

In fact, for some reason, the one thing Ashley felt she *should* do was put on some ill-fitting pants, grab Jeremy's hand, and happily stroll down to the mall so that everyone could see the two of them together; even the clear and present threat of her tits filling up didn't seem to matter as much when compared to the serotonin rush that came from the mental image of the two of them, in one another's arms, being sickeningly cute together in public.

So she smiled, and promptly walked towards the closet, not even bothering to clean up after herself and what Jeremy did to her; it hardly seemed to matter, given how the rest of her was so clearly exaggerated and hyper-sexualised, that a few strands of spunk would barely even register next to the full package... plus, her mind was just about everywhere but herself, enough so that she forgot that she *should* clean up, preferring to let her copious amounts of sweat take care of that in due time.

Jeremy was doing his best not to freak out at what he was seeing in front of him, his mind split into two very distinct sides: one, screaming at him to wake up and notice how everything was clearly wrong and he had to do something about it, the other scratching its chin and wondering whether they shouldn't just shut up and accept the gift that was given to them. Unfortunately for the former, the wheels had been set in motion for momentum to carry the day, and before it could forcefully lock Jeremy down, he was well on his way out of the house with Ashley in tow.

To say that she caused a scene would be an understatement: a young man and his catgirl, by that point a good three or four feet taller than him, with a pair of tits so enormously oversized that other people on the sidewalk had to veer into the street just to avoid having their necks snapped or their spines crushed underneath the weight. A catgirl so *stuffed* that each step she took left everyone in perfect understanding of how much milk was inside of her. And a catgirl so overtaxed that she left a trail of sweat wherever she went, her pants going from a light gray to a *very* dark shade in a matter of minutes.

But she wasn't embarrassed; if anything, just as long as she had Jeremy next to her, Ashley felt perfectly fine, almost as if him being there was the equivalent of a home, a safe haven that she could feel comfortable in. Granted, this was mostly on account of there not being those many people around on the street until they reached the more bustling commercial districts; as soon as Ashley looked up and saw the throngs of Sunday shoppers going to and fro, only to stop and stare at her whenever they caught sight of her form... it was significantly harder to keep pretending like she didn't care.

Her first instinct was to try and use her hands to cover herself, which worked about as well as expected given the difference in size between them and... well, the rest of her. She could *probably* cover her nipples, if she could even get to them; unfortunately, they were too far away

for Ashley to reach, leaving her to attempt to heave her tits in order to squish them into a more easily concealable package. This did little beyond get her buds to squirt with dairy, leaving her shirt in a right state as the thick cream turned the vibrant blue into a near-black, the splattering of milk on the sidewalk giving rise to a crimson shade on her cheeks.

Covering her face was the next step. Led forwards by Jeremy's hand on her lower back (somehow), the catgirl figured that if she couldn't hide herself from the world, she could hide the world from herself. Childish, maybe, but it was the one thing she *could* do: out of sight, out of mind, and she could at least pretend like no one was looking at her even when they clearly were. Plus, it gave her husband another reason to get handsy with her, which was *always* a plus as far as she was concerned.

Ashley nonetheless had to constantly mewl and whine for people not to look at her. Whenever she dared open a space between her fingers so she could peek through it, whenever she dared to look at what was happening in front of her, a quick, breathy "Nyaaa!" escaped from her lips, her brain subconsciously and automatically playing into the selfsame role she had assigned herself the previous night. It was all she could do, to be for people to look away and not stare, to turn to Jeremy and wordlessly ask that he keep her safe.

Jeremy, who was still struggling to come to terms with the fact that his wife was like that now, and wasn't entirely convinced he hadn't just hallucinated everything up until that point. Looking to his side, Ashley certainly *looked* real; she *felt* it as well, but he'd had dreams that were like that, lucid experiences where he chose to create for himself whole harems that strained his brain's ability to keep the dream going. Perhaps that was proof of it: that the whole thing hadn't collapsed as a result of him going so far out... that, and the fact that he hadn't at all decided on any of what Ashley had done.

