

Awareness came slowly and painfully to the bull, whose mind was still too sluggish to try and comprehend what had happened to it. Hazy memories floated in front of it, too flimsy to be held without falling apart, too ephemeral to exist for more than just the most fleeting of instants. He was sore all over, that much he was aware of, and as consciousness returned to him, Grimm was vaguely aware of a tightness permeating his lower body, and especially his nether regions. Were he more awake, that might have worried him; in his state, however, it was little more than an afterthought.

As the minutes (hours?) passed, he slowly became more aware of his surroundings. They were brightly lit, enough that his first attempt at opening his eyes resulted in a stinging pain that took too long to go away. Blinking in rapid succession, the light filtered into his eyes just enough that he could tell he was in some kind of laboratory; odd machinery lined the pristine-white walls, while a similarly-coloured panelling covered both the floor and ceiling, where bright lights shone with very little space between them. The whole room couldn't be more than ten feet to the side, perfectly square and with one of the walls being taken up by what seemed to be an opaque mirror of sorts, leading him to wonder if he was being watched... and just who might be doing so.

His own predicament became evident when he tried to move, only then becoming fully aware of the position his body was in. He'd been placed on some kind of padded slab, medical table or upright bed, stretched out with his arms and legs kept firmly to his sides by way of several metallic bindings. They were just loose enough that he could move around a bit, but doing so ended up being too painful for him to consider trying it again; the last thing he needed was to chafe his skin off. This was quickly followed by the realization that he could feel the shackles on his skin, then the understanding that he was, in fact, entirely naked. It probably should have bothered him a lot more than it did, but frankly, being stuck inside of a laboratory made him reconsider what he should think of as "normal". If nothing else, it made perfect sense for a test subject to be stripped nude.

He just had no idea why he was a test subject at all.

Looking around yielded no obvious answers either; the place was empty aside from himself and the obviously-unused equipment, with even the supposed observation room remaining silent on their presumed guinea's pig sudden awakening. If anyone *was* there, they weren't paying attention to him; that, or he was beneath their notice for the time being. Trying to escape was pointless, as was screaming for help; the whole damn place was probably soundproof, and even if it weren't, then who exactly would be close enough to help him out? He seriously doubted he was stuck inside anyone's basements, much less anywhere closer to the public.

His isolation wouldn't last *too* long, however, as a hidden panel slid open to reveal a long corridor built into one of the room's walls. The other end of it was shrouded in darkness, revealing only the first few feet, bathed in the light of the laboratory itself... and that was all that was needed. There stood a person there, barely able to fit into the door-sized opening, holding a clipboard on one hand and an exquisitely ornate pen in the other. She was bovine in nature as well, and *very obviously* so: her curves were so heavily accentuated by her choice of attire that one could make the argument she might as well go entirely nude, as that would at least be marginally more decent. The woman's lower body was dominated by a rear so wide that it almost got itself stuck in the doorway, its associated hips just *barely* able to match the cheeks for sheer width, all of it melding into a pair of thighs thick enough that Grimm's mind was instantly assaulted by images of his hands sinking into the pudge and vanishing completely.

Her bust was even greater than her bottom assets, a feat of grandiose scale considering it was *smaller* overall, even if that much wasn't immediately obvious. More often than not, it was titillation and not overt sexuality that won the day, and it seemed like that woman knew that perfectly and took its implications to heart; if set free, each of her colossal mammaries could probably obscure most of her chest, and judging from how he could hear them even from where he was restrained, the bull could only imagine they had to be stuffed full of sweet milk. And yet, he could clearly see most of her torso anyway, since those gigantic milkers had been stuffed into a button-up shirt that, for all intents and purposes, should not have been holding up as admirably as it was. That the fabric wasn't ripping itself apart, especially considering how strained the buttons themselves looked with the mass of bulging flesh forcing itself through any hole it could, was an achievement in and of itself, leading Grimm to wonder if the cow's clothes were made out of some high-tech, science-y super-fabric... or something of the sort, it was hard to think straight when faced with a spectacle like that.

"Ah, you're awake," she spoke up, her voice as soft and melodious as could be, "I was afraid the sedative was too powerful, but it seems I was thankfully wrong. You're more robust than expected; this is very good."

Her words were clinical, her tone anything but; it invited him to reach out and touch, to savour her body in the most direct way possible. Her very presence commanded equal parts respect and mindless pleasure, incited lesser minds to tear themselves apart trying to come up with ways of satisfying her, and made Grimm very, *very* horny. He wished he had the vocabulary to express his arousal in any other way that wasn't as crude, but alas, he was a simple man; he saw boob, he go hard, such was the way of life.

