

Accidentally Milky

The morning sun was bright and warm on Blue Belle Ranch. Its rays played across a line of cowgirls filing into a bus, bringing a shine of perspiration to their skin. Each was more voluptuous than the last. Their tall, supple bodies boasted bovine-sized curves capable of feeding a town. The smallest of them possessed breasts rivaling overgrown watermelons. The largest more than doubled that with straining, milk-filled udders covering her hips.

No matter their size, the cowgirls' breasts were all plumped and engorged larger than usual. A wealthy business owner was in need of exotic bar service and entertainment at a local gala. Blue Belle Ranch was just the place to provide. After giving the girls a hearty, estrogen-filled breakfast, their udders were primed to produce enough milk for several hundred guests. Some already looked at their limit as their chests hung heavy and sloshed, their owners sweating in aroused heat.

THUNK!

"Mmmoooh! Sorry!'" one giggled as she stepped on the bus, her rear colliding with the door. The bus driver's eyes looked ready to spring from his head as he watched the heifer angle her hips sideways in order to fit.

CREEAAAK!!

The bus's suspension groaned when the final cowgirl took her seat. Never before had it been so loaded with milk-producing curves.

"Bye, Sara!!" one of them called, leaning out the window until a bloated chest wedged her in place.



The owner of Blue Belle Ranch, waved in farewell. "Make us proud, girls! I'll meet you all there later tonight for the big show!!"

A cowgirl jumped with excitement. *“With strawberries??”*

“Of course.”

“EEK!! Jasmine!! Give me back my bikini top!!”

“No!! It’s mine!! I saw you take it this morning!!”

“Nnnghhmmooooo is anybody else already starting to feel too full??”

The bus door closed as the heifers’ energy started to peak. Part of Sara felt bad for the bus driver, but as she watched several topless cowgirls wrestling in a seat behind him, she knew it couldn’t be all bad.

Sara smiled sheepishly as they drove off. “I really hope they don’t make a mess in there... He probably didn’t bring a mop...”

“Yaaawwwwnnn...” a bellowing groan sounded, coming from behind. Sara recognized it as her lover’s trademark yawn. Cowgirl herself and co-owner of the ranch, Clementine was a heifer expert when it came to milking and managing their rambunctious stock. She wore long work pants with a white T-shirt. Skin-tight, it left little of her O-cup curves to the imagination as the outline of a black bra and overflowing flesh pressed into the fabric.

Clementine stared sleepily at the bus exiting the driveway. A lengthy blonde tail atop a plump bovine rear twitched behind her as she rubbed her eyes. “Where are they off to so early...?”

Sara spun around in the dirt. A cow print dress whirled to tease soft thighs. It wasn’t a practical ranch outfit, but it had become a part of the ranch’s brand. Annoyance filled her eyes. *“They’re going to the gala! You know, the thing that we’ve been preparing for for several weeks?? Why aren’t you dressed?? We need to go meet them at the event soon! And you were supposed to help me this morning with the--”* Sara froze, seeing a half-eaten pancake in Clementine’s hand. “Clem... What is that?”

Crumbs dotted her mouth as she chewed. Clementine took a bite and shrugged. “Pancake. There was a whole stack of them in the kitchen. Did you make them?? They’re awesome!! Is it a new batter? I had like five on the way out here.”

Sara’s heart quickened. She glanced nervously at Clementine’s breasts. “Those... Those were for the girls, Clem...”

“...And? I’m allowed to eat, too!” She held the pancake close, greedy. “You’re not taking my pancake! I already licked it!”

“N-No... Clem, no!!” Sara grew frantic. “Those were to help the girls’ milk come in!! I loaded them with hormones!! One pancake is enough to double their production!!”

She shrugged, unfazed, before devouring the rest of the breakfast. “Eh... I’m not trained to lactate, remember? I’m sure I’ll just retain a little water for a day or two. A little estrogen never hurt anyone. It’s not like--”

GUUUURGLE

The ranchers paused. A dense, muffled bubbling came from Clementine’s bust and drew their eyes. Sara was certain she could see the fabric stretching. The cowgirl’s front looked heavier than normal as it started to sag.

