

Champion Milker



Wispy clouds of dust kicked up under Mariel's feet as she strode across the old farm. It was less lively than usual, though this had been true ever since the owners had gotten rid of the cows over a decade ago. To Mariel, a farm didn't feel like a farm without animals.

"Brandy...!" she called out. There were only a few hours left until dark and they were supposed to hang out. "*Brandy, you around??*"

"Back here!"

A winded greeting drifted from behind a row of trees around the side of the old farmhouse. It would have been the first place Mariel had checked if given a chance. Rounding the corner, she found a picturesque scene of her lover waiting.

Brandy stood among rows of various flowering vegetables. Mariel had stumbled upon her mid-break as she was busy hoeing a fresh trench for seeds. In a tempting outfit of tight jean shorts, work boots, and a tied-off plaid shirt, Brandy stood against the low sun as a silhouette worthy of representing a month of a calendar. Between Brandy's long hair and the outline of her curves in front of the golden hour, Mariel had a difficult time looking away. Truly there were few things more enticing than a sweaty farmer's daughter.

Mariel catcalled with a whistle. "Hey there, sexy! I can grab a hose if you need help cooling down!"

This wrangled a chuckle from Brandy. Dropping the hoe, she stepped across various rows of plants to greet her girlfriend. It wasn't rare for such a glistening display of sweaty cleavage to grace her C-cup bust, but Mariel never failed to ogle the sight.

"Sorry, did time get away from me?" Brandy sighed while wiping her head. "I feel like you called only an hour ago."

"We spoke this morning! You look like you haven't stopped working since then."

"Yea..." Brandy nodded and looked over her work. "That sounds about right. I told you my parents are out of town, right?"

Mariel shook her head in disappointment. "Yea, and I still can't believe it! Who would miss the state fair?? Much less their own daughter defending her prestigious title of champion cow milker?"

Shrugging, Brandy admitted, "It's a local competition at the state fair. Not exactly the Olympics. It was just getting too hot for them I guess. They went somewhere they could get a break from the heat for a week or two."

She hooked a hose with the toe of her boot and brought it to her hand. "Which means I'm left here to take care of the garden until then."

Seeing an opportunity, Mariel stepped behind her lover and pulled her into an embrace. "Mmm, so you're saying no one is here to stop me from joining you for a shower when you're finished?"

"Maybe...!" Brandy giggled and tossed the hose aside. "If you feel like hanging around! I still have a lot to do on the chore list they left me. Plus I want to get to bed at a decent hour so I'm ready for tomorrow."

"Well I wouldn't want you staying in that creepy old farmhouse alone..." Mariel snuck a finger under the knot tying Brandy's shirt across her torso and rubbed the underside of her

breasts. The nearest neighbor was a five-minute walk away. They could strip naked without fear of someone catching sight of their nudity.

“Need a cheerleader while you do all those pesky chores?”

Brandy’s eyes fluttered at Mariel’s playful finger. “Hmm, depends... Will you put on a little skirt and jump around a lot?”

“I wouldn’t be opposed to it. Will you help me put it on?”

“Not if I want to get the rest of my work done!” Brandy kissed Mariel on the cheek and spun out of her arms with a gentle laugh. “Come on, you can help me move some boxes to the loft.”

“Ah yes, because nothing sexual *ever* happens in the hayloft of a barn!”

They two held hands for the short trek across the property. Upon entering the barn, Brandy directed them to an old pickup truck parked in the center. Pigeons cooed from above with curiosity.

“My parents have been doing a little cleaning around the house,” she explained. “So all of this needs to go into the loft for storage!”

Mariel looked over the boxes. None appeared to have been opened in since the previous century. “Looks more like they’re moving the attic into the barn.

“Pretty much.”

SLAM!

The tailgate fell open.

“Pick a box! Sooner we’re done, the sooner we can go inside and you can help clean your sweaty girlfriend.”

“Don’t tempt me with a good time!”

Mariel chose a particularly yellowed cardboard box from the stack. It felt brittle in her hands but hoped it would be able to make it up a flight of stairs. After walking several feet and feeling the tape on the bottom give way to a bulge of pressure, she quickly found out how wrong she was.

The box’s bottom fell out in a cascade of forgotten mementos and family items. Mariel stood among the debris with an abashed expression. The sudden clatter made Brandy turn around and place her box on the stairs with a sigh.

“You know you’re supposed to be *helping* me, right?” Brandy playfully scolded.

“It’s not my fault these boxes have turned into paper!” Kneeling down, Mariel began gathering the objects. They comprised mostly of small trinkets and books. A particularly shiny antique picture frame made of silver caught her eye, though it was the woman in the picture who kept her attention.

“How is this??” Mariel stood up with a frame featuring a browned photo of an extremely busty woman. In the background was a far simpler version of what she took to be the state fair. A small trophy sat clasped in one arm to be cushioned against an ample bust. “I’m surprised they could fit her in the frame!”

Brandy chuckled at the joke. “That’s my great-grandma when she was young! She was champion milker for a few years, according to my mom. No one could come close to beating her.”

Mariel narrowed her eyes at the woman’s torso-dominating breasts. “When you say *champion milker*... You are talking about *cow* milking, right?”

“Shut up! She was just a well-endowed woman!”

“I don’t knooooow... Looks like an unfair advantage to me. Guess we know where your natural talent comes from now! Well, your talent to milk a cow, at least. Almost a shame you don’t have any around to milk anymore.”

“Easy for you to say; you weren’t the one getting up early.”

The smaller details of the photo caught her eye. “Looks like she got really into the part, too! Is she wearing a cowbell?”

“Where?”

Mariel pointed to an object around the woman’s neck. “Right here! It kind of blends in with her shirt.”

“Weird... I don’t know! Sure looks like a cowbell to me. Heck of a fashion statement.”

“And you’re *positive* she was champion for *cow* milking? If I didn’t know better, I might think she fed the entire town with those massive--”

CLANK!

Mariel’s toe bumped the pile of dumped contents to produce a dull metallic jingle.

“*Jackpot!*” she cried out while passing the picture to Brandy and stooping to the ground.

A thin leather choker was pulled from the junk. In the center hung a cowbell small enough to fit in one’s palm. Rusty clasps capped the ends of the strap as a means to snap it around the wearer’s neck.

“You *have* to wear this during the contest tomorrow,” Mariel decided.

The idea made Brandy scoff. “You *wish* I was into leather and collars.”

“Sometimes, maybe,” Mariel snickered. She pushed the cowbell once more. “Still! You have to wear it!”

“I’m not wearing that thing! Much less out in public. It feels a little... I don’t know... *Demeaning.*”

Spank!

“*Oh!*”

Mariel delivered a playful smack to Brandy’s rear before walking around and placing the choker at her neck, bringing the clasps together.

“Come on, it would be super cute! Imagine taking home the trophy with this around your neck! Like a cute little cow-milking princess.”

CLICK!

“*Ah!*” Brandy gasped when the choker closed around her.

“You might even start a tradition, Ms. Champion Milker!”

CLANK!

CLANK!

Mariel wiggled the bell several times and whispered into Brandy's ear, "Promise I won't make you wear it in the bedroom. Unless you want me to..."

The air around them was heating up. Both women could feel the pangs of arousal bubbling to the surface. There was a certain level of submissive excitement within Brandy from feeling her girlfriend play with the bell. "*Nnngh... Mariel...*"

Mariel's hands moved lower on Brandy's front to cup her breasts. They were alive with Brandy's quickening breath and begging to be squeezed. Nipples as hard as pebbles poked against her hands. Their stiffness made Mariel gasp, "*Oooh, wait! Maybe you DO want to wear it in the bedroom! You feel hard enough to tear holes in your shirt!*"

CLANK!

