles or piled in the dirt behind their machine. The scent of thighs wet with nectar thickened the air.

While the pumps were capable of draining several gallons in roughly ten minutes, their stimulation was enough to kick a cowgirl's production into a temporary overdrive. Their bodies would tremble and sweat as they produced milk at a near-constant rate, enough to keep up with the pump's greedy suckling. Most milk sessions lasted roughly an hour, while others could reach two or three depending on the girl and how much she could stand to produce with enduring the ecstasy-inducing torture.

GUUUURGLE!

“Gaah!!” Mary gasped when her mounds surged in anger. Watching the scene was proving too dangerous given her already high pressure. Weak and feeling top-heavy, she called out, *“Are... A-Are any of you almost done?”*

“Ohh Maryyyyy...!” a blushing heifer hollered near the door.

“Late to milk again like--MMNNMOOOO!!!” She had to collect herself after a thigh-clenching tremor ran through her body. Rebounding pleasure made her bite her lip when she resumed, *“L...L-Late to milk again...like always...huh?”*

“Morning, Mary...! Looking--Nngh!!! Looking a little fuuuuuull there~ Sleep in this morning?”

Their chiding made Mary's face blush and milk bubble. *“N-No! I'm just--”*

GUUURGLE

She bent forward against swelling discomfort. Her stomach was tight and hot. *“Nngh! I'm just having a heavy milk day!”*

One of the girls near the end, drenched in sweat and reduced to an average size for a human woman, raised her hand. *“I'm almost done! You can have mine in a few minutes!”*

Mary's feet shuffled in the dirt with childish anxiety. The building milk was becoming uncomfortable. *“C-Could I maybe just jump in real quick and--”*

An upbeat voice boomed from behind, *“Mary!! Just the cow I wanted to see!”* A hand appeared on the cowgirl's shoulder, making her jump from so much tension building within.

“*H-Hank!*” she squeaked. “I was just about to--”

“Come on! It’s time to start preparing the food! We need to dazzle this rep; I’m not losing another potential client to Katie’s Creamery.”

Hank was a smallish man in his late thirties. While several feet shorter than the cowgirls he so lovingly cared for, he more than made up for his stature with a mountain of energy and a go-getter attitude.

Eager to finish their preparations, his hand tugged on Mary’s shoulder firm enough to turn her away from the barn and the bellowing moos within.

Mary stumbled with her bust heavy in her arms. “*Ah! Hank! But I was just about to pump!*”

“Hm? Oh no no no no no. You’re my best milker! I need you nice and full for the rep. We need to show off today! Make a *big* impression!”

Mary’s ears drooped. “*B-B-But I’m already full!!*”

Too distracted by the event ahead, Hank took a moment to inspect her chest. His eyes widened with delight at seeing his star ready to overflow. “*WONDERFUL!* Keep ‘em nice and engorged! Just like that! Normally I would tell you to pump, but we both know you’re no stranger to waiting until the last minute, eh??” A prodding elbow teased the side of her chest when he laughed.

GUURGLE

“*EEP!!*”

Her sounds and firm skin caused him to do a double take. “Wow you are full... You get into the milkweed again?? Well, all the better! I know you can take it. I *REALLY* need my star cowgirl today, can you do that for me?”

Resisting the urge to moo against a welling sense of pressure, Mary trembled as she followed Hank away from the barn despite every inch of her chest screaming at her to do otherwise. “*S-S-Sure thing...!*”

They approached the front of the farmhouse. It was old, featuring a classic wooden wrap-around porch. White coated the house with red trim to make it stand out against the uniform countryside.

Hank led her to a table waiting near the porch’s steps. “First things first, I need you to get the table all set. Tablecloth...plates...utensils...a vase or two of nice flowers... You know, picnic stuff. After that, you’re on food prep. Jessabelle picked some fantastic fruits and veggies that should be waiting inside. You should see the *size* of these strawberries!”

GUURRRGLE

“*Nngh!! M-M-Mhm!!*” Mary nodded and pursed her lips. With how full she felt, the last thing she wanted to think about was another strawberry. “*I’ll get right on it!*”

“Thanks, Mary! I’ll be by to check on you soon! I need to get those old broken pumps in front of the barn put away.”

Hank left her to her bloated mounds. Resolving to endure whatever milk might come, Mary set to her tasks. She was no stranger to over-engorgement. A handful of times she’d pushed herself far beyond what most cowgirls would consider the limit, but even now, the sensations pulsing through her angry mammaries were becoming more than she could ignore.