“Uh... Clem? Are you feeling alright...?”

Flustered confusion made Clementine blush. Her eyes drooped in secret worry as her tail whipped faster. “I... Hah, I mean I feel a *little* swollen... But that’s not uncommon... I’m always kind of swollen, you know? I--”

CREEAAK!

“Ah!” Clementine jolted when her bra screamed. Cleavage heaped between the cups, pulling her neckline down. Moments later, several drops of white cream found their way through the front of her shirt as she started to leak.

Sara ran to her. “Clem!!! *Crap!! I told you, you cow!! The pancakes are--*”

“I-It’s fine!” She put on a facade and cradled her chest with a wavering smile. Although it had blown several inches bigger, she was intent on acting as if nothing were wrong. “I’m sure the pancakes are just having a little side effect! I *am* a cowgirl after all...” She smiled weakly, her arms trembling with their weight. “I-I can handle a little milk every now and again!” Her eyes fell to her bust. “R...Right?”



GUUUUUUUUGLE!!

STRRRTCH!!!

Sara’s jaw dropped when her lover’s chest surged with a flood of milk. Flesh quickly filled every inch of her shirt, stretching it across their bloated masses as they rubbed down and across her stomach like a giant pregnant belly. The sound of angry milk churned within, beating against her nipples as soft skin overflowed Clementine’s frantic arms.

“AH!! OK!! O-OK OK!!! *This is a little much!!!*” She stumbled to avoid gravity’s pull. “Sara!! Why am I growing?!”

POP!!

POP POP!!

Stitches blew under her arms. Nipples like fists tented her shirt.

“Because you ate so many pancakes!!! I told you!!! Those were for the girls!! THEY WERE LOADED WITH HORMONES!!”

GUUUUUUUURGLE

SNAP!!!

“MMMMMOOOOOOOOO!!!! T-THAT WAS MY FAVORITE BRA!!” Clementine’s labored bellow echoed around the ranch when her milk assaulted her udders. Her cheeks flushed red with confused arousal as she looked for help. The snapping of her bra stung against her mounds and hung limp on her shoulders. *“Alright!! Alright alright alright!!! This is more than I can handle!!”* She bit her lip, stifling a moan as she stretched. *“M-My boobs were big enough on their own, Sara!! I was huge!! They didn’t need milk!! I-I can’t carry these things!!”*

Sara gawked, not wanting to admit she was growing wet under her dress. The breeze chilled the fluid coating her inner thighs and tickled her crotch. She’d chosen a poor day to not wear underwear.

She giggled nervously, hoping to hide her arousal. “Careful there, Bessie! Don’t ruin your shirt! I still have to do the laundry! That’s your last clean top!” Sara joked. “The milk just has to work its way through your--”

GUUUUUURGLE!!!

“MMMMOOOOO!!!” Clementine shrieked when they extended past her hips. *“I-I need to be pumped!! I need to be pumped NOW!!”* Her eyes grew wide when she felt more milk rush into her. *“M-Mooooooo before I get any bigger!! MMOOOOOO!! Saraaaa!!! Pleeeaaase!!!”*

Sara knew the sounds of fearful lowing all too well. When a cowgirl was full, it was clear in her voice. She sprang into action, using her shoulder to help Clementine stay upright. “Ok! Ok, sorry! Sorry, let’s get you into the barn!”

GUUUUUURGLE!!

“MMOOOOO please hurry!!!”

The girls stumbled across the property toward the barn. Dust kicked up around their feet, Clementine only able to drag herself while trying to control her bust.

A barn opened before them. A tall ceiling arched overhead to frame two rows of milking machines. Usually the girls would be filling them at this hour, but today it was Clementine’s turn.

“Right here!! Right here!!”