CLANK!

Brandy squirmed. It wasn't like her to get so hot and bothered over a little talk and light petting. She could barely hear herself think over the sound of the cowbell's light clanking.

"D...D-Don't be stupid..." she panted. "I just...got a few chills is--*ahh! Mmgh!*"

Mariel slipped a hand down the front of her shorts. The interior of Brandy's panties felt hot enough to release a plume of steam.

"You sure about that?" Mariel breathed in her ear. "Cause from what I can tell, we might need to add mopping the floor to your list of chores!"

CLANK

CLANK!

Her fingers slipped into Brandy with hardly any effort. Combined with the hypnotic sound of the cowbell, she was putty in Mariel's hands. Brandy could feel herself going limp with lust.

"I don't think I've ever seen you get so wet so fast." Mariel nibbled on her ear. "*You must really like wearing this collar.*"

"S...S-Stop, Mar... I still have...m-mmnggh...a ton of work to do..."

"It'll still be there, won't it?" Mariel popped Brandy's shorts open and slid a hand into her shirt. Brandy's mammary pushed plump and firm against her palm. "How about we take a break? Maybe I want to listen to that bell jingle while you lay on your back and I--"

CLANK!

CLANK!

"Mnnggh! I-I can't!" Brandy spun out of her lover's trap and stepped away to cool down and button her clothes.

"Aw, you're no fun."

"Heh, sorry. You'll have plenty of time tonight!"

Mariel wrestled with the horny desires still tormenting her within. "So you gonna wear that tomorrow?"

"Oh, the bell?" Brandy stared down and poked at the metal object. "Maybe... It would be kind of cute if it started a trend of women wearing cowbells to the state fair. I'll think about it."

Brandy turned around and lifted her brown hair from her neck. "Would you mind taking it off for now? I can't go around clanking with every step I take."

“I think it would make it easier to keep track of you on this giant farm, but whatever you want!” Mariel grabbed the choker’s clasp and pulled. “*Ngh!*”

Brandy’s body jolted from her effort. “*H-Hey! Easy!*”

“Sorry! It’s...really on there! Let me try again. *Ngh!*”

“*Ow! OW!*” Brandy cried out at some hairs being pulled. “Uh... M-Mariel? Please tell me it’s not--”

“...It’s stuck.”

“It’s *stuck?*?”

“The clasp is all old and rusty!! It won’t come apart!”

“*It’s STUCK?!*”

“Calm down! I think I saw some WD-40 and some power tools around here somewh--”

CLANK!

CLANK!

The bell chimed as Brandy jumped away as if being burned. “*Ooooh no. Uh-uh!* Like I’m letting you anywhere near my neck with stuff like that!” Looking down, she rubbed the object and frowned. “Plus... I don’t really want to ruin it... It was my great-grandma’s! It’s an antique!”

After trying on her own to remove the bell, Brandy sighed and washed her hands of the situation. “Let’s just get the rest of my chores done and we’ll figure it out later.”

Mariel watched her bend forward to grab her box, not caring as her shirt fell forward.

CLANK!

CLANK!

It was strangely arousing watching the cowbell swing in front of Brandy’s cleavage. Mariel had a strong urge to reach behind her and grab each tanned mammary and pull her nipples until she moed.

CLANK!

CLANK!

Brandy stood up, oblivious to Mariel’s ogling gaze. “Come on, clean up your mess. We’ll figure it out later.”

CLANK CLANK!

CLANK CLANK!

Brandy walked off jingling like a cow in search of food.

Mariel gulped and did her best to quell her imagination. “Aye aye, Bessie!”

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

Mariel could tell it was going to be a hot day when she awoke to a bath of early-morning sun streaming through Brandy’s bedroom window. Even with the covers off and each of them spooning in their underwear, she could feel her thighs sticking together.

“*M-Mmnggh...*” Brandy moaned in Mariel’s arms. A flick of her finger struck the bell hanging around her neck. After trying several methods to remove the accessory, they were forced to wrap it in a pair of socks to keep it quiet during sleep.

It was rare to be given such a golden opportunity to sleep together. Finding the cowbell still around Brandy's neck only made it more tantalizing, though she couldn't explain why. Feeling frisky, Mariel moved her hand to squeeze Brandy's bust. It was by far her favorite pillow in the bed.

"Mngh..."

"Time to get up... You've got a championship to defend..." Mariel whispered while massaging Brandy's chest. There seemed to be an excessive amount to grope, though laying on her side always produced such an effect.

"Already...?" Brandy moaned.

"I mean, you *could* just stay in bed with me all day and let someone else win the troph--"

"Like hell!"

Such outlandish possibilities lit a fire under Brandy. Squeezing her girlfriend's arm, she rolled onto her back before pulling her arms overhead and twisting left and right to stretch. The view of her toned physique dancing in the sun mesmerized Mariel as she watched Brandy's chest sway with her movements.

"Hang on!" Mariel gasped suddenly. "I *thought* they felt bigger!"

Brandy paused mid-stretch. "Huh?"

Giggling, Mariel extended a finger and jabbed the side of Brandy's chest. It jiggled back and forth with an enhanced weight on top of Brandy's torso like a playful mound of excitement.

"You're actually...kind of *huge*," Mariel awed with widening eyes. "Are you feeling all right? They're *really* swollen."

Brandy was less excited. Staring down at the pale slopes blocking more of her view than usual, she quickly used her elbows to prop herself up in bed. The mass of two additional cup sizes pulled her breasts down her torso disproportionately to her frame.

"The hell??"

"Those are *beautiful*!" Mariel whispered. "Did you hit second puberty while I was asleep??"

Brandy blushed and cupped a breast. "N-No... They're not *that* swollen, are they?"

Laughing, Mariel ogled her lover's assets. "It's like they filled out! They look *full*! Like they're *rounder*!" She snickered, remembering Brandy's great-grandmother. "Maybe your great-grandma's genes are kicking in...! Or..."

"Ah!"

Brandy cried out when Mariel pushed her back to the mattress and crawled on top of her. Their chests pushed together in a display of bulging skin to engulf their nipples in heat.

"Or maybe..." Mariel breathed, "Maybe that cowbell is *cursed*, and it turns the wearer into a cow. Maybe fuller boobs are just the beginning. What if you start--"

"Oh shut up!" Brandy hugged Mariel into her and planted a kiss to stop her wild theories. "It's just a little swelling, ok?? I'm sure you're just hungry and they *seem* a lot bigger than they are. That's a real thing, you know."

“Suuuuure it is! I mean they’re *only* the tits I love and squeeze almost daily. And they *definitely* don’t look twice as big as normal.” Mariel nodded. “You’re right; it’s definitely *not* a magic cowbell transforming your boobs into giant, milky udd--*Uh oh.*”

“*What??*”

Mariel narrowed her eyes. “I think I see some tiny little cow ears sprouting from your head!” She gasped sarcastically. “Wait! You don’t have a craving for hay, do you?!”

Squirming, Mariel panted, “*N-Nnngh... No...*” It wasn’t the response she expected to deliver.

The heat in her breath gave Mariel pause. She watched color fill Brandy’s cheeks and her lips moisten with saliva. Somewhere between their breasts, Brandy’s nipples were hard and large enough to push Mariel’s back into her own mammaries, like overwhelming fingers of lust. One of Brandy’s hands traced light paths along the side of Mariel’s rear, playing with the lace edges of her underwear.

“*Mariel...*” Brandy moaned.

“*Hmm?*”

She winced and glanced at her swollen breasts compressed by Mariel’s weight.

“*T-They’re really...sensitive...*”

“Oh! Shit! Sorry! I didn’t even think about that!” Mariel started to move. “That swollen, I’ll bet they’re aching, huh? I know mine do when it’s that time of the--”

GRIP

Brandy’s hand clamped around Mariel’s bicep to pull her back.

