

Cowtastrophe



Personal Log

Day 13

Janice L.

Progress has been slower than anticipated. I didn't expect to be staying on some random guy's farm for this long, but here we are. We woke up to several more cows showing symptoms of extreme lactation. Laura has dubbed it Bovine over-Lactation Syndrome (BOLS) for the time being until we have more information.

I still haven't gotten used to the sight of seeing them stranded on top of their udders like that. It's like some kind of weird joke out of a cartoon. Every cow comes with her own personal cushion to keep her from touching the ground. Poor things...

The farm has been quarantined in every way except by putting a giant plastic dome over the property. Understandably, the farmer has been at the gate every day. He's getting tired of us staying here, but our hands are tied. We can't let him back in until we figure this out. I'm told the government is paying him a healthy sum and covering the cost of his hotel. Letting this spread to other dairy farms in the state would be bad, especially if it's transferable through milk. So far the condition seems to only encourage rapid development of milk. Luckily the body is spurred to grow at a pace to keep up with supply. The limits are not yet--

"Janice, how is that sample coming? Has it separated yet?"

My pen stopped mid-sentence when my supervisor entered the barn. I closed my research journal before inspecting a nearby beaker filled with some of subject thirteen's milk. Picking it up by the rim and swirling it a bit, I watched for any flocculation. A little milk touched the tips of my fingers but it would be fine so long as I wiped them dry.

"Just about there," I told her. "Nothing very promising, though."

Laura sighed and sat on a stool. Chemicals and testing equipment sprawled before her on a table. It was strange seeing so much high-tech gear in a barn that leaked when it rained, but it was easiest for us to do our work here with the cows a short distance away. I only wished their mooing wasn't so loud.

Laura chuckled without glancing up from her notes. "You see those heifers in the pen this morning? Look more like pink blobs with legs than cows."

"Poor things... I wish we could at least get them to stop growing."

"Not like we're not trying. We can hardly milk them fast enough. Best we can do is keep them from getting any bigger while we find a way to stop their lactation and stop it from spreading."

I nodded in agreement. Our best theory so far put the blame on an undiscovered type of bug. Unique bites have been found on all affected cows, but the culprit was yet to be caught. Could be anything from a mutated mosquito to a mite.

“These results make no sense...” Laura huffed, leaning over the table.

My train of thought left me. Being on a farm, we had opted to wear more rugged clothes of jeans and flannel button-ups. Seeing Laura in such a getup was different; I never saw this much of her cleavage at the lab. The way her shirt flares open to show off her substantial breasts was as distracting as the noisy cows outside.

I gulped and watched her mounds squish together against her forearm. I wouldn’t say I’m a lesbian, but working with the same woman for several years, often alone together at night in a lab, was bound to seed some curious feelings. Often I wondered if she felt the same. I certainly wasn’t a buxom as her, not even close, but I knew a thing or two about working my fingers and tongue.

“Janice?”

I snapped back to reality. “Hmm??”

“You in there? Something on your mind?” Laura had caught my gaze.

“J-Just tired! The past few nights of staring into a microscope until one or two a.m. are starting to catch up with me... Then waking up early to observe the cows...”

“What we do is hard,” Laura agreed. “So long as you’re just tired and not experiencing any swelling yourself. You *are* milk-free, right? If this spreads to humans--”

“Yea, yea, I’m clean.”

“I made you a pot of milk if you want it.”

“Yes please.” I stepped towards a snack table we had prepared. “You want some? You’d think watching cows blow up like balloons would keep you wide awake.” A fresh cup filled the air with an energetic aroma as I stirred in some creamer.

“Nnnngh...” Laura stretched her arms over her head and leaned back. Wishing for a button to pop brought me a cheap thrill. “No thanks, I’m--”

“Ow!”

“You alright?”

Never reach for a cup of coffee while staring at a coworker’s tits, otherwise you’ll dunk your fingers into a piping-hot mug. “Just burned myself.” I whipped my fingers through the air to cool them off and sipped my beverage.

MOOOOOOO!!!

A cow bellowed outside. The sound was common these days and grew louder the more they filled. Assistants would be by soon enough with the farmer’s milk machine.

“Sounds like June is about topped off,” I chuckled.

“Every hour on the dot, like Ol’ Faithful.” Laura rubbed her temples. “We need more data. What if it’s something in the water? If so, this could have affected every woman in town already and be lying dormant...”

“God, could you imagine??” Thinking about the local women’s breasts blowing out of their shirts took me on a wild ride of the imagination. The images made my chest tingle. Having your boobs fill up with milk would be weird enough without them outgrowing every shirt and bra you own and turning into jiggling mounds of milk. Can’t say I was a little curious to know what it felt like, though.

I added, “I’m sure *some* girls would welcome the opportunity. Imagine the porn.”

Laura considered it for only a split second. “Aahhhh why do you have to put that kind of stuff in my head??”

Blushing, I allowed myself to picture Laura if she fell victim to excessive lactation. I figured she was around an F-cup. If those things filled with milk, I bet they would be *massive*. Would she enjoy it? Does she like having such a big chest? If it were me, lactation would be worth every drop if it made my little B-cup breasts as big as hers.

Two men groaned at the barn door when a truck pulled off the road.

“Damn farmer is back again.”

“I’ll get the truck.”

Two armed men rushed by the open barn door. They were among the several government guards making sure nobody came or left the property. Two men in black suits stood on the farmhouse’s front porch. It wasn’t the first time I had seen them; they sometimes came to have a chat with Laura.

I motioned to the men. “Still no word on why we have the Men in Black coming by every now and then?” I assumed they were from our department.

“That’s above your paygrade,” Laura said, not looking up from her work.

“Hilarious.”

Laura didn’t return my laugh. Sometimes I wondered what was kept hidden from me simply because I was a glorified assistant. Sipping my coffee and putting the government men out of my mind, I returned to my work.

(.Y.) (.Y.) (.Y.) (.Y.) (.Y.)

Night settled over the farm. Over the backdrop of lowing dairy cows, Laura and I retired to the house for dinner. Most of the other researchers had already eaten by this point. Their work came in shifts of observing the cows and milking them. Mine pertained to long days in our pop-up lab.

A plate of mashed potatoes and steak sat in front of me, hardly touched. I didn’t feel hungry, but I did feel exhausted. A fever warmed my brow and I could feel sweat under my plaid. Intense sensations of growing pains had been prickling at my chest for hours. Based on their soreness and subtle size increase, part of me feared I might have somehow contracted the cow’s virus.

“Janice...? You doing alright?” Laura stared at me from across the table. Sharp eyes pierced me to my core as if she were studying me. “You’ve barely touched your steak.”

I gave a weak chuckle. “Guess I feel weird eating it when I’ve named all the cows here. I swear June knows when we have steak. She’s a judgy one. If she wasn’t immobile, I swear she would--*Nngh...*!”