SLOOOOSH!!!

“Mmmmgh!!! Mooooooo!!!” Clementine groaned when they stopped at a pump. Unable to stay standing, she fell to the ground and leaned over her chest. They supported her torso and engulfed her arms like bean bags. Milk caused her mounds to tremble as they continued to grow beneath her.

“S-Sara!! Sara!! Hurry!! They’re getting bigger!!” Clementine’s eyes widened and her breath grew quick. *“I didn’t think I could get so big!!! Is this safe?! Why would you leave pancakes like that on the table?!”*

Sara was busy unwinding the hoses and suction cups. “Funny what some hormones will do to a heifer, isn’t it??”

THUNK!

She tossed the hoses on the ground in front of Clementine's nipples before running behind the cowgirl. "Alright! Let's get those clothes off!!" Clementine knelt in front of her, a plump rear being presented in tight pants.

"What?? What are you--*Ah!! SARA!!*"

The rancher pulled Clementine's pants down her legs. The waistband had to stretch to get over her hips, but at her thighs, it and her panties pulled off with ease. Clementine clamped her legs shut, hiding her intimates from Sara's prying eyes. Her tail clenched in the crevice of her butt.

"*WHY DID YOU TAKE MY PANTS OFF??*"

SMACK!!!

"*EEP!!*"

Sara delivered a healthy spank. The resulting jiggling made her grin. "Because if you're gonna be pumped, you're gonna be pumped naked like the rest of the girls!" She moved to Clementine's front and was pleased to see the usually confident cowgirl blushing. "Now off with that shirt!! Before it--"

SHRRRIIIIP!!!!

"*MOOOOO!!!!!! SARAAA!!! MY SHIIIRRRT!!!*"

Clementine's breasts flowed free when the garment exploded. They moved across the barn floor, larger than the girls' bed.

"Holy..." Sara whispered. "*Clementine... You're...*"

GUUUURGLE!!

SPLRRRTCH!!

SPLRRRTCH!!

Milk arched from her nipples. The pressure was growing, forcing Clementine's mammarys to spray and pepper the floor with dairy.

"Mmmmm!! *Sara!!! Cowgirl in distress!! Cowgirl in distress!!*" Clementine clawed at her bust. "*COWGIRL IN DISTRESS!!*"

Sara took the suction cups in her hands and approached a bloated nipple. As large as an apple, it had turned puffy and shiny pink with pressure. Her areolas had darkened, spreading wider as they stretched and domed. Trails of milk leaked from Clementine's pores, giving a sweet scent to the air.

"C-Clem..." Sara gulped, her throat dry. "I... I've *always* wondered what your milk tastes like... You've never lactated enough for me to--"

"*SARA DON'T YOU DARE!!!!*" Clementine stiffened as if trying to run away. "*NOW IS NOT THE TIME TO GET THIRSTY!!*"

Her frantic recoil made Sara laugh. "Fine, fine!!" She snorted, "Don't blow a tit. Prepare for suction!"

Clementine's hands clenched into fists. She'd never been pumped before, but from the sounds of the other cowgirls, she knew it wasn't a calming experience. "*W-Wait, don't put them on too fast! I'm not ready for--*"

SCHLMPH!!

SCHLMPH!!

“MMMMMMMOOOOOOOOO!!!!” Clementine reared her head when the cups latched. The pump’s stimulation was immense, drawing milk from her body without mercy. “MMOO!!! M-MMOOO!!! SARAAA!!! THAT’S TOO HIGH!! THE PUMP IS TOO HIGH!!”



The scene was mesmerizing. It was rare for Clementine to lose control so drastically. Sara stared, watching her partner tense and tremble atop her bust.

“Wow... Look at you...” Sara giggled. “Finally getting pumped like a big cowgirl!”

“Ah!! N-Nngh mooo!!!” Clementine looked at her with weak, weary eyes. “They’re... T-They’re not stopping...!!”

