

Daisy

Chapter 1

The world is an ever-changing place, innovation leads industries into the future with increasingly wilder breakthroughs. Scientists are on the edge of genuine AI, super computers are getting smaller, electric cars are running for longer and rockets are landing themselves. This story isn't about that however, this tale follows a woman who is on the edge of a breakthrough in another field, agriculture.

Mary is a woman who has worked on a farm her whole life, her family were farmers as were their parents. Living out in the middle of nowhere suited her very well and she wasn't afraid to get stuck in with helping till the fields, birth the lambs or anything else really. One thing always fascinated her however, the cows.

She always thought about how humans and cows both could make milk, yet it was them locked up being pumped daily. She spent a considerable amount of time looking into how to make this more efficient, better for the bovines on the farm. Finally, after years of hard work Mary finally has made some progress. A strange mixture of bovine hormones and genetic engineering have led to the vial she now stares at in her hand.

Years of hard work has left her with 50ml of an unnatural green liquid.

"Finally." She rushes over to the mirror and looks herself over.

Standing at 5"7 Mary wasn't a thin girl, she had put on a few pounds over the years but from her work on the farm she did have a good level of strength about her. Her look would be described as alternative, she often wore big leather boots and long black dresses garnished with chains. At 28 years old she knew who she was and lived her best life, usually doing something most would consider "out there".

Her hair is the first thing people notice, an assortment of colours that in nature would signify a warning to those around: do not approach. But upon further inspection, if you find yourself not taking heed to the stark warning and inviting yourself into her personal space, you will find yourself lost in the mischief in her gaze and an ass just waiting to pour your seed into.

Mary was a very sexual woman with it constantly on the mind, often battling her intrusive thoughts. Her friends would know about her escapades but what really made Mary smile inside was the level of detail that they didn't know.

Looking herself over in the mirror Mary looks at her modest chest and then back to the vial.

"I really want to..." She grabs a cork from the side and plugs the vial. "I can't, I need to document it..." She places the vial into a holder, her inner thoughts screaming at her to drink the contents of the vial. She almost gives in but her phone pings. She places the vial into a holder.

Picking it up with lightning speed to save herself from becoming her own test subject, she sees a message from Daisy.

Daisy: Sorry I didn't reply, I was getting railed. What time are we meeting?

Mary: I've just finished up with something, did you want to meet me at the farm?

Daisy: Sure, as long as the path is better than it was last time, my car got stinking!

Mary: Grow up, see you in a bit.

Mary discards her phone onto the desk next to the vial.

Soon. She muses to herself.

Daisy was a young lawyer who had met Mary during a part time job whilst she was at university, a few years have passed since then, but they have always kept in touch. Mary was an infectious friend, she broke down Daisy's walls and made the younger Daisy feel comfortable around Mary. The 23-year-old hopped into her car and headed out to Mary's farm.

She was a smidge taller than Mary at 5'8 and is a thin girl, her long legs would dominate her figure if it wasn't for her generous assets on her chest. Daisy and Mary both would call them her "milkers", regularly a topic of conversation, especially when they would go for a night out and they were picking out outfits. Daisy had long blonde hair that trailed halfway down her back. Daisy's figure would draw a lot of attention, however she didn't need any help in garnering attention as she was a loud and boisterous woman who wasn't afraid to speak up.

"God, I hope to fuck that the path is in good nick, don't want to ruin my car like." Daisy spoke aloud to herself.

Unfortunately for Daisy, the path had not been restored. The bumpy and pothole covered dirt path only caused her to yell in anger as each bump risked the chassis of her car and made her wish that she wore a more supportive bra.

From the porch Mary watched as Daisy's dirt covered car pulled up, the red-faced blonde behind the wheel shooting evils to Mary.

"Oi mush, you might want to get your car cleaned." Mary goaded her friend.

Biting her tongue, Daisy just gave Mary the finger and grabbed her bag from the passenger seat before approaching Mary.

"You best have a good reason to ask me to come butt fuck nowhere. I thought we were going out."

"Oh, we can, later, I've got to show you something first."

"C'mon 'en"

Mary leads Daisy to her makeshift lab on the ground floor of the farmhouse.

"Woah, Mary, what is all this?" Daisy inquired.

“Well, I’ve been on this farm my whole life, and something always bugged me, the cows, they get a bum deal in life, and it has never sat right with me. Until now.”

“Huh?” Daisy is suddenly cut off, Mary uses her underlying strength to pin Daisy against a wall with one arm.

Comparatively frail, Daisy’s eyes go wide as a vial is popped between her plump lips, the contents quickly filling her mouth.

“I don’t usually mind, but swallow. Now.”

Daisy tries to resist but Mary holds her nose, forcing her to swallow to breathe once more. Mary lets go and stands back as Daisy stumbles to the floor gasping for air.