Laura raised an eyebrow. “What’s wrong?”

I twisted in my chair and stretched my back, allowing one of my hands to gently massage the side of my chest. Pressure protested within my bra.

“I think I might shower and go to bed early. This sleep deprivation is starting to affect my appetite; I’ve been at it since five a.m. today...”

“Go wash up. I probably won’t be too far behind you.”

“You going to work late again?”

Laura shrugged. “Working is all there is to do out here unless you like watching Judge Judy on a twenty-year-old TV.”

Heat flashed in my chest. I could think of several other things to do for entertainment, namely sharing a shower together. Such a thing could never happen, though; even if there was some kind of primal spark of desire between us, she was still my superior and she would never risk her job for something like an experimental fling. Still, I wondered why I occasionally caught Laura glancing at my chest...

The stairs creaked when I retired to the upper floor of the farmhouse. I was grateful for the noise; it masked my own moans from the tight movement within my bra. Escape from these clothes couldn’t come soon enough.

I undressed in the bathroom. Unwrapping my breasts like they were delicate ornaments, I was amazed to find them swollen by an entire cup. Such an amount of engorgement may not seem like a lot to many girls, but to me, it left my chest more than fifty percent larger than what I’m used to.

“N-Nngh... Fuck they’re warm...”

Steam poured from the shower as I stared in the mirror admiring the strange transformation. They were flushed with color and tender to the touch. A slight fold creased their undersides from gravity pulling them down my torso. It was difficult to tell in the low light, but I was certain there were a few veins that hadn’t been there before. Even my areolas had swelled; I hadn’t seen them so puffy since puberty.

The longer I stared, the more I feared for my chest. What if I had somehow contracted Bovine Over-Lactation Syndrome? Our tests so far showed it was impossible for it to jump to humans, but anything was possible with mutations.

MOOOOOOO!

A cow bellowed outside from its fullness. I shivered, wondering if I might soon know how it felt.

Worst of all was their sensitivity. Even being exposed to the air was enough to make my body tense and tremble. My nipples stood out hard and angry. My heartbeat contracted them to drive spikes of pleasure through my bust. Ignoring them was difficult, but ignoring the sexual scenes they pushed into my head was impossible.

A hot shower served as my release. Under a cloak of steam and rushing water, I prayed Laura couldn't hear my labored gasps for air as I masturbated and groped my swollen chest. Thankfully no milk leaked free, but after enduring a lip-curling orgasm, their sensitivity remained extreme.

My exhaustion was at least enough to override my chest's pleadings until I could crawl into bed and find sleep's embrace.

(.Y.) (.Y.) (.Y.) (.Y.) (.Y.)

Personal Log

Day 14

Janice L.

BOLS has made the jump to humans. I'm not sure how or at what point I contracted it, but I can say without a doubt that I'm in the beginning stages.

I awoke this morning to find my breasts larger than any normal amount of swelling could account for. From my suitcase, which contained several bras I had packed for my extended stay, none fit. Several cups' worth of engorgement caused me to overflow their confines in an obscene manner. It reminded me of Claire from high school when she put on my bra as a joke. My reflection would be comical if I weren't so turned on by the sight.

Extreme swelling alone does not account for my suspicion. Upon waking, I found milk permeating my sheets and pajama top. The moisture had spread to the majority of the mattress' surface, leading me to estimate I had leaked extensively through the night. I also witnessed droplets of milk leaking my nipples, extinguishing any hope for some other source of liquid.

My breasts are firm and incredibly round. They jut off my front as if to deny gravity their full weight. I cannot ignore their full appearance. To say I am engorged would be a gross understatement; I am ready to burst. They are tender and tight to the touch, but not unpleasant to inspect. On the contrary, I find testing their elasticity quite exhilarating. My nipples had become pronounced and bloated. I was not aware they could puff so large. By my best estimates, I'm now around an F-cup: an increase of four cups from my original size.

Such rapid growth is unheard of simply overnight, unless you're a cow with BOLS. If it managed to infect me, then it's also possible I may be able to transmit it to other women. I'm unsure how this would be done, as I don't know how I contracted it in the first place. The best course of action would be to quarantine myself, but I cannot afford to be placed on sick leave. My rent is late as it is. I will have to be very careful around Laura. At least we know BOLS cannot spread through the air.

MMOOOOO!!!!

A distant moo reminded me of the pressure in my chest. “*Nnngh...*”

I set down my pen with a groan and massaged my glands. My breasts felt larger every minute. Since waking an hour ago, I have milked myself several times. At first it was awkward and unknown to me, but the task came naturally soon enough. I was able to create several steady streams of dairy. It was a sight I never thought I would see, but I wasn't unhappy about it. I welcomed the increase in size, and the milk-laden sensations were a thrill.

Work called for me regardless of my desire to explore my developments. Even if I enjoyed the early effects of BOLS, the thought of ending up like any of the cows made me shudder. A breakthrough in research could mean the difference between me having an ample bust, and me having an immobilizing burden.

A sports bra was the only undergarment capable of concealing my affliction. Combined with a loose black t-shirt, none would be the wiser. Several layers of paper towels were added to my sports bra; I could already tell my breasts would be prone to leakage.

Laura greeted me when I entered the aged barn. The air smelled of milk from a night of draining the cows and testing their dairy.

“Morning, Janice. How'd you sleep?”

I didn't dare tell her I woke up in a puddle of milk with breasts several times larger. “You know, the usual...”

She glanced at my front and I made a point to hunch forward slightly. Standing up straight wouldn't do me any favors. “Kind of a relaxed outfit for work, isn't it?”

“I need to do laundry. All my button-ups are dirty,” I lied.

Laura accepted the excuse easily enough and returned to the equipment in front of her. I couldn't help but notice the view down her shirt as she leaned forward. My own cleavage was comparable to hers. How long did I have until I surpassed it? I wonder if hers is just as soft...

We applied ourselves in the barn. As the morning wore on, it became clear that my soaked bed had been a warning of what was to come.

Milk pressure rose steadily. It was odd being able to feel my milk glands filling so rapidly. I'd never noticed them before today, and now I was keenly aware of their existence as they filled out my breasts like balloons. My sports bra could only do so much to contain their girth. There were sure to be red lines across the tops of my breasts when I took it off. I could feel

myself bulging over the neckline and around the shoulder straps. The poor garment was meant for a B-sized girl; how long could it stand to contain a girl nearing H-cups?

STTRTCH!

“Ah!” I cried out when my breasts expanded large enough to shift inside their prison. Friction teased my nipples like a BDSM torture device and spurred a tiny release of milk. The paper towels had been soaked through long ago. It wouldn’t be long until milk was running down my stomach.

“Janice??”