Spreading the tablecloth was easy enough. Her hands struck the sides of her breasts only once when she initially threw it like a net across the table, but the impact had been enough to make her gasp at the pressure. Smoothing the wrinkles gave her a moment to catch her breath and steel her mind against the pounding against her nipples.

Her true size became apparent when she transported a stack of plates from the house. Stacked nearly a dozen high, she was unable to hold them far enough away from her body to prevent her breasts from knocking the pile over. She was forced to heft them beneath her front and press into the bottom of her chest to secure the load before setting them on the table with a huff. Moving about with so much dairy was taking a toll and leaving her sweating. Already her cleavage was beginning to slide against itself like lubricated globes.

The utensils were next: a small bucket filled with containers of their finer silverware. With everything gathered, Mary took a plate, fork, and spoon and set to the first chair.

“Uhh...”

She gulped. Her view of the table was blocked by her own breasts. She had always had trouble seeing her feet, but never had they been so obstructive to general tasks.

STRRRRTCH

“M-Mmm!!”

Their mass swelled and pushed into her overalls. Skin was beginning to overflow an obscene amount and stretch her undershirt’s collar to reveal a sea of cleavage. Sweat beaded on her pale slopes like ice on vanilla dessert. The sight was startling and Mary’s mind struggled to comprehend the breasts that appeared twice their normal size.

Even for her, these were big.

GUUURRGLE

“M-Mmmoooo!!”

She dropped the plate and leaned on the table when milk surged. It was becoming stronger. Thicker. With such pressures raging inside her chest, Mary knew her milk was turning into heavy cream. Soon it would be too thick for the pumps to handle. Gentle veins raced down her curves and into her overalls where she knew they ended at her throbbing areolas. Denim rubbed against her crotch with devious intensity, no doubt betraying the lubricated fullness of her plump pussy below.



“A...Am I really that full??” A hand gingerly caressed her bloat. Two prominent bulges marked the locations of her nipples, each like half an apricot. “What is going on with you two?? Why are you--”

GUURGLE!!

“Mmggh! Moooooo getting so full...??”

The strain was increasing by the minute. There was no room left within her overalls, much less her own breasts. The telltale signs of stretching skin were plain as day as cleavage heaped beneath her chin.

“Gotta finish setting up! If I’m fast, I might be able to pump!”

She set about setting the places. Even if she couldn’t see, she could always guess and then adjust them from across the table.

GUURRRGLE

“I’m goin’, I’m goin’...!”

Mary bounced around the table with enough effort to make her breathe through her mouth. Nothing looked straight when she glanced back at where she’d been.

STRRRRTCH

“Ah!?”

Laying across the table to straighten one place only caused her chest to billow across the plate and utensils in front of her and send them into disarray. Skin squished around her overall’s straps and rubbed against her biceps whenever she applied her full weight in such a way, her distended breasts supporting her with gallons of milk.

Mary huffed while leaning over the table and rolling over her chest. Moving blonde hair out of her face, she caught sight of two other cowgirls heading to the barn with towels in hand.

“Waiting until the last minute to empty the tanks again, Mary?” one teased.

“Careful! Remember Hank said he wouldn’t replace another pair of overalls!”

Grunting and cradling her chest, Mary stood up with a reddened face and moved to the next place. Her chest felt like two water-filled beach balls stuffed down her front. She could ignore her fellow milkers’ teasing, but ignoring the pressure inside her own milk glands was next to impossible.

GUUUUUURGLE!!

“NNGH!!!”

Pressure punched against the backs of her areolas and made her stumble enough to drop a fork. Cautious, she rubbed the front of her body. It was true that Hank said he wouldn't replace another pair of overalls, and she was dangerously close to blowing the seams of her last pair.

“I've... Ohhhhhhh...MOOOOO!!!!” Mary groaned, sweating profusely against the hammering milk. *“Why are my udders getting so damn FULL?!”*

STRRRRTCH!!

STRRRRRRTCH!!

Worry twisted her stomach when they ballooned larger and tighter. Bare skin rubbed across her stomach and mounded between each shoulder strap.

“They have never... Never... EVER been so big!!”

GUUUUUURRGLE!!!!

Her eyes bulged in fear when hot milky weight pushed heavier into her arms. *“I MUST DAMN NEAR BE THE BIGGEST COW IN THE COUNTY!”* Rapid panicking breaths made her squeak when she felt herself stretching. *“I-I-I FEEL LIKE THEY'RE GOING TO EXPLO--”*

“Mary! Just about done?”

Hank's sudden appearance made her jolt and drop her grasp. She turned, presenting the picnic table set as best as her swollen breasts had allowed. *“A-All done!”*

“Wonderful!” Hank approached to inspect but stopped short. *“Uhhh... Mary?”*

She nodded while hiding the throbbing of her nipples. *“Hm...Mhm?”*

Hank pointed. *“It's not exactly...tidy.”*

He was right. Looking back at her work, Mary saw the plates and utensils in a scattered mess. Placing everything blindly could only get her so far.