“What... the fuck?” Daisy pants.

“How do you feel?”

“Like my friend just pinned me against a wall and forced me to drink some milk. What the fuck?”

“No sensations or?” Mary continues to grill her friend.

“No, what is going on?” Daisy says, now lifting herself up off the floor.

Mary starts jotting down something onto a notepad, scribbling away raises Daisy’s concern level.

“Was that an experiment? Are you using me as a guinea pig or something...”

“Well...”

Suddenly before Mary can continue Daisy clutches at her chest and stumbles backwards against the wall for support, one hand holding her upright and the other clutching at her breast. Daisy’s orange tank top was already revealing but Mary notices something else.

“Am I... Growing?”

Daisy confirms Mary’s hypothesis, slowly but surely Daisy’s cleavage is getting deeper, her top is becoming tighter.

“They feel... Heavy...” Daisy says panicked, but a soft moan escapes her mouth.

She seems to be enjoying it. Mary scribbles away.

As quickly as it started, it stopped. Daisy looks down at her chest and cups her newly formed bust. The already D cup Daisy was now straining her bra, it was quite clear to see from the exposed flesh of her cleavage that they looked different. Her veins are now much more clearly visible, a few blue veins now popping on her breasts.

Confused, shocked and maybe even a bit pleased at the minor change she had gone through, Daisy manages to refocus and turn her attention to Mary.

“What did you do to me, to my girls!”

“Your *Milkers*” Mary corrects her friend.

“Mary!”

“I gave you a serum that is meant to make milk production more efficient.”

“By what? Turning me into a fucking milkmaid? Literally?” Daisy raises her voice.

Mary gives her an awkward look and shrugs. Daisy’s eyes go wide once again and she looks down, her hands cup her tits, and she gives them a testing jiggle. She concentrates hard and realises she can feel something sloshing inside them.

“Milk.” She says with a 1000-yard stare. “They have milk in them.”

Mary looks up with glee in her eyes. “Yes.” She turns her attention back to her notepad and scribbles some more.

“Hey! I said. My tits. Have. Milk. *In* them!” Daisy stomps towards Mary.

With impressive speed Mary throws the notepad aside and grabs Daisy’s tits. Her fingers sink into their soft and malleable flesh, Daisy’s engorged breasts bulging between her fingers. The grope catches Daisy off guard, she lets out a moan as Mary probes her chest.

“Well, they do feel full don’t they.”

“Yes... They do...” Daisy struggles to maintain her composure. “But why...”

“My hope is that these will be so effective we won’t have to milk cows ever again. Drink the vial, produce milk at an extreme rate for a set amount of time and then that would eliminate the need for cows being forced to be milked.” Mary starts to explain.

“That is the stupidest thing I’ve ever heard.”

“But it worked.” Mary rips Daisy’s crop top down exposing her bra.

Her tits are bulging over the cups and the scientist in Mary is starting to struggle to remain focused.

“Hey, I liked that top!”

“And I like your tits, take it off.” Mary barks.

Daisy’s hand reaches around her back and she undoes the clasp, with her other hand she holds the cups in place. As soon as the clasp is undone, Mary notices Daisy’s tits bulge outward now without the support of her brasserie, the added weight catches Daisy off guard and she falls ever so slightly off balance.

“You think I’d ask you to take the bra off just to leave your hands there.” Mary chastises Daisy.

Embarrassed, Daisy removes her arm and lets the bra tumble to the floor. Her firm bloated and milky breasts now sit heavily on her chest. Her hard nipples catch Mary’s eyes as does the slight discolouration of her areolae.

Without uttering a word Mary lifts a finger to Daisy’s plump nipple. She gives it a soft pinch causing Daisy to screech. A droplet of milk forms and drops onto the floor.

“It worked.”

Chapter 2

“What do you mean it work-“ Daisy starts but is cut short by Mary pushing Daisy back against the wall.

The aggressive shunt winds Daisy slightly, apparently Mary cannot contain herself any longer, latching onto Daisy’s nipple with reckless abandon.

“Ahh! What! Oh my god!” Daisy’s head rocks back and she screams into the air.

The sensation cripples Daisy. *It feels almost as good as sex!* Her already sensitive nipples now in overdrive from the stimulation from her hungry friend cause her to shudder against the wall. Mary’s hand reaches up and grabs her other free teat and starts to squeeze and grope her thick nipple formerly bouncing in the air.

From first contact Daisy starts leaking onto the floor, the hyperactive lactation is too much for the younger of the two as she feels herself tip over the edge. She lets out a loud moan and slumps down towards the ground.

During the fall, Daisy’s nipple releases from Mary’s mouth with an audible pop. The lust within Mary now at a fever pitch as she looks down at her friend crumpled in sexual bliss from just nipple stimulation.

“Oh... This is too much... I think there might be something in that milk...” Mary rubs her stomach, not noticing the subtle changes that are starting to occur in herself.