“A-A bug flew at me! Just startled me,” I laughed off weakly.

I was going to have to milk myself. At this rate, I would be lucky to get out of the barn with a dry t-shirt. I tried my best to endure the engorgement as I busied myself around the lab.

Laura stood and approached my table with a stack of Petri dishes. I would have made way for her if my hands weren’t busy handling chemicals.

“Excuse my reach...” she warned, coming from the side to grab a small syringe in front of me. I couldn’t move out of the way fast enough when her arm glanced in front of me, accidentally jamming her elbow into my chest.

“AH!”

SPLRCH!

A cry escaped my lips. I couldn’t blame her for the collision; I was usually flat and out of the way. How was she supposed to know there were two bloated melon halves hiding under my shirt?

SPLRRCH!

“Mnngh!!!”

She looked at me strangely when I bit my lip and trembled. Unbeknownst to Laura, the force of her strike had sent my udders into full-letdown mode. I could feel milk rushing through my ducts and into my sports bra like I was wetting myself. Never had I been so grateful to be wearing a black t-shirt; it would take gallons of milk before it looked wet.

MOOOOOOOOO!!!

The cows outside seemed to sense my distress.

“S-Sorry! Didn’t mean to bump you...” Laura backed away in surprise at the sudden chaos. “You alright? I elbowed you kind of hard.”

“Y-Yea...” I winced and decided to play the joke card. “A little boob punch never killed anyone.”

Laura stared at my front curiously. I feared she was comparing what she’d felt to how large she thought I was. Given our work situation, a sudden increase in breast size was cause for concern.

She sniffed the air.

“Do you smell something?”

I had to play dumb. Of course I smelled my own milk as it pooled in my sports bra. My nipples were busy releasing my contents like hoses. I had to get out of here. “What? Like Manure? I’m almost used to it by now.”

Laura shook her head and stepped closer to me. “No... It smells...*sweet*.” She sniffed the air again and eyeballed my chest like I was hiding a doughnut in my bra.

Wrapping an arm over my front to help stem my nipples, I denied it once more. “I don’t smell anything!”

Dubious, Laura grabbed her radio and contacted the others. “Hey, it smells like a cow is overflowing somewhere. Make sure they’re all taken care of.”

I was already heading toward the back of the barn when Laura received a reply. “They’re all hooked up!! They’re bigger than ever, but no one is off their machine!”

“Hmmm...” Laura called to me just as I’d reached the back of the barn. “Janice? Where are you going?”

My hand was on the door handle. I was steps away from privacy and being able to empty my bursting burdens. “I-I just need some air! I think I smell it now. It’s kind of giving me a headache.”

“Ok... Be quick about it. These cows’ udders aren’t going to wait. They need us.”

She didn’t know how right she was. I raced out of the barn to face the farmer’s field. Here I would have a little privacy for the time being save for the road on the other side. I didn’t care if anyone driving by saw my deed. Feeling ready to erupt, I lifted my shirt and sports bra.

SPLAT!!

Two soaked pads of paper towels slapped against the ground and splashed by ankles.

“O-Oh my God... My boobs!!”

They were *massive*. Forget F-cups; I was well on my way to the second half of the alphabet. They were more milk than flesh. Standing there with my shirt pulled up to my chin, I watched my dairy-filled globes sway with my every movement.

GUUUURGLE

“Mgh!”

MOOOOOOOO!!!!

They grew as the cows lowed around the farm. My tits swelled before my own eyes. I saw them tighten with milk. Vivid veins throbbed like those of so many well-endowed models I’d ogled. My nipples had turned into thick cone-shaped nozzles. The pressure within caused them to expand and contract.

GUUUUUUURGLE

“A-Ahh!!! Too big!!! T-Too big!!”

MOOOOO!!

I was at my limit. I couldn’t hold another drop. I knew how those cows felt, now. Frantic with heat, lust, and spiking pressure, I grabbed my heaving udders. Milk sprang from my grasp and peppered the ground in front of me.

To waste such nectar felt like a sin. Quickly, I squeezed my bust and angled both nipples to my mouth. I sealed my lips around them and immediately felt my throat fill with cream.

“MMMMM!!!”

It was delicious. My milk was far from that of a normal woman’s lactation. It was thick, raw, and unpasteurized. It had a texture of liquified frosting and a taste just as sweet. How my chest could create such a wonder was incredible.

“L...Laura...” I gurgled. I broke out into goosebumps at the thought of sharing my milk with her. I wouldn’t mind being her research subject for a night... She could poke and probe me all she wanted.

MOOOOOOOOOO!!!

MOOOOOO!!

My eyes fluttered as I gulped my own product. Somehow the other cows knew what I was going through. This was sublime. My breasts pulsed in my hands to pump more milk into my belly. Every swallow was heaven. If this was a curse, it bordered on a blessing.

“Mmmngh... Mmmngh!”

I couldn’t help but whimper. A hand slipped down the front of my jeans to find my sopping pussy. If I had to worry about anything leaking through my clothes at this point, it was my dripping cunt.

“So big... They’re so...big...” I moaned between mouthfuls of plump nipple. I wouldn’t care if they never went back to normal. Feeling myself grow to such a size was all I had ever wanted. Feeling them stretching with milk was dream-like. Feeling their weight try to control my body was entertaining.

I didn’t want it to end.

I knew the more feverishly I sucked, the more milk they would be encouraged to make. It was a self-fulfilling process. I had to milk myself, but milking myself only caused them to produce more next time.

My milk ran out long before I felt satisfied. That’s not to say I wasn’t full; my stomach bulged outward and distended against my jeans with the full weight of my dairy. I pulled my hand out of my panties and stared at the glistening coating of fluid. I hadn’t reached orgasm, but I didn’t want to force it. I wanted to come when I was full of milk.

The barn supported my weight as I recovered. I replaced my shirt and bra, surprised at how much smaller I was now that I was empty. I might be in trouble if they grow much more.

Wiping my mouth and unbuttoning my jeans to accommodate my swallowed milk, I returned to Laura’s presence and tried to focus on work.

All I could think about was sharing my rich product with her lips.

*Personal Log
Day 14 continued, Night
Janice L.*

I've grown another two cups over the course of the day. This does not refer to the volume of milk inside my breasts; this is the real growth of my breast tissue after I have emptied myself completely. Luckily the workday has ended and I do not need to conceal them any longer, but I fear even my sports bra won't be able to hide them come tomorrow. By the end of today, it was already far too uncomfortable to wear. The way it squeezes my breasts produces too much stimulation and leaves me feeling far too full.

Laura was staring at me strangely all day. I can't be certain, but I think she knows something is wrong with me. Her eyes linger on my chest. Is it because of my rapidly increasing size? Does she see me leaking through my shirt? Do women know when other women are lactating? Perhaps by some kind of sixth sense? I can't tell for sure. She is suspicious, though. My constant stifled moans don't help, nor does it help when she catches me staring down her shirt. Considering she unbuttoned an extra button, I'm starting to think she's teasing me on purpose.