“I'm sorry! I'm sorry! Here, let me fix it!!”

She rushed, leaning over the table to straighten one thing while her chest wrecked another. Hank ogled only long enough to see it was never going to work.

“Thanks, Mary... I'll...uh...fix it up; you've done plenty. Why don't you go squeeze the lemons for the lemonade and start on the fruit salad?”

The effort was leaving her gasping for air in an outfit that refused to stretch and allow her lungs to fill. *“R...Right...away...!”*

The farmhouse's interior was a welcome change from the noon sun as she stumbled into the kitchen. Mary sighed in the relative coolness and used a rag to wipe her brow free of sweat before drying the tops of her breasts. Sweat was soaking through her undershirt to darken the otherwise white fabric.

“It's too hot... It's way too hot to have boobs this full...”

Her milk may as well have been a bonfire inside her body. Sweat returned as quickly as she could dry herself off. Maneuvering the rustic kitchen was another challenge as she found herself bumping into anything at chest height. On a normal day, the girls had a hard enough time in the house as most of them pushed eight feet in height or taller. What was a normal counter for Hank only reached mid-thigh for most of his heifers. To be so engorged in the enclosed space made Mary feel like a giantess in a dollhouse.

“Ok... Lemons... Lemons lemons lemons...” she repeated, doing anything to distract herself.

They were next to the fruit Jessabelle had picked.

GUUUUUUUURGLE

“MMNGH!!!”

Looking at the strawberries proved to be a mistake when her breasts surged and her stomach tightened. Mary almost had to clamp a hand over her nose to keep herself from smelling the fruits; their scent alone sent strange shivers down her spine that shot to her nipples.

“J-Just juice the lemons... Juice the lemons!!”

Trembling hands took hold of the fruit.

Squllssshhhh...

GUUUURGLE

“Mmmgnh...”

Squllssshhhhhhhh...

GUUUUUURGLE

Squullsh...

GUUUUUUUURGLE

“MMMMGH!!”

Mary whimpered and knew she was going to lose her mind. Although she couldn't see what she was doing, simply squeezing, kneading, and massaging the citrus was making her breasts react as if she were taunting them with relief. Trickling lemon juice tickled her ears, making her envy the fruits as they got to release all their contents. Her pulse quickened and she stared out the window in a mesmerized bliss. Each squirt sent her thoughts reeling until she began imagining she was squeezing her nipples rather than the yellow hemispheres.

STRRRRRRRRRRTCH!!!!

SQUULSH!!!!

“GAAHH!!”

A quake of engorgement almost took her off her feet. In her hand, an innocent lemon exploded when her fingers clutched into a fist from the spike in pressure.

GUUUUUUUUUURGLE!!!

“Nghh!! Nghhhh moooo!!”

She could contain no more. Mary's mouth hung open in gaping strain and she bent over, laying her head on her crossed arms on the counter. Pressure ached deep within her breasts from overburdened milk glands forced to hold far too much dairy. Even her nipples, already naturally large, felt as though they had doubled in size. Gravity refused to tug on her chest due to her overalls not giving an inch. Tears were forming in her crop top.

“Moooooooo I'm full... I'm full I'm full I'm fuuuuulllllll...”

Mary's back heaved, not wanting to lift her face from the cool countertop. Hanging from her front were two gargantuan milk tanks ready to burst. Gravity forced them to bulge around her overalls, but the denim refused to stretch. The result was an incredible display of tightly-packed fleshy mounds squished against Mary's entire torso. Rising air and sweat from her cleavage struck her nostrils with a sweet scene far more potent than she was accustomed to. It was familiar

but unplaceable as she struggled to control herself. Every inch of her breasts felt pulled to the limit. Tingles of sharp pressure pricked across her areolas beating against her overalls.

“Mmmmoooo... MMMOOOOOO...!!! Ooohhhh my miiiiilk!”

SLAM!!

The patio door closed when someone entered the kitchen. Too strained to care, Mary didn't bother to look. The fridge door opened and closed.

Ksh psh!

Ksh psh!

“Hey, Mary! What are-- Oh WOW you look engorged. Are you alright?!”

It sounded like Kira, one of the smaller girls at the farm. She didn't produce much, but her quality was among the top ten in the country.

The pressure felt as though it were forcing the voice out of Mary's throat when she tried to answer. Slowly, she rose to full height and regretted it when her overalls pulled into her crotch like floss. *“I'm... I-I'm just a little--”*

Ksh psh!