“Well duh! *You took enough hormones for a whole farm!*” Sara walked around the massive bust, tracing her hand across Clementine’s skin. “Who knew a little milk could make you lose your mind! *I would have spiked your food a long time ago.*”

GUUUUUURGLE!!

“M-MMGH!!”

Sara walked behind Clementine before gasping in shock.

The cowgirl whimpered and tried to look behind her for the source of concern.

“W-What?? What’s wrong?!”

Sara teased, “I think we should get you a towel. You’re gonna flood the barn with how much you’re enjoying the pump, your perv.”

Embarrassment made Clementine bury her face in her cleavage. “I-It’s not my fault!!!! I--”

“Clem...”

Sweating, Clementine looked up from her cleavage to see her lover standing there. Atop her breasts, she was raised almost to eye level as Sara smiled.

“H-Hey, Sara... What are you--Mmph!”

Sara pulled Clementine’s head close, locking their lips into a fiery storm of passion. Their breath intermingled, mixing and filling their lungs. Sara could taste Clementine’s lust on her tongue and her passion on her breath.

GUUUUUURGLE

“M-Mmmph...”

Their tongues danced. Slowly, one of Sara’s hands pressed into Clementine’s chest, sinking several inches until milk fought back.

GUUUUUUUUUURGLE

KA-CHUNK!

Clementine’s eyes popped open. *“Mmmph...! Mph?!”*

Sara pulled away, her eyes clouded with desire. Arousal hung on her breath. “God, you’re huge... All that milk... Filling you up... *It smells incredible.*”

GUUUUUURGLE!!!

KA-CHUNK!

KA-CHUNK!

Panic gripped Clementine as the pump bucked and sputtered. *“Sara...! The pump!!! It’s--”*

“Seeing you so much bigger... It just makes me want to--”

GUUUUUURGLE!!!!!!

BOOM!!!

“AH!! The pump!?”

Sara spun around when a storm of clanking metal filled the barn. Smoke rose from the motor. Milk sprayed from the hose connections as Clementine’s pressure overloaded the device.

STRRRRTCH!!!!

“I-It’s too tight!!! It’s too tight on my nipples!! Sara, it can’t handle me!! I’m too big!?”

“Oh crap!!! Sorry!!! H-Hang on!! I can--”

GUUUUUURGLE!!!!!!

“AAHHH!!! MY NIPPLES!!! SARA, MY NIPPLES!?”

Sara looked down in time to see Clementine’s nipples bloat massively inside the plastic suction cups. Their pink skin filled the space, pressing against the plastic as she bulged around the base. Cracks appeared as milk erupted from the machine.

STRRRRTCH!!!!

“MMNNGH!!!! T-TOO TIIIGHT!?”

BOOM!!!

BOOM!!!

“MMMoooooooo!!!!!!”

Clementine’s nipples burst from the hoses, more than triple the size they had been upon entering. The pump itself heaved before falling still, milk gushing from its holding tank.

GUUUUUUUURGLE!!!!

GUUUUUUUUUURGLE!!!!!!

The milky mountains surged, lifting higher into the air. Clementine squeaked when her feet flailed against nothing. *“W... WHY AM I GROWING FASTER?! SARA!! M-MY TITS ARE GROWING EVEN FASTER!”*

Sara watched in awe as her lover bloated. Her skin gurgled, beating with milk. “It’s the stimulation... It’s driving your chest insane...” she whispered. Yelling to Clementine, she warned, “*Hang on!! I’m coming!!*”

GUUUUUURGLE!!!

“*MMMMMOOOOO please hurryyyy!! I-I’m getting too big!!! Sara, I don’t want to pop!!*” Her eyes bulged. For a moment her mind went blank at the image. “*W-Wait!!! CAN I POP?!?*”

Sara ran around to the back. Looking up, she could see Clementine’s thighs spread as her knees sank into her chest for support. A swollen pussy stared back, pink and blushing out of need.