Nonetheless, this woman was clearly not someone to be trifled with. Though her body belonged in far lewder places in some remote corner of the internet, the way in which she deftly

avoided collision with any of the precious, very obviously fragile equipment next to her betrayed how accustomed she must be at moving around inside her lab. Her watchful gaze seemed to pierce him as she gave his own form a once-over, pausing excruciatingly long on his groin. He didn't have anything to worry about there; even if his mind wasn't sharp or his talents wide, he could never complain about how well-endowed he was between his legs, nor how productive those basketball-sized orbs of his were. It was the one thing he bothered to be proud of rather than mildly apathetic towards, even if he didn't get to use it very often; this much must be obvious, given that the labcoat-wearing cow kneeled next to him and held one of his orbs in one hand, scrunching her nose as she stared it down, eager to know its deep, churning secrets.

"It uh, it won't go off unless you squeeze it," Grimm dared to speak up, "just uh... just looking won-"

"Please be quiet," she cut through, "I'm examining your testicles."

A simple command, and one that got a simple answer: nothing. Some part of the bull thought that answer was too on-the-nose not to be hilarious, but knew full well that laughing, chuckling or even so much as smiling inappropriately might very well get him in trouble; he'd heard that kind of forceful tone before and it never ended well for people who tried to call its bluff. It let him know that he was to remain as quiet as a mouse and then some until he was allowed to speak.

The cow, for her part, seemed to be content with her observation after just a couple of minutes, after which she moved up to the bull's manhood. The shaft itself was perhaps the crown jewel of the whole arrangement, nearly two feet of thick, bovine meat that even in its flaccid state still stretched any set of pants Grimm tried to force it into. The slightest touch was enough to make it twitch in anticipation, not to mention begin leaking profusely, the first thing to ever truly surprise the (presumed) scientist in front of him. Her expression, however, was less one of scientific curiosity and far more one of unbridled lust, unnervingly mixed with the kind of bright glee one might see in a child being given its favourite sweet. It didn't bode well for Grimm and he knew it... and he was completely powerless to stop or postpone it.

Mercifully spared of anything but a tight grasp, the bull nonetheless had to contend with rising pressure inside of his package. He was *extremely* sensitive to any kind of touch, even when he should very well keep it in his pants (or lack thereof, as it may), so it didn't take much effort for his rod to start thickening as the blood rushed from the rest of his body into that beast of his. The cow observed the curious process with a look of utmost fascination and obvious gluttony, licking her lips as one hand continued to caress Grimm's nuts, and the other slowly pumped his cock.

“You are, by far, the most active producer I’ve ever seen in my many years,” she commented in the same tone of voice as before, picking her clipboard from the floor and pretending to write down a few notes on it, “enough that I believe we can forgo a few initial steps and get straight to the testing!”

“Wait, t-testi-”

“Did I tell you that you could speak?”

Once again her words were forceful enough that they seemed to physically impact him, knocking all wind from his lungs and leaving Grimm trembling in fear of what was about to happen to him. Though he was reasonably certain he wasn’t in mortal peril, he didn’t fancy the idea of having his cock and balls at the disposal of a woman as large and obviously lustful as that one; the last time he had the opportunity to be ridden like that, he ended up needing physical therapy to fix the joint damage and soreness, and that was with a consensual partner that respected his limits. Who knew what this one might do to him?

A question that was quick to be answered when she got back up and left him to deal with his backed-up production on his own, his rod’s passive precum leakage not enough to deal with the amount of bloating going on down below, his nuts starting to visibly swell after they were left unattended. The cow was paying attention to one of the many racks lined against the walls, one that held a dizzying array of vials with various, multicoloured liquids; with little effort, she produced something that looked remarkably like an autoinjector, picking one of the tubes and unceremoniously affixing it to one end of the handheld contraption before turning back to face her captive bull. The smile on her face was anything but endearing or reassuring, being more akin to a predator baring their teeth, even if the words she spoke were as honeyed as the finest mead and sweeter than the bounty sloshing around inside of her chest.