Ksh psh!

Mary's eyes bulged with madness. Kira was cooling off with a drink from the fridge. Her only source of modesty was a pair of skimpy running shorts she wore while working out. However, the nudity wasn't the problem; it was the breast pump rhythmically sucking on Kira's bare breasts as she slowly filled a plastic reservoir.

Ksh psh!

Ksh psh!

The sound was like a spike in Mary's ears. Every chug of the motor visibly pulled and tugged on Kira's swollen nipples, drawing a gentle spray of cream from her centers.

“Mary...? You alright...? I don't think I've ever seen you so big...”

The cowgirl swallowed, her mouth dry as she watched the pump work its magic. Her nipples could never hope to fit in the plastic cups, but even the slightest bit of suction would be enough to leave Mary writhing on the floor in ecstasy. *“Y-Yea... It's...”*

Ksh psh!

Ksh psh!

She swallowed, not daring to breathe as her chest trembled.

GUUUURRRGLE

CREEEEEAAAAAAAK

Discomfort assaulted her breasts on all sides. She wasn't certain if her overalls or her breasts were complaining like groaning rubber. *“It's... A-A heavy morning...”*

Kira nodded and caused her G-cups to sway. An arm wiped her drink from her lips.

“Well, you should milk those things before they pop!! You always wait too long. It's not good for you!!”

Ksh psh!

Ksh psh!

“My mother always told me: ‘Quality over quantity, Kira! No sense in producing ten gallons of milk if it's gonna taste like rat piss!’”

Ksh psh!

Ksh psh!

GUUUUUURRRRRGLE!!!!!!

“Mmm... M-Mhm...” Mary nodded, her vision blurring. Cleavage piled up to her shoulders and warmth spread across her nipples. Watching Kira relieve her milk pressure was torture. She couldn’t stand the sight. She couldn’t breathe. She couldn’t think.

She couldn’t hold another drop.

Ksh psh!

Ksh psh!

STRRRRRRTCH!!!!!!

“Mary?”

“Hah...!! H-H-Haaahhhh!!!” Mary leaned against the counter.

CREEEEEAAAAAAAANK!!!!!!

Concern came over Kira. “Mary? You alright?”

Ksh psh!

Ksh psh!

Milk sloshed in Kira’s container when she approached and Mary’s eyes dilated. The room was spinning. Flesh stretched before her in a record-breaking girth as her shoulder straps vanished into chasms of skin.

“I... I-I...”

Ksh psh!

Ksh psh!

STTTTTTRRRRRRTCH!!!!!!

Kira’s eyes widened and she stepped back. “Mary!! Holy heifer!! You look like you’re about to--”

CRRRRRREEEEEEEAAAAAAAANK!!!!!!

She couldn’t take another second.

“I GOTTA GO!!!”

Feeling on the verge of bursting, Mary pushed past Kira and stumbled down a hallway before falling into a small powder room, though not without ramming her breasts into a wall and door frame on the way.

A door slammed seconds later.

GUUUUUURRRRRGLE!!!

CREEEEEAAAAANK!!!!

GUUUUUUUUUUUURGLE!!!

CREEEEEEEAAAAAAAANK!!!!

Mary panicked as rebounded sounds of stress and milk exploded from her chest. The world was in a blur.

“Aahh!! AAHHH!!!! AAHHHH OH MY GOOD!!!”

Her hands flew to operate the buckles of her overalls. Flesh heaved large enough to block all view of the sink and her own body. A glance in the mirror revealed a red-faced panicking

cowgirl looking as though her entire torso had ballooned into a trembling spherical mass with two arms flailing on either side.

GUUUUUUURRRGLE!!!

CREEEEEAAAAAK!!!!

GUUUUUUUUUUURGLE!!!

CREEEEEAAAAAAAK!!!!

Thunder boomed from Mary's breasts as they gave a final warning. Her fingers sank into her flesh to grip the clasps of her trembled overall straps. "*Just wait!!! WAIT!!!!!! PLEASE WAIT PLEASE WAIT PLEASE--*"

SNAP!!

SNAP!!!

FWOOOOOOOOOOOOOSH!!!!!!

"MMMMMMMMOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!!"

Milk cascaded from her aching nipples in vicious plumes when her overalls fell open and her undershirt lurched up. Even without manual aid, the pressure was enough to plunge the small bathroom sink into a creamy flood. Mary's head fell back as she bellowed toward the ceiling and sank her hands into the sides of her breasts to squeeze and knead.

FWWWWOOOOOSH!!!

"MMMNGH!!!"

FWOOOOOOOOOOOOOSH!!!!

