

## Bound for Fun by DocAutomata

### Part 2: Milk Pet

"I'm so jealous of you, Jen," Chelsea said as everyone else was leaving class. "Brains, beauty, a great boyfriend. It must be nice." The brunette sighed dramatically while gazing into the distance.

"Yeah, whenever I see you two together it's just the cutest," agreed Rachel. The redhead was very obviously trying and failing to not stare at my breasts. "Usually the lovey-dovey couple routine gets old after a while, but you two own it."

I smiled at the praise I was getting from my best friends. They were always supportive of me and Master, but with the combination of my changes and our increasingly public displays of affection, I had worried that they would start to become as jealous of me as I used to be of them. They were both very attractive, in my opinion. They had beautiful figures and sizable chests, which until recently had always made me feel a bit inadequate. They still beat me handily in the height department, but now I was easily the bombshell of the group.

"I won't deny that I'm a very lucky girl," I replied to them, "but I'm sure you'll both find partners that make you just as happy as Ma-, er, Travis makes me." Attempting to cover my slip-up, I gave them a haughty smile. "You're both *almost* as awesome as I am, after all."

"Pff, you're so generous," smiled Chelsea.

"In more ways than one," Rachel teased, using the joke as an excuse to openly ogle my boobs.

I rolled my eyes as I packed my notes into my bag, which was still a little awkward for me since I had to lean over to see past my boobs. I had been adjusting to my new figure all week, and some things were still a little difficult. Regardless of the minor inconveniences, though, I loved my body. The fact that my utter eroticism was noticed everywhere I went was always a rush.

When Master made my new form permanent, we found that reality had been altered to fit. I managed to find a photo of myself from middle school, and found that my previously scrawny thirteen year old self had been replaced with a busty little vixen with D cup breasts and an abnormally large butt. Apparently I was a very early bloomer, and I had just kept blooming until I hit my current form near the end of high school. I had confirmed this with Chelsea, who I'd known since elementary school, and she had just seemed confused about why I had brought it up.

The downside of all this, though, was that I was sexiness incarnate, and we really should've known the possible consequences of that. Guys were hitting on me constantly. It was extremely flattering, of course, and while some guys were nice and backed off when I indicated I wasn't interested, others didn't. The last straw came when some asshole had the nerve to grope me before even speaking two sentences to me. Fortunately, some public reprimanding and a swift punch to the groin was enough for the idiot to see the error of his ways.

Not wanting a repeat of that experience, I discussed the problem with Master. We decided that I

would wear the collar in public, making every guy that wanted to come on to me perceive me as completely unobtainable. The longing gazes of guys who clearly thought I was out of their league turned out to be supremely satisfying.

Wearing the collar full-time opened up new areas of exploration. After discovering that Master could control me from an apparently unlimited distance, he had made a pastime of making me cum in public at random times, while making everyone around me think that I had some sort of sexual condition. My orgasms had never been very quiet, so it was funny seeing my teachers' annoyed, yet embarrassed reactions to my interruptions while the rest of the class regarded me in aroused amusement.

I finished stowing away my notes and noticed that Chelsea and Rachel were both staring at my boobs. I couldn't say I didn't enjoy the attention, but they were usually more restrained than this. Or at least Chelsea was, anyway.

“Damn, girl! Is every condition you have sexy as hell?” asked Rachel.

“What?” I was pretty sure I wasn't cumming at the moment.

“You're, um, leaking,” Chelsea said, pointing at my boobs with a blush.

I curiously pressed my hands on the front of my breasts and felt two splotches of wetness, confirming that I was indeed leaking. A warm spray of milk hit my palms at the tiny bit of pressure I was making, and I felt it soak through my white halter top. I pressed my bag over my breasts, knowing full well that my top was almost certainly see-through at that point. It didn't help that I wasn't currently wearing a bra.

“Bathroom,” I said as I rushed out of the classroom. All three of us burst into the nearest bathroom and confirmed that it was empty. Standing in front of the mirror, I removed my bag from my chest. I looked like I'd just come from a wet T-shirt contest, my nipples – which had gone from pink in color to dark red – on full display. The sight brought a dampness to my panties that threatened to match the dampness on my shirt. I would have started masturbating right then and there if my friends weren't with me. I looked at them staring at me in awe. On second thought, maybe even that wouldn't stop me.

My hand was making a move toward my crotch when I heard my phone vibrate in my bag. I turned it on to find a text from Master: “I'm waiting outside. ;)”

I could already tell tonight was going to be fun. “I need to go. I'll see you tomorrow,” I said as I made my way out of the bathroom.

“Wait!” cried Chelsea.

I turned to her. Her face was beet red.

“Can...can I taste it? I've kinda always wanted to...try it,” she mumbled.

“Me too! I mean, um, if that's all right,” said Rachel.

I gawked at them. Rachel bounced in excitement, while Chelsea looked at the ground as if it was the most interesting thing in the world. I could maybe understand Rachel, but I've known Chelsea forever, and until now I had no reason to think she was anything other than straight.

"Okay," I said. As surprised as I was, I wasn't bothered by it. It was pretty arousing, in fact. I took off my top, letting my boobs swing freely in the air. Droplets of milk were cast off in every direction as they bounced against my chest. I moved my hands to one of my breasts in order to squeeze some milk into their mouths, but they both began to lower their heads toward my nipples. I couldn't believe how lucky I was. They each latched onto a teat and began suckling them.

