

Milk Before Bed

Contains lactation, BE, butt, and cowgirl transformation

Knock knock

Erica leaned her head out of her bedroom and blushed. She'd been caught in the middle of dressing for bed; hearing a knock at her apartment door was enough to raise her pulse.

"The hell...?"

She grabbed a nightgown and threw it on. Thin sheer fabric betrayed her nipples atop each D-cup breast as she made her way to the door.

No one was waiting for her in the darkness outside. Glancing down, she found a refrigerated package waiting on her welcome mat. A logo featuring 'Dairy Star Farms' was plastered in big bubble letters on one side with a grinning milk-mustached cowgirl holding a bottle in her hand.

Erica shivered and recovered the package. A note on top alleviated all of her anxiety.

This is the milk I was talking about!

Don't go crazy with it and be sure to make it last!

--Julie

Grinning, Erica removed the note. Her friend had been raving about Dairy Star Farms earlier in the week. She'd thought it was a passing whim when Julie had said she'd have a case ordered to her place.

"That goof."

Removing the tape released a scent of strawberry into the air. Within the box were nine glass bottles of pink whole milk. The fruity sight stunned Erica for a moment as she took in the exotic display.

Her stomach rumbled. Julie knew strawberry milk was her favorite. Selecting a bottle, Erica found the glass was still chilled. Her mouth watered. The bubbly cowgirl teased her on the label with an energetic pose. A tiny blurb explained how this particular batch of milk had come from a cow named Mary.

"Heh, cute name for a cow..." Her nails clicked on the bottle. Temptation was taking hold. A glance at the clock told her it was almost 11 p.m. "They *do* say milk helps you sleep..."

Pop!

The cap twisted off with a satisfying burst of air. Fruity scents of cream filled Erica's nostrils when she brought it to her lips and tilted her head back.

Its taste was divine. Fatty, thick milk coated Erica's throat as she gulped with a thirst she didn't realize she'd had. The fluid sent tingles through her torso as it flowed into her. Her nipples perked at the creamy chill. Tantalizing sensations tickled her breasts.

It was gone in less than thirty seconds. Erica gasped for air, pulling the bottle away and licking her lips. Glass rang when she set it on the counter.

"O-Oh wow..." Erica leaned on a table for support. She'd become dizzy and heated. A moan escaped as she chewed on her lip and contemplated digging her vibrator out of the nightstand before bed. *"Julie wasn't kidding... That IS good milk..."*

A hand traveled from her neck and down her chest. The hard nub of a nipple darted under her fingers and she eyed the remaining eight bottles. She'd drunk the first so fast, she realized she hadn't given herself time to truly enjoy it.

Pop!

Another cap sprang off. Erica drank with rising greed, leaning her whole body back to urge the milk into her guzzling throat as quickly as possible.

"Mmmm... Mmmmmmm..."

Moans danced with her gulps.

Guuurrrrrgle

A dense churning came from her front. She assumed it was her stomach, begging for more delicious nectar. The taste was pleasure-inducing; Erica found her thighs grinding together. Delightful tightness was teasing her nightgown around her hips. She would have adjusted it if she wasn't enjoying her thighs massaging her pussy so much.

Guuurrrrrrgle

"Mmmm! God, that's GOOD!" Erica caught her breath. *"Well done, Mary. Those are some magic udders."*

A second bottle joined its empty sister. Erica reached for another while wiping her mouth clean. The curve of her breasts collided with her arms. Her nightdress was taut over their shapes, but she paid it little mind; there was a third bottle calling her name.

"Why am I...s-so thirsty...?" she whimpered, wrapping her fingers around a third cap.

Pop!

She'd trained herself. The noise of the bottle opening made her shiver with desire and she swooned.

"I... Fuck... Can't get enough..."

The bottle tilted and her throat opened. Her rapid gulping filled the apartment. Pink cream trickled down her chin and neck before running into her cleavage. The nightgown soaked it up, causing the fabric to cling to her breasts like a needy boyfriend. Her free hand joined and started kneading her assets.

Guuurrrrrrgle

"Mmmmm!"

They felt huge in her grasp. Monstrous. Flesh overflowed her palm no matter which way she grabbed herself. Erica had always been heavy on top, but never had she found such girth in her bust.