"MMMoooooooo!!!"

Every press of her hands shot milk like broken hydrants. She could feel her size rapidly dwindling like untied water balloons. Thickened nectar ran down her thighs from intense stimulation making her pussy scream for any kind of attention.

"Mmmooooo!!!! Oohhhhh my miiiiilk!!!!"

The release was too much. Dairy had been building for far too long for Mary to enjoy a simple pressure-driven letdown. Wasteful or not, she was too wracked with pleasure to stop. Eyes closed as her head rolled, her hands glided across her milky skin to the front of her breasts. Pulsating nipples filled her palms and she took each firmly between a thumb and finger.

Tugging on them generated enough power to blow a lightbulb from the electricity it sent through her body.

SPLRRRTCH!!

"GAAAH!!! Haaahhh!! MMOOO!!!"

SPLRRRRRTCH!!

SPLRRRRRTCH!!

Mary tugged and pulled, abusing her throbbing nipples as they plumped as thick as apples in her grasp. Hot milk coated her hands and arms. Some made it into the sink, but most sprayed the mirror and wall with the power of a sprinkler. Droplets danced back to strike Mary in the face. Only the sound of the sink's gurgling drain struggling to handle the sudden thick load could be heard over her own flow.

"MMMNGH!!! MMMOOOO!!!"

Orgasms brought her to tremble. The air was rich with a sugary sweetness she couldn't place. Having lost more than half of her contents, Mary was beginning to calm down. The pressure was waning and the discomfort of stretching to contain so much milk wasn't nearly as bad. Despite the enhanced viscosity of her cream, Mary's nipples were more than capable.

"Mary? Mary, where did you go?" Hank's voice came from the kitchen.

She heard Kira answer, "She ran off to the bathroom in a hurry."

"I-I'm...I'm in here..." Mary groaned. Her eyes fluttered open to stare at the ceiling. Somehow milk was dripping even from there.

Hank's footsteps approached the door. "I hope you're not milking yourself in there! I need my big girl today! Mary?"

SPLRRRTCH!!

"M-Mhm! I'm just--" Mary glanced down, ready to see the mess she'd created. "AH!!!!!!!"

"Mary?!"

"I-I-I'm fine!!! I'm fine!!!"

Rather than finding a counter drenched in white, Mary was horrified to see the sink and mirror painted in a rich pink substance dripping from every surface. Her nipples had lightened into a sweet bubblegum color and her breasts themselves had a light pastel blush of rose.



"P-P...Pink?!" she gasped, seeing it drip from her hands.

It smelled sweet. Sweeter than any milk she'd experienced. Like a dessert. Its aroma was intoxicating, making her mouth water and her tastebuds itch for sugar.

GUUUURGLE

Heart racing, she slowly held a soaked finger to her tongue. "Mm!!!"

Flavor exploded in her mouth. Thicker than heavy cream but dissolving away like cotton candy, the pink milk was an intense ride of flavor that spread through Mary's body to leave her tingling.

"S-Strawberry... Why..." She gulped. *"WHY AM I LEAKING STRAWBERRY MILK?!"*

GUUUURGLE

Her basketball-sized mammaries churned. She gasped suddenly in realization.

"The strawberries!!!" A hand clamped over her mouth. *"T-They're... They're making my milk go haywire!! No wonder I'm been swelling up so--"*

GUUUUUUUURGLE!!!

They ballooned, reclaiming an inch of the size she'd just drained away. The cowgirl's eyes widened and she hugged her breasts in desperation. Even compared to before, this amount of engorgement was faster than she'd ever seen.

It was getting worse.

"Nnngh!!!" Trembling arms hugged them. *"Oh no!! Oh no no no!! Please stop!! I-I can't--"* Panic took over and she resumed tugging her nipples to relieve the rising pressure.

Knock knock knock

Hank was persistent. *"Mary, come on we don't have long and there's still a lot to do!"*

"Just-- Just one minute! I'm--"

SPLRRRTCH!!

GUUUURGLE

SPLRRRRRRRTCH!!

GUUUUUUUUUURGLE

"M-MMOOO!!!"

Milking them was only causing her to lactate faster than she could relieve herself.

"Mary, I hope that isn't the sound of milk going down the drain!"

"I-I-It's not!! Just washing my hands!!!"

Panic hung as a thick cloud. She had to get somewhere private. The tiny powder room wouldn't be enough if this kept up. Cupping her nipples, she looked around for any options. Only one presented itself: a pair of nipple clamps one of the younger cowgirls used for milk capacity training.