“*N-No... I mean they’re...sensitive.*”

Mariel stared into her eyes. They were glazed over with intense desire and lust. An undeniable cloud of horniness was fogging Brandy’s mind.

“Oh yea...?” Grinning, Mariel slid her body down until she came face-to-face with the swollen bust. “Then I guess you wouldn’t mind if I did this, would you?”

Matching Mariel open her mouth made Brandy’s pulse quicken. When she clamped down, it was all she could do to control her scream.

“*A-Auugh!! MMMNGH!!! M-Mariel!!!*”

Mariel applied suction, pulling her girlfriend’s nipple deep into her slippery mouth. It puffed and expanded with arousal, eager to dance with Mariel’s tongue.

“*M-Mmng!!! S-S-Stop!! Oooohhh please stop!!! I can’t take it!!!*” Brandy cried out. Her hips bucked under Mariel and she clawed at the sheets. The amount of stimulation being delivered to her brain was too much. “*M-Mariel!! You’re... You’re gonna make me... Ahh!!!*”

The front of Brandy’s panties turned hot and damp. Pressing against Mariel’s torso, she could sense her lover’s arousal peaking. It was rare to elicit such a reaction from Brandy; she wasn’t about to waste a second of this swollen farm girl’s sensitivity. Glancing upward at Brandy’s exasperated expression, Mariel spied the sock-muffled cowbell at her neck.

“Why don’t we just take these pesky socks off? *I want to hear you jingle like you’re my little dairy cow.*” The socks peeled away, leaving the bell unrestricted upon Brandy’s heaving chest.

CLANK!

CLANK!

“*Ahh!!! Mariel!!! S...Slow down!! Please I feel like...MMGH!!*” Brandy squirmed and clawed at Mariel’s back. The fireworks in her head were already stronger than any she’d ever experienced from an orgasm. Something massive was rocketing towards her.

“*MARIEL!!!*” Brandy screamed. “*I... Augh!!!! Oh God!!! Please don’t do that!?*”

CLANK!

CLANK!

Mariel didn’t know the meaning of mercy. Slipping a hand down her front, she pulled aside Brandy’s panties to expose a swollen pair of lips. Sliding two fingers into Brandy’s boiling body was resistance-free.

“*AAUGH!!! T-The sucking...!!! I can’t take...the sucking!!! Mariel!!!*” Brandy grabbed at her unattended tit and sank her fingers deep into its plump girth. They truly did feel twice their usual size and somehow bigger with every passing breath.

CLANK!

CLANK!

“*Nnnngh!!! They’re...tight!!*” Brandy complained. “*My boobs feel so...HOT!! I don’t think...I can take much more!! Mariel!! I-I’m gonna... Aahhhh!!! I-I think I’m about to--*”

CHOMP

At the peak of what she was able to endure, Mariel deviously pinched Brandy’s nipple between her teeth with a gentle bite. This sent Brandy into a frenzy, arching her back and hugging Mariel into her chest. Brandy’s body contracted around Mariel’s fingers like a vice.

“*MMMNGHAAAHHH!!!!!!!!!!*”

Mariel’s eyes popped open in shock. “*Mmph???*” She stared ahead at the bulging breast pushing into her face as Brandy rode an orgasm leaving her feet numb. “*M-Mmph! Bramphy!*”

Once over, Brandy’s body fell limp onto the mattress. Her breath lifted Mariel’s head atop her chest as she released her from her embrace.

“*T-That... Holy shit... I couldn’t even think straight... The moment you started touching me, I just--*” She watched Mariel rise onto her hands and knees. An expression of utter confusion made her pause. “*Mariel...? What’s wrong?*”

Mariel didn’t speak. Embarrassment covered her face in pink as she looked between Brandy’s face and her chest. More interesting, Brandy noticed her cheeks were slightly puffed out and Mariel was making an effort to keep her lips pursed. Mariel tilted her head upward.

GULP

A loud swallow came from Mariel’s throat, whereupon she finally opened her mouth for a deep breath. Beads of white remained on her tongue. Brandy was too confused to say anything.

“*T-T-There was...milk...*” Mariel finally said, covering her mouth with a hand as if she’d said something rude.

Brandy squeaked, “*...What did you just say?*”

“*When you came... I-I got a mouthful...o-of...milk.*”

They looked at Brandy's chest. It stood far more plump and full than before. Milk still seeped from her wetted nipple and ran over her pale curves alongside pale blue veins.

CLANK!

CLANK!

CLANK!

CLANK!

Brandy jumped from the bed in a panicked flurry. Standing in front of a mirror did not bring a sense of calm. Scared of cupping the engorged breasts distending from her body, Brandy hovered her hands in front of them.

“Fuck!! *Oh fuck!!* What the hell?! Why am I lactating, Mariel?!” She found the courage to squeeze her chest, only to discover an enhanced sensitivity rekindling her sexual urges. “*No wonder I’m so swollen!! They’re fucking full of milk!! What did you do to me?!*”

“Me?? All I did was suck on them!! *You were there! You always like when I do that!*”

“Y-Yea! But not when I spring a fucking *leak!* *I-I think they’re even bigger than when I woke up!!*”

Mariel blushed and licked her lips. “If it helps... I-It tasted pretty good. If you have some cereal, I wouldn’t mind--”

“*That definitely does NOT help!! This isn’t a time for jokes!! There’s MILK in my boobs, Mariel!! I’m not supposed to have milk in my boobs!!*”

“Ok, ok! Let’s just calm down...!” Mariel got up to comfort her girlfriend. “Maybe it’s just some random freaky thing that will pass! You can’t be the first girl this has happened to.”

“No, because all the other girls who spray milk out of their tits are *pregnant!*”

CLANK!

CLANK!

Trembling, Brandy spied the cowbell in her reflection.

“Y-You don’t think the bell *actually--*”

Mariel cut her off. “Brandy, I was joking around earlier! Curses don’t exist! There’s no way a *cowbell* could cause this. I’m sure you just ate something weird or got bit by some bug in the garden. I-I was sucking pretty hard, too...”

Brandy looked down. Her feet were hidden from view by the soft, veiny mounds tingling with creamy pressure. Just thinking about Mariel’s lips clamping onto her swollen nipples made them ache with desire. It was hard to believe her C-cups could bloat into such full, rounded forms.

“I...I guess...” Brandy whimpered.

“Do you want to stay home? We don’t have to go to the state fair.”

“*NO!!*” Brandy burst before reigning herself in. “I mean, no... I’m *not* missing that competition... A-And they feel fine now. Maybe it was just a one-time thing...” Brandy bit her lip at the lie. Her breasts most certainly felt hot and eager for more. They were far from feeling normal.

“Whatever you’re comfortable doing...!” Mariel embraced her from behind. Out of habit, she groped Brandy’s chest and had only a moment to marvel at the marvelous bloated beauty.

“N-Nngh!!!”

“Oops!! Sorry!!” Mariel released and watched milk dribble from both nipples.

“Don’t...*mmngh*...don’t worry about it...” Brandy breathed. An urge to come again was bubbling within. Any reservations about their size were quickly vanishing under a blanket of lust. “They do look pretty nice... You can feel them some more, if you want...”

“Yea...? Like this...?” Mariel’s hands traveled upward to cup both milky tits. “Oh *wow*, they’re warm.”

“M-Mmnggh... *Yea*...”

“Are they as tight as they feel?” Mariel squeezed gently. “I remember my sister complaining about feeling like hers were going to burst when she had her kid and they blew up.”