But it couldn't be true, because people didn't just transform like that, not without... well, he was going to say "a good reason", but what reason could there be for such a radical change? He woke up that morning and now his wife was a gargantuan catgirl who was currently busy trying to pretend people weren't ogling her; just the thought alone was enough to make his head spin, and that wasn't getting into the way Ashley *looked*, which did far more for him than just leave him woozy.

So much so, in fact, that another voice sprang up inside of his head. As he led his wife with him to the food course, leaving behind a trail of ass sweat and milk coating every inch of the floor, this new voice wondered whether they should "test" the limits of Ashley's form; after all, she'd visibly bloated ever since that morning, and she was clearly capable of growing larger, so why not see what would happen if he left her unattended for some time?

Initially, Jeremy rejected this notion. As he picked one of the larger tables and dragged three chairs for Ashley to sit on, he simply refused to even consider the possibility that he might even *think* about leaving his wife alone, especially in the state she was in... but when she heaved her tits onto the tabletop, and he both heard and *saw* them slorsh with their sweet, creamy contents, whatever sense of decency he might've had was dissolved in an ocean of pure arousal.

"Honey, can you wait here for a second?" Jeremy blurted out, practically toppling his chair in his haste to get up, "I need to go get something from the shop and I'll be right back ok don't go anywhere I'll be right back ok bye!"

Words rattled out at a rate too quick for the catgirl to do anything, at which point he turned tail and promptly bolted down the nearest flights of stairs leading down to the main shopping area, leaving Ashley with one hand outstretched in midair and absolutely no clue as to what to do now that she was alone, in the middle of the mall, with dozens of people all staring at her the moment they realised that yes, she *was* real, and not just some weird holographic commercial stunt.

Panic was the first reaction, the quiet kind that froze one's body in place and made it impossible to do anything other than stare straight ahead and hope that whatever had triggered the response went away. Were it a natural predator, Ashley would've been as good as dead; instead, it was just her social life that she was sacrificing upon the altar of public embarrassment... even if the reactions she got were mostly stunned silence and the occasional catcall rather than outright humiliation.

But what else was it going to be? People were *looking at her*, they were going to *recognise her*, and now, without Jeremy there to help her, what was she to do? Loudly demand that people stop looking at her, even as every one of her motions caused her tits to slorsh and churn loudly enough to be heard for a hundred yards in every direction? Try to hide herself when her pants were practically turned to mush from all the sweat, or her shirt grew increasingly tight the longer she went without milking?

That was another thing as well: her milk contents were *still* going up. She had tried not to think too much about it, but the more she sat there waiting for Jeremy to return, doing absolutely nothing but stare directly at the stairs down which he vanished, the more she felt the tightness in her chest rise. Though Ashley would've *liked it* if this wasn't the case, it was clear that her tits weren't going to stop producing just because she wasn't thinking about; hell, *not* thinking about it just left her more blindsided whenever she did pay attention and found herself fuller than before!

Milking them wouldn't solve the problem though, was the real issue. Much as she was overtaken by lust at the time, Ashley still remembered one important detail from when Jeremy had milked her earlier, in the middle of them fucking: she hadn't actually gotten any smaller. She was definitely left *emptier*, but her tits hadn't shrunk down despite their contents being pressure-hosed against the nearest wall.

In fact, they were quite visibly bloating now, enough so that she could actually tell, even when deliberately trying to pretend like it wasn't happening. She could bite her lips all she wanted, she could look away and try to come up with some excuse as to why she was doing so, but in the end, she wasn't getting any smaller; quite the contrary, in fact.

This left her with... very few options. She could try and milk herself. In public. In full view of hundreds of people. To accomplish literally nothing more than a temporary reprieve, all without getting herself back down to a manageable size. Maybe even cause her body to react more violently, leading to even *further* milk production, if that was even possible. Or, she could try to go for a more unorthodox solution, one that had just then popped into her head; a solution so scandalous that, for the first few moments of its existence, Ashley's mind refused to acknowledge it... but a solution regardless.

She could *drink*.

The idea was scandalous enough that it somehow managed to make her cheeks brighter, despite them already being a scarlet that exceeded what she thought her body capable of producing. The mere *thought* crossing through her head was such that, were it not for her already making a fool of herself by just *being* there, the reaction she had to it would've attracted the attention of everyone around, as she squeaked loudly enough for it to nearly break the upper limit on human hearing.