The mere thought of it made Mary bite her lip and groan, but she had to contain herself until she could sneak to the barn. Taking the clamps in her shaking hands, she whined upon realizing opening them to their full size still required her to squeeze her bloated nipples into their padded jaws.

SALLCH!!

"NNGHMOOOO!!!"

Tight compression made her squeal and double over.

GUUUUUUUUUURGLE!!!!

Her strawberry cream was not happy when its only exit was sealed. Pressure heaved immediately, punching her nipples like battering rams.

"Mary! Come on! She'll be here any minute!"

"I'll meet you outside!!!"

Hands flew to fix her clothes as Hank's footsteps left her alone. Her undershirt was a tattered pink-stained mess, but her overalls were still intact. Flesh bulged against the denim prison when she held it up to her and clasped the straps. Had she waited much longer, her swelling size wouldn't have allowed her to dress again.

STRRRRTCH

STRRRRRRRRTCH

They were still bloated. Swelling larger as she breathed. Mary sweat as her milk glands worked overtime to produce the thickened strawberry milk. Already her overalls were drum-tight and showed the outline of her hidden clamps.

"I have to get out of here! If I'm producing milk this fast... I..." A gulp jogged her throat. *"I-I need to pump before I really explode!!"*

The bathroom door creaked open when she peeked into the hall. No sign of Hank or any of the other girls. She would have to leave the pink crime scene for now; there were more pressing matters at hand. Denim-stretching, nipple-clamp-testing matters. With her chest hugged for stability, she tiptoed down the hall toward the house's front door.

"Mary?" Hank called from the kitchen. *"Mary, where did you go??"*

"Sorry, Hank!! I'm sorry!!" She grabbed the handle. Once outside, she just had to make a mad dash for the barn. Potential client or not, she couldn't take much more of this. *"I REALLY need to milk!! I'll be right--"*

She pulled the door open, only to find a startled woman waiting on their porch with a hand ready to knock. A casual business dress adorned an impressive figure and bewildered eyes stared at Mary from behind attractive glasses.

"You must be one of the girls from Dairy Star Farms!" the woman smiled, trying not to stare at the pink-dripping cow. She extended a hand. *"I'm Monica, from Precious Bakes. Nice to meet you!"*



"Monica, I cannot tell you how excited we are to have you here," Hank chatted at the picnic table.

"Oh the pleasure is all mine! This farm is incredible! All of your girls look astounding! And...uh...healthy!"

GUURGLE!!

A thick milky sound came from the porch as Mary carried a bowl of fruit to the table. Because of her troubles, they'd fallen behind schedule and now had to entertain Monica while she finished preparing lunch. Simply smelling the bowl of strawberries was enough to make her breasts flourish with extra weight.

"Very healthy..." Monica awed.

She and Hank ogled Mary's bust as she set the bowl in the center of the table.

GUUUURGLE

"N-Nngh..."

They were filling constantly now. The surges had stopped, come to be replaced with a steady flow from her glands. Mary's mind was awash in pleased panic as she rapidly neared her largest size from the kitchen.

"I-I'll be right back with the appetizers!" Mary informed.

Monica's whispering voice drifted into her ears. "My word... I had heard your girls were big, but she is just *enormous!*"

A worried grunt of approval came from Hank. Even he couldn't deny Mary's outlandish transformation now. "Mary is our best milker! She tends to push the limits! Sometimes too much..."

Monica leaned in. "How much does she produce at a time? Ten? Fifteen gallons?"

Given her current size, Hank wasn't certain he could accurately guess. Fifteen gallons was several times her original capacity, but judging by the flesh overflowing her overalls, fifteen sounded like a lowball estimate. "O-On an average day!"

"*Incredible.*" Monica shook her head in disbelief. "Cowgirls are just getting so big these days."

Spying a gasping Mary through the kitchen window, Hank had to agree. "You can say that again..."

She returned moments later carrying a tray of fine cheeses. Sweat glistened across her jiggling cleavage with every step. When she bent over the table, Hank and their guest were assaulted by an intensely sweet aroma.

GUUUUURGLE

STRRRRTCH

"*Mgh!!*" A stifled groan escaped her lips. The clamps were torture as they blocked her milk and sank back into her flesh because of the wall-like denim. Sweat had soaked through her overalls and personal lubrication clung to the hidden nooks of her crotch.

"U-Uh, Mary..." Hank beckoned before she returned to the house. She bent near his shoulder so he could speak softly into her ear. A scent of fruity dessert made his eyes water when her chest bulged over his arm. "Mary, what is going on? You're *massive!*" Hank eyed Monica across the table as she waved at Jessabelle on her way to the garden. "If you need to go pump, it's fine! Honest, go take care of--"

GUUUURGLE!!!