It drove her wild. Feeling her nighty soak through with the escaping milk, she teased her nipples against the wet fabric. The last of the bottle drained into her and her eyes fluttered open. Lust shined in her brown irises.

“Just... Just one more... Then I’m getting in bed and using that vibrator until I--”

Guuuurrrrrgle!

She looked down, expecting to rub her belly and quiet its greed. Instead she was met with two watermelon-sized mounds filling her dress to the brim. Its white fabric stretched over them, accentuating their extreme mass on her tiny frame. Nipples the size of a quarter throbbed under the surface like imprisoned marshmallows. Bloated to such an unbelievable size, Erica’s bust wobbled with her every movement.

“W...What in the world--”

Splrrrtch!!

“MMMNGH!”

Her nipples puffed before spraying a shower of pink milk through her nightgown. Stimulation made her knees crumble and knock together.

SHRIIP!!

A tearing sound came from behind: a massive gash, running up her backside. Her nightdress had blown open to reveal her naked cheeks squeezing through the gap. Thighs as thick as her waist bulged within the skimpy confines. It was no wonder had come to feel like a pencil skirt; it was stretched over an ass three times as large as she remembered.

Erica’s eyes rose to the milk. A hand shot out before she could think.

Pop!

“Mmmmm... Mmmmm...!”

She drank like a fish. A fourth bottle emptied its contents into her belly in a dozen seconds.

GUUUURRRRGLE

She made sure to watch it happen this time. Throwing the empty bottle on the floor, Erica gazed in lustful wonder as her mammaries swelled and distended into her nightgown. Skin shifted and groaned, audibly stretching like pliable leather. Her mounds lurched forward and out inches at a time with a steady pace. An arm raced to catch them when they extended below her belly button and reached her hips. A chair scratched across the floor behind her when her butt pushed it aside. Her night dress rose to her waist. Everything was in the open now.

But it wasn’t enough. The milk tasted better after every swallow. Erica’s belly demanded more. Her body screamed for further growth. The sight was too much to deny.

Pop!

Pop!

The fifth and sixth bottles came simultaneously. She poured them into her mouth in a dual waterfall. Only when it was finished did she come up for air, gasping and coughing as the tingling mounted within her. Weary eyes watched her body with trembling anticipation. Erica's heart fluttered when her chest jolted suddenly.

GUUUUUUUURRRRRRRGLE

"A-Aahhh!!!"

Immense pressure struck her ducts. She'd crossed a line. Sweating profusely, Erica grabbed the sides of her breasts and bent forward when they expanded as if by the force of an invisible firehose. Flesh billowed to demand every inch of her night dress. Underboob rubbed against her knees, then shins.

SHRRRRRIIIIP!!!!

The dress burst apart. Her balance was leaving her. Titanic udders wanted to take her to the floor. Erica had only a second before she knew she wouldn't be rising any time soon. Arms flailing, she hooked the box of milk before falling to her knees.

BOOOMPH!!!

"MMMMMM!"

She fell upon her yoga ball-sized knockers. Fluid sloshed and an ass quaked behind her like a fleshy anchor. The remaining three bottles rolled across the floor. Erica snatched two, her stomach howling for more.

Pop!

Pop!

Pink dairy poured over her. The scent alone was enough to drive her wild and encourage growth by now. Hormones raged. Her curves blossomed beneath her. Flesh rose, engulfing her in a hot, steamy mess of pleasure and jiggles.

"MMMMMM!!! More!!! I... GOD I CAN'T GET ENOUGH!!!"

GUUUUUUUURRRRRRRRRGLE!!!!

Her ass flared out. Thighs pushed each other apart. Somewhere deep between them, a pussy the size of a ripe mango, and just as juicy, was begging for any form of stimulation.

SLOOOOSH

SLOOOOOOOOSH

"Mmmgh! Mmmooooooooo...! C-Come...on!!!"

She rocked against her breasts with an arm extending toward the remaining bottle. Flesh strained beneath her weight and milk sprayed when she leaned fully into herself.

"Please!! Mmmooooo PLEASE!!! Just... JUST ONE MORE!!! JUST A LITTLE MORE!! I'm so THIRSTY!!!"