"Aaaahhhh," I sighed as milk flowed from my swollen tits into their awaiting mouths. They sucked gently at first, but after their first few gulps they sucked harder, greedily drinking in as much of my milk as they could. I placed my hands behind their heads, basking in the sensual pleasure of nursing them. Every time they pulled on my nipples, a wave of pleasure ran through my breasts. Somehow perfectly in sync, they finished with one massive suction at my tits, and my body twitched and jiggled as I came. With two plops, they released my nipples. Little waning jets of milk continued to spray on their faces for a second, until the flow settled down to a constant leak that ran down the bottom of my breasts.

"That had to be the most delicious thing I've ever tasted," said Rachel in a daze.

"It was so sweet," agreed Chelsea, who proceeded to wipe the milk off her face and then lick it off of her hand.

"Ahh. That was amazing," I said between heavy breaths. "Anyway, I've kept Travis waiting for a while, so I'd better head out. Uh, you guys alright?"

They were both adjusting their bras, twin looks of confusion on their faces. Each noticing how the other was acting, they shifted from confusion to surprise.

Rachel started, "Chelsea, did your-"

"We're fine. You go ahead," Chelsea interrupted.

"Uh, yeah," Rachel added slowly. "We're good. We still on for the beach tomorrow?"

"Yeah! I'll see you tomorrow morning," I said, putting my wet top back on. I heard them excitedly whisper something to each other as I left, but I decided I'd just ask them about it later.

Milk was still leaking out of my breasts, and at this point I was completely drenched. Deciding to just roll with it, I kept my transparent top exposed. Every person I passed stared at my prominent nipples with an intensity I hadn't seen since masturbating at the mall. I caught sight of my Master at the front of the building.

"Like it?" he asked as he squeezed my tits, making milk spray out through my shirt.

“Mmm, I love it!” I moaned. “Chelsea and Rachel did, too, in fact. You didn't make it so people were desperate for my milk, did you?”

He blinked in surprise. “Nope, they must have wanted that on their own. You'll have to give me all the juicy details on the way home.”

Milk continued to spill from my breasts as we walked to Master's car.

“Maybe we should dial back on the constant leakage for now, even though it's hot as hell. I don't want to flood my car,” Master said.

“Aww,” I pouted.

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“Does baby love Mommy's milk?” I cooed.

Master took his mouth off my nipple for a moment. “Now don't make this weird.”

“It isn't weird already?”

“Good point.” He smiled and continued gently nursing at my tit.

We were both naked on the couch, Master laying down in my lap. I had one hand behind his head, holding him to my breast as he suckled on it. I was using the other to slowly jerk his cock.

“Aye hom,” Master said with his mouth still on my tit, tickling me with the vibrations of his voice. He used a hand to jiggle the boob he wasn't sucking.

“Don't talk with your mouth full, young man,” I chided.

“I said, 'Try some'.” He lifted my breast, maneuvering my nipple toward my mouth and resumed sucking.

Well, it *had* been feeling a bit lonely. I stuck out my tongue and twirled it around my nipple. I couldn't believe I hadn't thought of sucking on my own tit before. I never would've been able to with my former body, so it must have completely slipped my mind. I spread my lips over my nipple and found that I couldn't get my mouth completely around my wide areola. Latching onto as much of the dark red flesh as I could, I gently sucked.

Warm sweetness filled my mouth, and I understood what Rachel meant when she said it was the most delicious thing she'd ever tasted. A strangely familiar warmth radiated through my chest as I drank. Surprised by the sensation, I dropped my tit from my mouth, letting it slap heavily on Master's stomach. The warmth receded as fast as it came. I knew that I had been growing, but the change was so small that I could barely tell any difference in size.

“Please don't stop, Master,” I pleaded.

He grinned. "Stop what, baby?"

"Making me grow!" I pulled his head into my cleavage, trying to entice him. I longed for that wonderful feeling of becoming bigger. I craved it.

"I wasn't making you grow," came his muffled reply. He gently pulled himself from the confines of my breasts and once again lifted my nipple to my mouth. "Keep drinking," he commanded.

Obedying him, I continued suckling at my own teat, letting the rich taste of my milk flow into my mouth. The feeling of growth returned. The expansion was subtle, but I could still perceive the slightest increase in bust with each swallow of milk.

"I made your milk have the power to grow breasts," Master explained, "and a few other things." He guided my hand back to his cock and resumed drinking from my other tit. To my excitement, I could feel his penis slowly expand within my grip. His growth was slow enough that I didn't notice until now. When we began, he was at his normal ten inches, but now he was slowly pushing toward twelve.

My milk was making both of us grow! My breasts were fountains of sexuality and virility, and the love for my body doubled. But I still needed more. I needed to be bigger. I went into a frenzy, sucking as hard as I could at my teat to get more of my thick, creamy nectar.

I pumped Master's cock faster and faster, and he responded by roughly sucking as much milk as he could drink. Every so often he would gently bite my nipple, sending small shocks through my breast that drove me wild.

In only a couple minutes he bucked his hips, shooting cum high in the air as he gave a massive pull on my nipple, which triggered my orgasm as well. My milk production surged as I came, milk flowing into my mouth faster than I could swallow it. I gasped for breath and let go of my nipple, letting my breast fall away from my mouth. I could feel the milk surge from my tits, little streamers spraying from my areola in every direction. Eventually my orgasm faded, while my flow reduced to a steady drip. Taking stock of our bodies, I noted that my breasts were now as large as basketballs while Master's cock was well over a foot long.