Skin tightened against him and Mary whimpered. "*NO!!*" Her volume lowered and she repeated, "I-I mean, no...! Nope! It's fine! I'm fine!! Just a heavy milk day! I can hold it!"

STRRRRRRTCH!!

The sound of tightening skin and denim begged to differ as Mary surpassed triple the largest Hank had ever seen her reach. "Mary, *really.* Go pump. You look like you're about to--"

"I'm fine."

Despite her words, Mary was trembling like a pump's hose ready to blow. She very much wanted to milk herself. Simply undoing her overalls sounded like heaven. Every second she endured brought her to regret the clamps more and more. She might have taken Hank up on his offer, but she knew if she were to release her load now, the resulting orgasmic scream would fill the farm like a wild banshee's and possibly drive their client away. Milking was no longer an option; she had to endure the rising pressure. Just a little longer.

“*I-I can handle it...*” she whimpered. Straightening up as Hank listened to her overalls creak at the seams, she returned to the house like a struggling robot.

“Is she alright?” Monica asked. “She seems...*burdened.*”

A nervous chuckle came from Hank as he tried to get Mary’s bloated udders out of his head. “Oh yes...! She does this all the time. Our little procrastinating heifer!”

The soft ringing of a silver bell caught his attention. Hank waved at a passing cowgirl. “*Sydney!* Could you go give Mary a hand in the house? I think she’s feeling a little overwhelmed.”

“Sure thing!” she agreed with a smile. Her bell chimed as she bounded into the house and poked her head into the kitchen. “Mary? Hank said you needed-- *HOLY BEEZLEBEEF!! MARY!! GET YOUR RUMP ON A PUMP!!*”

GUUUUUUUUURGLE!!!

STRRRRRRTCH!!!!

Mary shook her head and arranged some glasses and a pitcher of lemonade onto a platter. She couldn’t see it beyond her mammaries, but things felt in place. “*I’m... I’m ok!*”

Sydney’s eyes stared like frightened saucers. “*You look like you’re about to burst!!*”

“*I--*”

CRREEEAAA--SNAP!!!

“*AH!!*”

One of the hidden nipple clamps buckled, threatening to explode at any moment as her nipples flared into mango-sized mounds. Warmth had begun to spread down her front. Soon it could soak through the denim.

GUUUURGLE

GUUUUUUUURGLE!!!!

“*Nnngh!! NNNNNNGH!!*”

Her hand clenched against the counter. Milk was flooding her breasts faster than ever now. All she could see was flesh. Milk-bloated flesh. Skin bulged out of her overalls at every turn, even denying her arms the simple freedom to lift in front of her. Tight and shiny, she was startled to see how prominent some of her veins had become. As the straps dug into her shoulders and pulling seams tortured her pussy, Mary feared everything was on the verge of failure.

As she picked up the lemonade tray, she just hoped her breasts weren’t included in that list.

GUUUUUURRRRRRGLE!!!!

POP!!!!

“*M-MMOOOO!!*”

Sydney backed away in nervous anticipation. “*Mary, you NEED to milk!! NOW!!*”

“*Soon!! I-I will...soon!! I just--*”

SPLRRRTCH!!!!

Pink milk sprayed against the back of her overalls and gushed around the seams. Sydney’s eyes couldn’t get any bigger.

“*WHY IS YOUR MILK PINK?!?!?*”

"I just...need to hold on a little longer!"

GUUUUURGLE!!!

Stumbling past her, Mary carried the clattering tray outside. Every step pushed her bigger. Larger than beach balls, there was hardly any room for her to hold the lemonade and it was shrinking every second.

GUUUUUURGLE!!!

"Nnngh!?"

STRRRRTCH!!!

Glass clattered on the metal tray. They were growing onto the platter, threatening to tip everything over. Mary could hardly walk, let alone hold it any further out. Sweat poured down her face as she took the first step down the stairs.

GUUUUUURGLE!!!!

"So we're looking for a full-time producer. Someone capable of--" Monica stopped, seeing Mary approach. *"Oh my God..."*

"Who's... W-Who's ready...ah!!!" Mary felt a seam pop in her crotch and private pillowy flesh squish out. Skin heaved before her in a freakish display of stuffed denim. *"Who's ready for fresh-squeezed lemonade??"*

Hank clapped. "Perfect timing! We were just--" He turned around. There were no words to describe the appearance of his top milker. *"M-Mary... You..."*

GUUUUUURRRRRRGLE!!!!

CRREEEEEAAAAAAAK!!!

CREEEEEEEEEAAAAAAAK!!!!

"Haah... Nnngh!?"

CRASH!!!

