

"They're magnificent, aren't they?" Cynthia couldn't help but look up at her three prized cows in awe.

It had only been a month since she'd given the girls their hunger stimulant, but the effect it had on them was amazing. They had magnificently swollen stomachs, each one so large and fat that it rested on their laps when they sat down. Enormous balloons of fat that were constantly stuffed with multiple fields worth of vegetables. Each of their blubbery blobs was large enough to fill a truck bed and bury the rest in an avalanche of flab. They were the perfect combination of fat and full, giving their stomachs a curvature that stretched around to their backs and turned into lovehandles. They were constantly moving, constantly growing; their sweat-slicked flesh was glowing in the dim lights of the barn as their fat thighs billowed over the milking chairs.

Fppppbbbtttt

Houurrrrppp

Biblbibbbi

"Yeah, a treat. Anyways, where do you want these?" Bindy winced as she felt the wind of the cow girl's overpowering gas.

"Just put them in the other barn. We're almost done here." Cynthia couldn't peel her eyes from her massive prizes.

Bindy simply shrugged, her fluffy tail swishing beside her as she hauled a wagon of food and drink away. Cynthia didn't mind the girl's gas; in fact, she'd almost come to recognize it as a sign of good health. They were bloated, milky bimbos, but they were **her** bloated, milky bimbos. They were the golden geese of the farm; their milk had become a best seller at the local markets, Cynthia could barely keep it in stock. She had to milk the girls overtime just to meet demand; luckily, they could provide. The cupped plastic around their bloated teats was constantly filled with milk, constantly pulsing with frothing liquid as they pumped it into the large containers along the wall. Towering basins of milk that were as tall as Cynthia was, and she needed multiple of them a day to keep up with the girls. Yet, it still wasn't enough.

"Bro, can't we have a TV or something? This whole thing is so boring." Bea was the only one to speak up, rolling her eyes at how long she'd been in the milking chair.

"Yeah, I should probably get you something to do while you're stuck here. Your sessions are getting longer." Cynthia took a step towards the milking chairs, making sure the girls could hear them.

"At least I thought to bring my phone, not like I can post anything. As much as I love these big udders, I don't want to risk a ban." Rosie frowned as she motioned to her oversized bust.

All three of the girls had gotten incredibly busty since they had started producing milk; if it weren't for their oversized stomachs, their tits would be swaying in front of their bodies. They were sloshing blimps of pink flesh that were larger than their heads and certainly large enough for Cynthia to take a rest on. Their breasts were always in motion, sloshing like the milkbags they were. Even though they were all the same size, each girl seemed to have their own quirks to their bust. Tammies had a lot more sag to it, flopping past the sides of her distended stomach when they weren't being propped up, her areolas and nipples had taken on a more pink tone than the other girls. Bea's breasts seemed a bit stouter, a bit wider, like burgeoning balloons that brushed into her arms. Her nipples had taken on a darker tone, one to match her tanned skin given how often she was out in the sun. Rosie, though, Rosie looked like a porn star. Her tits had become perfectly round, jutting off her chest like globes and sloshing when she moved. If it weren't for the sloshing, you'd think she had gotten plastic surgery in secret, something compounded by how tiny her nipples were. They were tiny pink kisses of flesh on the massive orbs; it was amazing that any milk came out of them at all.

Ding

Ding

Ding

Just as Cynthia was getting into admiring her girls and before their patience wore too thin, the timer went off. Cynthia rushed to turn off the loud bell as Tammie yawned, having just woken up from one of her usual naps. The only unfortunate thing with Tammie waking up was the...

Fffppbbbbbbbt

...noise. Being the gassiest of the three girls, she was practically a methane factory with how much vegetation she took in. Her quaking farts were loud enough to be heard across the farm if she were out in the open.

"Finally. I'm glad we're done." Bea didn't wait to pull the pumps off her chest, her breasts stretching as she yanked them away.

Ppsfffffhhh

Milk sprayed out from her tits as the last dribbles fell from her sloshing tits, soaking Cynthia in a rainfall of milk.

"You know, if you just waited for me to hit the button, you'd be done." Cynthia looked up at Bea with a bit of annoyance.

"I could, but you always take too long." Bea smirked as she started for the barn exit.

Pffhhhhssss

Another shower of milk fell upon Cynthia, Rosie pulled her pumps from her globular breasts, making them slosh back and forth as she got up. Despite how often she got milked, she never seemed to deflate that much; it was like she had a secret milk tank hidden in her body.

"Sorry, not sorry. I need to put on a shirt and get back to my followers." Rosie skipped out of the barn without a second thought, her blubbery body sloshing like gelatin as she did.

Cynthia licked the milk off of her face, savoring what little she could before turning off the machine in full. Only Tammie remained, and that was because she had managed to fall back asleep. Walking over to the mammoth cow, Cynthia gave her fat leg a pinch, pulling at the fat to wake her up.