I removed my cum-covered hand from Master's penis and licked it clean while leaning over to face him. He looked dazed, and his head was drenched with milk. I ran my hand through his wet hair and gazed at him longingly.

"I love you," I said.

"I love *you*," he replied.

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"What a mess," Master said.

The milk on the ground wouldn't be too hard to mop up – thank god for hard wood floors – but the

couch was a lost cause.

“Wait, couldn't you just *make* it clean?” I asked.

“Yes. That's why it's called 'cleaning',” he snarked as he went to the kitchen for some paper towels.

“No, I mean with the collar. Mitsuko said you can control your environment, right?”

“Oh. Yeah. Heh, sorry.” He came back out of the kitchen with a sheepish grin. “Uh, the floor's clean.” The milk disappeared from the floor. There was no ceremony to it. At one moment it was there, and in the next it popped out of existence.

“The couch is clean! We're clean!” Master said excitedly, and it was so. “The trash is taken out! The laundry is done! Everything in the house is dust free!” Every single exclamation became true.

“Jen! No more housework!” he yelled triumphantly.

“You have local omnipotence, and the first thing you use it for is chores,” I remarked dryly.

“Pff, you'll learn once you're out of that dorm. Or I guess you won't, now that I am the god of house cleaning. Oh my god. The cables behind the TV are neatly organized!” He rushed to the back of the TV. “It...it's beautiful.” For a moment I thought I actually saw a tear in his eye.

“That reminds me,” he said. He walked up to me and unlatched the collar. My nipples returned to their original pinkish hue and my breasts stopped dripping, but they didn't shrink to the size I had before drinking my milk. Interesting. Master stepped away. “You want to move in with me?” he asked shyly.

“Yes,” I said. I smiled and re-locked the collar.

We kissed for a couple minutes, our tongues dancing in each others' mouths. I felt his huge, erect cock throbbing between my breasts. When we broke apart I grasped his shaft and leaned my head down.

“Wait!” Master said, holding me by my shoulders. “I want to show you something.”

He guided me to the middle of the room and stood in front of me. He held up his hand, poised to snap, signaling that he was about to make a change. When he snapped his fingers everything suddenly shifted a few feet to the right.

I realized what must have happened and asked, “Teleportation?” but when I did, I heard another voice to my right say the exact same thing. It sounded a bit like me, but a little off. Startled, I turned and saw a copy of myself staring back at me. I raised my right hand, and my copy moved hers in the exact same way, like a reverse mirror. I realized the voice I heard must be what I sounded like to other people.

“So it's some kind of clone I'm controlling?” she and I said. We both said it in the exact same tone at the exact same time, which lent an eerie echo affect to our voices.

“Not controlling, no. You're both completely independent from each other, but since you're almost

exactly the same, you tend to think the same thoughts and take the same actions. Unless you deliberately try to do different things, you'll be stuck mirroring each other for at least ten minutes. I tested it earlier today."

"Weird," we said. It made sense. Our only difference in experience was that I was shifted to the left while she was shifted to the right. That must not be enough for our thoughts to diverge, though I guessed it would make a difference eventually. I wondered if we would mirror each other forever if we were in a featureless white room.

"Which one of us is the original?" we asked out of curiosity.

"I don't know. I made sure that neither of you were standing where you were before. When I first tested it, my copy just popped right in front of me, so we knew which was the original. That kind of unsettled me when I was the copy, though I suppose that was mostly due to the fact that I didn't know what would happen when I took off the bracelet."

What *would* happen? If a copy could just take it off with no effect, then could we duplicate the collar? If I was the copy and removed the collar, would I just...disappear? Even if there was still another me around, that still counted as dying, right?

"Yeah, I – we? – can see how that would be pretty disconcerting."

"Well, it turned out to not be that big of a deal. Regardless of who was the original, whichever one of us took off the bracelet disappeared, but the other would get his memories. It was a little jarring at first, but I was able to alter my mind to make it easier to process."

"Cool," we said. "As for why, we guess you wanted a threesome with a couple of hot twins?" we asked, both posing seductively at him.

"Not quite," he replied with an awkward smile. He cast his eyes down at his feet. "Which one of you wants to be my...pet cow-girl tonight?"

Master still hesitated with some of the weirder things, but he was getting better. Fortunately, I only had one answer to the question of becoming his milky pet.

"Me!" we replied, both raising our hands in the air. I glared playfully at my rival, her expression mirroring my own.

"Want to play rock, paper, scissors for it?" Master asked with a smirk, relief evident on his face.

"I think we all know how that would turn out," we said.

"It'd be pretty hilarious, though," he laughed. He made a coin appear in his hand and flipped it, concealing the result from the both of us. He pointed at the other Jen. "Looks like we have a winner!"

"Yay!" she shouted. I crossed my arms over my breasts and pouted at them.

"Don't worry. You'll get to play with her, too," Master said to me.

"Oooh, so I'll have two owners? Kinky. Treat me well, Mistress," she said with a mischievous grin. I still thought she was getting the better deal, but I did enjoy the idea of being the alpha bitch of our little threesome.