“This serum has been specially designed to help with edge cases such as yourself,” she explained, approaching Grimm while snapping her fingers, “I’ve been working on it for years, you see; something that could interact with unique, especially-productive bodies in order to further boost their already enhanced capacity for quickly... filling up” - the last two words were anything but scientific, but the sheer amount of lustful energy packed behind him let the bull know they were probably the only ones spoken with any genuine emotion - “I have to say, I had to track you down for quite a while before I could get the drop on you; I’m glad I did~”

Though Grimm wanted to say something, he knew better than to try for a “third time’s the charm”, deciding wisely to keep his mouth shut and let the cow finish whatever it was she

wanted to say. This was apparently what she desired as well, given that no words left her mouth at all, and yet a wide smile slowly spread across her face; clearly she was enjoying the lack of a snappy comeback, her tits quietly filling the silence as they continued to slosh about louder than they should be. Before he could react, she had already jabbed his arm, injecting the painfully-hot substance into his arm and leaving him to writhe in his spot, unable to control his muscles from spasming. It hurt his ankles and wrists to the point where he could practically feel the fur starting to burn off against his restraints, at least until the cow quickly arranged for an antidote of sorts, giving him a second shot while mumbling something that sounded suspiciously like a “Sorry!”

The scalding heat was replaced with a spreading chillness, one that seeped into every inch of him before focusing on the one part that was never anything but boiling-hot: his groin. Both his nuts were approaching the size of yoga balls, his cock twitching and throbbing its way to its full, three-foot turgid length, while his output continued to disappoint; this was the one aspect of his package that didn't live up to the expectations created by its size, as he was sadly unable to actually *vent* any of his seed until he reached a climax.

This still didn't stop the cow from kneeling in front of him, once more licking her lips and rubbing her hands together as she stared him down, her fingers approaching his stretched skin before pulling back, the woman clearing her throat and looking up at Grimm's strained face.

“My name is Daisy. You will refer to me as *Doctor* Daisy if I ever ask that you speak. Nod if you understand.”

The bull did, and apparently Daisy found that to be enough of an introduction before her hand met his shaft again... quickly followed by the other one after she realized the rod was simply too big for her to handle with just one. Not that this did anything to hamper her obvious enthusiasm; all pretense of civility and scientific rigour were thrown out the observation window as soon as she touched him, unleashing a savage beast that had been “hiding” just below the surface. Her eager stroking was such a welcome touch after the minutes of pent-up stuffing that poor Grimm failed to hold back for more than just a handful of motions, very quickly reaching his edge and then being sent flying past it. This was, of course, but one of many; the bull was far too virile to be finished in a single load, or set of loads at that, leaving plenty still around for the cow to delight herself with later.

For the time being, however, Daisy was content with opening her mouth wide and inviting his thick seed into her mouth, lapping up as much of it as she could get her tongue on. The throaty noises she was making would make anyone blush, and the bull being the mess that he was, his face turned into a shade of crimson best described as a tomato after being covered in extra-thick red paint. Not that he could do anything, being stuck to the table as he was; he *did*,

however, get to see something happen before even Daisy did, something that made his predicament a thousand times more unbearable than it already was.

Daisy wasn't yet aware of it, but the cum strands she was swallowing and licking up were having a profound effect on her anatomy, one that even the scientist herself wasn't aware was possible. Though not nearly to the same degree as the bull's balls, her breasts were significantly more milky than most others of her kind; it helped that she refused to drain them unless it was absolutely necessary, which inevitably led to them slowly growing over time. Being forced to carry around gallons upon gallons of milk, stuffed to the point of near-bursting and made to work until their glands simply refused to function anymore, Daisy's tits had gone from a respectable E-cup during her initial years at the lab to the glorious spectacle of lactic beauty that they were today.

What the cow most certainly did not expect was for her latest test subject's fluids to interact with her own physiology in the way that they did. Wrapped up as she was in drinking as heavily as possible from that seemingly bottomless spout of cum, Daisy failed to notice how her tits were beginning to feel tight, a sensation that had by that point been entirely lost on her; it was so normal to be that way that she never paid attention, even missing the obvious warning sign that it was happening *after* she was already full. At no point before did her tits begin to produce after filling up, and they were most *definitely* stuffed; despite this, her chest gurgled and churned loudly enough for Grimm to divert his eyes downward, both of them opening wide when he saw those already colossal mammaries begin to swell outwards, their creamy filling pushing the the button-up shirt to its breaking point and *finally* doing some damage to the fabric. It was to be expected, really; how could a trip to the lab like that be complete without some milky inflation on the part of a cow *that* busty?