Given my extreme growth and milk production, I can't help but wonder how far BOLS could make Laura's breasts expand. Does the subject's body chemistry make a difference? Some women already display a genetic predisposition to overproduce milk. Some are known to produce up to two gallons (!!!) in a day! If I were to infect a pregnant woman who already suffered from overproduction, the results could be devastating. I can't imagine the flood of milk their body would have to accommodate.

My breasts show no sign of stopping. They certainly won't with how I've been suckling and massaging myself. I'm not sure I want it to stop... At least I haven't been immobilized like the cows yet. I don't know how much longer I can stand the ever-constant pressure. It's exhilarating and uncomfortable at the same time. Milk pushes my chest larger even as I write this. Surely there must be a limit. What happens if I ignore them for too long...?

I put my journal down and stumbled to bed. The frame creaked under my weight when I lowered myself down. Freshly emptied and belly full of milk, it was easy to find sleep under the warm covers and weight of my chest.

Milk was inescapable even in my dreams.

RRMMMMBBBBLLL

Distant thunder shook the sky. I stared upward to see clouds swollen and heavy with rain. They hung in the air like suspended gray oceans.

"Ngh..."

I tried to move to cover before the deluge could start.

RRMMMMBBBBLLL

The sky was angry. I didn't blame it; I knew how it felt to be overladen with a wet burden. Its clouds looked ready to burst with its load.

"Nngh!"

I couldn't move. Looking down, I noticed two mountainous breasts resting on top of me. They spanned several feet in all directions to pin me in place.

RRMMMMBBBBBLLLL

GUUUURGLE

"Mmgh!?"

The thunder made my chest vibrate. It swelled with the clouds, threatening a release. Try as I might, I couldn't move. My arms lay trapped beneath my own flesh. I could only stare into the sky and my looming cleavage.

RRMMMMBBBBLLLL

"T-They're stretching!?"

My loins ached somewhere deep and out of sight. I wanted nothing more than to touch myself. This build-up was becoming too much.

RRRRMMMMBBBBLLLL

GUUUURRRGLE

"Ah!! Please...! Please!?" I yelled into the sky. *"Let it go!! I-I can't take it!?"*

GUUUUUUUUUUURGLE!!!

"MMNGH!!!!"

Waves of pleasure washed over me and swept me into ecstasy.

PLOP

PLOP PLOP PLOP

"MMMGGH!"

The rain had started to fall. I felt it on my face and giant nipples. Every droplet was a pinprick of pleasure driving into my body.

PLOP PLOP PLOP!!

PLOP PLOP!!

PLOP PLOP PLOP PLOP!!!

"Yees!!!"

I screamed into the dark sky when the rain fell heavier. It came in curtains, blanketing my body. I was surprised to find it warm. Sweetness coated my lips and tongue when it fell into my mouth. Rain had never been so enjoyable. As the sky shook, so too did my body as the deluge brought me to orgasm. I felt as full to bursting as those clouds. I don't think I could hold another drop before I--

"AH!"

I opened my eyes to a dark room. My breath was rapid and intense. Sweat coated my body in a layer of sexual odor. Gasping in recovery, I could still feel my pussy contracting from

the orgasmic dream. My shirt was gone. Milk dripped from the ceiling. Everything in the room was soaked. I didn't need to touch my crotch to know how wet I was.

"I-I erupted..." I moaned in realization and shook milk from my arms. "That's one way to have a wet dream..."

My breasts were like bloated honeydews. They showed signs of a recent letdown. Could I have really gotten as big as I was in my dream? It didn't seem possible, and yet, the weight felt so real.

It was over an hour before my usual time to get up. Knowing it was a blessing, I rose with sore shoulders and quickly dried what I could of the room. I was still a guest in this house, after all.

A shower did wonders for my chest. Urged by the hot water and my eager massaging, as well as one or two spare orgasms, I was able to coax the last of my milk out and bring myself down several more sizes.

I returned to my room optimistic about my chances of concealing my assets, but to my dismay, even my sports bra was incapable of holding my chest without squeezing the life out of me.

My reflection stared back in the mirror. The sight was magnificent. I could have explored them all morning. The way they made my hands look so small was intoxicating.

"Great... What do I do with you two now??" I hefted them in thought and saw fresh milk drip from a nipple. They weren't going to stop, and I couldn't go all day without having something to soak up my milk. "The only one here with a bra that might fit is--"

I stopped, not having to say it aloud. Laura was the only woman here that could loan me something that might fit. Peeking my head outside my room, I could hear her still snoring down the hall. It was risky but I didn't have much of a choice. I pulled on a pair of pajama pants and a t-shirt and tip-toed to her door.

Knock knock

"Laura..." I whispered, not wanting to wake any of my other colleagues.

No answer came save for continued snoring.

"Laura..."

Still nothing. My supervisor was out cold. I could hardly blame her, considering it was four a.m. As my breasts begged for support, I opened her door with barely a click.

"Laura..." I whispered like a mouse. She was facing me and I couldn't help but feel her eyes were about to spring open.

"Nngh..." She snorted in her sleep.

Her suitcase sat along the wall. Praying I wouldn't leave a milky trail, I made my way to her pile of garments. There were several bras for the choosing. One of her sports bras would be a stretch but would contain me firmly.

"Nnngh..."

I froze when Laura shifted. The blankets fell away from her neck to settle around the base of her ribs. My eyes widened at the sight.

She slept nude, and it was magnificent. Laura's tits were immaculate. It was clear she took care of them. I'm talking about daily lotion massages.

"M-Mm!"

My chest tingled when I imagined her breasts sliding across my face with her cleavage slick with milk.

GUUUURGLE

"AH! Shit!"

I cried out upon feeling my breasts engorge. My arousal wasn't doing my glands any favors. With my mammarys only tightening my shirt, I quickly looked for a bra before I doused her clothes.

"J...Janice...?"

I was caught. My instincts kicked in and I froze. Maybe if I didn't move, she would think this was a dream.

No such luck. Laura sat up in bed, not caring to cover her front. "What are you doing? Is that my bra...?"

A cheeky grin covered my face. "O-Oh! It is, isn't it?? Uhhh..." I couldn't think of any story to make my presence make sense, especially when I held her underwear in my hand. "I kind of needed to borrow a bra...and I didn't want to wake you."

"So you snuck into your supervisor's room to take one of her bras without asking?"

*"I-I... I *did* try to wake you up..."*

I'm so fired. I had no way to hide my bloated tits!! My shirt was tight enough to be see-through! Laura was going to see them for sure, and I obviously have not always had a pair of head-sized knockers.