“*OH MY GOD!!*”

“*Ah!! What?! What’s wrong?!*”

“*I should get my camera!!*”

“*SARA!!!!*”

“*Coming, coming!! Don’t have a cow!*”

“*Mmmngh!!! Not funnyyy!!*”



She climbed the back of Clementine’s breasts. Her limbs sank deep into the pillowy flesh. The heat rose with intensity the deeper she pressed, as did the pressure. Sara felt as if she were climbing a mountainous water balloon. Reaching Clementine’s legs, she grabbed a swinging cow tail to help her up.

“*MMMooo!!!!!!*” Clementine bellowed.

“*Thanks for the lift!*”

GUUUUUUUURGLE!!!!

Milk groaned around them. A significant portion of the barn had been taken up by Clementine's bust. So high up, Sara had to be careful not to look down.

"Mmoooooo!! Mmmmmooooooo!!! Sarraaaa!!!" Clementine bellowed. Her tail whipped in a panic. Echoes bounced through her chest whenever it struck. *"Do something!! Do something!!! I'm making too much milk!!"*

Sara lay next to her, running a hand down Clementine's back. *"Don't worry, I've got just the thing."* Her hand sank between the backs of Clementine's thighs.

Clementine whimpered, her ears drooping. *"I-I don't like that look in your eyes... What are you going to--AAHHH!!!"*

Sara's hand cupped Clementine's crotch. Plumped enough to fill her hands, it nearly jiggled with her gushing arousal. Fluid coated Sara's palm instantly.

GUUUUUURGLE!!!

"Ah!! Mmmoooo!!! S-Sara!!" Clementine whined, feeling the rancher's fingers gently spreading her lips in a tease. *"S-Sara, don't!!! Don't!! Don't do that!!!"*

"Don't what? Go inside? Liiiiike this?"

"MMMMMM!!!!!"

Clementine accepted two fingers with ease. Her body seared with heat, contracting and tight around Sara's fingers. An engorged clit throbbed against her knuckles as if it were a direct orgasm button.

GUUUUUUUURGLE!!!!!!

"SARA!! S-Sara!! My milk!! You're making me--MMOOOOOO!!! God that feels so good!!! D-Don't stop!! I mean stop!! Ahhh my TITS!!"

"I can't believe how wet you are... I'm lucky I was able to climb up here at all with how much you're gushing down your cleavage!"

"Mmmgh!! S-Shut up!!"

"I--"

STRRRRTCH!!

Sara paused. Something was squeezing her hand. She glanced down. Clementine's pussy had swelled larger and tighter, although it was the surrounding area that concerned her the most.

"Uh... U-Uh-oh..."

Clementine panicked. *"Uh-oh?! What's uh-oh?!"*

STRRRRRRTCH!!!!

"I-I think your boobs might be running out of room... That, or...all those hormones might causing some...extra swelling."

"What do you mean?! What does that even--" Clementine looked back, her eyes growing into saucers.

Her butt jiggled, heaving against her lower back. It rose with twice its usual mass, each cheek rivaling a truck tire. To either side she saw what could only be her hips. They plumped, thickening into giant tree trunks to spread her legs open. Milky skin bloated and folded, creasing as her curves fought for space.

STRRRRTCH!!!!

“M-My butt!! SARA!! Sara, make it stop!!! I-I can’t keep my legs closed!! I--”

CRASH!!!

Several pumps fell over below when her chest demanded more space.

GUUUUUUUURGLE!!!!

CRREEEAAAAAAK!!!!

The sound of groaning wood filled their ears.

“Ahhh I’m touching the wall!! This barn isn’t going to be big enough!!”

Sara’s heart was racing. She fought to keep stimulating, but the wall of rapidly rising ass was intent on restricting access. Atop the mountain of milk, Clementine’s lower half came to rival a semi-truck. The added weight caused her breasts to shift, tilting them backward with unsteadiness.

“We’re gonna fall!!! My chest is going to roll over!! I’m off balance!!”