"Hey, I like the sound of that," Master said. "She's now your Mistress, and from now on your name is Jenny." He stood next to me. "What changes should we make to our new pet, baby?"

I put my hand to my chin. "Hmm. Well, if she's going to be a pet cow, then I think we should lower her intelligence. You'd like that, wouldn't you, Jenny?" I asked in mock condescension.

"Yes, Mistress. I'd like nothing more than to be your mindless pet. Ignorance is bliss, after all," she replied. Despite wishing I was in her place, I felt a tingle of pleasure from the deference she was showing me. Maybe I was a bit more of a dom than I thought.

"Okay, but I like my dumb girls to be peppy," Master said. "Doesn't really fit with the cow motif, but I think I have a way to balance that out." He held up his hand and snapped his fingers. Jenny tensed for a second, and then smiled.

"How are you feeling, Jenny?" Master asked.

"Jenny feels super good, Master!" She ran up and hugged him, snuggling her head into his chest and pinning his dick between her ample cleavage. He smiled and placed a hand on her pussy.

"Moo!" she yelped in pleasure.

Master laughed and removed his hand. "Now Jenny, we have a lot we still need to do to you, so be a good girl and stand over there for us."

"Mooo," she sighed in frustration, "Okay, Master." She walked back to where she was standing before, and in doing so seemed to take notice of her bouncing breasts. She played with them and giggled.

"Eeh, Jenny's titties are jiggly."

"She's adorable," I laughed. "So what's next?"

"Hold up your udders, Jenny," he commanded her. As I giggled at the new terminology, Jenny stopped playing with her "udders" and held them up as high as she could, completely obscuring her face.

"Like this, Master?" she asked, her voice muffled behind her breasts.

"Just like that, baby," he assured her, and once again snapped his fingers.

A couple of dark red splotches appeared on either side of her rib-cage, and a shiver ran through me when I realized that they were nipples. Small mounds of flesh slowly surged behind them, leaving no doubt that Master was giving Jenny a second pair of breasts. The speed of their expansion increased until they were filling up like water balloons, Jenny mooing in pleasure as they grew. When their

growth finally ceased, she was left with four identical, basketball-sized tits. She let go of the top pair, their weight slapping heavily on the bottom pair. Her top breasts were even more emphasized than before, being pushed up and supported by her new assets. All four of her nipples regained the dark red color they had earlier, and milk occasionally dripped from the tips of her large nubs. Her hands groped around her new new breasts and she squeezed them, spraying her milk into the air.

“Moooo! Jenny's udders feel so good.” She milked herself, her hands alternating between her top and bottom pair of breasts. I had a feeling that cleaning up the floor earlier might have been a bit pointless.

“Can Jenny play with your cock now, Master? She can pleasure Mistress, too, if you want,” Jenny said.

“We're almost done, baby. You have any other suggestions, Jen?” Master asked.

“No...mmm...I think I'm enjoying your ideas just fine,” I replied. I had started idly fingering myself the moment I saw Jenny's new breasts grow. I wasn't making any effort to hide it, and Master smiled when he noticed.

“Okay. Since it looks like you're raring to go, too, I'll just get everything else done at once. You ready to be a big, beautiful cow-girl, Jenny?”

“Yes, Master!” Jenny exclaimed. Several things happened at once. Her hair began growing in length, and slowly transitioned from blonde to dark brown. Her ears morphed and became long and pointy, extending horizontally away from her head. They were cow ears. Short fur grew from them in a familiar white and black pattern. Little brown nubs appeared on her forehead, and I could see something swishing in the air behind her. Horns and a tail. Master even made the little heart-shaped padlock on her collar into a large silver cowbell.

While this was happening, her body steadily grew in height, her head inching upwards toward the ceiling. The rest of her body expanded as well – her ass, tits, hips, and thighs growing more and more enormous as her body proportions kept pace with her height.

Even through her lustful delirium, Jenny must have noticed that everything around her seemed to be shrinking. She stared at Master as her height shot passed his. She was more than a full head taller than him before she stopped growing. For a second she looked dumbfounded, likely caught in the novelty of being able to look down at him, but her attention was quickly forced to her four breasts, which were continuing to expand. The larger they became, the more trouble she seemed to have standing up. She eventually fell to her knees, her plump ass resting on her heels. Her breasts finally stopped their expansion when the bottom pair had settled onto the floor on either side of her lap.

She was massive. Her hips and ass – framed by her now waist-length brown hair – were so huge that I probably couldn't fully wrap my arms around them if I tried. And oh my god, those tits. They extended at least eighteen inches out from her body. Her top breasts, instead of resting on top of the bottom ones, spilled out around the sides, since the bottom pair was taking up so much room on her torso. They were so enormous that Jenny could just barely reach around to grab her leaking nipples, which had grown to three inches in length and were as thick as cocktail sausages. Her bulging areola were

the size of dinner plates.

“Moooo,” she moaned dazedly as large streams of milk continually leaked from her nipples. She tried getting up off of her knees, her cowbell ringing with every movement. She had obvious difficulty trying to lift the weight of her breasts off of the ground, but she somehow managed. She wobbled dangerously when she stood up, milk flinging in every direction as her swaying breasts threw off her balance. Her bottom pair hung down below her crotch. They were nicely shaped with only a hint of sag, in complete defiance of gravity.

“Master...Mistress...” she breathed as she carefully made her way toward us. “Jenny's udders are so full. Milk me...please,” she begged.