She rose out of bed with curiosity. It may have been the low light, but I was certain her nipples were hard.

"You remind me of my summer camp days," she chuckled. The sheet fell away from her body.

"L-Laura!" I averted my eyes, however unwillingly. *"You're--"*

"What's the matter? Willing to wear another woman's bra but can't stand to see her naked?" Amused, she stood proud before me as if enjoying my obvious urge to look. "Honestly I didn't think we were anywhere close in bra size. You've always been fairly petite, haven't you?"

I tried to hug my breasts smaller but they were too large. "Yea... I've been having some minor swelling."

She nodded. "I've been meaning to ask you about that..." Looking down, Laura stared at my chest with narrow eyes. "If you're experiencing *any* signs of growth, you need to tell me so we can handle it. If this thing jumps to humans--"

Laura stopped and her eyes widened before she backed away.

“J-Janice! Are you *leaking*?! *That’s milk!*!”

I looked to where she pointed and saw wet spots forming over my nipples. They were eager for another morning milking. Thinking fast, I waved my hand. “No! No, it’s not!!!” I grabbed my dripping hair. “I just took a shower!! I didn’t dry my hair very well and it’s soaking into my top!”

I could tell she wasn’t totally buying it. Who would, when their coworker had been a B-cup only two days ago?

“I-I just tend to have some major swelling when it’s...you know...that time of the month. I usually wear a sports bra to hide it but I didn’t pack one.”

“Well... That’s a relief.” Laura’s expression didn’t quite match her words. She seemed disappointed that I wasn’t about to shower her with milk. “The world would change if BOLS made the jump to humans.”

“No kidding...” It was hard to disagree with her when I was trembling from trying to keep my milk inside my boobs.

“Here, let me get you a bra that will work.”

Laura stepped toward her suitcase, unashamed of standing next to me in her full nudity. I could feel the heat from her body. Neatly trimmed black pubes covered her crotch. I had never felt more attracted to another woman. What would she do if I reached out and caressed her lower back at that moment?

“Here, this one should work.”

I stared at the black sports bra being presented to me. Even from a distance, I could tell it smelled like her. Breathing in her scent all day was certain to bring me to the point of popping.

“Janice, are you sure you’re alright? I have to admit, that looks like a lot more than just some swelling.”

“Like I said... Always been really hormonal! Just blows the girls right up! I-I don’t like to advertise their size, so I hide them in sports bras usually.”

Laura smiled and nodded. “I can understand that. Hope that fits you! I don’t know how you hide those monsters as well as you do. I had *no* idea you were so well-endowed.”

GUUURGLE

“*MM! J-Just takes practice!*”

Laura stretched her arms overhead and grunted before grabbing a pair of underwear and slipping them over her hips. “Best go get dressed. Breakfast is in an hour.”

Watching her put on a bra was mesmerizing. Was I that sexy when I got dressed now? I gulped and uncontrollably said, “Y-Yes, Ma-am...”

(.Y.) (.Y.) (.Y.) (.Y.) (.Y.)

Personal Log
Day 15

Janice L.

I can't take much more of this. Is Laura trying to make me go insane?! I can't get her nudity out of my head! How am I supposed to work with her all day with those mental images? I appreciate that she loaned me her bra even after I was caught sneaking into her room, but what am I supposed to think about our relationship? I keep forgetting that she's my boss. And yet she stood naked in front of me like it was nothing...

It's only been thirty minutes and I already feel like I'm going to pop out of her bra. Today is going to be rough... I can't even go an hour without being forced to find some relief. It's no wonder these cows are as engorged as they are; THIS MILK IS MERCILESS. I'm lucky enough to have fingers to milk myself. Those poor cows can only watch as their udders expand like balloons.

I do wonder how large I could swell if I left my breasts alone. Could I stand to let them go that long? The pleasure would be mind-numbing... And the pressure... I don't even want to think about the pressure. Is it possible to return to my only B-cups at this point? Not that I want to; these massive knockers are a treasure. A girl could get used to using her own milk in a bowl of Cap'n Crunch. When we get back to the city, the first thing I'm going to do is find some lucky guy and rip my shirt open in front of him while I wear one of my old bras. Unless something happens with Laura and me... The way she's been looking at me this morning is making me wet. Knowing I'm wearing her bra, it's like we have a dirty little secret. Like we're two schoolgirls who swapped panties during lunch. I can't stop thinking about her.

How would she react if she saw me topless? I'm bigger than her now... I'm obviously lactating more than nature intended, and there's no way I fooled her with my hormone lie. She knows full well that I've never hidden these in a sports bra.

I can't keep this up much longer. Something has to give. The bigger I grow, the more I hear the cows bellowing outside. Laura is going to find out I got infected one way or another. Either it's going to be because I blow out of my shirt in front of her, or I won't be able to resist my wandering eyes any longer and give in to the lust between us.

(.Y.) (.Y.) (.Y.) (.Y.) (.Y.)

Personal Log
Day 15 continued, Night
Janice L.

I've locked myself in my room. I couldn't take it any longer. Being around Laura is too much. My stomach actually growls when I think about her. So much arousal is driving my tits to new limits. I barely made it out of the barn before I felt myself rip through her bra. I'll have to buy her a new one...

Even my biggest t-shirts won't stretch over my boobs. No matter how much I milk myself, more milk is always there to take its place. I only made it until lunchtime before I knew Laura's bra wasn't up to the task. I had to fake a stomachache so I could retreat to my room for the rest of the day. Tomorrow I might have to face the music. What else can I do when I can't even stuff myself into a shirt?!

I have no idea what size I am anymore. Basketballs? Watermelons, maybe? My skin is soft and pliable, but just looking at it you can tell it's stretching to hold a massive amount of milk. Every minute my nipples feel like they're going to erupt, like sprinklers on an over-pressurized water line. I can't even call them breasts anymore. These are udders. Huge, bloated, udders. Plain and simple. I'm a cow. I wouldn't be surprised if I start singing with the rest of them soon. I'm milk drunk every hour of the day. I can't help but suck on them whenever possible. It's just too tasty...

Hiding my udders is impossible. Part of me doesn't want to hide them. Why should I? They're glorious! Who knew my little ol' B-cups could swell into something so beautiful?? Their sensitivity is driving me insane, though. I can barely think straight most of the time. My nipples are always hard and have light-pink stretch marks from getting so swollen. I'm struggling to write even now. My hands would rather squeeze my tits. There are worse fates, I suppose.

If the past two nights are anything to go by, my chest will exceed all realms of normalcy tonight while I sleep. Being inactive and unable to empty myself seems to lead to rapid tissue development. I have a theory that this is when the virus encourages the body to permanently grow in order to comfortably contain the milk. During the day I feel bloated and tight with pressure. After a night of sleep, however, I find my breasts to have grown soft and accustomed to their contents. The strain is gone and they're ready to stretch larger once more. This would explain how I could attain such girth even when starting so small. It also explains why the cows are largest after sleeping.