Too consumed by lust, Mary lowers herself to Daisy’s almost lifeless body and lifts her by her chin.

“You... You are my cow now...” She plants a kiss on her lips before biting her lower lip.

The sudden pain causes Daisy to perk up.

“What was-“ Again cut off Daisy closes her eyes as pleasure runs over her like a tidal wave.

Mary has once again moved herself down onto Daisy's tits, suckling more of the white nectar from her. Both girls moan as they both enjoy each other's company, continuing to suckle and be sucked. Mary's hand moves from Daisy's breast and moves down her trim stomach towards the waistband of her jeans.

Daisy, too lost in the moment, doesn't protest and only reacts once Mary has undone her button and has slipped her fingers into her panties. Mary's expert hand dances around her clit, at no point leaving the fountain of milk that is being swallowed down into Mary's stomach. Thanks to the increased sensation Daisy is rather quickly on the edge once again.

"Fuck... How are you... So good..." Daisy cries out as Mary doubles her efforts to throw Daisy into the depths of bliss once more, her body writhing beneath Mary's greedy mouth.

Mary finally snaps out of her lustful greed and releases Daisy's nipple from her mouth. Moving backward takes some extra effort, she finally notices the effects the milk is having on her body. Looking down she notices something that wasn't quite there before.

"Woah." She exclaims.

Mary's belly is now protruding out from her frame, hugely bloated from all the milk her hand reaches for it in disbelief. Making contact with the taut round gut she is shocked further to find that there is extremely little give to it. She gives it a light shake and she can feel and hear the contents sloshing about from within.

Daisy lifts her head up weakly and looks at her bloated friend. "Looks like I'm not the only one to change." She smirks as if she had won over Mary.

Without missing a beat Mary moves forward and pushes her round stomach into Daisy, knocking the air out of her. "Rub it." She demands.

Daisy laughs in defiance, Mary doesn't like that. Reaching forward she pinches Daisy's nipples hard causing the girl to scream.

"I said rub my belly."

Daisy starts to rub Mary's distended stomach. The sensation is quite pleasurable to Mary as she leans into it more.

"Kiss it." She moves onto her knees, lifts the hem of her dress, and pushes her stomach into Daisy's face.

Daisy, not wanting to feel anymore of Mary's wrath, starts to kiss and rub the heavy tum. Mary lets out a soft moan as her friend starts to kiss her skin. She presses her belly harder into Daisy's face, smothering her with it.

Daisy starts to struggle for air as she continues to kiss and knead, she starts to tap at Mary's side for release.

"You can stop when I tell you that you can stop." Mary grabs a fist full of Daisy's hair and holds her against her midsection.

Getting turned on Mary starts to feel a familiar tingling from below. Wanting to take the next step she finally releases Daisy from her fleshy prison and lifts her dress above her head.

Daisy gasping for breath looks up from below her friend, a giant rotund gut hovering above her, almost eclipsing Mary's face. She can only stare at Mary now as she is only in her bra before her.

"This isn't normal, what is-" Daisy starts to plead before Mary cuts her off.

"Shut up. You will speak when spoken to-" Mary now is cut off but not by Daisy but rather another change.

Freezing on the spot both women look at Mary's stomach.

"Did you-" Daisy stutters. Before she can finish her sentence, her question is already answered.

Mary's stomach moves, no, shrinks. Her stomach seems to retract inward. Both girls' eyes are glued to the phenomena.

"What-" Daisy is cut off once more, this time by Mary's hand gripping her face, her fingers digging into her cheek, squashing her face.

"I said, only when spoken to..." She trails off as she feels the next change start. Looking back down Mary watches as her breasts start to rise in her bra.

Bulging upward, Mary quickly pulls Daisy's face between them and smothers her with her growing tits. Mary's hands around the back of her head, holding her against her cleavage.

"Dais, you didn't tell me that it felt this *good*" Mary says, feeling her lust rising further.

The growth is slower than Daisy's and to a lesser degree but over the next minute or so Mary finds that her bra is cutting into her as her boobs now overflow her C cups, her nipples peeking out the tops of the cups.

Releasing Daisy from her grasp, Mary removes her bra and releases her newly grown breasts. Daisy noticed that much like her nipples, they too are darker.

Still with the high ground, Mary cups her right boob and gives it a soft jiggle.

"Ooh... I'm filling up..." She moans.

"Mary, we need to-"

Mary grabs Daisy's face again and squeezes her face tightly. The weakened Daisy can only sit there as her friend holds a position of power over her.

"You are a naughty girl indeed... Let me put that mouth to use."

Mary pulls Daisy's face towards her hard nipple. "Drink up." Mary says as she guides her elongated nipple between Daisy's plump lips.