"Huh, is it food time?" Tammie rubbed the sleep from her eyes as she got up from her seat.

"In about an hour. I got some sweets for you back at your room. So, just go relax in there until then." Cynthia motioned towards the door as Tammie lazily followed her finger point.

Tammie lumbered her way out while Cynthia wrung the excess milk from her clothes; somehow the stuff always seemed to evaporate when it hit her body, and she wasn't sure why. Drying off her clothes, she walked to the basins, taking stock of just how much milk the girls had been pumping out.

With three of these basins for each of them, all being filled up twice a day, we should be doubling our profit by the end of next month. I just wish the girls were a bit more...obedient. The appetite stimulant is supposed to make them a bit more obedient and malleable, but it's only amplified the problematic traits of their personality.

Cynthia thought to herself as she stepped out of the barn, trying to think on her next steps forward. Looking out in the fields, Bea was causing her usual level of chaos. She had gripped two of the harvest trucks in her hand and was using them like dumbbells, pumping iron as a way to let off some of her steam. At least it was better than her attempts to play football; the last time she did that, Cynthia thought they would have popped poor Bindy if they'd done it much longer. As Cynthia readied the basins for transport, she couldn't help but catch a glimpse of herself in their silvered surface. She'd gotten a lot larger in the preceding month; she was looking like one of those Amazons she saw men fawn over. She had gotten a couple feet taller, and her muscles were rippling. Bulging shoulders and arms that couldn't fit in a shirt sleeve,

thighs and hips that could stretch jeans when she flexed them, and a trunk of a torso that had a slight taper to it. The only part of her that hadn't gained more muscle was her breasts; somehow those monsters were growing without any input from herself. You'd think she was the cow with how they stretched her overalls; they looked like supple watermelons on her chest, ripe fruits ready for the plucking. They had gotten large enough to get a tan like the rest of her had, stretching out her overalls to the point that they were fully exposed. She had taken to doing her work in the nude on some days, just to avoid getting any weird tan lines.

Cynthia pulled herself away from her reflection and got back to work; she still didn't have the help she needed to take days off. Using her newfound strength, she hauled the massive canisters across the farmyard, a task normally saved for the minotaurs. Sweat poured down her forehead as her blonde locks clung to it, the wind blowing the loose strands out of the way as she reached the other side of the yard. She was just in time to see the shenanigans Rosie was getting up to.

Even though the other girls had stayed relatively unclothed, she'd managed to don a cow-print top in a matter of seconds. Top may have been a bit of an exaggeration, as it was little more than a single strip of cloth stretched over her heaving melons. The massive mounds compressed under the shrinking band as she recorded some kind of live stream. She swooped up the other farm girls and forced her into some kind of interview, talking about makeup and fashion. Cynthia felt bad for the poor satyr; she wasn't prepared for an impromptu interview and simply froze on camera. Rosie flaunted her about like a little doll, putting her on camera while she remained speechless.

Cynthia simply flashed the girl a sympathetic look as she walked into the barn, staring at the mountain of produce in front of her. She had tripled the amount she was feeding the girls, now presenting them with a mountain of their own to feast upon. Now the trick was getting them to eat it; luckily, she had some of their favorite vices assembled around. Whiskey for Bea, candy for Tammie and more trendy snacks for Rosie. The only question came with how much of the appetite stimulant to put into the foods; at the current rate, the girls were liable to damage the farm from their current rough play. Cynthia pulled out her phone, looking at her old work emails, perusing through the company logs to see if there was any known calming effect from the appetite stimulant. Looking back through her bookmarks, she rediscovered that old entry about experiment 924 and started swiping through them. Eventually, she came upon one that seemed to meet her criteria.

[Subject:924: experiment 10. Date: May 24th. Subject status: docile.]

After many struggles to curtail subject 924's rowdy behavior after the first administration of the appetite stimulant, we have made an impressive breakthrough and discovery. Let it be known for documentation's sake that 924 is our largest test subject, a species of leviathan; she is too large to move through the facility halls. In her last checkup, she needed to be airlifted into her temporary homing tank.

Background out of the way. 924 has been an incredible burden on the facility after the initial exposure. Her unique quirks and hyperactivity have damaged many tanks, but today that was different. During her normal dosage increase, she caused an accident. A double portion of the appetite stimulant was dropped into her food, and she became voracious. This was an expected development; what was not expected were the aftereffects. When she had been satiated, she seemed sluggish and calm. This experiment was repeated, and the same happened. It can only be determined that extreme doses in large monster girls leads to a great shift in metabolic effort. Further study will be needed.