“*Ahh!*” Brandy struggled for breath. “*They...definitely...feel very full! L-Like they’re a pair of balloons filling up...*”

“Mmmmm, you know... That’s kind of hot... Like they’re just expanding with milk, and you can’t do anything about it...”

CLANK!

CLANK!

The cowbell chimed when Mariel bounced them up and down.

“*Ahh!! O-Ohhh... G-Gentle...*”

“I can’t believe they touch in the middle on their own. They look *fantastic* on you.” Mariel massaged until small streams of cream escaped. “Brandy, you’re meant to have F-cups. They might even distract the judges a little during the milking contest! God, there must be so much dairy in there for them to be this big.”

“*Don’t...mmngh! D-Don’t remind me...*” Brandy clenched her hands. The room was spinning. Mariel could have done anything she desired and Brandy wouldn’t have cared. “I feel like...a swollen dairy cow...”

SPANK!

CLANK!

CLANK!

“*Mmgh!*”

“Maybe if you win I’ll milk them dry for you,” Mariel laughed before releasing her grip and sitting on the bed.

Brandy felt like she’d just been ripped away from Nirvana. “W...What are you doing? You don’t want to...play with them some more?”

“Oh I will later!” Mariel winked, not picking up on Brandy’s overflowing arousal. “But we have a state fair to get to and you need to get dressed for your big day! I’m staying right here so I can watch you try and fit those things into a bra.”

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

The state fair was a bustling hive of joy. Despite being only ten a.m., the grounds churned with families and couples wishing to beat the summer heat as well as not miss out on any events.

In over one hundred years of tradition, the fair had seen very little change. Only the rides themselves sought to catch up with time, though even they lagged behind several decades. Stepping into the state fair was akin to taking a trip into the past.

“Tickets! *Get yer tickets here!*” a worker announced at the gate.

“Wow, it’s busier than I thought it would be...” Mariel admitted. “It’s a good thing we’re showing up now, or we might not have been able to buy admission before your big show!”

Brandy squeezed her lover’s hand as they stood in line. After the morning of swelling and excessive teasing from Mariel, her gushing arousal refused to wane. The very act of trying to find a bra capable of handling her unexplainable growth had turned her nipples into leaking rockets.

“Hey! Cute cowbell!” a girl complimented upon walking by.

“T...Thanks!” Brandy choked. Talking was enough to make her breasts rub against the inside of her shirt. The busy pattern of a plaid button-up was her only saving grace in hiding the thumb-sized nipples trying to stand out in the absence of a bra.

“See? People like it! I’ll bet everyone will be wearing them next year!” Mariel affirmed.

“M...M-Mhm...!” Brandy shuffled her legs. Wearing such a tight pair of jean shorts was a mistake. “I--*Ahh!!*”

Mariel glanced over to catch Brandy gasping for air, as well as noticing an excessive amount of mass stretching her shirt. “Brandy...? You good...? Are they...?”

A quick nod sent her chest jostling with a great weight. Mariel thought she heard a gentle slosh. “I...I’m fine!” Brandy promised. “Just a twitch!”

Mariel cast a glance at her bust. They were larger, but there was no sign of leaking fluid. “Ok, be sure to tell me if they start...you know...”

“M-Mhm!! Sure thing!”

Upon paying, Mariel had to correct the ticket boy after he returned them twice the money she initially paid. His eyes never left Brandy’s chest, nor did he blink, as if it might end the fantasy.

“I think you might have made his entire summer,” Mariel whispered as they entered the fair.

There was too much to do. The state fair assaulted them with a rush of noises, smells, and excitement. Mariel inspected all directions. Across the way at the performance stage she could see the annual cow milking contest being prepared.

“We have a little less than half an hour until the contest. What should we do first?? I’m kind of hungry, but we could fit a ride or two in before it gets *really* busy!”

CLANK!

A little girl pointed to Brandy’s choker. “Daddy, where did she win that bell?? I want one!”

Brandy shivered and squeezed Mariel’s hand once more. “Maybe...we could get lost in the house of mirrors? And every time one of us runs into a wall, they have to take off a piece of clothing. Whoever exits with the most clothes wins.”

A shocked expression dominated Mariel's face. "*Brandy!! I'm surprised at you!! Usually I'm the pervert! I love it!*" Approaching an alley, Mariel was dismayed at the scene. "Aw, but the line is really long... We probably wouldn't even get in before the contest."

CLATACLATACLATA!!!

A rollercoaster roared by overhead in a symphony of metal and wood. It surely wouldn't be deemed safe by modern standards if it weren't for tradition keeping it together.

"How about something *fast* and *bumpy*?" Mariel teased while gently nudging the side of Brandy's chest. "Might be fun to see how well those things can jiggle!"

Brandy looked as though she were holding back an excessive flurry of nodding. It took every fiber of her being not to scream out in agreement. "S-Sure! A rollercoaster sounds fun!"

By the time they were through the line, Brandy couldn't stand still. An overflowing energy made her twitch and jolt as if she were battling her hands for control. Mariel noticed an increased number of eyes ogling her girlfriend's bust, though couldn't blame them in the slightest; Brandy's breasts were swelling by the cup size and beginning to test the limits of her shirt. Slight gaps spread between the buttons which when viewed at the right angle, revealed bare skin.

"We're up!" Mariel cheered.

"*God yes,*" Brandy moaned. She sat in the plastic seat with a heavy bounce. The worker moving down the line lowering the safety bars couldn't go fast enough. Once he got to their cart, he paused midway.

"Uh... Ma-am...?" he asked, flushing red.

The bar wouldn't lower without intense interaction with Brandy's chest.

"Hmm?" Brandy hummed with distracting thoughts of stimulating vibrations to come.

"Your...Y-Your uh..."

Mariel caught on much quicker and leaned in, whispered, "*Brandy, your boobs are in the way!*"

CLANK!

"*OH!!*"

Both of them flushed red. Praying he wouldn't be scolded, the worker watched as Brandy leaned back and arched her chest upward until the bar had enough clearance. Doing so only pulled her shirt tight to the point of threatening to pop a button. Gaps opened to show white bulges of milk-filled flesh fighting for room.

CLICK!

The bar locked in place.

"*S-Sorry!*" Brandy called out as the operator rushed away to finish securing the passengers.

Mariel glimpsed two damp spots forming on Brandy's front. They weren't incredibly obvious on the dark color of her shirt, though they were starting to spread. To add to it, her thighs wouldn't stop grinding together as if she were trying to start a fire.

"Hey... You alright?" Mariel inquired.

“*Mhm!!*” Brandy nodded, though the beads of sweat on her brow and the rapid breaths of arousal betrayed her.

CLAKACLAKA!!

CLANK!

CLANK!

The coaster jolted forward. Leaving the loading dock, the passengers were faced with a steep climb to the top. The anticipation was one thing, but enduring the vibrations traveling through the rigid seats was another.

“*A-Ahh! Mmng!*”

Brandy squirmed in place and gripped the safety bar until her knuckles turned white.

“*Mmmnhg... Mariel...! My milk! I-It's shaking...my milk!*”

“What??” she whispered.

“*Mmmng!!!*” Brandy only whimpered in response and leaned back. Sweat covered her exposed neck and sternum. Below, Mariel saw her chest bulging outward like two heaving balloons. Brandy's shirt looked ready to burst open with two gallons of frothy cream.

“*Hah... H-Hah... Oh my God...*”

“Brandy...” Mariel said slowly, seeing her nipples puff thicker. “You need to calm down, ok? I think all the motion is making your--”

CLAKACLAKACLAKA!

CLANK!

CLANK!

Brandy's cowbell rang out when they reached the top of the coaster. There was no time for Mariel to finish her thought.

FWOOOOOOSH!!!!