STRRRRRRTCH!!!!

Sara’s face paled when Clementine’s butt ballooned, groaning and sloshing with milk. It heaved low and large, pulling at her back. “I-I don’t think tipping over is going to be a problem...”

BWOOOOOMPH!!!!

“M-MMMOOO!!”

The mountain of flesh rolled back, ramming into the opposite side of the barn. The wood groaned, struggling against the force as Clementine’s body wedged itself in place. To Sara’s left sat a trembling expanse of boob. To her right was a rising wall of cheeks and thighs. Everything ached with milk. The air was sweet with its fragrance.

GUUUUUUUURGLE!!!

“Sara?! S-Sara!!! I... Ngh!! I-I can’t take much more of this!! I’m getting too full!!! I think my nipples are blocked!! O-Or they’re too swollen!! MOOOOOO I FEEL LIKE A GIANT MILK BALLOOON!!!”

GUUUUUUUURGLE!!!!

The cleavage rose, jolting the girls when it pulled tight. Pressure pushed Sara up and out of the impression her body weight caused. The ceiling inched closer and the walls closed in. Several more pumps toppled over in her wake.

“Mmmooooo!!! MMOOOOOOO!!! SARA!!! D-Do something!!!” Clementine whimpered, feeling her chest tremble. *“I’m getting tighter!!! I-I-I don’t want to pop!!”*

“Uuuuggh!” Sara groaned, crawling over the breasts to lie in front of Clementine.

“Always mooing and going on and oooon about popping...”

Clementine looked on, helpless and confused at her lover’s lack of concern. She looked into Sara’s eyes, pleading. *“H...Huh? Sara...?? But... B-But my chest! Do you really want...me to...p-pop??”*

Sara rolled over, releasing a sigh. “You’re really milking this for all it’s worth, you know that?” It was difficult not to crack a smile.

“W... What...” Clementine blinked in disbelief. Her face turned red. *“WHAT?!?! Y-You’re making puns right now?! I-I’m about to EXPLODE with milk!!! And you’re--MMPH!!!”*

Sara kissed her once more, driving her tongue deep into Clementine's mouth. She pulled away to leave Clementine breathless after stealing her air. *"I know just what you need. Don't move."*

Rising onto her knees, Sara grabbed the bottom of her dress and pulled it up her body like a curtain. Her naked figure revealed itself, leaving Clementine's heart racing. Moisture made Sara's thighs shine and accentuate her delicate pink crotch. Never had its juices made Clementine's mouth water so badly.



Sara tossed the dress aside and caressed her hands down her front, groping her perky G-cups with a smile. *"Can't have my dress getting ruined, now can I?"*

Despite her worsening pressure, Clementine still blushed at her lover's show. *"W-What are you going to--Mmooooo!!!"*

Sara's mouth started kissing down Clementine's shoulder. It soon turned to biting, following her back before lustful teeth fell upon her bloating bust.

"Ah!! Sara!! I'm...I-I'm too tight for that!! You'll make me pop!!!"

"Maybe I want you to..."

She whimpered. *"W-What...?"*

Sara grinned with villainous intent. *"I'm gonna make you come so hard that these giant udders have no choice but to...explode."*

Before she could protest, Sara began worming her way into Clementine's cleavage.

"Wait!! W-Wait!! Where are you--NNGH!!!"

GUUUUUURGLE!!!!

The sound of pounding milk drowned her words.

CRREEEAAAAAAK!!!!

“S-Sara!! Sara, the barn!! I can feel all the walls!!! I-I-I think they’re bowing outward!! The wood is cracking!! Where are you--MOOOO!!!!”

Sara squirmed through her cleavage before coming up beneath Clementine’s belly. She kissed its smooth surface. Every line of her abdomen was traced with her tongue as she followed her navel and hips lower.

GUUUUUURGLE!!

“MMMM!!! S-Sara!! SARA!! Don’t do that!!! Don’t do that!!! You’ll make me too big!! I’m not kidding!!!”