Cynthia didn't get much time to read the next entries, as she could hear Tammie making her way towards the barn, which meant feeding time was approaching. Cynthia did the only thing that seemed right and mixed the rest of the stimulant dosage into their various vices; just to be safe, she tripled it. She didn't care much about what happened; she just needed to keep the milk production up and get those girls behaving. As soon as the last batch was mixed in, Tammie had come marching into the barn, her mammoth frame bobbing up and down as she walked. Cynthia found herself staring at the girl's massive ass; the blubbery mounds swayed behind her like out-of-control trailers. Her slow pace was the only thing that saved everyone from any collisions, as she was closer to a bulldozer.

Ffrrrrrrttttt

Hooourrrrrpp

"Sorry, I just get so ***pppppbbttt*** gassy before lunch...and after lunch." Tammie grunted as she let out another blast, meandering her way towards her pile.

"You're gassy all times of day; I don't think lunch has anything to do with it." Bea came jogging in behind, dropping the tractors as she did.

Crash

Cynthia watched in dread as the bloated tomboy just destroyed tens of thousands of dollars in equipment. She hoped that the harvesters could hold up, but she imagined their suspension wasn't tested for drops from a building. While Cynthia fretted, Bea and Tammie took their spots in front of the food mountain; even with their added hunger, they didn't exactly have an appetite for vegetables, but the stimulant soon changed that. A couple beers and couple bars of chocolate and the girls were completely smitten, grabbing handfuls of cabbage between their extra treats. The only one lollygagging was Rosie, poking her head out from the barn; Cynthia saw her still livestreaming to her fanbase.

"Rosie! It's lunch time!" Cynthia cupped her hands around her mouth, letting out a commanding bellow to summon her errant cow.

"I'm busy! This is the most viewers I've ever gotten! I've gotta keep this training running." Rosie shouted back, profiling for her phone as she showed off her form.

"Livestream your lunch; I hear mukbangs are all the rage these days." Cynthia couldn't let Rosie escape this feeding session.

"That's a great idea!" Rosie was so surprised that her response turned into a shout.

Without hesitation, the milky bimbo came running down the field, traipsing into the barn and setting her phone beside her. Cynthia was both surprised and glad at how easy it was to get her to lunchtime, this was the one meal she couldn't afford to skip. As the girls all dug into the meals behind them, Cynthia closed the barn door; nobody needed to see these girls eat, except for her. Securing the place, she made sure to kick on the ventilation fans, because girls the size of trailer trucks generate just as much gas.

Ompphhh

Noomppphh

Hoouurrrpp

Bblblblb

Fpppppppttt

The feast was rapidly becoming a flurry of food and gas; all three girls had gotten their little dose of the appetite stimulant and were ramping up. Their gluttony gathered momentum like a snowball rolling down a mountain, growing larger and faster as time went by. Their treats vanished in short order, and it was now a produce-only game. The girls' eyes were widening as the stimulants turned them into frenzied beasts, devouring all that they could get their hands on. Cupping handfuls of produce in their hands, they tore away massive chunks, letting them tumble down into their waiting maws. Cynthia had done the calculations, and each of those piles was equivalent to Tammie's bodyweight, with a bit extra added on; it should be enough to get some more milk flowing.

She watched with rapt attention, eyes turning to Bea as the rambunctious cow dove her head into her pepper-heavy pile of produce. Cases crunched and cracked under her powerful teeth as the spicy fibers fell into her beer-laden gut. The massive balloon started to firm, to curve; every bite she took was filling it up, making it grow rounder. Her tanned hide shone as the fat was pushed out of the way, her sloshing orb pressing into the straw floor as it supported her weight. She was resting atop the blimp of a stomach, letting it lift her into the air as she consumed her body weight in peppers. It lifted her higher towards the ceiling, forcing her to dive face-first on the pile as it shrank past her reach. Her breasts smushed into her face, cushioning her fall as she fought for more of her meal, every bite adding to the sloshing fluid inside. Her

stomach shifted from firm to squishy as she vented gas from her backside, her bloated tum churning from the mixture inside.

Pppppbbbbbbfftttttt

Brrrraaaapppptttt

While Bea blared like a foghorn, Tammie was still the gassier one by far; she constantly belched and expelled fumes at a rate that one couldn't believe. There wasn't a moment during her feast that wasn't filled with blowing farts and raspy belches. Her thundering body filled out, much the same as Bea's, but she didn't rest upon it. Tammie, in her supreme laziness, parked herself at the foot of the cabbage mountain, letting them fall into her open mouth. Her belches were enough to dislodge the teetering mountain, sending more gassy goods down into her mouth. She was barely even chewing, instead choosing to swallow them wholesale, like little hard candies. This choice was having a notable effect on her already swollen stomach, causing the blimp to bloat out further above her body. The pale moon rose up from her torso, rounding out and pushing her fat to the sides. Growing so tight that it looked closer to rubber than flesh, the ovoid swell swayed back and forth with each of her heavy swallows. Growing so high that it made Cynthia worry about the rafters above; she hadn't done any sanding and didn't want splinters puncturing her prized heifer. The worry was unfounded, though; as each time Tammie's tummy got close, a fart or belch was sure to deflate the gas-filled blimp, leaving her room for more.