“*MMNGH!!!!*”

The motions were too much. Above the screams of other riders, Brandy's stood out the most. One of her arms did its best to hold her chest steady amid the storm of sharp turns and jolts, though she couldn't hope to keep her milk still. Every high-speed vibration traveled through her over-sensitized body and spurred her lactation to new heights.

CLANK!

CLANK!

CLANK!

“*Aahhugh!!! M-Mariel!!!*” she cried out over the ringing cowbell. The sounds of her lust and ecstasy were lost to the window. Her face contorted closer to extreme pleasure than it did to thrill. “*My milk!!! Aaahhhhhh MY MILK!!!! I can feel it sloshing!?*”

Brandy's legs clamped together. She couldn't keep control of herself any longer. Wet warmth flooded her arm and her tits surged with energy. There was no scream loud enough to convey what she felt stirring within her laboring body. At her neck, the cowbell sang in unison, only driving her sensations to the brink of madness.

CLAKACLAKACLAKA--SHOOOOOM

The rollercoaster came to a neck-snapping halt. It was over. Breathing with an output to match a leaf blower, Brandy shivered in an orgasm-wrecked heap.

“Brandy...?” Mariel whispered. Milk covered Brandy’s arm where it had been hugging her chest. “You were screaming *a lot*... Is everything--”

CHA-CLANK!!

The security bar raised automatically and sank into the bottom of Brandy’s chest.

“A-A-Ahhhhhhh oooh GOD!!!”

The bar raised higher, sinking deeper and massaging her breasts as if it were a rolling pin to dough. It was then Mariel realized her lover had grown during the ride. Even leaning back as she had before, Brandy’s chest was too large to avoid the bar.

“M-Mmmngh!!!! MMMGH!!!!”

SPLLLCH!!!

SLOOOSH!

Milk was pushed from Brandy’s mammarys by the bar before it finally clicked into the open position and left her chest to gravity. It fell against her torso with a wet slap. Oddly, Mariel no longer saw the dark marks on Brandy’s shirt. It only took a moment for her to realize it was due to her entire top being soaked with milk.

“*T-That was fun...!*” Brandy gasped, trying to hide her waning orgasm. “We should...think about going again!”

Brandy stood up. Much to Mariel’s horror, she saw the entirety of Brandy’s crotch darkened with juices. The remnants of an intense sexual release soaked through her jeans as if to advertise her uncontrollable nature.

“I... kind of want to go again!” Brandy giggled, hugging her chest with one arm and bending over. Several men ogled her dripping shorts. “How about we--*whoa!!*”

Mariel jumped out of the seat and took Brandy by the hand. “How about we go get something to drink first??” she said hurriedly. “You looked parched!!”

“*But I wanna go on the ride again!*” Brandy complained as every eye on the loading dock watched her stumble and bounce. She giggled, adding, “I liked it *a lot* more than I thought I would! And I even have my own airbags in case we crash!”

“Maybe later!”

Mariel fought to pull her towards a food booth. After doing her best to position Brandy in a way as to best hide her embarrassingly soaked shorts and ordering two cups of water, Mariel pulled her around the back of the booth where they could enjoy some momentary privacy.

“Mmmm, what are we doing back h--”

SPLASH!!!!

Both cups doused Brandy in a shower of chilly water. Standing stupefied, she shivered and shook the water off her arms. For a brief moment, Brandy’s mind belonged to her once again.

“MARIEL?! What the hell?! I’m SOAKING?!”

Mariel shushed her lips. “Yea? Well your *crotch* was dripping wet. And your shirt was completely soaked through! You looked like a walking orgasm!”

CLANK!

CLANK!

She brushed the front of her body. Concealed by the water, there was no evidence of her orgasm-wet shorts. “Maybe I was leaking *a little*, but so what??”

Mariel wasn’t so sure. Staring at her girlfriend’s body as water dripped free, she couldn’t help but notice gaps widening between her buttons.

“Brandy... I think it’s getting worse.”

“What? No, I would have noticed if they were even *bigger!*” Brandy’s blushing face avoided looking down. “I-It’s just hot out here! Everyone is sweating! That’s probably what you saw.”

“That rollercoaster made you *come!* I heard the way you were screaming.”

“Don’t be ridiculous! It was just very thrilling and--”

“Your shirt looks ready to split open.”

CLANK!

CLANK!

Brandy shook her head and bell. “You’re overreacting. I-It’s just a little swe--”

“*Look at your tits, Brandy!! You’re MASSIVE!!!*”

At Mariel’s outburst, Brandy steeled herself to inspect the state of her bust. It wasn’t until she found the rest of her body hidden below a gargantuan pair of head-sized breasts that her common sense returned.

“*H-Hoooooly shit!!*”

Brandy’s hands flew to her chest. Ripened like large honeydews, they overflowed her palms and protruded from her chest like comedic decorations. She couldn’t tell if the tightness against her fingertips was from her overtaxed shirt or her own skin. Based on the pressurized sensation of churning milk, however, she feared it was the latter. Hot cleavage squeezed around the cowbell to muffle its chimes as her breath became rapid.

“*How did I not notice?! I-I was so distracted by how...they...mmngh... H-How good they...*”

SLOOOSH

Brandy arched her back and delivered several healthy squeezes to the underside of her chest. The tightness was intoxicating like she was a balloon inflating with pure pleasure. Their weight increased slightly at her groping.

CCRREEEEAAAAAK

A complaint from the shirt’s seams was music to her ears.

“*Snap out of it!*” Mariel hissed. “*You’re getting bigger again!!*”

“Ah!” Blushing, Brandy dropped her hands to her side in embarrassment. “I-I’m sorry! I didn’t even realize I was touching--”

CRREEEEAAAAAK

POP!!!

Her top button sprang off as if by slingshot. Both women ogled the jiggling mass of cleavage spilling out of her top.

It was far worse than Mariel thought as she heard stitches creak. “Oh fuck...”

“*W-What’s happening to me...??*” Brandy gasped for air. Her mind swam in an ocean of tantalizing ecstasy. “*Why do I feel...so warm?? And...f-full...?! Don’t these things have a limit??*”

CLANK!

CLANK!

Her rapid breaths caused the cowbell to chime. The horniness was back with a vengeance. It wouldn’t leave, not so long as her milk continued to flow and she denied herself orgasm.

“*Mariel... T-They’re... My boobs are... They’re getting too full!!*”

SSSTTRRRRTCH

It was the fastest Mariel had seen them grow. As if fueled by an unseen hose, Brandy’s tits pushed outward with increasing weight and volume. Her shirt pulled drum-tight and draped away from her stomach to accommodate the watermelons within. Watching a pair of swollen mammarys distend in real-time was far more erotic than Mariel ever imagined.

CLANK!

CLANK!

“*I... I-I think the bell really is doing something to me!*” Brandy whimpered. “*I can feel my chest...stretching! Stretching as it...fills up!! Like it’s...filling up to...POP!*” She swallowed and leaned her head back. Clawing at the booth behind her was the only thing stopping her hands from sinking into her chest. “*I’m just getting bigger...a-and bigger!! God, my tits feel... T-They feel like a pair of UDDERS!!*”

Nervously, Brandy checked the side of her head for a pair of cow ears and found none. It was a small consolation.

CRREEEEAAAAAK!!!!

Her shirt screamed for mercy. Plaid stripes warped and pulled. Even the extreme tension of the fabric couldn’t hide the strawberry nipples below.

“*It’s like the m-more....mmmnggh!!! The more turned on I get... And the longer I go without...c-coming... The more they engorge!!*”

Mariel’s mouth watered. She could have lost her arm in the amount of cleavage stuffed down Brandy’s shirt.

GUUUUURRRRRGLE--SPPLCH!!

“A-AHH!!!”

Two small geysers of milk sprayed from her shirt and peppered Mariel’s shoes.