Daisy, for her part, seemed perfectly content in ignoring her bust's sudden development, focusing on cleaning herself up first before doing anything else. When her hands went to unbutton her shirt, Grimm almost let loose a sigh of relief; clearly she was aware of what was going on and was about to fix it. Instead, the cow merely ripped the buttons apart, making some kind of comment about being "unnaturally tight", revealing the full size of her breasts to be... quite a bit larger than the bull had anticipated. It was almost a feat of engineering how much she packed those things into her bra, even if the overflow was enough to cause another spurt of cum to erupt from his tip and hit the cow straight in the face.

Giggling at the sight, the scientist unclipped the one thing keeping her tits in place, with the strained bra falling to the ground and finally allowing her chest to run as wild as it should; contrary to what the bull initially thought, those things had absolutely no sag whatsoever, being so udderly stuffed that they maintained their spherical nature even without anything to support

them. This *would* have led to the ground turning into an even greater mess of fluids, had Daisy not instantly used her newfound freedom to slap her tits around the bull's cock, covering them just perfectly enough that only his tip was visible... at least until the cow opened her mouth wide and took it into herself.

Never in his life had he experienced something of the sort. Separately, maybe, but put together and it turned into something indescribable. He wanted to scream himself hoarse, beg for release and yet also for it never to end. He wanted to demand she grow even larger for him, milkier, bustier, but knew better than to anger his captor with any unauthorized words. Down below, the titfuck-slash-blowjob was having the same effect on Daisy's size as the handjob had, making it even more surprising how she seemed unable to register what was happening to her. Seeing as the bull was still in full flow, exacerbated in fact by having a pair of colossal milky mounds wrapped around it, the cow barely had half a second in between loads, most of her concentration directed entirely at gulping down whole mouthfuls of her prisoner's seed, her throat bulging as each one was forced down, her eyes watering as she struggled to deal with the load. Her bust reacted predictably, the pressure inside rising to dangerous levels as they were spurred to produce more, even while already full.

The end result was a steady increase in size that made those things groan so much that Grimm was convinced Daisy was deliberately ignoring them. There was no way the woman could ignore how her tits were now *visibly* bloating, steadily gaining inches in every direction and becoming heavy enough that even *he* could feel it as they were expertly handled around his shaft. Unbeknownst to him, the cow wasn't entirely ignorant that something was wrong, but after being gifted with what had to be the best cock she'd had the pleasure of wrapping her lips around in years, Daisy wasn't in the best of moods to *stop*. In her head, the only priority on her list was to suck that male dry and then ride him for whatever was left, and if that meant stretching her belly out with several weeks' worth of protein, that's exactly what she was going to do.

That said, the effects Grimm's cum was having on her bust became too pronounced for even the lust-crazed cow to ignore, and while she didn't want to stop her energetic ministrations, she was left with no choice in the matter; her tits had simply become too heavy for her to lift with only her arms, enough that when she tried getting up, she fell on her enormous ass instead. It took her multiple tries before giving up and using a nearby shelf for leverage, nearly breaking the thing in half in the process. It was only after standing on her two feet that Daisy took the time to admire the effects the man's seed had on her, something that left her as confused and worried as it did aroused.

It was normal for her to grow at that pace, right after being *drained*. As a result of her deliberately keeping her breasts full for as long as possible, their elasticity and productivity

allowed them to start bloating merely minutes after milking herself completely; it used to take hours, but she had addressed that problem. It was a rapid climb to ever-greater sizes, to the point where she made sure to only empty herself after work, not wanting to wake up three hours before her shift started just to give her bust time to fill up properly. Thus, it wasn't at all a novel experience to watch and feel as her breasts steadily occupied more space in front of her; what worried her was how they were doing so long after they should've *stopped*. She had no more room left inside of those things *and* her limits had been reached, Daisy had made sure of that; the cow had spent the last five or six days running around at maximum capacity, precisely to make herself as large as she physically could be. So to see her breasts start to swell again, and rapidly enough that she could envision herself grazing the ground in just a few short minutes, awoke many things inside of her, none of which were possessed of anything remotely scientific in nature.

Daisy thought to herself that something had to be done; without any kind of release, it was likely she would end up immobilized, a fate that often befell a few of the facility's test subjects. So often, in fact, that the staff had installed milking machinery into each room in the form of ceiling-mounted suction cups, to be deployed whenever there was an emergency that needed "venting". For the cow, this emergency was *now*, and with a flick of her wrist, she produced a control from one of her labcoat's pockets. Clicking it opened a panel above her head, with two frankly oversized tubes attached to glass cups descending towards her. With uncanny speed, the scientist fixed both of them to her nipples, barely able to get the things to fit at all; the clear piping gave Grimm a perfect view of where the milk was supposed to go, even if the cow had remained miraculously dry up until then. Another click, and the pumps whirred into action.