Sara ignored her begging, intent on bullying her swollen cowgirl. Slick wetness met her lips when she kissed Clementine’s navel. Soft pubic hair was awash with lustful sweat and exhaustion from so much lactation. Thighs trembled in the darkness, squeezing her pussy. It didn’t take long for Sara to find the puffy lips with her tongue.

“MMMMOOOO!!!! SAARRRAAAAA!!!!”

GUUUUUUUUUUUURGLE!!!!

STRRRRRRTCH!!!!

Skin groaned around her. She could feel Clementine swelling beyond her limits. Still, she pressed forward. The tip of her tongue spread Clementine’s pussy, releasing a flood of fluid.

GUUUUUURGLE!!!

“MMMGGH!!! NNNGH!! T-Too tight!!! TOO FULL!! I’m too full, Sara!! ARE YOU TRYING TO MAKE MY POP?!”

Her tongue was relentless. Clementine’s clit throbbed against it like a grape, swollen and tight. The taste of her fluids never failed to intoxicate.

GUUUUUURGLE!!!!

CRREEEAAAAAAK!!!

“SARA!!! T-The ceiling!!!! M-My back is against the ceiling!!!!”

CRASH!!!!

“AAHHHH I THINK A WALL JUST BLEW OUT!!!”

CRREEEAAAAAAK!!!

“MMMMOOOOOO!!! MMMOOOOOOOO!!!! My unnudders!!!! Sara, they can’t take this!!!” Clementine clenched her hands into fists. The pleasure was immense and mind-numbing. She couldn’t see straight. Her chest ached, having grown far too large. Every part of her body screamed for release. Her ass vibrated. Her thighs felt like small houses. Hidden far out of sight, her nipples puffed in anger. They rubbed against wood and broke out of the barn.

GUUUUUUUURGLE!!!!

“MMMM!!!! MMMMOOOOOOOOOOO I’M GONNA COOOOME!!!! I-I’M GONNA EXPLODE, SARA!!!!”

CRREEEAAAAAAK!!!!

Skin filled every corner. Clementine closed her eyes as it started squeezing her, pinning her against the roof. It had become a battle of pressure between her chest and the barn's walls.

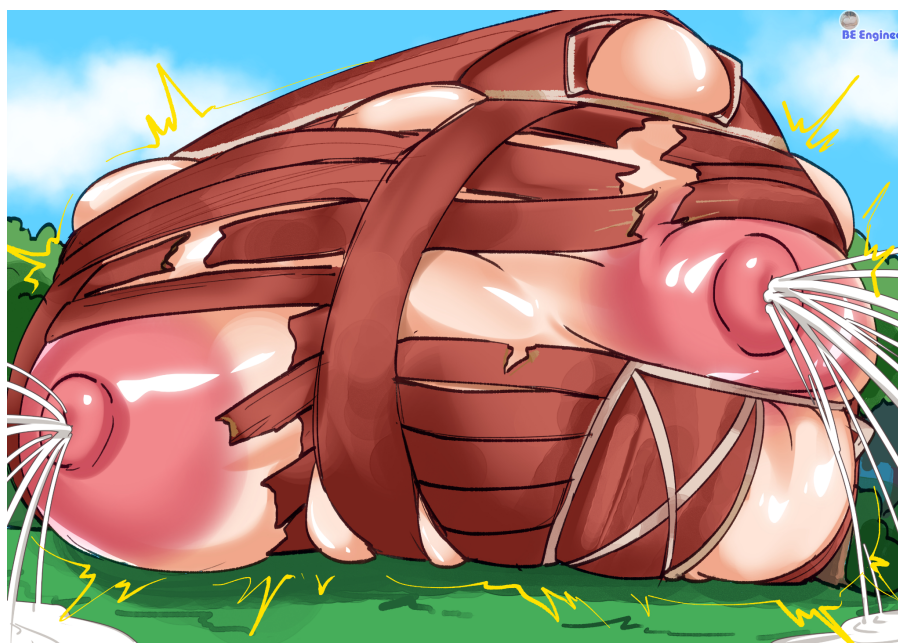
GRRMMMMMBLLLLL!!!