She towered over me. I guessed that I was about eye-level with her naval, though with her quartet of boobs in the way, I couldn't be sure.

“How tall is she?” I asked Master.

“Seven feet. Impressive, isn't she?” he said.

“Please...please...” Jenny whimpered. “Jenny needs to be milked. Mooooo...” In her impatience she wrapped her hands around her upper breasts and squeezed, showering us in her milk. Agreeing that we shouldn't keep her waiting any longer, we each stood in front of her lower breasts.

Wanting to take it all in, I hugged her boob, my own breasts pressing into it. There was a light firmness to it that made it clear that it was full to bursting. I tried lifting it, tit-flesh spilling over my open hands, and marveled at the weight. It must have been at least twenty five pounds! With four of those babies hanging from her chest, no wonder she had trouble standing up. I dropped it and watched its milk spray with every bounce. Jenny moaned at the disturbance.

I looked to Master, who was on his knees, dutifully wringing as much milk from her breast as he could. Taking his lead, I prepared to milk her other tit. Her long, thick nipple was hanging right in front of my chest. I put my hands to the sides of Jenny's boob and squeezed. A torrent of milk splashed onto my breasts. When you added the milk being sprayed on me by Jenny with her upper breast, it really felt like I was taking a shower in her milk. I leaned down below her tit and squeezed her milk onto my face. I tried to catch as much of it into my mouth as I could, letting it linger on my tongue before gulping it down.

After being thoroughly drenched, I stood back up at full height and roughly grabbed two handfuls of milky boob, lifting Jenny's engorged nipple to my mouth. I latched onto her three-inch nub and twirled it around with my tongue. Just to tease her, I lightly bit into it, making her yelp. Bracing myself, I once again squeezed her breast. Milk flooded into my mouth, the flow so intense that it almost felt like I was drinking from a faucet. Excess liquid poured out of my mouth between every swallow.

This kept up for several minutes, and I could feel my own breasts slowly expanding the entire time. I was surprised how much milk I was able to drink. I surely would have been full to bursting if this was any normal milk, but at that point I was fairly certain that the magical liquid was just bypassing my

stomach entirely, instead going directly to my boobs.

Jenny's entire body tensed, and I realized that she was cumming. Her milk production surged, blasting from her four tits like hoses. The milk from her upper breasts arced into the air impressively, landing on the floor several yards away from us. I desperately tried to keep up with the milk flowing into my mouth, but I had to come up for air and dropped her breast a gasp. The torrent continued as she twitched and moaned in pleasure, until her orgasm subsided and her flow finally ceased. She fell to her knees exhaustion.

“Moo. Moooo,” she moaned in the afterglow.

I took stock of my body. My boobs had grown considerably over the last few minutes. They resembled decently sized beach balls. They had almost identical proportions to Jenny's massive tits, hanging near my waist and so massive that I had trouble reaching my hands to my nipples. I had a new appreciation for what Jenny must have felt like, because they were heavy as hell and completely ruined my balance. Despite that, though, I noticed a conspicuous absence of the pain I'd assumed would come with having two huge weights attached to my chest. Master must have made it so that we never got back issues while still being burdened by the full weight of our breasts. I turned to Master to ask him about it.

“Hey, did you make us immune to - *holy shit.*”

“Hmm?” he asked absently as he gazed at his ridiculously huge, two foot cock. He was lightly running his hands up and down his shaft, the head bobbing in front of his face. His balls were the size of grapefruits.

“Jesus, Master. Don't you think that's a little impractical?” I asked in amusement. I went to grab at it.

“Maybe, but I think those might be, as well,” he laughed as I found out that my boobs were so big that I had trouble reaching for anything in front of me. I had to firmly press them against his body just to reach his cock. I finally managed to grab it, and it was so thick that I couldn't even get both hands around it. The tip was even higher than my head while it was pointing straight up. I felt it throb between my breasts in time with Master's heartbeat.

“Can't wait to use this bad boy,” Master said.

“I'm pretty sure even Jenny couldn't handle this thing,” I pointed out, tilting my head so that I could see him past his dick.

He held up his hand, flashing his bracelet. “You'd be surprised. In fact, want to trade places with her and give it a shot?” he asked.

I looked at Jenny, who was still zoned out and recovering from her milk-induced orgasm. At some point she had lied down on her back. Her four mammaries were fully spread apart and spilling around her sides, pinning down her arms. I really wanted to feel what it was like to be that huge, not to mention what it was like to have four breasts. Add to that the prospect of Master fucking me with that

monster of a cock, and I was drooling in more ways than one.

“Hell yes,” I said.

He smiled and snapped his fingers. I was suddenly on my back, staring at the ceiling.

“Aww. Jenny liked being a cow,” I heard Jenny whine behind me.

“Don't worry baby, I'll switch you two back later. But first we're going to have some fun with your Mistress,” Master replied.

“Okay, Master!” she said excitedly. I heard footsteps move toward me, and suddenly a large expanse of under-boob was obscuring my vision. Jenny pulled her breasts apart and stared down at me through her cleavage.

“You're so big, Mistress! Jenny can't wait for you to find out how nice being a cow is!”

“Me neither. I just hope I can get up with these udders.” I giggled at myself for the terminology. I could only think of them as udders. Jenny had tits, boobs, breasts, funbags, whatever, but there was only one word to describe the massive things hanging from my chest: udders.