Immediately Daisy starts to suckle, Mary feels instant pleasure as she feels her milk start to leak into Daisy's awaiting mouth. She only needs to hold Daisy to her teat for a few seconds before Daisy enters a trance like Mary's earlier. Her free hand now starts to squeeze and grope her left breast, causing it to start to leak and drip onto the floor.

Moans fill the room as Mary starts to feel the intense pleasure that Daisy felt not a few minutes prior, Mary however is not content with just being milked. She moves her hand slowly down her body, taking extra note of her stomach, noticing that it has almost returned to normal by this point. Her hands enter her own panties, and she starts to work her own clit.

It isn't long before Mary is screaming out in orgasm, her body shuddering as Daisy releases her thick, still leaking, nipple. Her now heavy breasts rest against her torso. Daisy once again gasping for breath she looks up at her friend and realises that she doesn't look as tired and worn out as she was expecting.

"Oh, little calf, we are only just beginning." Mary says menacingly.

Chapter 3

Mary looks down at her exhausted friend and sees that she is struggling to keep her eyes open.

The incredible rate of metabolism coupled with her orgasms must be a factor in her fatigue. Mary thinks to herself as she watches her friend desperately try to fight off exhaustion.

Turning her attention to her now drained breasts she cups them. They are bigger than she started but only by a small amount.

The milk does cause a small amount of growth, but the vial is the clear way to achieve sizable growth. Mary turns her attention to Daisy and her bigger breasts. *About an F at this point.* She muses.

Looking up at her friend, Daisy's eyelids weigh heavily on her as she slowly starts to lose consciousness. The last thing she sees is her topless friend smirking over her.

A few hours pass and the clanging of vials wakes Daisy from her slumber, opening her groggy eyes she immediately feels strange. She is looking at the floor, her body suspended in the air, her breasts dangling towards the floor. She tries to move but her arms are restrained behind her back towards the ceiling. Daisy is bound by some sort of mediaeval device.

Daisy is standing but is forcibly in a bent over position, her ankles are bound to the base with two heavy cuffs. Her arms are bound above her head behind her back and in her bent over position her breasts are hanging free towards the ground. Lifting her head, she sees Mary working with some machinery.

“B... B-Mary...” Daisy groggily says.

“Oh, finally awake!” Mary turns around, once again fully dressed but her top fits a bit more snug on her chest now.

“Your... B...boobs...”

“Oh these? Yeah, thanks to your milk I’ve gone up nearly a cup size.”

“Milk?” Daisy asks, confused still.

“Oh sweetie....” Mary walks over to Daisy and cups a dangling breast. “Don’t you remember these?”

Daisy looks down and takes in the sight before her. “Oh my god...”

“There, it is coming back now isn’t it. The mommy milkers are actually milkers now!” Mary laughs at her lame joke.

“Why?”

“Why what?” Mary says.

“Why did you do this to me?”

“Well... I couldn’t test it on myself now, could I?” Mary rubs her hand on Daisy’s face, lifting her chin up. “Plus... I always wondered what you would look like bigger...”

Before Daisy can respond Mary has shoved another vial into her mouth, the contents quickly fill her mouth and to make sure she swallows Mary plants her lips against Daisy’s and kisses her, making sure to keep her mouth shut whilst pinching Daisy’s nose.

Daisy quickly swallows and gasps for air, Mary leans back and watches with glee.

“It feels... Funny this time...” Daisy comments.

“It would, I tripled the concentration.” Mary says nonchalantly.

“Tripled!” Daisy yells.

Mary leans in again and plants another kiss on her lips, her tongue exploring her friend’s mouth for a few seconds. “Just imagine how big you’ll get this time...” She pulls back again and focuses her attention on Daisy’s breasts.

Daisy starts to moan as she feels the changes happening. Slowly they both watch as the milk production increases, and her tits almost look as though they are inflating like balloons. As each second passes they seem to be getting firmer and riper. Deep blue veins start appearing on the surface of her skin. When they seem to reach their capacity, they seem to slow down for a brief second before her nipples start to leak, small droplets splashing onto the ground.

“So... Full...” Daisy coos.

Mary reaches forward and prods her left breast and notices how firm it is, it erupts with a spurt of milk as her finger presses into her flesh. Daisy moans from the relief.

“Milk me... Please... I am too full... please...” Daisy begs.

“Not yet princess.” Mary denies her friend’s desperate request.

“Before I burst, please...”

Mary freezes and her mind starts to race. *Can she burst? Is that possible?* The intrusive thoughts start to run rampant in her mind before she is brought back to reality. Daisy screams as her breasts start to grow now.

The two firm globes start to grow outwards in all directions, inching closer to the floor as they also spread wider and obscure her legs from Mary who is sitting on a chair in front of her milky friend. She watches on lustfully as her friend grows before her.

“You are getting nice and ripe.” Mary says, her hand gently stroking the side of Daisy’s pendulous milky breasts.