Hooourrrppp

Ffffffffffttttttrrrr

Bibblblb

"You know? This shit is actually really good. Like, I used to just hate ***omph*** raw vegetables like this, but now, I can't get enough of them. Gold Meadow Farms might actually be the shit #not sponsored." Rosie rocked her head as she talked, stuffing her mouth full of carrots and corn as she talked into the phone.

Rosie was the only one of them holding in any of her gas, trying not to deafen her gathering of watchers. She had taken to lying on her side as she scooped the produce into her mouth, chewing violently before swallowing. There was no way her fans could actually see her talk, not with where she had the phone. The best they were getting was a camera full of inflated tits and some belly-grumbling action as Rosie's assets were swelling. Her refusal to belch or fart was giving her a far more balloony look than the other girls, especially with her stomach. While the others had a more natural and amorphous shape to their churning stomachs, hers looked perfectly round. It was becoming a hot air balloon of pent-up gas and mashed produce, vibrating like rubber as she grunted, not letting anything out until the stream ended. Despite the lax nature of her feasting, she was still keeping pace with the other gluttons, sweeping large

swathes of vegetation into her waiting maw. Her mouthfuls were so large that Cynthia was worried she might choke, but it never happened. Rosie managed to swallow all of those masses of veg in mighty gulps that distended her throat like a cartoon character. She kept eating, kept growing, swelling larger until, there was a slight snap.

***Rlbbblbblb
Grllll***

A thundering growl emanated from her stomach as her breasts snapped her top, sending the cloth strap flying across the room. Rosie was quick to hide her nips, but even she knew things were getting a bit ridiculous.

"Guess that's my time to sign off. Make sure to give me a follow, everyone, and I promise the next one will go longer. I'll just get a better bra." Rosie gave a small wink and smile to her phone before shutting off the feed. "***Phew*** Guess I can stop holding this in."

Brrrooooooooouuuurrlllllloooooupppp

Pppppppbbbbbbbbbbfffttttttttttttttttt

Cynthia was knocked off her feet by the whirlwind of gas that Rosie was evacuating from her system. The gusting blasts whipped around the barn as everything Rosie had been holding in was let out in a trumpeting fart. It lasted tens of minutes, blowing the other girls out of the park as they all continued feasting. Cynthia could hear the fans struggling to keep up as they pumped the methane out; any longer and she'd risk passing out. It was lucky that Rosie's oversized balloon of a stomach had finally shrunken down to match the shape and size of the other girls. Now she could eat like the rest of them.

A little while longer and the girls had managed to devour their feasts; like a plague of locusts, they ate entire fields in a blink of an eye, leaving them with overly full stomachs. Cynthia watched them, observing their bodies rumbling and churning as their guts bumped into each other. They were almost too big for the barn; all three of them together made it a cramped collection of bumps and busts. Their constantly gassing backsides only added to the problem and made the whole thing a bit unbearable to be around. Cynthia watched them succumb to their food comas, passing out one after the other. They would likely sleep the whole thing off until sundown, and then they'd be off to the milking barn, ready to blow their loads. Cynthia was at least glad she would get a few hours of quiet, some time to check out the farm finances.

She left the trio to their bloated slumber as she returned to the farmhouse, powering up the old computer and opening up the spreadsheets. Doing a bit of number crunching, and realized there was a problem with how things were running. The girls were chewing through food stores quicker than the farm could produce them. Even with the surplus and seasonal vegetation, the farm would be out of vegetation by the end of next month.

"Damn! I can't believe I didn't realize this sooner." **crunch** Cynthia couldn't help but scowl at the revelation, accidentally crushing her mouse from frustration.

As she fished through her drawer for the replacement, she brainstormed a few possible solutions to the problem. The easiest solution would be to import produce, get enough bulk to feed the girls and not hurt the farm's stores. The only problem with that solution is it might hurt the quality of the milk, and Cynthia wasn't sure if she wanted to risk that. As she wracked her brain, she heard a familiar ping from her computer; an email. Cynthia opened up the browser, looking for the new arrival.

[Cynthia]

[I know you've been looking at your old files again. Normally I'd just kick you out of the system and be done with it, but I'm not dumb. I saw how much your farm business is growing, and wanted to propose a little something.]

[Vicky]

Cynthia had a moment of panic as she read the body, but it quickly turned to relief; she'd found a solution.

"Time to make some lemonade." she mused to herself as she typed away at the keyboard.