I maneuvered my arms out from under the weight of my udders and, with some difficulty, lifted myself into a seated position. Then, I turned over, pressing heavily into the milk-soaked floor, and stood up. For a moment I was very unstable, getting used to my new center of gravity, but I quickly got used to it. I looked down at Master and Jenny.

“Holy shit, you guys are tiny,” I said. I towered over them, my head nearly bumping the ceiling.

“How do you feel?” asked Master.

I felt amazing. Every part of me was so swollen and heavy and sensitive. I felt my tail swishing behind me, the new appendage seemingly having a mind of its own. I reached up to feel my new, large, furry ears, which twitched in my hands as I touched them. I pressed my arms into my extra pair of udders, making them spray milk. Releasing my milk felt positively euphoric.

“Moooooo. I feel – oh god,” I squeezed my udders harder, “I feel so goood.”

“Stop playing with yourself,” Master commanded. My arms pulled away automatically, and the pleasurable sensations stopped.

I glared at Master, and he laughed. “Aren't you forgetting something?” He waved his giant cock around in front of me, and I felt an ache inside me that I knew wouldn't be satisfied until I had that thing buried inside me. He began to walk toward the bedroom and beckoned us to follow him.

We hit a bit of a snag when we discovered that I was so big that I had trouble fitting through the doorway to his bedroom. Not only did I have to duck down a bit because I was so tall, but the door was only barely wide enough for me to fit through. For a second I was scared I was stuck, with my

udders and wide hips wedged between the sides of the door, but with Jenny helping push from behind I managed to force myself through. As ridiculous as it sounds, I felt a bit proud of being so huge that I could barely fit through doors. I glanced at Master, who was smirking, and I realized that he could've just used his powers to make the door bigger.

"You jerk," I teased while rubbing my sore hips.

"Couldn't resist. Lay down on the bed. You ready to get fucked by the biggest cock in the world?"

"Mmm, yes sir."

I fell backwards onto the bed, the piece of furniture somehow supporting my weight. My four udders spilled to the sides of the bed, each nipple hanging over the edge. I spread my legs, exposing my drenched sex at the end of the bed. Master stood in front of me with his dick laying on my torso. The head was laying between my udders near the center of my chest. There was no way that thing was going to fit inside of me, but that didn't mean I wasn't eager to try.

"Jenny, you're going to take care of Mistress's udders while I fuck her," Master said.

"Okie dokie!" She bounced to one of my udders and frowned. "Jenny can only do one at a time, though, Master. They're too big."

"That shouldn't be a problem," he said, snapping his fingers. Three more Jennys popped into existence, each one next to one of my udders.

"You're so smart, Master!" they all said while kneeling next to the bed. I felt four identical pairs of hands grasp around my nipples. I gasped.

"This...is going to be really intense, isn't it?" I asked, my voice wavering in excited anticipation.

"You're damn right it is," Master said as he pressed the head of his cock against my wet pussy. Slowly, he pushed into me, the girth of his penis stretching the inner walls of my vagina to the limit. I twitched and moaned the farther he pushed in, until he was so far in that I was certain he was about to hit my cervix. That moment never came though. He just kept pushing, his cock going past my stomach and into my chest. My body shivered in orgasm when he finally stuffed all two feet into me. It felt like his cock was filling me up all the way to where my heart should've been.

"Holy fuck. Moooo. What – ahhh – did you do?"

"I made it so that your pussy is super stretchy while still maintaining its tightness, and it extends all the way to the top of your chest. Don't ask me how that affected the rest of your anatomy. Probably best not to think about it too hard."

I began laughing. As crazy as our lives had been for the last few days, somehow this was just too silly for me. My body shook in laughter, making Master's cock shift in my bottomless pussy. My giggles gave way to moos as I bucked my hips to increase the sensation.

"I'm glad you like it," Master said. He looked around at the four Jennys. "Alright girls, time to get to work."

"Yes, Master!" they said, each simultaneously latching their mouths onto my thick, milky nipples.

All coherent thought was blasted from my mind as Master pumped in and out of me while the Jennys sucked greedily at my udders. I was in such a state of ecstasy that I couldn't even process my surroundings. All that existed were the four white-hot burning points of pleasure at the ends of my udders and the big sturdy cock that was ravaging my insides. I shook and writhed and moed and came for what felt like hours. Each thrust of Master's rod and each simultaneous suck on my teats took me further and further away from reality, my entire being consumed by uproarious pleasure. My eyes rolled back into my head, and my tongue lolled out of my open mouth, drool pouring down my chin.

"I'm – ngh – about to cum, Jen."

"Moo! Moo! Mooooooo!"

As my ninth orgasm hit me, I felt myself being filled to the brim with Master's thick sperm. With every spasm of his cock, I felt a jet of cum crash into me. It was filling me up so much that I could feel my belly expand, his cock sealing my pussy up so well that none of the white fluid could escape.

Though his orgasm seemed far from ending, Master pulled himself out of me, and a river of semen came flooding out of my cunt. He hefted his cock and pointed it at me, cum spurting all over my body. I lifted my head in order to catch some of it in my mouth. Noticing this, Master aimed his cock directly at my face. Most of it made it into my mouth, and I hungrily swallowed all of it down, but a good bit missed and splashed all over my face.