Knock knock

"Janice...? Still feeling unwell?"

I looked up when a voice came from my door. It was Laura. With only a door between her and my naked, milk-engorged body, I almost wanted her to walk in and check on me.

"A-A little better!" I called out. "I think I'm just going to turn in..."

“Ok... I hope to see you in the morning.”

I listened to her steps fade away before I returned to my journal.

I can only hope I figure something out soon. Laura's temptations haunt my mind. An undeniable attraction lives between us. I've seen the way she stares at me. I'll be going to bed soon. I may have to tie myself down so I don't go to her in my sleep. And if she happens to enter my room while I'm in such a helpless state...well...what can a girl do but accept whatever happens?

(.Y.) (.Y.) (.Y.) (.Y.) (.Y.)

GUUUUUURGLE

“N-Nnngh...”

My eyes fluttered open to darkness. It wasn't late, only eleven p.m., and yet intense pressure had brought me from my slumber. Upon looking down, it wasn't difficult to see why.

Monumental mammaries covered my torso in a blanket of warmth. Flesh flowed into my armpits and onto the mattress. Sitting up with a grunt, I couldn't believe they had engorged large enough to fill my lap.

Sweat covered my body and soaked the sheets along with my milk. I didn't dare wear anything to bed for fear of bursting out of it while I slept. A pair of panties was all I trusted myself to stay in, and that was tenuous at best. I could smell my own arousal filling the room. Condensation covered my window with a layer of blurriness.

CRREAAAAAK

“M-Mmgh!”

Rising to my knees was a struggle. The weight pulling at my back was powerful. Much larger and I might not have been able to get up at all. Touching my crotch, I found it dripping wet with overheated excitement. The rounded head of the bedpost had never looked so enticing. I might have explored the possibility had I not looked outside.

A light was on in the barn. It had to be Laura, working late as she usually did. Most likely alone...

I knew I should have tied myself to the bed.

The night air was cold on my nipples. I had a blanket wrapped around my body to help my underwear keep me warm against the chill, but the real warmth came from the milk running down my front. My thoughts were a foggy ocean of lust and desire. I couldn't resist Laura any longer. Not when I was so big. I needed help milking these monsters.

My feet scraped in the dirt when I stumbled to the barn door and leaned on the wall for support.

MOOOOO!!

A cow announced my arrival.

“L...Laura...” I moaned, my breasts hanging to my hips.

She looked up from the table, startled. “Janice! What are--” Laura fell silent upon seeing the overblown size of my udders. Like beach balls, they hung down my front in swollen teardrops laden with milk. The blanket fell from my shoulders as I breathed with overwhelming lust.

“I lied...” I gasped. “I got infected, Laura... I don’t know how, but the milk won’t stop... My breasts... M-My udders...won’t stop growing...” She rose to meet me and I stumbled toward her, grabbing her shoulders. “And neither will my thoughts about you...”

She gazed at me with wide eyes. I could see hard nipples poking into her shirt. I think it was rare for her to be confronted by a woman larger than herself. “J-Janice... We can’t--”

“Yes we can.” I breathed into her face and pushed my chest into hers. “Touch them. Squeeze them. *M-Mmmngh... Milk them...* I want you to study me.”

My hands had minds of their own. Working like spiders, they had already undone several of Laura’s shirt buttons. She made no effort to stop me, even as I slid her shirt over her shoulders to unveil her breasts. They were so small and perky compared to mine, but still more than enough to overflow my hands when I pressed them into her front. Tight bulges of flesh heaved between us when our chests collided. Had Laura not been leaning against a table, I may have fallen on her.

“I never thought I would have bigger tits than you...” I whispered while tracing a finger over her cleavage. A layer of cream already coated her front, turning Laura’s breasts into slippery mounds. “*Turns out all it took was a little bit of milk.*”

MOOOOOO!!

“J...Janice... We...” Laura breathed in desperation. She was trying to resist but her eyes couldn’t look away from my glorious udders. “*We can’t... We need to...quarantine you...this is bad!*”

I pressed myself into her, intimidating my boss with my sheer size and weight. “*So do it, but do it after we have some fun.*” Placing her hand on my body, I encouraged her to explore. “*Don’t you want to see what this is like? All those late nights of us casting glances at each other? Wondering how the other’s body feels in your hands? How soft their skin is...*” I leaned in, bringing our faces close. “*What their tongue tastes like... Or what their pussy tastes like...?*”

Laura’s chest heaved for breath. Her lips reflected the barn light. I’d never seen her blush so deep with desire. “*J... Janice... We...*”

“*You can quarantine me. You can strap me to a pump and test my milk all you want after this. I’ll probably enjoy it. But before that, don’t you want a little taste...?*”

Her eyes fluttered up and met mine. No more words passed between us. Seeing it in each other’s eyes, our arms embraced one another and our lips locked.

“Mmmph!!!”

Laura's lips were plump and firm. Her breath was intoxicating. I was putty in her arms as we stumbled around the barn. We struck the opposite wall near a hitching post. Laura grinned when she saw it.

"Bend over," she demanded.

"Y-Yes, Ma-am!!"

She bent me at the hips until I was forced to hang on the wooden post with my hands. A milking stool let me kneel, but I was too aroused for my legs to keep still. A dozen gallons of heavy milk pulled my torso to the floor as I assumed a position ripe for the milking. I was at Laura's mercy.

"Nngh! They're heavy!" I moaned, trying to rise.

"Don't get up." Laura leaned over me. I could feel her breath on my neck as a finger snagged my panties and slid them down my thighs. *"How could a little cow like you let yourself get so full?"* she whispered.

"I... I-I can't help it!" I wanted to cry out. Lust was building within me like explosive bubbles. I could watch my udders engorge and reach closer to the ground.

"Should I help you release all of that pesky, heavy milk...?"

I bit my lip. Never did I imagine Laura would be so domineering. *"Y-Yes!! Please!! I feel like they could burst!!"*

"What's the magic word?" A finger traced itself on the border of my crotch. I dripped with anticipation.

GUUUUUUURGLE

"P-Please!!!" Her teasing was driving me up the wall.

"Not that one." Laura leaned close. Her tits smashed against my back, bulging over my neck as she whispered into my ear. *"I want to hear you beg for it... Like a cow."*

"M-Mmmm..."

"That's it... Almost...!" She teased my pussy, a hair's breadth away from slipping inside. *"Better hurry... Those udders are looking full enough to blow."*

"Mmmgh!!! M-Milk me!! Please!! I can't hold it!! I'm too...horny!!! They're so hot!!! I feel like my milk is boiling!!"