The machinery was meant to drain her, as would be expected of an industrial-grade milker. According to all known laws of biology, if you *drained* udders, they would become *smaller*; this was simple physics, and yet somehow Daisy's body decided such rules didn't apply to her. The moment the milking began in earnest, the cow let loose a loud moan, dropping the remote on the ground as she fell to her knees, sinking her hands into her tits and biting her lip. Her milk flowed freely and easily, turning the transparent tubes about as white as the ground itself was, but much to her surprise (and some horror), it didn't make her smaller. Whatever Grimm's cum had done to her, it made her so unbelievably productive that, despite being on full output mode like the bull, her tits grew *faster* after being milked! She remained still, watching in stunned bemusement as her udders bloated and gurgled, each pump making them rounder, fuller, heavier, every second making them even more impossible to lift. Trying to get up was becoming harder by the moment, and though Daisy would've loved nothing more than to stay there and reap the fruits of her labor, she had better plans.



Moving quickly, the cow removed her labcoat and whatever shreds were left of her shirt, before trying to take her slacks off; the lack of room made it impossible to do, hence why the cow decided it was better to just rip the damn things into bits and then worry about them later, just about the same time as she kicked her shoes into a corner of the room. Fully nude, fully free, she heaved herself onto a standing position yet again, delighting in how her full breasts were now so stuffed that they very nearly reached down to her knees, gravity alone unable to stop them from blocking her view as well. She could *feel* them growing larger, the pumps drawing ever more production from within her, signalling what she was meant to do.

It was as clear as day, really. The bull's cum had done *that* much for her, so obviously she needed *more* of it inside of her. And just drinking it wouldn't be enough, oh no; her body needed some way to process it more directly, more intimately, the way it was *supposed* to be. And judging from how hard the poor man was, he had more than enough to give her what she wanted and then some. Grimm, stuck to the medical table as he was, had no real recourse beyond watching what was happening in front of him, still pouring out gallons of his seed with every other spurt, also suffering from the same "growing while releasing" issue the cow was; to him though, it was just part of the package (literally), making it less surprising that his nuts were getting dangerously close to the ground and his cock was pushing almost four feet in length. He didn't quite know what to make of Daisy, but that look on her face was anything but comforting.

As he expected, his torment hadn't even begun. Though obviously struggling to carry around her new milkers, Daisy nonetheless navigated her way to the back of the bed-thing Grimm was restrained to, pulling on some sort of lever and lowering the angle at which the contraption was bent. More and more of the ceiling came into view as the bull was made to lie down horizontally, far closer to the ground than he expected, giving him a perfect view of the cow when she loomed over him at the side. She was smiling, but it lacked any and all mirth; once again the scientist had become an apex predator staring down her next meal, even if she had to do it from a distance thanks to the gloriously oversized udders she now sported.

Testing the table's resistance by unceremoniously dropping both of those things onto the bull, in the process knocking all the air from his lungs, Daisy was seemingly content that the table could hold her weight on top of Grimm's, and though it took her a lot longer than it normally would've (and almost knocked off both of the suction cups), she managed to climb onto it... and onto *him*. She didn't particularly care about the specimen underneath her as much as she wanted a "taste" of him in the most direct way possible. Grimm at least got a half-second view of her already-leaking slit before she slammed it down onto his tip, screaming at the top of her lungs about how tight the fit was, only stopping when the bull himself dared to let a sound out, her glare enough to silence him. Didn't stop his need to moan, though, causing the bull to

bite down on his tongue and quite nearly draw blood from the effort of not making any noise at all.

As for Daisy herself, one could only hope the laboratory *was* soundproof; if that weren't the case, whoever else happened to be around would have to deal with such undignified, throaty, whorish sounds that their own pants might suddenly start getting ripped from second-hand arousal. Grimm didn't understand how anyone at all could take him at his full length; even the cow's body had to have its limits, surely... and yet, despite having to sit down on and take four feet of turgid cockmeat, Daisy made no complaint and struggled for barely a second before getting into a rhythm. Maybe she was used to it; she certainly did look like the type who liked to play with her food before eating it, even if she attempted to disguise it under a thin veneer of civility and scientific curiosity.