After a few more spasms, Master's cock finally stopped erupting, and I licked up all of the cum oozing down my lips. I was completely drenched, and I could still feel gobs of Master's cum pouring out of my pussy as my stomach returned to its normal state. Master's orgasm must have lasted at least a full minute, but he was still hard as a rock.

"I think it's only fair that Jenny gets a turn as well," Master said, and suddenly I was laying on my stomach with a large nipple in my mouth and a massive boob taking up the entirety of my vision. I was dimly aware that that I was laying on something incredibly soft and jiggly, but in my lust filled haze I paid it no mind. Realizing that Master must have switched us again, I began to suckle at Jenny's tit. That now-familiar taste of warm breast-milk flooded my mouth, and I gulped it all down as fast as I could. I could hear Jenny's loud moos as Master fucked her. The tit I was nursing from swayed left and right with each thrust of his cock. I kept drinking, the flow intensifying every now and then as Jenny came. For some reason I was slowly rising from the ground, and I had to lower my head in order to stay latched on to Jenny's nipple. After a while Master came, and again he pulled out halfway through his orgasm and showered Jenny in his cum. I felt a few drops land on my head as I released the nipple from my mouth with a *plop*.

"That was so good, Jenny. You're such a good girl," Master said. Jenny moed weakly in response.

With the action finally calming down, the fog over my mind gradually lifted. Feeling a strong pressure on my breasts, I looked down, and at that moment I knew what I had been lying on all this time. Two gargantuan breasts sat underneath me, supporting nearly all of my body weight. My knees pressed tightly into my underboob while my feet lightly touched the ground. Every movement I made sent waves of tit-flesh jiggling outward.

“Wow,” I breathed while I pressed my hands into my giant tits. Three identical voices echoed my own, and I heard Master chuckle.

“Seeing all of you react at the same time is just too funny, but this'll probably get confusing real quick, so...” As Master trailed off, three separate streams of memory flooded into my brain, but they were so similar to my own that I barely needed to process them. I looked to my left where one of the other voices had come from, but there was nothing there except for another one of Jenny's tits.

Master walked next to one of my boobs and jiggled it with his foot.

“Can I even stand up with these things?” I asked.

“You can try,” he teased.

Easier said than done. In my current face-down position, I couldn't even make an attempt at it. I tried leaning back in order to roll into a front-facing position, but the fact that my boobs now outweighed the rest of my body made it impossible.

“Need some help?” Master asked, mirth clear in his voice.

“Give me a second.” I wedged my legs between my breasts, giving my feet better purchase with the floor. I took a moment to admire the fact that my entire lower body was now buried in my own cleavage, before walking backward, dragging my massive breasts with me. I could feel my no-doubt gigantic nipples become exposed to air as my breasts rolled backwards. When I was finally crouching behind my breasts instead of lying on top of them, I tried standing up.

“Yeah, that's not happening,” I grunted. It was official: my boobs were so big that they rendered me immobile. It probably said a lot about me that I found the situation unbelievably sexy.

“Looks like we might have to invest in a wheelbarrow or two,” I joked.

“No, I can take care of it,” he laughed. “Here.”

I suddenly felt some kind of force completely surround my breasts. I tried standing again, and this time I shot up with barely any resistance at all, my boobs slapping loudly against each other as they bounced. The force somehow made my breasts feel nearly weightless, but I could tell from the way that they moved that they still weighed as much as before.

“I'm lifting them with magic,” Master replied to my silent question. “They'll feel weightless from your chest, but still weigh over one hundred pounds each in any other circumstance.”

“That makes absolutely no physical sense,” I pointed out. He just shrugged.

I turned around to the mirror on the wall behind me to inspect myself, and my breasts collided into Master as they swung around with me, nearly knocking him over. I was going to have to be careful with these babies.

My body was easily more boob than woman at this point. They hung down below my knees and they protruded nearly three feet away from my body. Side by side they were as wide as I was tall. Just like Jenny's, they maintained their supple roundness with no regard toward gravity. My nipples – which were impossible for me to see without the mirror – looked to be over half a foot long and thicker than soda cans. My areola were at least a foot in diameter and plumped out a few inches from the white flesh surrounding them.

I extended my arms – not even able to fully reach the sides of my breasts – and caressed the vast expanses of flesh. The woman in the mirror was sexy beyond compare. Even in all my fantasies I never imagined being this huge, but there was no doubt in my mind now that the bigger they were, the sexier I'd be. Even now I wished for more, though I knew that I should pace myself and enjoy my current size for now. We had all the time in the world.

“I'm putting them down, now,” Master said. I sank to my knees as I felt the debilitating weight of my breasts slowly return. I was certain that Master could just keep them permanently weightless, but having him “lift” them ensured that I would remain dependent on him. My body was now at the mercy of my breasts, a constant burden that only Master could alleviate.

“Jenny,” Master said softly as he walked to the bed, where the cow-girl was still lying in dazed bliss.

“Master?”

“Come sit with your Mistress.” He gently grabbed her hand and helped her off the bed. From my position on the floor she seemed even more massive than before, even though my breasts now easily dwarfed her own impressive assets.

“Mistress?” she asked in astonishment. Her eyes were wide as she gazed at my enormous endowments. She walked toward me, her imposing figure towering over me, before falling to her knees and hugging my right breast. Four beautiful udders pressed against the softness of my flesh, and I could feel their wetness as milk continued to leak from her teats. “You're so pretty.”