Heavy sloshing like a jostling tank filled their ears. Sydney watched from the kitchen door, horrified, as Mary's breasts knocked over the tray's contents.

CREEEAAAAAAAK!!!!

There was no more stretch left. Mary squeaked as the air was forced from her lungs, her breasts expanding back into her. The straps vanished into bulging folds. She didn't care that lemonade was spilling over her feet.

"H-H-Here's the--"

RRRRUUUUUMMMMBLLE

A distressing sound came from her udders. Pulsating with nowhere to grow, Mary's expression turned to one of panic.

"H-HUH??"

RRUUUMMMMBBBLLE!!!!

"MARY!!" Hank yelled, jumping from his chair. *"GO PUMP!!! NOW!!"*

"I-I can... I can wait!!! I can--"

RRUUUMMMMBLLE!!!!

SPLRRRTCH!!!

SPLRRRRRTCH!!!!

"AH!!!"

Her breasts sprang leaks where the clamps were failing. She could feel her pink flesh forcing them open. She thought Hank might faint when he saw massive soak spots spreading across her front.

“M-Mary...!!”

“I... I can...” Immense anxiety gripped her as she watched her cleavage heave in anger.

RRRUUUUMMMBBLLLLLL!!!!

“MMMMOOO!!!”

CLATTER!!

She dropped the tray and fell forward, catching herself on the table. Across from her Monica stared aghast at the fantastical sight. She suddenly felt very afraid that she was in the splash zone.

“I... I-I...”

CRREEEEAAAAAAAK!!!!!!

POP!!!

POP POP POP!!!!!!

Dairy Star Farms fell silent as stitches exploded around the cowgirl. Flesh expanded and contracted in waves against her immortal overalls. Slowly her expression turned to sheer panic and she grabbed the sides of her breasts.

“Aahhh!! AAHHHH!!! OHHH I’m gonna pop!!! I’M GONNA POP!!! THERE’S TOO MUCH MILK!!!”

GUUUURGLE!!!!

CRREEEAAAAAAAK!!!

“THOSE DAMN STRAWBERRIES!!!”

RRRUUUUMMMBLLLLLL!!!!

SPLRRRTCH!!

“Mary!!! MARY!! HOLY--”

“ARE GONNA MAKE ME EXPLO--”

CRREEEAAA--BOOM!!!

“MMMMOOOOOOO!!!!!!!!!!”



Mary's overalls finally burst. When freedom kissed her breasts, extreme pressure rapidly ballooned them to twice their size. Flesh slammed onto the table as gargantuan heaving mounds of milk as Mary struggled to stay sane. Bubblegum nipples flared into fat mounds and shot the clamps into the distance before doming in preparation for her letdown.

SPL0000000SH!!!!

“MOOOOOOOOO!!!!!!”

Heavy pink cream erupted like a broken dam. Monica had only time to blink before a wall of rich coral colors struck her squarely in the face and body. Fluid flooded the table in less than a second before waterfalls of sugar ran onto the ground and washed all of her work away.

“MMOOOO!!!! MMMMOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!!! MY MIIIIILK!!!!”

Her bellows blanketed the farm. Every cowgirl stopped what they were doing to watch her eruption visible even across the property. Taut skin forced her milk out gallons at a time. Although each breast was more than three feet in diameter, her letdown lasted only ten seconds before she was left draped over two sore melons on top of the table.

Drip...

Drip...

Drip...

“Hah... Haaahhhh...”

All was silence as Hank stared at the disastrous scene. Pink dairy dripped from the table, mixing only with Mary's labored gasps for air. The pressure was finally relieved. Lingering tremors from her orgasms would leave her nethers sore for a week and her nipples bucking like angry broncos.

Monica sat up. Fluid coated her from head to toe. Her glasses were somewhere several yards behind her, carried away from the torrential flood. Milk flung from her arms as she shook them at her sides.

“I'm... I-I'm sorry... I'm sorry...” Mary could hardly stand to look up from her cleavage at the mess she'd made.

Monica gasped. *“This...”*

Hank was running damage control in seconds. *“Monica! Let me apologize!! I am SO sorry!! Mary tends to let herself go sometimes and--”*

“This is...” Monica licked her lips. Delight sparkled in her eyes at the delicious exotic fluid. *“Strawberry?!”*

She grabbed Hank's hand, but not to help herself to her feet. He was stunned to find her shaking it repeatedly. *“Who knew cowgirls could make strawberry milk!!! Incredible!!”*

Confusion filled his gaze. *“What?? You mean--”*

“We just found our new milk supplier!” Monica pointed at Mary with a grin. *“And we want her to be the cow who does it!!”*