Her chest growled with anger.

"AH!! AAHHHH!!!! OOOHHH I'M TOO FULL!!! MY MIIIIILK!!! I-I DON'T THINK I CAN HOLD ANOTHER DROP!!" Clementine's toes clenched. An orgasm had arrived. Sara was merciless beneath her belly as fire built in her navel. Her core felt ready to erupt.

GRRMMMMBBBLLL!!!!!!!

"MMMMMMOOOOO!!!!!!!!!! I CAN'T HOLD IT!!! I-I CAN'T HOLD IT!!!! AAHHHHH I'M TOO BIIIG!!! SARA!!! S-S-SARA!! PLEASE!!! DON'T MAKE ME POP!! D-DON'T... MMOOOO!!! MY NIPPLES CAN'T HOLD IT!!"



GUUUUUUUURGLE!!!!

GRRRRMMMMMBLLLLL!!!!!!

"MMMMM!!!! SAAARRRAAAAAA!!!!!! I THINK MY UDDERS ARE GOING TO--"

CRRREEEAAAAAAA--SPLOOOOOOOSH!!!!!!

Clementine's nipples erupted. Milk surged from the barn in two enormous fountains. The torrential flow of white lasted for an eternity as Clementine writhed in ultimate pleasure. With dozens of gallons pumping through her nipples every second, her mind couldn't hope to process the stimulation.

"MMMMOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!!!!!!!"

Her bellows echoed. Skin shifted and contracted around her. The pressure was releasing, not without leaving her tortured and on the brink of insanity. Her mind blanked. In a mind-rending scream, she gave herself fully to the pressure and let her milk take over.

WHOOOOOOSH!!!!!!

A flood of white rushed from the barn. Pumps, machinery, wooden debris, and a cow-print dress were carried away. What was left was a barely standing structure. The walls were blown out. The roof had partially caved in.

“MMNNGHHMMOOOO!!”

Clementine couldn't remember what happened when her eyes fluttered open. Pleasure stole her memory of release.

“Mmmmmooooooooo...!!! M-Mmmmmooooooooo...!”

Weak, exhausted moaning came from the barn's floor. There, lying among the sea of milk, were Clementine and Sara. The cowgirl was gasping on her back, her still-swollen breasts heaving on top of her. Pleasure emanated from her quivering pussy between tree trunk thighs.

“Sara... O-Oh, God... Sara...” she panted, grabbing a breast. It was firm under her palm and sprayed milk into the air. *“I can't... I-I can't believe you did that to me!! You... You make me pop!! You... Y-You bitch!! How could you?!”*

Sara rose onto her hands and knees and crawled over Clementine. “You didn't pop, dummy... I just forced the milk out of you.” A wink made Clementine blush. “Little trick I learned” Her naked body dripped with milk, slippery and pale. Droplets ran down her hanging breasts to fall from her erect nipples. The throbbing between her thighs was more than she could bear as her pussy begged for attention. Rarely did it feel so large and puffy. She could feel herself dripping with lust.

She eyed Clementine's nipples. *“Ohhh, still some left I see...”*

“S...S-Sara... Wait...!”

“Hmmm...” Sara moaned, straddling her lover's hips. Their lips pressed together, hot and slick. She licked her fingers one by one, looking Clementine in the eye. She leaned forward, taking a bloated mound in both hands and squeezing to plump a nipple.

Clementine shuddered. *“Ah! Sara!! Sara, wait!! Please...mmmo!! T-The last orgasm...is still--Mmmgh!!!”* She watched in horror as Sara's lips opened for her nipple.

“For what it's worth... Your milk tastes amazing...” Sara growled, causing Clementine to gulp. *“And I want more... Might as well empty the tanks, right?”*