“*I...I can’t take it!! I can’t take much more!!*” Brandy panted. “*I have to touch them!! I-I need to milk my udders!!*”

“It’s getting worse every time...” Mariel realized softly.

Seeing her small release of milk was all it took to settle her mind. Soon they wouldn’t be able to hide. Someone would come looking if Brandy continued screaming. It was time to leave.

“Ok, we need to get you home,” Mariel decided. “You can’t be out in public like this!”

Brandy’s hand twitched at her hip, developing a lust-driven mind of its own.

CLANK!

CLANK!

She shook her head. “*No!!! I...I need to keep...my title!! I’m not going home...until I have that trophy! Not until after the...m-m...m-m-m...milking...conte--AAHH!!*”

STTTTTRRRRRRTCH!!!

Mariel felt like she was in the splash zone. “Then we need to empty those things *NOW!!*”

Brandy was losing her mind. Batting her eyes, she swooned at her lover and breathily cooed, “*Mmmnngh, oh yea? That thirsty, huh?*”

“*What?? No!! Because you look like you’re about to--*”

POP!!

Brandy’s hand flicked the clasp of her shorts, allowing the zipper to descend and the front to splay open. A hand slipped into her pink underwear to reveal trimmed pubes glistening with arousal.

Mariel’s eyes bulged. “*...Fuck me...*”

“*Mmmngn if you say so...*” Brandy stepped forward and groped Mariel’s chest before engulfing it in her own and whispering in her ear, “*I don’t see anyone in those trees over there...*”

Gulping, Mariel nodded and looked across a small field of tall grass. “*G-Good idea! We can empty you there!*” At this point, merely emptying Brandy was the least of her goals.

They rushed from the fair and through the grass until the sound of whirring machinery and cheer were muffling in the distance. Every step grew more difficult to pull Brandy along, either because of her unbalanced weight or her efforts to unbutton her shirt as they ran.

“*Hah... M-Mariel...*” Brandy fought for air upon reaching the small grove of trees. The shade provided sweet relief against the heat as Brandy leaned against a wide trunk to hide from view. Few buttons remained clasped, namely those across her stomach.

Mariel’s eyes turned into saucers. “*Brandy!! You’re--*”

“*Oh my God... O-Oh my God...!*” Brandy’s chest rose and fell like the waves. “*They feel so...ENGORGED!! I’m blowing up with milk!! Nnnghhh why does it have to feel...so good??*”

It was too much for her legs to handle. Her motor control was failing as her body focused its efforts on more important things than standing. Slowly, Brandy slid down the tree until she sat on the ground.

CLANK!

CLANK!

The scene was a display of overflowing milk and desire. Brandy’s udders stood massively bloated off her torso like milky blimps ready to launch. Only two buttons held her shirt together across her belly, acting as a hammock nestling her globes together. Mouth-sized nipples bulged atop puffy areolas gushing into the open air. Spreading her legs and shuffling restless feet, Brandy hooked her shorts and underwear with her thumb. She would stop at nothing to get them off as they slid down her thighs. Nestled between her cleavage sat the cowbell, its surface warm from her body heat.



GUUUUUURRRRRGLE!!!

“M...Mariel! Suck it out... Please, I feel...so full!! I need to be milked!!”

Brandy rapidly swelled until the weight forced her onto her back. Watching her finger herself for only a moment and eager to taste the sweet milk for a second time, Mariel knelt over a beach ball-sized tit and lowered her lips around a throbbing nipple. It needed the help of her fingers to squeeze into her mouth.

“AAUUGH!!! Milk me please milk meee!!”

Mariel applied suction.

GUUUUUURRRRRGLLE--FWOOOSH!!!

“M-MMPH!!! MMNGH!!”

A torrent of cream inflated Mariel’s cheeks to the point of making her eyes water. She lasted no longer than three seconds before she was forced to release.

“Oh don’t stop!!! Don’t you want to suck on my giant udders?!”

“Ack!!! Brandy!” Mariel coughed. *“It’s...too much!! There’s too much milk! I’ll drown!!”*

GGUUUUURRRRRGLE!!!!

“Aahhhhh!!! Ooohhhh my BOOBS!!!”

They ballooned tight and full. Pale veins beat under her skin with gentle blue hues wishing for a tongue to trace their paths. Mariel stumbled back, intimidated by their sheer size.

“H-How the hell are they getting so damn big...?” she whispered.

Brandy moaned into the cleavage engulfing her chin. “*Nnnghhhhhh I can't take it!!!*”

With the strength of a desperate dairy cow, Brandy hugged her chest and rolled onto her hands and knees, throwing Mariel onto the ground in the process.

“*What are you doing??*” Mariel gasped upon watching her girlfriend’s swollen body move on top of her. It became clear when Brandy faced Mariel’s feet and swung a thigh overhead, positioning her hips over Mariel’s face. An unabated view of Brandy’s most intimate area presented itself in a glorious wet, dripping picture of desire. Looking lower, Mariel saw a bulbous pair of leaking tits hanging over her stomach.

“*I don't care how you do it!!*” Brandy begged from above. “*Milk me!! Milk me like a dairy cow!! Eat me out until I scream!! DO SOMETHING TO MAKE ME COME!! I FEEL LIKE THEY'RE GOING TO ERUPT OTHERWI--AAUUGH!!!!!!*”

Mariel grabbed the sides of Brandy’s hips and dove in. Juices coated her face in an instant. They only added to the rush as Brandy’s body reacted to her tongue and lips.

CLANK!

CLANK!

CLANK!

“*Ohhhh!! Mmmngh!!! M-Mariel!!! You're making me...GROW!!!*”

Brandy’s body trembled and shivered with energy. Her excitement leaked like a fountain as the cowbell bounced off her chest. Milk drained from over-pressurized nipples to soak Mariel’s shirt and pants. She didn’t mind; she couldn’t get enough of Brandy’s lust. It was almost as sweet as her milk.

“*Gaaahh!!! Oh God!!! My TITS!!!*”

Brandy clawed at the ground for support. Flesh filled her view and bulged around her arms. Each nipple felt like a cork ready to pop from a shaken bottle of champagne. The closer she drew to orgasm, the more milk her body seemed willing to contain.

“*I'm gonna come!! I'm gonna come!!*” Brandy yelled, sitting back and arching her chest. Mariel’s tongue writhed in a flurry. “*AAAHHHH!!!*”

SLOOOSH!!!

Not wanting to suffocate Mariel during her release, Brandy rolled to the side and fell on her back as her mind toppled off the cliff of pleasure. Mariel gasped for air when she was released from her lover’s prison-like thighs.

FWOOOOSH!!!!

Two fountains of milk shot into the air. Reaching a height of five feet, they fell back to Earth in a shower of white.

“*Mmmngh!!!! I-It's coming out!! It's all coming out!!! How was I holding this much milk?!*”

It rained into the girls’ mouths and coated their bodies until the ground was drenched beneath them. Some fair-goers witnessed the great release, though it was gone seconds later much to their confusion.

“*Thank you... Oh God, thank you...*” Brandy praised. “*This bell... I know it sounds crazy... But I don't know what else could cause this! Ever since you put it around my neck...I've*

felt so...DESPERATE! I don't know what it's doing to me! I just feel my chest growing and filling with milk... And it feels so...damn...good...! I can barely think straight!"

Mariel sat up, dripping from head to toe in various fluids. She would smell like Brandy for a week. Despite the large amount of milk absorbing into the dirt, Brandy's bust was nowhere near its natural size.

"Shit! Brandy, they're still swollen!" Mariel panicked. Staring at them moving with Brandy's breathing, she was dismayed to see her nipples already beginning to harden. Their thirst for pleasure and stimulation would never end.

