

Daisy

Chapter 5

Daisy rolls her eyes and starts to think about what the future will hold.

She is snapped back to reality after she feels a sharp prick in her arm. Turning quickly, she looks and sees Mary's hand pressing the plunger of a syringe into her arm.

"What the fuck!" Daisy screams.

"You didn't think we were done, did you?"

Daisy starts to feel woozy, looking at Mary she struggles to focus on her. Slowly but surely Daisy tumbles to the floor. The last thing she sees is Mary standing over her as her eyes fade to black.

Daisy comes to, again feeling the tightness of some restraints against her wrists and ankles. This time her body formed an "X". She looks down and is reminded of her vastly massive breasts, but something is off her skin seems blotchy.

"B-Mary... Where are yOOOU?" She calls out.

"Oh Daisy, you are awake, good." Mary says from behind Daisy.

"Hey, why am I restrained again, I can't see yOOOU" looking a bit confused Daisy continued. "I can't MOOOve." She freezes and bites her tongue.

"Interesting." Mary says as she appears before Daisy.

Mary is now wearing some clothes, what seems to be a baggy PJ top but obviously with the changes she now is straining her top. Her massive breasts cause the fabric to creak with each movement.

"You haven't quite caught on yet, have you?" Mary asks.

"What do yOOOU mean?"

"I think you need to see something." Mary grabs her phone and takes a quick photo of Daisy and hands the device to her.

Looking over the image on the screen she cannot believe what she is seeing, it is the first time she has seen her new size. Her massive milkers covering her body shocks her, she gasps as she analyses her huge and heavy chest. Fascinated and disgusted at their shape, how big they are, round and how they sit on her frame.

There is something else too. She looks over the rest of the picture and notices that her skin *is* blotchy, some black blotches over her skin and the rest of her is a paler white.

“WHAT THE FUCKING FUCK?” Daisy screams out loud as she notices another change.

Horns. She has two horns growing out of the side of her head, small dainty ones but there they are. Her ears have changed too, sticking out wide from her head, flopping downward. The black and white fur on them is a clear indication as to what has happened. She has transformed into a cow... or is on her way at the very least.

“I know, it is cool isn’t it!”

“NOOO!”

“Wait until you see your tail! You are going to freak!” Mary adds with excitement in her voice.

“Change me back! NOOOw”

“I guess that is another side effect, you seem to be mooing.” Mary says with a sickening look of glee on her face.

Daisy’s mind is a bit fuzzy; she feels upset but there is this odd feeling of airiness about her. Like she doesn’t care, she wants to just carry on, to be a cowgirl and to be milked and that is enough.

No.

She tries to resist but why is her own mind betraying her.

Daisy ponders for a second longer before she feels a sharp tug from behind her.

“See, I told you that you have a tail!”

Trying to form words becomes harder as Daisy tries to remain focused. Losing her sense of self, she looks down and notices that her tits are filling up once more, her head filled with thoughts about being milked. She turns her head as much as she can to face Mary.

“I need to be MMMilked. Please...” She pleads to Mary who grips her tail.

“Sure, I’ll milk you, but first I want to have some fun.” Pulling her tail and reaching her other hand around the front, Mary starts to massage Daisy’s clit.

“MOOO!” Daisy wails.

-One week later-

Mary has just tended to the chickens, she walks towards her large red barn. The effects of the vial did not diminish too much, she peaked at K cups but over the next few days she dropped three cup sizes. Mary surmised that it wasn’t the vial size that dropped off but the drinking of Daisy’s milk effects wearing off.

Still, she was happy with the results, it took a bit of getting used to and she had to order new clothes online to fit herself into. A highly sexual girl, Mary took her tits for multiple tests runs already, entering a new realm of fetishism with people she hooked up with. Doors had opened for her, and she was loving it.

Reaching the barn, she opens the door and bounces in, her breasts sloshing as she enters. Her breasts continued to produce some milk but a very manageable amount. She would milk every few days and she has been tracking it and her milk does seem to be waning.

“Mooooo! Where have you been? I’m too full, it is uncomfortable... Mooo!” Mary hears from the back of the barn.

“I was held up, sorry Daisy, I’ll milk you now.” Mary heads straight to the milking machine next to her.

Daisy’s milk production hasn’t started to wane yet and in fact it seems to have increased. But that isn’t all, Daisy went through more changes in the following days. Her blotchy skin became more pronounced, and a thin layer of fur started to grow over her body, her horns grew longer and more pronounced as did her ears.

Daisy’s breasts have continued to grow, although at a much slower pace. She spends her time now in the barn, waiting for Mary to come and milk her, she would do it herself, but she doesn’t know how. The last time she milked herself she was severely scolded by Mary as she is still being monitored for the experiment.

“Ammmm I going to keep groooowing.” She bites her tongue to try and focus on her speech. “I keep making MMMMMilk.”

“Yes, this is normal, I’d expect you to slow down in a week, you did have a lot of the potion so it will take time to come out of your system.” Mary reassures her friend, placing a bucket of feed into her trough.

Since the change Daisy disregards normal food and now eats regular cow feed from the trough. Her routine is to start to eat from the trough and let Mary hook her up to the milking machine; she has adapted without complaint to it. Little does Daisy know, Mary is lacing her feed with more of the potion, making subtle tweaks to it to see what it can do. The other changes Daisy is experiencing are due to the changes in the potion.

Mary hooks the pumps to Daisy’s engorged nipples and turns the machine on, the whirr of the pump starting up, Mary looks over her transformed friend. She does her normal inspection, checking over her body to feel for any differences. Daisy is too taken back with the sensations of feeding and milking to notice her friend’s hands roaming her body.

Mary checks her horns, ears, and looks at her fur. She inspects Daisy’s tail and notices that she seemingly has more control over it. Her hand softly rubbing her lower abdomen, Daisy lets out a “Moo” when her hand contacts her now softer pudgier gut. Mary presses a bit harder and feels a mass beneath the skin, four distinct bumps topping a rounding mass.

An udder! Mary’s inner voice screams.