While Grimm racked his brains for anything that might help him get through one of the weirdest situations he'd ever been in, Daisy had made up her mind for what the next stage in the experimental procedure would be. With her tits' sudden burst of growth throwing everything off the rails, the nominal goals she genuinely had in mind had to be thrown into the rubbish bin and made anew; and considering what was going on with her body, there was no better alternative to what she had planned but *stress-testing*. Nothing about her current predicament made sense; she was meant to shrink, not grow, drain, not fill up, and yet each time she succeeded in pulling herself off that thick pillar inside of her, only to let gravity slam her back down, her tits gained about half a foot in every direction. The only reason she could even move at all was thanks to the table itself, and very soon the ground, doing most of the work carrying her bust; without having to worry about its weight, she was free to do with him as he pleased, and the one thing she wanted to do was see how far she could stretch his stamina before it broke completely.

Grimm, lacking any agency whatsoever in the matter, resolved to do the only thing he could: hold out for as long as possible. It was the only thing he still had under his control, even if just barely, and it gave him an opportunity to test Daisy's limits as well; maybe, he thought to himself, the cow would break before he did, succumbing to the allure of her udders and becoming a pliable moocow as eager to be milked as the bull was to be emptied out. It was a pipe dream, but he could hold onto it nonetheless in the vain hope that it came to pass, even when Daisy refused to slow down regardless of how full she got.

On her end, the cow was enjoying herself far too much to even consider the possibility of holding back or, gods forbid, *giving up first*. She was going to ride that bull until he had nothing more to give her, and if that meant running herself ragged trying to keep ahead of her own orgasm, that's just what she'd have to do. *How* the cow would do it was beside the point; nothing about that experiment even made sense anymore, so why bother with such trivialities as reason

or causality? All that mattered to her was feeling her insides be stretched out by the colossal, girthy shaft she was impaling herself on, seeing her tits swell and inflate with their creamy, sweet bounty, hearing the alarm bells above her head telling her that the containment tanks were starting to get full. She heard the rattling of metal and the sputtering of overtaxed machinery, but she didn't care; whether or not the pumps failed, Daisy got what she wanted: a bust of immense proportions and a stud that reacted to her super serum in the precise way she was looking for.

He was truly bottomless, the flow of cum being powerful enough to break through the tight seal created by the cock itself, backblasting onto Grimm's groin and oozing onto the ground. Despite her best efforts to take all of it, there was simply *too much* for Daisy to hold onto, and so even when her belly began to grumble, her skin covered in stretch marks as it was forced to make room, most of the bull's release was splattering onto the ground. It was insanity to think she could hold on that long; the cow had honestly believed Grimm would have some kind of "final" climax, something to tell her his end had been reached, but instead he *just kept going* like some kind of deranged, organic water spout. There was no end to the amount of seed he pumped into her, to the point where she became far too heavy to move. With a final thud, her body fell onto his, spared the indignity of having a cock-shaped bulge inside of it purely due to how bloated it already was from the cum-bath it had been given.

She broke. So quick to promise herself something unattainable and even quicker at giving it up, Daisy cut herself free from her bonds and allowed orgasm to take her, in the process leading her tits down some kind of milky climax of their own, undergoing one final growth spurt of enough strength to smash into the observation room mirror and have it smash into pieces, revealing a completely empty, square-shaped space that served as the perfect reservoir for the free-flowing milk pouring out of the cow's udders, now that the pump's suction cups had finally failed to hold onto her teats. She panted, gasping for breath as her filling seemed to have reached its limit, her breasts finally stopping their inexorable growth. Entirely uncaring about the man stuck underneath her (who honestly couldn't be anywhere better, considering he was trapped underneath the cow's plush ass and *still* releasing copious amounts of cum), she murmured something about authorizations, a secondary panel opening and revealing a set of mechanical claws attached to a massive pneumatic system hidden above.

As tenderly as they could, the metallic grapplers took their position around one of her tits, picking it up and gingerly bending it so as to bring its nipple within range of the cow's face. It was astounding how flexible they were, not a hint of pain despite the mound nearly doubling over itself; still plenty of pressurized milk flow, though, making it less of a kiss and more of a frantic attempt at not drowning on Daisy's part once her nip was close enough to her lips. Still, she didn't care; the first trial was a resounding success, and she was certain that her bust would be of a magnificent size once she bothered milking herself properly later on.

When Grimm was done. Whenever that happened to be.