"Nnngh... Ohhh they're starting to feel... Really warm again... A-Are they already lactating again?" Brandy squirmed, rubbing her engorged pussy. *"I wonder how big they'll get this time..."*

"There won't be a this time!!" Mariel crawled over and helped Brandy sit up. She pinched at the choker's rusty clasp. "We need to get that cowbell off you before it gets out of hand and your tits swell so large they--"

From the fair, an announcer brought a pair of speakers to life from the event stage.

"Ladies and gentlemen! We're about to begin our first event of the day: speed cow milking! Would all contestants and audience please gather at the main stage; the show will begin in five minutes! Contestants, if you haven't checked in, please do so!"

Both girls felt doom looming in their immediate future.

"Oh no..." Mariel whispered.

Brandy wasn't about to let her championship title slip away. Struggling to pull her shorts up, she jumped to her feet and frantically buttoned what she could of her shirt. It wouldn't fit properly over a pair of cantaloupes, though it was far better than before and provided a low level of modesty.

Mariel was stunned. *"Are you sure you should go on a stage right now?! In front of people?!"*

"I have to go!!" Brandy insisted. *"I'm not losing because of some overactive boobs!"* She made toward the fair at a top-heavy jog.

"But what if--"

"Wish me luck!!"

Mariel sat dripping wet in the dirt and watched her make her way through the grass. Concern both for Brandy and her doomed shirt tugged at Mariel's gut. "G-Good luck..."

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

"Welcome ladies and gentlemen to the 130th annual cow milking competition!" a festively clad woman declared.

Mariel stood among the crowd of excited fair-goers. The words of the announcer went in one ear and out the other. There was only one thing on her mind; hoping Brandy could keep herself together long enough to avoid utter embarrassment. Given her champion-level milking

abilities, it was possible things could go off without a hitch and they could be home in record time. Provided she didn't get distracted.

A group of contestants stood behind the stage. Brandy was among them trying to keep her breathing calm and her mind on other things, though she continued falling victim to sexual daydreams. Even at a distance, Mariel could see her shirt was already nearing a dangerous level of fullness. There was no end to her milk so long as the bell remained around her neck.

Placed on the stage were several fake cows. Each had a smiling face as well as a fake udder loaded with water. A stool sat in front of each, awaiting its contestant.

"Help me welcome our eager milkers!" the announcer cheered.

They climbed the stage to a chorus of clapping. Most were blushing out of stage fright, except for Brandy who blushed out of arousal.

CLANK!

CLANK!

"And of course we have our current champion, Brandy!" She hugged Brandy around the shoulders, squeezing her breasts together until Mariel feared milk may spring free. "That is an *adorable* cowbell! I love it!!"

"*Ahh!! T-Thank you!*" Brandy chirped. "It was my great-grandmother's!"

"This fine little lady has been untouchable for the last five years! Looks like there are a couple contestants ready to give her a run for her money, though! You all know the rules; first one to an empty udder wins! Milkers, to your stools!"

Brandy could barely keep her balance as she stumbled to her position before sitting down with a massive heave and bounce.

CLANK!

CLANK!

As expected of such a sexual spectacle, whispers began traveling through the crowd.

"Was she always that big...? I don't remember anyone like *that* winning last year..."

"I just saw her at the general store the other day. Guess she bought a couple o' melons when I wasn't lookin'..."

"Damn birth control blowing up girls' boobs these days."

Mariel was mortified for what may become of Brandy's reputation.

"On your marks!" the announcer said.

Brandy bent forward and grabbed the rubber teats, smashing her chest into her lap in the process. The resulting pressure made her groan.

PING!!!

A button exploded and struck her plastic cow.

"Oh no..." Mariel prayed.

"Get set!"

CLANK!

CLANK!

"M-Mmnggh...!"

"GO!!!"

SHUCK

SHUCK

SHUCK

The stage turned into a flurry of squeaking udders and hands. Jets of water struck empty metal buckets with sharp notes.

“*Nngh!! Ah!*” Brandy was already behind. Trying her best, she found her arms striking the sides of her tits with every pull.

SHUCK!

CLANK!

CLANK!

SHUCK!

CLANK!

CLANK!

“She can barely move around them things!” a man jeered. “I feel like I’m watching a pregnant wiener dog try to run.”

Mariel held her breath. Bright rays of light glistened off Brandy’s cleavage as she worked up a sweat. Her determination was overpowering her will to touch herself, but it couldn’t last forever. The milky ocean inside her mammaries would only increase until tended to.

“*H-Hahh... Oohhhh my chest...*” Brandy gasped while having difficulty seeing over them. So many thrusting motions were agitating her dairy like a soda being shaken.

CLANK!

CLANK!

GUUUUUURRRGLE

Her growth was becoming too obvious to ignore. Men’s eyes especially locked onto the warping stripes of her plaid. Those lucky enough to stand in front of the stage could see deep into the cleavage spreading her buttons apart.

“*Brandy!!*” Mariel yelled. “*You got this!!! Concentrate!*”

“*Mmmgh!! T-They’re...They’re growing again...!*” she squeaked.

A man took a sip of a beer. “The hell is up with her tits? She got some balloons in there or somethin’?”

“Guess we know how she practices! I would tug on them things too if I had ‘em.”

The announcer strode around the stage. “We’re nearing the halfway point! Our champ is looking a little distracted!”

Brandy was far behind, but determined to win. A shiny trophy waiting on a table deserved to be taken home and placed with her others. As she pulled on the udder, however, she saw flesh creeping higher into view. The cowbell was incessant in her ears.

CLANK!

CLANK!

SSSTTRRRRRRTCH!!

“*Ahh!!! M...Mariel...!*” she called out amid rasping breaths. “*I-It’s coming in...really fast!!*”

Mariel picked anxiously at her nails. *“YOU GOT THIS!!! FOCUS!!”*

Her nipples ached. They wanted to tear through her shirt. Gallons of milk begged for release. Sitting there pretending her chest wasn't the size of watermelons was impossible. Eagerly tugging on a fake cow's udder only added salt to the wound. She was the one in need of relief, not the plastic heifer incapable of feeling the weight of several gallons.

SWEEEEEEEEELL!!

PING!!!

“AAUGH!!”

A button blew open. Her shirt looked like an erotic hot air balloon ready to burst free and take off.

“Looks like we have a slight wardrobe malfunction, folks! Young children may want to look away; life on the farm isn't always G-rated!”

“O-Oh my God... I can't... I can't take it...!” Brandy moaned. She couldn't bear to put weight on her chest. Her body sang with arousal and sensitivity. The soft bulge of her excited pussy mashed into the hard wooden stool. Thinking about Mariel's tongue was a mistake.

SSWEEEEEEEEELL!!!

“Ahh!!! MMNGH!!! It's too much!!! Mariel, there's too much milk!!!” Brandy's voice carried across the first few rows of spectators. Some thought she was referring to the fake udder. Others weren't so sure as seams widened.

DRIP

DRIP

DRIP

Cream fell to the wooden stage. Her shirt was stuffed to the brim. Dizzy with horniness and gasping for relief, Brandy's hands slowed to a near-stop. One trembled as it released its grip and reached for the front of an engorged tit.

“Oh no,” Mariel said. *“Brandy! You need to finish milking the--”*

It was too late. A gasp ran through the crowd when Brandy groped herself in full view. Pinching a golf ball-sized nipple, she released a stream of milk onto the stage.

“A-A-Aahhhh!!! Ohh my MILK!!! There's...too much!!!” She swallowed and squeezed again, losing sight of the world around her. *“I need to touch them!!! I need to touch myself! I-I can't...hold it!”*

SSSWEEEEEEEEELL!!!