But she *had* to do it, because Jeremy was nowhere to be seen, the table was already buckling as her tits covered it *completely*, and if she didn't act immediately, she wouldn't even be able to reach her nipples at all! Hell, she was already having a hard enough time leaning over to grab *one* of them, needing her to stretch her arms out as far as they went, then fight against gravity to heave that gargantuan milktank up to her mouth.

Her tits were *visibly* bloating by the time Ashley got the first nipple up to her mouth, and by then, all thought and concern for anything remotely resembling decency had been all-but excised from her mind. What she *needed* was release, and the only way forward, at least in a manner that actually did something, was by putting her mouth to good use; how this would fix the *other* breast was anyone's guess, but Ashley couldn't just sit there and let it happen... so she took her leaking bud into her mouth, closed her lips around it, and gave it an experimental gulp.

The first impact was, as it turned out, the lightest; a surprise, given that the strength of the flavour profile was such that the catgirl had very little recourse but to *moan* into her breast, eyes rolling up as the sweetness of her cream overloaded her taste receptors and left her in an almost insensate state. But, rather than grow accustomed the more of it she drank, Ashley's mind seemed to magnify each successive gulp; no habituation, but *accentuation*, as she drank, and drank, and *drank* to her heart's content, no longer caring about what she was doing or whether or not it was in public.

If she had kept her eyes open, she would've realised that, while drinking from herself had definitely kept her breasts from filling up even more, it had done very little to resolve the main issue of their size: they were still *large*, large enough that the table would soon fall apart underneath them, and no amount of draining seemed to be doing a damned thing about that. In fact, if Ashley had taken the time to notice what was happening to the *rest* of her, she would've noticed it was actually making the problem *worse*.

By then, her ass had been busy enough sweating up a storm that she barely had any pants at all; the cloth was still there, but so waterlogged that the fibres had begun to practically dissolve, turning into a thick paste that didn't so much get taken off as it was *wiped* off. Still, Ashley had what *looked* like a pair of sweat-ridden pants on... at least, until she started drinking in earnest, and her body replied by taking all the extra calories and dumping them somewhere useful.

She didn't hear her cheeks burgeon, nor her thighs fatten, but everyone else did. Over the slorshing of milk, over the near-anguished cries on the catgirl's part for everyone to stop looking at her, they heard the soft groaning of skin and muscle as her lower body started moving outwards in every direction. Every bystander saw as what remained of her pants was... not shredded, but more *pulled apart*, as Ashley's ass and thighs absorbed all the nutrition from her milk and promptly went to work *growing*.

For Ashley herself, however, her situation was a win-win, seeing as the extra lower body mass seemed to have passed her by completely: as far as she knew, all she had to do was *keep drinking*, and eventually her tits would be empty, giving her some time to recover before she needed a new milking. Hell, given that her bust was larger now, then clearly it could take *more* milk, so she'd have even *more* time!

What she didn't see was her gargantuan throne of an ass, expanding out behind her, nor her colossal thighs, serving as the seat upon which the rest of her body was put on display. She didn't see as her lower body so massively outsized her upper one that it really *did* look like the latter had been plucked and placed on someone else's former; and as she kept drinking, as she gorged

herself on her milk, it only got *worse*, doubly so as the catgirl had gotten a taste for her own milk.

It was practically addictive. Sweet, just the right amount of sugary, thick and creamy, like the exact kind that Ashley would've named as her favourite if she had to pick one. And, as she grew used to the rhythm, it was easy for her to drain one breast, then another, heaving them in succession until they were nice and dry... for a time. It was clear from how quickly they began filling that they'd need some emptying again before long, but until that happened, Ashley figured she had some time.

Taking stock of the situation, the young woman's face was somewhere around vermilion as she tried to ascertain how *large* she'd gotten. Each of her tits was big enough that, had she still been her old self, she could've easily curled up inside one of them; the milking had done *nothing* to fix their size, and when she gave them an experimental squeeze, it was clear that it was pure *mass* she had there, every last single ounce. Not only that, but their productivity had been increased to such a point that she was likely producing multiple gallons an hour... a "high" multiple, at that.

