

Milky Way Part 2

Molly was frozen. Body aching and trembling after her cowgirl transformation, her mind refused to process anything more. She stood in the center of the room, the alien beings' eyes looking her up and down with approval. Pressure beat through her ears with each heartbeat as she watched them prepare the suction cups. In such an otherworldly environment, the mundane milk extractors looked archaic. Their hoses ran to a large holding tank. Its looming capacity made Molly's heart sink.

"Y-You don't really expect me to fill that massive--OW!"

A metallic device hovered by her arm. Silent, it had injected a vial of pink fluid into her bicep before zipping away and merging with the amorphous ship walls.

Molly shivered, the prick was hardly noticeable now, but the lingering heat made her nervous. *"What... What was that...?"*

The beings stared. Hardly a vibration passed between them. Through their translucent skin, Molly could see several organs throbbing in rapid succession. A part of her thought it was a sign of excitement, but she had no way of confirming the theory.

Her vision blurred for a moment. *"Nngh... Whoa... What's..."*

Dizziness caused her to stumble with a hand to her head. An internal warmth was making her swoon. The room spun. Goosebumps raced across her breasts toward her nipples where they rapidly swelled and stood out like soda cans.

Guuurrrrgle

"O-Oh no."

Pressure.

Molly shivered, feeling a dense warmth spread within the cores of her newly developed udders. Anxiety whipped her tail in a frenzy to leave red lashes against the backs of her thighs. Her arms tried to gather her breasts and cradle their beach ball girth, but any stimulation made her want to scream. They were alive and begging to be abused.

Guuurrrrgle!

"Ahh!! Mmmmmooooooooo--mph!!!!!"

She held a hand over her mouth to stifle an involuntary bellow. It had risen from her throat with its own will, brought on by a muffled churning of fluid within her breasts.

"I-I'm not really going to... Uh..." She sweat, blushing foolishly at the beings. *"These things aren't REALLY going to start lactating, right?? Please tell me they're not going to get even bigger! T-They're already--"*

GUUURRRGLE!!

The breath rushed from her lungs in a soundless gasp of shock. Tingling turned into intense prickles and spikes. Every inch of her body came alive. Her hands groped the sides of her breasts when they heaved and firmed.

Finally, she saw her cleavage start to rise.

“P-P-Please...” She whimpered, already well aware it was too late; the aliens’ serum was already within her.

GUUURRGLE!!

“MMMMMOOOOO!!!”

Flesh engorged between her arms. Weight flowed into them as if she’d been hooked up to a firehose. Heat swirled within her chest with a tangible force. Pressure pushed against her swelling milk glands, surprising even her bovine body at the speed of her production.

“Ahh!! They’re-- Ohhhh God!! I feel like...I’m blowing up!!!”

Skin shifted and pulled before her eyes. Molly’s breath quickened into a panic as her bust billowed inches with every breath. Something beneath her skin vibrated against her hands, like water rushing into a balloon. She could feel it rising and settling within her at the demand of the alien hormones. Slowly the soft, pale underbellies of her breasts rubbed lower down her thighs and over her knees. She bloated, forced to carry two bottom-heavy fruits.

Thud!!

“MNGH!!”

Their weight was too much. She fell to her knees, finding her breasts large enough to support her body. Skin mashed and bulged around her torso and thighs as she knelt before them, churning fluid rushing on either side like a hidden river.

Splrrtch!!

“MMMoooo!!! A-Am I leaking?!”

A trickle of cream sprang from her nipples. Tight and engorged, their pores were starting to release her building pressure. Even the slight streams brought Molly relief and she pushed on her cleavage, urging more to flow free.

“Oooohhhhh that’s a lot of milk!! Why do you even need so much?!”

The air hummed between the two aliens. They seemed to be pleased with her development and motioned toward her nipples with concern before gesturing to the holding tank. Molly realized they were discussing her leakage. One of them gave an instruction to the ship with a wave of a three-fingered hand.

Two hooks appeared on extending arms, nearing her bust.

“W-Wait!! Don’t do that!! I-If I’m leaking, that means I’m full, right?! If you do that, what’s going to--MMOOOO!!!”

The hooks closed around her nipples, turning into rings, and clamping her nozzles shut at their bases. Pink flesh bulged around them in anger, puffing up in retaliation.

Guurrrrrgle!!

Her chest rumbled as fluid backed up. Molly stared in horror, feeling pressures rise faster than ever. The scent of her arousal wafted from her spreading thighs as flesh swelled between them. She hardly noticed her toes leaving the floor.

“Huh?!” she cried out, discovering her feet flailing only in empty space unless bouncing against the backs of her udders.

Grrrrrooooooooooaaan

“Nnngh!!” Her fist beat against her cleavage. Milky forces were making her drip with sweat. Weary and panting for breath, she stared at the holding tank. “*I-I’ll never be able to hold milk enough to fill that thing!! It’s too big!! There’s no way I can stretch that big!!*” She pleaded with her eyes. “*E-Even if I am part cow, I’ll never be able to--Ahh!!*”

Pressure shot through her chest. Her areolas bulged outward with pressure. Large enough to fill a truck bed with each mound, Molly’s breasts complained against her body’s wishes.