The flood gates opened. Brandy succumbed to her desires and released her hold on the fake udder in favor of her own. Leaning back, she hugged her chest and allowed nimble fingers to unbutton her shorts.

“U-Uh... It appears we have a bit of an allergy situation on stage...” the announcer panicked. “Can we get someone from the medical tent over here? And maybe grab a blanket or--”

“MMNGH!!!! MY MILK IS COMING IN!!!!”

The other contestants lost sight of their goal and slowed to a stop at Brandy's screams. Nobody cared about the contest anymore. All stood aghast at the inflating woman fighting with her own hands on whether or not to pleasure herself on stage.

"Brandy! Brandy, we need to go!! Forget the contest!!" Mariel demanded. She ran to the stage and stared into Brandy's milk-drunk eyes.

SHHRRRIIP

"I... I can't take it..." Brandy moaned as rips opened at her shirt seams. *"Help me... B-Before I totally lose it in front of all these people... I'm not going to be able...to control myself...!"*

"Ok! Ok! Let's go!"

Nodding and whimpering, Brandy grabbed the fake cow's neck for support. Watching her rise to her feet was awe-inspiring, like watching a rocket climb into the sky.

"Oh my dear Lord..." one woman gasped.

"Now that's a milkmaid!!"

CLANK!

CLANK!

Brandy wobbled on her feet. Standing before the audience, she was unable to stand up straight. Breasts larger than prize-winning pumpkins filled her shirt from collar to hem. Bulges of cleavage pushed through her buttons like fleshy raspberries.

"M-Mariel..." Brandy panted, leaning on the cow and pressing desperately against the side of her chest. *"I think they're ready to--"*

SSHHHHRRRRRRRIIP!!!!

BWOOMPH

Death came for her shirt. In an avalanche of slow-moving skin and curves, Brandy's udders fell into full view. They reached past her hips as giant teardrop-shaped orbs of milk before slapping against each other.

THUD!!

"AH!!"

They demanded Brandy sit down. Unable and unwilling to combat their will, Brandy toppled backward and landed with a stage-shaking slam.

"What kind of show is this?!"

"I think they're going to need more buckets!"

"Wait, I saw her naked out in the field a few minutes ago! From the top of the ferris wheel!!"

"I haven't seen a pair of tits like that since my wife got into the cow's growth hormones!"

The announcer was beside herself in horror. *"I-If we could just have everyone please leave the area, we'll make sure to--"*

No one was going to leave. None of the men, curious women, or reporters, at least.

"OOOHHHHH!!!!" Brandy stretched her arms over her chest trying to reach a nipple. They buried her legs with a girth comparable to two bean bags. *"There's too much!! My milk won't stop!! I can't reach my nipples!!! I... I don't want it to end!!!"*

Mariel pleaded internally. *“Don’t do it, Brandy... Please don’t do it.”*

“I-It’s not going to stop... Until I...” She bit her lip and sank her hands into her chest. It was exhilarating, but nowhere near the stimulation she needed. *“U-Until I come!”*

“Please, please, don’t let yourself--”

BWOOMPH

Brandy laid on her back. For a moment, she was only a pair of giant breasts with legs sticking out toward the audience.

“MMNGH I can’t resist!” her milk-drunk screams warned. *“I have to do it!! B-Before my tits...get any bigger!!!”*

Mariel’s face turned white when Brandy’s hands appeared from under her boobs and around her hips. Grabbing her shorts and panties, Brandy lifted her legs and slid them down her thighs, fully presenting herself to the gaping audience. None blinked when her fingers went to work.

CLANK!!

CLANK!!

SWWEEEEELLLLL!!!

Milk rushed into her chest. Growing too large, her breasts toppled her cow and another on either side. Contestants fled their stools to gawk from the sides. Not a word came from the announcer.

“I’m engorging!!! Oooohhhh God, can you hear them SWELLING?! This bell is turning me into a cow!! I-I can feel my tits producing milk!!! I’m just a couple of GIANT UDDERS!!!”

She ballooned wider and taller. The stage creaked from her weight. Not having lost all common sense, some in the audience began backing away as Brandy’s coffee can-sized nipples puffed angrily toward the sky. A bloated shadow cast itself over Mariel’s horrified face. There was no stopping what was to come.

“I’m gonna blow...! It’s gonna make me...come!! The PRESSURE!!! I-I...I can’t get enough of it!! It feels so good to fill up!! To...gush and churn!! Mmmngh!!! GOD, I’M SO WET!!”

CLANK!!

CLANK!!

The bell chimed on the other side of her bust like a taunting devil.

“I can’t hold it!!! My tits...are overflowing, but I can’t stretch anymore!!! My skin...feels like a balloon!” Brandy gasped under her sedan-sized knockers. *“I-It feels so good... S-So good...it makes me...want to...POP!!!! T-This cowgirl can’t hold her milk!!”*

CCRRREEEAAAAAAAAAK!!

The stage bowed under her weight. People were fleeing the scene, unsure of what would come next. Only Mariel stayed behind to watch her girlfriend bloat to mountain-like sizes. She felt so small standing under Brandy’s udders.

CLANK!!

CLANK!!

“B-Brandy...?” she squeaked as the milky masses started to quiver.

“AAAHHHH I’M GONNA ERUUUUUPT!!!!”

GUUUURRRRRRGLE!!!

RRMMMMBBBLLL!!!!

“M-Mmnggh!!! MMMMOOOOOOOOOO!!!!”

KABLOOSH!!!!!!

Brandy’s udders hit their limit. Unable to take the pressure of her arousal and swirling milk, they burst like overfilled water balloons. The stage was lost in an instant sphere of dense cream. Those nearest were blown back in the whitewash, including Mariel who tumbled as if in a hurricane. Overhead, the sun was momentarily blocked out in a foggy haze. Even those across the fair took notice of the milky storm spreading across the sky.

Her milk fell to Earth in heavy curtains. It didn’t cease for a full minute before the sound of her droplets waned enough to hear Brandy’s labored moans of cascading orgasms.

Mariel rose to a shaky sitting position and wiped her eyes. The stage was wrecked. A crater had formed under Brandy’s body from the force of her explosion. Panting in the center was her naked body covered in white. A pristine pair of breasts shook on her torso with innocent glee. All was quiet as everyone tried to comprehend what they’d just witnessed. Brandy was the first to speak.

“Hah... H-Hah... Ohhh my boobs... What happened... What did I...do...?”

Brandy sat up among a pile of broken stage with a pair of breasts filling her lap. Nobody was left standing in the vicinity amid the slippery grass. Even Mariel sat paralyzed in disbelief.

The dumbstruck announcer’s shaky voice came through the speakers. *“I-I... I think we have this year’s milking champion...!”*

Applause came from those who enjoyed her show. Brandy’s face turned bright red and she crossed her legs to cover her nudity. *“Mariel!! W-What did I do?! Why am I naked?! Where are my pants?! How did my tits get so big?!”*

Excited footsteps clambered through the wetness before sliding to the destroyed stage.

“You gave me one hell of a story to print, young lady! That’s what you did!”

CRASH!!!

“Ah!” Brandy screamed in fear. She’d returned from her lustful daze to a world of dripping chaos.

Another portion of the stage collapsed and startled Brandy. Falling prey to the destruction, the judge’s table toppled into the debris. Light danced off the trophy as it rolled across the planks before bumping against Brandy’s chest.

The reporter lifted his camera. *“Hold up yer trophy! Let’s see that prize!”*

A mess of confusion, milk, and nakedness, Brandy hefted the trophy overhead. Milk-soaked hair clung to her face and neck.

CLANK!!

CLANK!!

“Now smile!! Yer gonna be on the front page of tomorrow’s paper!”

“Wait, what?!”

FLASH!!!