“Uuuugh” Daisy lets out a moan. “It... Feels... Amazing...”

Her breasts start to accelerate, they pulse rhythmically as they grow, each pulse bigger than the last. Surpassing sizes that either of them has seen in real life, Daisy’s tits now look to edge into the latter half of the alphabet.

The pulsing starts to slow as her breasts again start to get firmer as the milk production surpasses the rate of growth. The taut globes now firmly sit on Daisy’s chest, closer to two feet in distance from her torso, her udders dangle tantalisingly before Mary.

Leaning down, Mary inspects Daisy’s nipples and sees that they are leaking and with each passing second, they are leaking more milk.

“Oh, you are wasting it all.” Mary says, rushing behind her, only to return with nipple clamps.

“NO!” Daisy screams in protest.

Mary aggressively grabs her face and lowers herself down to eye level before smirking. Applying a clamp to one thick nipple. Daisy lets out a scream in Mary’s face.

“You Bit-“

Daisy is cut off by Mary’s rough hand constricting over her windpipe.

“If you scream, I’m going to split wide open.” Her face is domineering and frightening.

Daisy lightly nods her head and Mary leans in with the second clamp. “Ok, on the count of three. Ready Daisy?” Mary asks.

Daisy looks at her with a pleading expression.

“Good. One... Tw-“

Daisy gasps, restraining herself from screaming. “You fucking bitch.”

Mary delivers a swift slap to Daisy’s left breast, the immense pressure causes her to grunt in pain.

“That is no way to speak to Mommy.” Mary adds, starting to rub the sides of her giant milk filled tits.

“I can feel them getting tighter... They are going to get bigger... There is too much milk, you need to take the clamps off please... I’ll burst.” Daisy pleads to Mary.

“Not yet, I’ve not had my fun yet. I’m thirsty.”

Mary gets on her knees and positions herself at eye level to Daisy’s dangling cleavage. With a heavy hand she lifts the bloated boob and guides the thick dark nipple into her mouth. Looking up at her busty friend she sees Daisy biting her lip, her arousal written on her face. Mary starts to suck, Daisy winces in pleasure.

Mary suckles on Daisy’s right breast until it is empty, Daisy moaning throughout the draining, rubbing her legs together desperately wishing for more pleasure. Mary releases her nipple and watches as her drained breast now swings away from her, noticeably less bloated than its counterpart.

Mary however waits before starting her second feast. She lowers her hand to her midsection and this time isn’t shocked to find her stomach protruding so much. Her hands start to rub over its bloated expanse.

“Ugh...” She lets out a soft burp as she kneads her stomach.

“Holy... Shit...” Daisy is panting from her arousal. “You look pregnant.”

Mary stands up and thrusts her stomach out, cradling its underside. Mary looks down and sees the tops of her tits as normal but from beyond them a firm and rotund mass rises from them. Her big belly.

“I do, don’t I?” Mary takes a step forward and presses her firm gut into Daisy’s face. “Kiss it. Kiss my big belly.”

Daisy moves her head away before Mary grabs her hair in her fist and pushes her face into her stomach. Daisy can feel the sloshing contents wobble around as she is thrust against Mary’s orb.

“I said. Kiss it.” Mary says much more demandingly.

Daisy, not wanting any more trouble kisses her stomach, the kiss elicits a moan from Mary’s mouth. “Good cow.” Mary releases Daisy’s hair and takes a step back. “Time for round two.”

She lowers herself onto her knees once more and feels the added weight of her milk filled belly press down on her thick thighs. Lifting the remaining bloated breast to her mouth Mary removes the nipple clamp and quickly catches the stream of milk in her mouth before she starts sucking.

Drinking hungrily, she gulps from Daisy's huge breast, the pressure decreasing as she continues to suck. Mary's hands now roaming her belly, feeling it grow in her hands, spreading her fingers wider by the second as she bloats up more. The feeling of being overfilled is pleasurable and equally painful. Slapping her hand hard against the side of her now massive gut causes her to moan as she feels the sexual agony of the situation rush through her body, only serving to increase the speed in which she sucks at Daisy's nipple.

Still restrained, Daisy is moaning louder as she now is approaching an orgasm, the stimulation is proving too much as her friend milks her dry, her gigantic breasts causing her no ends of pleasure. Shuddering, her knees giving way as she feels an explosive orgasm run over her.

A minute of drinking later and Mary has cleared the second breast. Daisy now all dried up, panting, and dangling from her restraints looks down at Mary as she releases her boob from her mouth. This allows Daisy to see more of Mary's body. She moves back as Daisy watches on in disbelief.

Mary's belly was huge before but now it is gargantuan, she looks as if she is pregnant with multiples. Her belly is spherical as it stretches out before her, she even needs to use her hands to help her with movement. She moves from her knees to her ass; her heavy stomach forces her legs to spread wide to accommodate her girth.