It was only when she tried getting up that Ashley actually realised something was wrong, only then that the loud murmuring coming from the otherwise-quiet crowd filtered in and the catgirl figured out that something was *definitely* off... or, well, "more" off than it had been up until then: she *couldn't* get up. She tried, even put her all into it, but no matter how many attempts were made, she just couldn't get up at all; even worse, she could feel the floor underneath her... all several yards of it as well.

The reason for it was obvious, but her brain refused to accept it; if it did, she'd have to consider the possibility that her ass was now so gargantuan that it could easily crush a large van beneath each cheek and she wouldn't even *begin* to notice. If it did, Ashley would have to come to terms with how each of her thighs was so fat that it would need at least four people holding hands in a circle to get around their full circumference. If it did, then she'd have to worry about *another* thing on top of her tits filling up again.

So she tried to get up. And she tried, and she tried, and *eventually*, she got a few inches of clearance off the ground, before her titanic self plapped down with enough force to send a small wave of sweat in every direction, having revealing the *lake* of the stuff hiding just underneath her bottom half. She wasn't *supposed* to get up, and yet she still tried, desperate for any way out of there that didn't involve coming to the conclusion that she was likely rendered immobile... so she did.

It was an act of willpower at its basest, one fueled by equal parts embarrassment and an almost-maniac need to get away from so many prying eyes, but she did it: with one last push, Ashley *somehow* found herself upright for just long enough that she found her centre of gravity, and from there, established something that could charitably be called balance. Now, this *did* mean that her perspective on the world suddenly shifted several feet up, and under normal circumstances, this would've been enough to cause some self-realisation; but those weren't normal circumstances, and Ashley wasn't about to think about how there was a wall of soft flesh dripping God knows how much sweat behind her: her tits were swelling again.

It almost felt comical to say, especially after she was *just* done milking them, but they were definitely getting bigger again... and faster than before. Granted, this was the difference between a snail's pace and a slightly neurotic snail's pace, but the last time she let them get to that point, they got big enough to topple a table, and she wasn't about to allow that to happen ever again. Though, on the other hand, if she moved her hands back, they would immediately sink into so much ass that the only reason they wouldn't get stuck were the copious amounts of sweat being produced, so there was that as well.

The solution was simple: fetch Jeremy. At least in theory; in practice, Ashley had no idea where he even was, nor if he was willing to come back to her after she had turned herself into... whatever she was. But, at the same time, something else switched on inside her head: a primal, almost bestial *need* that was quick to overpower every other the moment the catgirl didn't pay attention to it. Having bided its time, it could finally unleash itself, thoroughly consuming whatever other aspects of Ashley there were.

But this wasn't a predatory instinct, wasn't a primal desire for dominance now that she was big enough to sit on *anyone* and quickly establish who was in charge. Rather, she had a single goal in her mind now: get *milked*. She had to, because she was a kittycow now, and as a good kittycow, she needed her master to come take care of her; *why* said master wasn't around was anyone's guess, but for Ashley, the only now-reasonable answer was that she was somehow misbehaved, and had led Jeremy to be mad at her for... something she did, she didn't quite remember.

Maybe it was her not being around him, but could he blame her? She was *enormous*, she could only assume that it had taken them a good hour just to get her through the front door to the mall! Hell, at the rate she was going, she was going to need twice that long to get *out*, and that was assuming she could find her master before her tits bloated up to twice their size... which, given the rate they were going, was going to happen sooner rather than later.

She had to get moving. As much as it pained her to make that much noise and that much of a physical disturbance with every step, she *had* to move, because clearly Jeremy wasn't there, so

she either had to actively get close to him, or make enough of a racket that he knew she was looking for him; it was the only course of action she had left: to take a step and watch as her tits bloated several inches, gallons of milk spurted from each nipple, and even *more* gallons of sweat splashed on the ground from the gargantuan rump she carried behind her.

Before long, Ashley was suckling on herself again. Not enough to drain her breasts, but just enough to make sure her ass and thighs were getting visibly fatter and sweatier with every step, along with her bust swelling as her efforts barely amounted to a fraction of their total productivity. Soon enough, she'd get stuck somewhere... but until that happened, she had to keep looking.

She belonged at her master's side, after all.