“*Mmooooo!! MMMMOOOOOOOO!!!!*” her bellow echoed around the ship. Skin had started firming around her, taking anything possible to fit her dairy. “*There’s too much!!*”

Pomph!!

Pomph!!

“*EEK!!!*”

Shudders rocked her breasts when her areolas violently heaved forward, doming like over-inflated balloons. From her perch atop her chest, Molly could survey the entire room. Flesh spread out around her, pushing her body weight up and out of her cleavage.

“*T-They’re getting tight!!*” she panicked, smelling milk in the air. “*I’M GONNA POP!! YOU’RE GONNA MAKE ME POP!! HUMANS AREN’T SUPPOSED TO MAKE THIS MUCH MILK!!*”

The aliens passed communication between themselves.

Whhrrrrrrrrrr

Molly’s heart thumped at a sound behind her. “*What’s that?! What’s going on?! I swear if you inject me again, I’ll--AAHMM!!*”

A heated, metallic pole slid between her thighs. There was no warning when the smoothed top pressed against her crotch. Little pressure was needed to spread her lips, penetrating Molly nearly a dozen inches with what felt like a man’s forearm. Her hands clawed at her breasts and her head threw back in surprise.

“*MMNGHHH FUUUUUCK!!!!*”

Sloooooomsh!!

Sloooooomsh!!!

“*MMOOO!! MMOOOOOOO!!!!*”

It started thrusting, rocking her back and forth atop her chest. Milk heaved in anger, frothing within her bosom at the jostling.

The speed increased. Ecstasy overwhelmed Molly, torn between the pressure filling her udders and the aching pressure stretching her inner walls to their limit. Her body gave itself up, arching her back and fully presenting her intimates to the device. Delicate, pink folds stretched over the metallic tube. Her body, though straining, accepted every inch it could.

Sloooomsh!!

GUUUURRRRGLE!!

“AAH!!! I-It’s making me...produce more!! All this...stimulation!! I can’t--GAH!! THIS THING IS FUCKING THE MILK INTO ME!!”

GUUUURRRRGLE!!!!

Words failed her. Molly started to drool, slave to the torrent of sensations assaulting her from all angles. Her nipples screamed in their prison, begging to release the ocean of milk beating against them. Fluid ran from her pussy in waves and into her cleavage.

CRREEEAAAAAAAK!!

“MMMM I’m gonna burst!!! There’s...so much damn milk!!!” She looked over her chest, unable to see the floor or the aliens. Pressure had brought her skin to turn pale and drum-tight. Her knees barely indented their tops as she lifted her ass. Burying her head in her cleavage, not caring what her horns might poke, she prepared herself for release.

GUUUUURRRRRRGLE!!!

“AAhhh!! MMMMOOOOOO!!!! MMMOOOOOOOOOO!!! I-I can’t hold any more!!! There’s too much!!! Way too much!!!”

Her loins tightened around the shaft. Her areolas swallowed her nipples and their bindings. Squeaking for breath, Molly felt the world tremble from her milk.

“AAAHHHHHH I’M GONNA BLOOOOWWWWW!!!”

GUUUURRRRRRRRGLE!!!

FFWWWWWWWWOOOOOSH!!!!

She tensed, becoming paralyzed when everything released. An orgasm shut off her vision as nectar sprayed from her crotch. Somewhere in the distance, she heard the sound of a coursing river. She wanted to scream. Desperately, more than anything, she wanted to moo at the top of her lungs, but her body refused to inhale. Its energy was needed elsewhere.

Breathing was not a priority.

FWWWWWWWOOOOOSH!!!!

The sound washed away her thoughts. Molly’s mind blanked, enduring what felt like an eternity of ultimate pleasure.

She couldn’t remember when the sound of rushing fluid had ceased. Exhausted, her eyes lifted and she found the pearlescent interior of the ship around her. The beings stood to one side, admiring the tank of milk drawn from her chest. It was filled to the brim, its contents enough to fill a modest swimming pool. The alien’s emotionless faces reflected in the glass as they stared. Overhead, Molly caught a glimpse of the suction cups pulling away, her dairy still dripping from the hoses.

“Mnngh... Holy fuck...” she groaned, sitting up. *“What--”*

One of the aliens waved a hand.

Everything turned dark.

Her eyes took a moment to focus. It was cold now. Cold and damp against her back. It wasn't dark, but nighttime. A blanket of stars hung over her.

Mmmooooooooo!

A concerned lowing came from one side. Still confused, Molly turned her head to see Mildred standing by her.

The rancher was naked, lying in her field in the damp, dew-covered grass. There was no sign of the ship, nor any proof it had ever been there.

Only Molly's engineered body remained. A tail twitched between her thighs. A nervous hand reached up, grabbing the side of a heated mound of flesh rolling to the side of her torso. They were still large, and still engorged with what remained of her milk. Easily capable of reaching beyond her hips.

Molly wracked her mind, trying to recall anything after her release. Nothing came. She stared at the night sky, heart fluttering as she felt an abused soreness between her legs.

Guurrrgle...

Lactation tickled her breasts. Her ears drooped and she gulped, feeling her chest shift against her hand. Ravaged by confusion and apprehension at the milk to come, she whimpered, "M-Moo...?"