"Then say it." Her tongue slipped around my ear.

"M-Mmm... Mmmmmmm..." I breathed, feeling ready to explode. I might come simply from her intense teasing. *"M-M-M...Mmmmmmm... MMOOOOOO!!!"*

"There we go. Good dairy cow."

Laura's fingers slipped into me. I gushed at her penetration and trembled, struggling to hold onto my milking post. Leaning down, she grasped my bloated nipple in a fist and massaged to bring milk to the surface.

"Let me hear it again."

I would have done anything to get my milk out of me. *"Mmmooooo!!! MOOOOOO!!!"*

Her teeth clamped down on my ear. Tugging ravenously, Laura began fingering me while tugging my nipple without mercy. A puddle was starting to form under my chest.



“Aahhh!!! AAHH!!! MMMOOOOOOO!!! MOOOO!!!!!!”
MOOOOOO!!!

The cows screamed with me. Milk gushed at her touch and flowed in thick pulses. I held onto the hitching post for dear life; nothing else was keeping me grounded to consciousness.

“My, you’re so full!! So engorged!! Those poor udders of yours... How could you let them get so swollen?”

“I-I...I liked feeling them grow!!!”

“I bet you did.”

GUUUUUURGLE

“MMMOOOOOO!!!” I was lowing uncontrollably. I didn’t care how it sounded. I *wanted* to make those noises. It felt good. It felt right. Nothing felt more natural as I filled ever fuller.

“I think you’re getting bigger!! I can barely milk you fast enough!” Laura caressed my ass lovingly before spanking me, sending my udders heaving back and forth.

“MMMGGH!!!! I-I can’t help it!!”

"You MUST be excited! I've never seen such a sopping-wet cunt."

GUUUUUURRRGLE!!!

"NNGH!!" I groaned at my increasing size. My milk raged and stretched my skin.

"L...Laura!!! Mmmmooooo!!!"

"What is it? Had enough already?"

I shook my head. *"Can you...suck it out? They're getting...mmmng...really heavy..."* I tried to catch my breath. *"I don't know how much more I can take!"*

"Suck it out, hm? Well I guess I'm a little thirsty..."

Laura stood behind me and gathered my chest in her arms, bringing me to stand up. Milk sprayed in all directions when she sank her hands deep into my mass.

SPPLRRTCH!!

"MMNGH!!!! T-Too tight!!! They're too full!!!"

"Let's get some lips on you, then."

She threw me onto a pile of hay and blankets.

BWOOMPSH!!

"AH!!"

My flesh heaved and gushed, pinning me down. I was helpless to do anything but watch as Laura peeled my panties down my legs and stripped herself naked. Feeling her bare skin rub against me as she lay across my front was nearly too much. Two hands compressed one of my nipples before she squeezed it into her mouth and allowed it to puff angrily.

SPLLLRRTCH!!

"Mph!" Laura shuddered as milk sprayed from her lips.

"MMMooooooooo!!! MOOOO!!! MMMMOOOO!!!!"

My mind was gone. I was nothing but my milk. All I wanted was to produce and be milked. I didn't care how. I pulled Laura close and sank her face into my bust. Between her legs, I massaged her pussy with my knee. Fluid ran down my leg as she peaked with arousal.

"Mmmm, your milk is delicious..." Laura grinned, casting her eyes upward. Dairy ran from her chin as she spoke. *"So sweet... And so thick."*

"I... Laura... I-I want... Can I taste you..." I asked, nearly begging. I couldn't take it any longer. *"I've wanted to...for so long!"*

"So needy!" Her grin made me shiver with desire. *"Hope you're hungry."*

Laura moved higher up my body and supported herself on her arms, dangling her chest over my lips.

"Be gentle..." she whispered. *"They're sensitive."*

I clamped down like a starving child.

"Nnngh!!!"

Laura trembled and fell on top of me. Her nipples throbbed in my lips. They tasted like candy: the perfect little cherry nubs.

"Mnngh!! How are they...? A-All you hoped?" she asked.

I nodded vigorously.

“Careful... If you keep sucking so hard, I might start lactating too!”

I released, taking an opportunity to turn the tables. *“Well maybe I’m a little thir--NNGH!!”*

She grabbed my nipple and squeezed, sending a fountain of milk into the air only to pelt her back when it fell.

“MMMMOOOOOOO!!!!!!!!!!”

“Shh.” She clamped my nipple closed. *“You’re as noisy as all the other overfilled cows! I can’t have you screaming like that...”*

She stood up. When I saw her turn her back toward me and straddle my torso, I could only watch with a watering mouth as she positioned herself directly overhead. Watching her legs spread to reveal her pussy made my stomach growl. She lowered herself down slowly until I could smell her musk, before finally, she sat on my face and clenched my head between her thighs.

“AAUGH!!!!”

Laura’s scream echoed around the barn when I devoured her crotch. Her juices were all I had thought they would be. They ran down my face, causing her thighs and cheeks to slide and bulge.

“Mmmph!” I couldn’t help but relish her insides. The warmth was making me drunk. I feared I might produce too much milk as a result, but I didn’t care. This was heaven.

“Oh my!! Look at those udders of yours!!” Laura leaned her weight into my chest.

“Mmmngh!!”

“And here I didn’t think you could get much bigger!! Does this poor little heifer need a milking?”

I nodded rapidly with my mouth full. Light came from between Laura’s cheeks when she leaned forward and laid across my body. We could have eaten each other out, but I was far more delighted when she grabbed both of my nipples and showered herself with my dairy.

SPPLRRRTCH!!!

“It’s so warm!!” she gasped while bathing in cream.

My nipples were squeezed together. Angry and puffy, they sat prisoner in Laura’s grip as she brought her tongue and lips upon them.

“Mmmm!! Mmmmph!!”

My nails sank into her ass. I groped whatever I could of her hips and thighs. Everything was so smooth and taut. I couldn’t get enough of Laura’s body.

“Give me your milk...” Laura cooed. The teasing attacking my nipples was overwhelming. I couldn’t control my chest as it started to buck and spray in heavy surges.

“Ahh!! Aahhhmm!!!”

“Should I really get you flowing...? How full do you think I can make them?”

GUUUURGLE

She clamped down on my nipples, sealing off my milk's only exit.

MOOOOOO!!

"M-Mmgh!" I whimpered. I can't believe I actually whimpered, like a needy little puppy. I responded with my tongue and thrust my chest toward her.

"I think that's a yes!"

One of her hands left my nipples. I didn't know where it was heading until I felt her fingers slide into my crotch. I clenched when she dared to explore further with her pinky.

"AAHHHMMM!!!!!"

"That's the spot, isn't it?"

GUUUUUUURGLE

"MMMNGH!!!!"