It was too far away. Her own body had held her prisoner. Sweat poured down her face and pink cream stained her lips.

“I-I ONLY WANT A LITTLE MORE!! THEN I’LL--”

Her hand brushed against a soda can nipple. It was gushing the same pink nectar.

Erica’s belly rumbled. She grasped the fat, fleshy nozzle. It pulsed against her palm and fingers like an angry python. Pulling it upward, she brought her lips to the leaking faucet.

Gulp...

Gulp...

Gulp...

Delight erupted in her head. It was the same as the bottled milk, only warmer and thicker. Erica had never dreamed her breasts could produce such a delicious treat. She drooled over her nipple and lapped and sucked. Milk pumped into her belly as if she were a holding tank.

GUUUUUURRRRRRGLE!!!

“M-Mmmmmmm!!! NNGH!!!”

This was better than the bottle. This was never-ending. This was fresh. This was her own.

STRRRRRRRRTCH!!!!

Erica’s body ballooned. Her breasts heaved into blimps, forced to carry dozens more gallons every passing moment. Skin bulged against her elbows and she struggled to keep her nipple stretched to her mouth. A tire-sized areola throbbed against her arms.

Gurgles and gasps fought for air between swallows. *“M-Mmph!! Mmmmmooooo!!”*

Pressure swirled within her belly. Her body couldn’t process the milk fast enough. Her waistline trembled before something forced itself between her tits and thighs.

“N-Nnngh!!”

The milk was backing up. Like a vast reservoir, her belly was distending to hold every vicious swallow. Her abdomen started tight and oval, as if she were pregnant, before her skin released and her gut began bloating freely without restraint. Heavy, swaying milk forced her belly to sag and dome beneath her. At her rate her nipple was pumping her full of her own milk, the new mound surpassed a yoga ball in size within seconds.

GUUUUUURRRRRRGLE!!!!

“Mmmmph!! MMMMOOOOOO!!!”

Flesh heaved everywhere she looked. Erica’s mind raced in a flurry of thirst and desire. There was no end. Her milk demanded to be drunk. Somewhere, she felt her ass press against a wall. The unattended udder knocked over a coffee table with its nipple.

FWIP!!

FWIP!!

Something tickled and shifted atop her head, parting her hair on each side. Soft, fuzzy ears flicked and perked.

Whap!!

“MMMMMMGGHHHMMOOOOOOO!!!!!”

A solid, whip-like slap left a red mark across an ass cheek: a thrashing cow’s tail enthralled by desire.

“Mmmm!! MMMMGH!”

Her nipple was escaping her grasp. Her breast was too big. Erica trembled in a fight to keep her nipple in reach, but her size refused to allow the mound to deform in such a way.

“MMMM!!! MMMOOOOOOO!!!!!”

POP!!!!

“AAHH!!!”

The nipple shot from her hands like a rocketing coffee can. Milk sprayed the ceiling as she bellowed in orgasm, every inch of her body swelling with cream and hormones. It wasn’t until several minutes later, after riding an orgasm atop her breasts, that Erica collapsed into her cleavage to catch her breath.

Her belly was full, full to bursting as it was squeezed between her breasts and thighs. The amount of milk stuffed into its straining confines could have filled several bathtubs. Still it was dwarfed by her hourglass figure as her engorged body consumed the majority of her living room.

“M-Mmmmoooo... Mmmoooooooooooo...” Erica panted, feeling her cow ears twitch with excitement. Sugary strawberry permeated her lips and she groaned for more, unable to reach another source. She laughed weakly. *“Maybe...it’s for the best I can’t get any more... I-I don’t think my apartment could handle it if I grew any--”*

Guuuuurrrrrrrgle!!

“Nnnggh!?”

She winced, feeling her belly tighten and churn. Her breasts shifted around her, growth resuming as the hundreds of gallons of stored milk doming her belly started to process.

GUUUUUURRRRRRRRGLE!!!!

Erica tensed, feeling everything come alive with more energy than ever. She braced herself as her stomach began its job. A bovine whimper escaped her lips and her ears drooped in conflicted anticipation at the sound of creaking drywall.

GUUUUUUUURRRRRRRRRRGLE!!!!

“U-Uh oh...”