I smiled. I knew Jenny would be just as infatuated with my new size as I was – she was me, after all – but it still brought me pride to be fawned over.

“Come here, girl,” Master said, leading Jenny behind me. “Put mistress in your lap.”

The tall cow-girl sat behind me cross-legged. Lifting my small form up with her long arms, she scooted under me, pressing me between her cleavage. Her udders surrounded my body while they pressed into the back of my breasts. I was completely enveloped in both of our softness, and I had never felt so comfortable in my life.

"These babies are just begging to be fucked, aren't they?" Master was standing before me, his two foot cock standing proud above my breasts.

"Yes, Master," Jenny and I replied.

"Well, first let's get you lubed up." He snapped his fingers, and my skin became wet and shiny. He had oiled up not only my breasts, but the rest of my body as well. Jenny giggled as she shifted me around in her lap, enjoying the slipperiness of my skin.

Master looked down at us, and smirked. Before I knew it, he was letting his entire body fall onto me. I gasped as I felt his weight smash against the top of my breasts, making them quake and jiggle more than ever. His entire upper body was laying across them, his massive cock completely buried in my cleavage. His face was inches from mine, and as the jiggling settled down, he looked up at me with a grin. He pushed himself forward and pressed his lips against mine.

As he broke away from the kiss he began moving his hips, using the valley between my breasts to get himself off. His face contorted with pleasure as my giant globes wobbled with each thrust. I watched him in satisfaction, happy that my body could be used for his pleasure. Jenny's head was resting on top of my own as she watched as well, just as content as I was.

After a while, though, Master stopped. "Sorry. I'm the only one having fun," he stated. He must have been thrown off by the fact that we were simply watching him quietly, basking in his enjoyment of my breasts.

"No, it's fine," I replied warmly. "This is nice. Right, Jenny?"

"Yes, Mistress," Jenny replied, mirroring my affection.

"Still..." Master trailed off, but then a grin that I had grown all too familiar with in the past week appeared on his face. He had an idea.

His hands pressed deeply into my breasts as he lifted himself off of them. He knelt down in front of them, holding his cock just outside of the front of my cleavage.

"Your cleavage feels like a second pussy," he said. My breath hitched as there was a shift in feeling, the inside surface of my breasts becoming more sensitive by orders of magnitude. Master gently brushed the head of his cock against the entrance to my cleavage, making me squirm in Jenny's embrace. He slowly pushed forward, and there was a feeling of being penetrated that didn't exist before. I moaned as his body pressed into my flesh, his cock buried fully in my cleavage.

"Did that feel good?" he asked, and I could only nod my assent. "Then this should feel even better. You're nipples are twice as sensitive as your clit." My head lolled back in ecstasy as he grabbed my nipples with his outstretched hands, my nubs large enough to be fully grasped in his fists. My breasts were on fire, rapturous euphoria pulsing through them. He firmly squeezed my nipples and moved them back and forth as he roughly thrust his massive cock into my even more massive cleavage. As if that wasn't enough, Jenny had reached underneath her udders and began fingering my actual pussy.

It was too much. For the second time that night, conscious thought was blown away completely as I became consumed by pleasure. At some point Jenny had turned my face up to hers and began kissing me passionately, the cow-girl ravaging my mouth with her tongue. Master had pressed his face against my breasts, kissing and licking at them as he fucked them. Every so often he would loosen his grip on my nipples, only to jerk his hands back and forth, giving hand jobs to my six-inch nubs.

The pleasure built and built, until I couldn't hold back any longer and came. It was the most strange and blissful experience as both my pussy and my breast-pussy had their own separate, but simultaneous orgasms. Someone who didn't know what was going on might have thought I was having a seizure from how hard I was convulsing from within Jenny's embrace. In the middle of it all, I felt Master tense as he joined me in orgasm, his cock pumping his seed into the depths of my cleavage. I felt jets of cum spray all the way to my chest and stomach, some even spurting out of the top of my breasts.

"That was amazing," I breathed. I could still feel his cock twitching between my breasts, his cum spread throughout my cleavage.

"It was," Master agreed.

I felt Jenny nod her head above mine. "I love you Master, Mistress." Her udders were in the way, but that didn't stop Jenny from pressing them around me, hugging me through them. I relaxed in her lap, fatigue finally coming to me.

"You two comfortable?" Master asked. After nodding our assent, Master pushed himself into his previous position, lying on top of my breasts, his face inches from mine. He kept his cock in my cleavage as he moved, causing me to moan as it shifted through my still insanely sensitive breasts.

"Let's go to sleep," he said with a smile before laying his head down under my chin and kissing my boobs. "Good night."

"Good night," Jenny agreed, her head resting on mine.

I laughed. Sitting in the lap of a soft, massive cow-girl, ensconced between her udders while my Master used me as his bed was a fitting end to this amazing night. Basking in the warmth of their bodies, I shut my eyes.

"Good night."

A/N:

*Thanks so much for everyone who reviewed the last chapter! This is my first story, so I'm really glad you liked it, and I hope you enjoy this chapter as well.*

*Thanks to Swogrider, in particular. It really made my day when I saw your review! Codex was a big inspiration for this story, and any of you familiar with his work might have caught the not-so-subtle references to both it and his Jobongo series in the first chapter. Check him out if you haven't!*