"Fuck..." Mary says with a soft moan.

"Holy shit..." Daisy adds.

Rubbing her belly, Mary relishes in the pained stretching of her skin she lets out a moan. She gives a light shimmy and feels the sloshing of milk from within. She tries to lift her round globe of a gut to reach her throbbing clit but struggles for a few seconds before she freezes. Something happened.

Mary refocuses her gaze from her stomach to her tits. "Did you just... Grow?" Daisy asks, noticing the movement too.

Slowly Mary nods.

Chapter 4

Both girls watch Mary's body as the effects of Daisy's milk starts to take effect. Mary's belly starts to gurgle and quake as she metabolises.

“Ffffuck!” Mary screams out. With a mighty heft she lifts her stomach up and falls onto her back, her heavy dome now pinning her to the floor, rising above her like a giant mountain. Daisy’s eyes go wide in awe at the bulbous mass before her.

The action was for but one reason, to reach her clit. Mary’s hand slips around her girth and just about reaches her crotch. Rubbing aggressively, she works herself over the edge in record time, wailing out loud she feels her sloshy gut wobble as she shudders from orgasm.

“Ugh!” she grunts in pleasure.

Mary’s hand slaps against the side of her stomach, causing a jiggly wave to cross the horizon of her stomach. The pain only enhances the pleasure as Mary continues to feverishly work herself. She doesn’t stop when her belly starts to shrink, slowly retracting as her body works through the incredible amount of milk she has consumed. A minute or so after the start of her shrinking, her bust starts to grow. Never really considered flat chested, after her first growth Mary entered the realm of busty but now she watches on as she progresses through the alphabet.

Her boobs, like Daisy’s, fill with milk. She can feel them already starting to get bloated as they expand, like how her stomach grew. The growth is so intense and pleasurable for Mary that she could orgasm alone from that but thanks to her vigorous efforts she erupts multiple times throughout her growth. The size of her stomach starts to enter the realm of reality as it continues to shrink but the growth isn’t one to one. Her boobs are only sitting about a F cup at this point.

Sitting up suddenly, Mary removes her hand from her nether as she quickly rises to her feet, her still semi bloated belly in the way, she walks over to Daisy. Her head low enough to be in line with Mary’s pussy. Spreading her legs, lifting her belly she pushes herself towards Daisy.

“Lick me.” She commands.

Daisy, knowing the punishment for insubordination opens her mouth and starts to swirl her tongue around Mary’s clit. Feeling Mary’s girthy gut resting against her head she works hard to bring her captor to orgasm.

Mary on the other hand struggles to remain on her feet as Daisy licks away at her and the pleasure from her expansion continues to drive her wild. When all is said and done Mary finishes at a G cup. Her heavy breasts rest on top of her stomach which is now a bit thicker than it was prior to milking Daisy.

Standing before Daisy in the buff, proudly presenting her thicker body, her much larger tits. Mary gives a testing squeeze to a tit, milk forms on her hard nipple, a tiny drop splashes onto the floor.

“Hope the cow is thirsty.” Mary says, once again lowering herself to the floor, her nipple now stuffed into Daisy’s mouth.

Daisy, having given up all sense of resistance, starts to drink from Mary. It takes significantly less time for Mary to be drained but it is still a wildly pleasurable experience for both women.

Mary stands back up and admires her less bloated but still large breasts before eyeing over Daisy.

Daisy's arms still restrained, her tits hanging before her, a slight bulge in her stomach from the vast amount of milk she has consumed. Mary walks around her like a hunter stalking her prey.

"You look so good like this... How you were meant to be Daisy, busty, fertile, a milk machine." Mary slaps Daisy's ass.

"OH!" She yelps and moans.

"With this data, I can take my research further... But let's be honest, that is the boring stuff... There is something else I've always wanted to do to you."

"What?" Daisy asks. She is met with silence.

She feels Mary's warm breath against her ass, firm hands spreading her cheeks as she feels Mary's tongue wriggle and lick at her slick pussy. Daisy screams, the sensation is so intense that she immediately cums, Mary does not relent however, continuing her assault, Daisy is brought to orgasm again.

Mary's hands groping and squeezing her busty friend's thick cheeks. The two lose count of the orgasms each experience and after some time Mary walks around back to Daisy's front. She looks at the exhaustion on her friend's face and lifts her face to hers, leaning in Mary plants her lips on Daisy's once more.

Daisy feels a liquid being deposited into her mouth, an oddly familiar taste. She instinctively swallows as Mary makes out with her.

Breaking the kiss off Mary looks with glee as Daisy finally catches on to what she just swallowed.

"Again?" She asks weakly.

"Yeah, but this time... Me too..."

Daisy watches as Mary's nipples start to turn a shade darker and they start to grow before she notices her own chest starting to swell once again.