My milk blossomed. Stimulated on every level, I ate at her loins as my udders stretched and bloated between us. I felt massive. I had to be enormous. The pressure... *The pressure!!* All those gallons of milk...swirling inside of me!! Like I'm some kind of holding tank!! I'm no better than those cows!! And none of it can escape!! She was holding my milk prisoner!

SSSTTRRRRTCH!!!

"Oh!! Someone is getting a little firm, aren't they?"

"Mmmngh!!!!"

How much stamina does Laura have?? She's gushing over me like a hose but I see no sign of her climaxing!! I, on the other hand, feel ready to burst. My pussy had never felt so engorged and ready to pop. What is this pressure?? *It's everywhere!!*

SSSTTRRRRTCH!!!

"Mmnggh!!! M-Mmmmp!!!"

"Soooo fuuuuull..." Laura teased. She hooked her fingers within my crotch and massaged my G-spot. A single hand remained clamped on my nipples like a vice. "*You don't think you'll pop, do you?*"

"Mmmmmmm..."

SSSTTRRRRTCH!!

"All that milk... It must be stretching you out! I can't imagine how heavy it must feel."

SSSSSTTRRRRTCH!!

"Mmmngh!!!!"

I was shaking. I couldn't take much more. Desperate, I reached out to massage my chest as it quivered with pressure.

SLAP!

"NGH!!!"

Laura slapped my hand away and knelt on my arms. "Uh-uh! *I decide when you get to let it all out.*"

"MMPGH!!!"

SSTTRRRRRRTCH!!!

“Look at your nipples!!! God, I could use those areolas as pillows!”

I was seeing spots. My body desperately needed a release. My milk was so backed up that I was drunk on it.

BWOOMPH!!

BWOOMPH!!

“MMPH?!”

My eyes sprang open when a sudden jolt shot through my breasts.

“Uh-oh! *Looks like you’re just about full!!*” Laura poked at my areola. I could tell they had just expanded to tight domes. My glands were out of room. “*What do you think? Should we go for another few gallons?*”

“M-Mmph!!! Mmmmnnn!!!”

I wanted to shake my head but I couldn’t. I was powerless. I didn’t care what happened. No matter what, I was about to experience the greatest release in history.

Laura giggled and licked my nipples as they turned dark pink. “*Oh alright... Try not to scream too loud, would you?*”

“M-M-Mmmph!!! MMMMPPPPH!!!!!”

Fingering me at rapid speed as my mammaries surged to their fullest, Laura released my nipples and raised her crotch from my face.

FWWWOOOOOOOSH!!!!

“MMMMOOOOOOOOOO!!!!!!!!!”

I bellowed like a cow in labor. I didn’t care who heard the sounds of my orgasm as my milk erupted like two geysers. Cream sprayed the barn’s rafters and showered stacks of hay. Much of our equipment was doused on the table and fell to the floor. I could only imagine the sight Laura had from her seat. The milk running down the front of her body and into my mouth was like a waterfall.

“MMMMOOOOOOO!!!!”

“*Look at you go!!!*” Laura laughed and shielded her face. “*I think I’m in the splash zone!!!*”

I must have released several dozen gallons within the span of a few dozen seconds. My chest quickly dwindled to an arm-filling size and rested atop my body with fleshy innocence.

“*Hah... Mmnggh... L-Laura...*” I moaned beneath her hips. “*I can... Ah!! I-I can barely think... That was the greatest orgasm...I’ve ever had...*”

My supervisor chuckled and swung a leg over my head. Lying down, she placed her head on my chest and stared at me with sparkling eyes. A finger traced circles around my nipple. “Who would have thought,” Laura hummed as my eyes felt heavy and I drifted off to a much-needed slumber, “that those little B-cups could hold so much milk...?”

(.Y.) (.Y.) (.Y.) (.Y.) (.Y.)

The barn was dark when my eyes managed to creak open. My body was tired and sore. A chill stung at my nakedness in the open air. Looking down, I saw that my breasts had already begun engorging again and were more than ready to fill my lap. More surprising was Laura's absence. I was about to get up and call her name when I noticed my wrists were bound together by leather cuffs.

"Yes, Sir. She's contracted it."

Laura's voice came from the barn entrance. She was still topless and spoke on the phone.

"Yes, I'm certain..."

"..."

"She's with me. In the barn."

"..."

"Affirmative."

"..."

I groaned and tried to get up. "L...Laura? What's going on?"

She snapped her head toward me. Before she hung up, I heard her say, "She's awake. Hurry."

"Laura...?"

She approached with a sultry walk. Smiling, she knelt by my side and massaged my chest. Milk sprayed with joyful pressure.

"How's my little cowgirl feeling?" she whispered.

"Nngh... *Full*. What's going on? What time is it?" I tried to move again but found my arms useless against my back. "And why am I tied up?"

"You don't remember?" She pinched my nipple. "It was the only way I could keep you from squirming too much when I milked you!"

My head swung toward the barn door. There were several pairs of headlights speeding down the road. I started to struggle when they pulled into the farmer's driveway. Something didn't feel right.

"*Nngh!! L-Laura! What is this?? Who were you talking to?!*"

"That's above your paygrade..."

My eyes grew wide when several black vans skidded to a stop in front of the barn. Laura stood to greet them as suit-clad men jumped out along with several scientists.

"Over here," Laura called in a flat tone. She was approached while buttoning her shirt I had so feverishly removed.

Several agents rushed past her and surrounded me. When they grabbed my wrists and ankles, I knew I was in trouble.

"*W-What are you doing?! Put me down!!! PUT ME DOWN!!!*" I could barely fight against the weight of my own chest, let alone four men carrying me across the floor. "*No!! L-Laura!!! LAURA!!! WHAT'S GOING ON?! I-I'm sorry!!! I'm sorry I didn't tell you sooner!!! I'm not contagious!!! Please!!*"

The black van approached. An agent slid the door open as they herded me like a cow. Try as I might, I couldn't escape their clutches. An acronym on the side of the vehicle read *IDFN*.

A short man in a lab coat approached Laura, looking to be in his thirties.

"Dr.," she greeted.

"Laura..." He looked at me with excitement. "I was starting to think this research was a lost cause."

"So was I, until she outgrew her clothes within a day. She managed to go from flat-chested to *that*. I knew it was only a matter of time until she couldn't take it anymore. I played along and avoided drinking any of her lactation, just in case."

He nodded. "Probably a wise choice. Yours are big enough for ya already, huh?"

Laura didn't appreciate the sexual harassment.

"*Laura!!!*" I screamed when they tossed me into the van. "*LAURA!! WHAT'S GOING ON?!*"

I watched her shake hands with the scientist.

"She's the start of something big," he said. "You've done good work here."

I watched Laura wipe some of my milk from the corner of her mouth as the van door slid closed.

"*Laura!!!*"

"It was my pleasure, Dr. Shrade."