"Oh, this does feel good..." Mary moans.

Her hands start to knead her breasts as they swell deeper into the alphabet. She moves towards Daisy, burying her head into her cleavage as her tits swell. Each passing second Daisy feels more claustrophobic as the growing flesh starts to engulf her head.

The growth finishes rather quickly due to the half dose both girls have taken, Mary looking like a K cup and Daisy well into the last few letters of the alphabet at this point. Mary watches as Daisy winces, her bloated tits are so full at this point it is almost painful to her. Her popped veins bulge over the expanded mass of breast flesh.

“Milk me... I am too full...” Daisy begs.

Shuddering at the thought of corrupting her friend to this degree, Mary moans, shaking her head to refocus herself. She leans in, her mouth next to Daisy’s ear. “What is the magic word?” She whispers softly.

“Please...” Daisy moans softly.

“Louder...”

“Please.” Daisy says with more gusto this time.

“Hmmm... I’ll think about it.” Mary teases, with a squeeze of Daisy’s bulbous breast.

Daisy longingly moans as she feels herself leak from Mary’s light squeeze.

Mary rises to her feet and walks towards the door.

“Hey! You can’t just leave me here!” Daisy says frustratedly.

“Watch me.” Mary winks as she walks out the room.

Daisy looks down, frustrated, horny, filled with milk and desperately under pressure. She tries to wiggle her chest in an attempt to cause her tits to leak from centrifugal force. It only serves to cause more pain as her breasts continue to bloat. The residual effects of the vial are still ticking over.

“Mary... Please... I need to be milked... I’m going to burst...” She cries out desperately.

Mary returns, wheeling in a giant metal vat with some dials on it and a plug.

“What the fuck is that?”

“You need milking, right?” Mary replies, holding up two industrial looking suction cups.

“Oh my fucking god... I’m not a cow!” Daisy raises her voice in frustration.

“You might want to look in the mirror sweetie.” Mary goads her. She quickly and expertly hooks up the machine and Daisy’s nipples to the machine.

Immediate relief. Daisy’s face is that of a woman experiencing pure bliss. The overfilled sensation of her breasts already starting to feel lighter.

“My turn.” Mary shouts over the noise of the machine.

Daisy is taken from her bliss to be greeted by a mouthful of Mary as her milk fills her mouth. She starts to gulp down the thick white liquid once again. The two continue to be milked for the next 20 minutes before they are both drained completely. Mary did have to stop twice to swap out the bucket of Daisy’s pump.

“Well, I’d call that a success.” Mary says triumphantly, cupping her tits.

She reaches over and releases Daisy's locks, allowing her to stand up for the first time since her growth. It takes her a lot of effort to stand but Mary keeps her eyes glued to her.

Standing up, her breasts cover most of her torso length wise. Width wise they bulge out the side so far that even from behind you can see the swollen udders.

"These are so heavy." Daisy complains.

"They look so good though..." Mary says, almost drooling at her massively busty friend.

"Shut it." Daisy tweaks Mary's nipples causing her to squeal.

"Oh... You shouldn't do that..." Mary returns the favour causing Daisy to scream in pain. "I like it..."

"Oh yeah?" Daisy says, able now to launch her own offensive, she bumps her giant breasts against Mary causing her to stumble backwards.

Seizing upon the opportunity Daisy pins Mary against the wall with her massive boobs. Mary's arms firmly stuck to her side, Daisy leans in hard, causing Mary to struggle to breathe.

"How do you like being restrained?"

"A lot..." Mary wheezes.

"Ugh... What am I going to do with you?"

"Smother... Me..." Mary looks at Daisy with lust filled eyes.

Daisy sighs.

Chapter 5

Daisy rolls her eyes and starts to think about what the future will hold.

She is snapped back to reality after she feels a sharp prick in her arm. Turning quickly, she looks and sees Mary's hand pressing the plunger of a syringe into her arm.

"What the fuck!" Daisy screams.

"You didn't think we were done, did you?"

Daisy starts to feel woozy, looking at Mary she struggles to focus on her. Slowly but surely Daisy tumbles to the floor. The last thing she sees is Mary standing over her as her eyes fade to black.

Daisy comes to, again feeling the tightness of some restraints against her wrists and ankles. This time her body formed an "X". She looks down and is reminded of her vastly massive breasts, but something is off her skin seems blotchy.

"B-Mary... Where are yOOOu?" She calls out.

"Oh Daisy, you are awake, good." Mary says from behind Daisy.

"Hey, why am I restrained again, I can't see yOOOu" looking a bit confused Daisy continued. "I can't MOOOve." She freezes and bites her tongue.

"Interesting." Mary says as she appears before Daisy.

Mary is now wearing some clothes, what seems to be a baggy PJ top but obviously with the changes she now is straining her top. Her massive breasts cause the fabric to creak with each movement.

"You haven't quite caught on yet, have you?" Mary asks.

"What do yOOOu mean?"

"I think you need to see something." Mary grabs her phone and takes a quick photo of Daisy and hands the device to her.

Looking over the image on the screen she cannot believe what she is seeing, it is the first time she has seen her new size. Her massive milkers covering her body shocks her, she gasps as she analyses her huge and heavy chest. Fascinated and disgusted at their shape, how big they are, round and how they sit on her frame.

There is something else too. She looks over the rest of the picture and notices that her skin *is* blotchy, some black blotches over her skin and the rest of her is a paler white.

"WHAT THE FUCKING FUCK?" Daisy screams out loud as she notices another change.

Horns. She has two horns growing out of the side of her head, small dainty ones but there they are. Her ears have changed too, sticking out wide from her head, flopping downward. The black and white fur on them is a clear indication as to what has happened. She has transformed into a cow... or is on her way at the very least.

"I know, it is cool isn't it!"

"NOOO!"

"Wait until you see your tail! You are going to freak!" Mary adds with excitement in her voice.

"Change me back! NOOOw"

"I guess that is another side effect, you seem to be mooing." Mary says with a sickening look of glee on her face.

Daisy's mind is a bit fuzzy; she feels upset but there is this odd feeling of airiness about her. Like she doesn't care, she wants to just carry on, to be a cowgirl and to be milked and that is enough.

No.

She tries to resist but why is her own mind betraying her.

Daisy ponders for a second longer before she feels a sharp tug from behind her.

"See, I told you that you have a tail!"

Trying to form words becomes harder as Daisy tries to remain focused. Losing her sense of self, she looks down and notices that her tits are filling up once more, her head filled with thoughts about being milked. She turns her head as much as she can to face Mary.

"I need to be MMMilked. Please..." She pleads to Mary who grips her tail.

"Sure, I'll milk you, but first I want to have some fun." Pulling her tail and reaching her other hand around the front, Mary starts to massage Daisy's clit.

"MOOO!" Daisy wails.

-One week later-

Mary has just tended to the chickens, she walks towards her large red barn. The effects of the vial did not diminish too much, she peaked at K cups but over the next few days she dropped three cup sizes. Mary surmised that it wasn't the vial size that dropped off but the drinking of Daisy's milk effects wearing off.

Still, she was happy with the results, it took a bit of getting used to and she had to order new clothes online to fit herself into. A highly sexual girl, Mary took her tits for multiple tests runs already, entering a new realm of fetishism with people she hooked up with. Doors had opened for her, and she was loving it.

Reaching the barn, she opens the door and bounces in, her breasts sloshing as she enters. Her breasts continued to produce some milk but a very manageable amount. She would milk every few days and she has been tracking it and her milk does seem to be waning.

"Mooooo! Where have you been? I'm too full, it is uncomfortable... Moo!" Mary hears from the back of the barn.

"I was held up, sorry Daisy, I'll milk you now." Mary heads straight to the milking machine next to her.

Daisy's milk production hasn't started to wane yet and in fact it seems to have increased. But that isn't all, Daisy went through more changes in the following days. Her blotchy skin

became more pronounced, and a thin layer of fur started to grow over her body, her horns grew longer and more pronounced as did her ears.

Daisy's breasts have continued to grow, although at a much slower pace. She spends her time now in the barn, waiting for Mary to come and milk her, she would do it herself, but she doesn't know how. The Last time she milked herself she was severely scolded by Mary as she is still being monitored for the experiment.

"Ammmm I going to keep groooowing." She bites her tongue to try and focus on her speech. "I keep making Mmmmmilk."

"Yes, this is normal, I'd expect you to slow down in a week, you did have a lot of the potion so it will take time to come out of your system." Mary reassures her friend, placing a bucket of feed into her trough.

Since the change Daisy disregards normal food and now eats regular cow feed from the trough. Her routine is to start to eat from the trough and let Mary hook her up to the milking machine; she has adapted without complaint to it. Little does Daisy know, Mary is lacing her feed with more of the potion, making subtle tweaks to it to see what it can do. The other changes Daisy is experiencing are due to the changes in the potion.

Mary hooks the pumps to Daisy's engorged nipples and turns the machine on, the whirr of the pump starting up, Mary looks over her transformed friend. She does her normal inspection, checking over her body to feel for any differences. Daisy is too taken back with the sensations of feeding and milking to notice her friend's hands roaming her body.

Mary checks her horns, ears, and looks at her fur. She inspects Daisy's tail and notices that she seemingly has more control over it. Her hand softly rubbing her lower abdomen, Daisy lets out a "Moo" when her hand contacts her now softer pudgier gut. Mary presses a bit harder and feels a mass beneath the skin, four distinct bumps topping a rounding mass.

An udder! Mary's inner voice screams.