

Slaves to Desire

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Dinner and a Movie

Jane Miller was driving home after another exhausting day at her job at the local hospital as a nurse. She raised her slim arm to the shift knob and depressed the clutch with her long, toned leg and smoothly shifted her relatively new sports car into sixth gear. She was zoning out on the highway, thinking about doing laundry when she got home, or maybe stopping to grab some dinner for herself before she indulged in a marathon of re-runs of her favorite TV shows. Just then, her phone rang. Jane hit the Bluetooth button on her car's steering wheel and the speakerphone came over the car stereo.

"Hello" said Jane.

"Hey Jane, it's Katie, what are you up to tonight?"

"Oh nothing, I'm pretty tired actually, I was thinking of just grabbing some food and sitting in front of the TV. If you have a better idea I'm game though!"

"Well do you want to have another movie night? I made some chicken salad that I could bring over."

"Okay, I'll be getting home in about another ten minutes or so. How about you come over in about 45 minutes so I have time to get cleaned up and changed?"

"Alright Jane, I'll see you then!"

Jane ended the call and ran her hand through her shoulder length ebony hair, smoothing it back out of her face. She was a beautiful young girl of 24. Her father had passed away 15 years ago due to cancer, and her mother had become hostile and taken up drinking shortly thereafter. Jane had moved out at 18 and hasn't spoken to her mother since. Jane had thankfully always been very independent, and thrived academically in school despite having little to no parental support or guidance. She graduated near the top of her class and was accepted into the top nursing school in the state. During this time, Jane was also maturing physically. She grew to 5' 7" and became much curvier. She now sports a healthy C cup bust, a perfect pear shaped bottom, and olive complexion. Her deep brown eyes are very expressive and she has a cute upturned nose which compliments her high cheekbones. On appearances alone Jane

could get any man she wanted. However, Jane is very withdrawn, and despite her physical beauty she has had a tough time making friends or breaking out of her shell enough for any relationship to succeed.

Katie Reynolds on the other hand, is outgoing and bubbly. She is 5' 9" and has a B cup bosom and a very sexy bubble butt. She played volleyball fairly competitively on a club team in college, and still frequents the gym quite a bit resulting in a toned and slim physique. She has bright green eyes, chestnut colored hair, and pale skin. She also has a tiny mouth, albeit with full luscious lips.

The two girls met at nursing school and surprisingly became fast friends despite their differences in personality. Katie also had a secret crush on Jane, but was afraid to tell her. Primarily due to her memory of revealing her homosexuality to one of her closest friends on her volleyball team in a drunken stupor. Her friend had broken her trust and ousted her from the team, as well as her group of friends, most of whom were devoutly religious and despised Katie for her sexuality. Katie was always kind to shy Jane, and eventually began to cling to her as an escape from the taunts and persecution from her former friends. Eventually, word spread from her friends to her fundamentalist Christian family, and they disowned her and wrote Katie out of their will. This has hurt Katie more than she'd like to admit. Katie has now become very dependent upon Jane for happiness and companionship, and she looks for any excuse for them to spend time together.

As their friendship grew, so did Katie's attraction, and eventually her love for Jane. They ended up getting jobs at the same hospital and now almost exclusively hang out with each other.

It is a pivotal point in their relationship tonight, because Katie intends to reveal her true feelings for Jane over some wine and the chicken salad she has prepared.

Jane's apartment

Jane heard the doorbell ring and got up off of her red suede couch to go let Katie in.

"Hey Katie, I really appreciate you coming over and bringing food, I know you keep saying I need to go out more but I just can't bring myself to do it."

"It's fine Jane, you know I love having nights in with you just watching some TV and gossiping about the doctors and other nurses."

"I've set up some places for us to eat at the coffee table Katie, we can just watch something on TV while we eat."

Both girls grabbed some chicken salad and started to dig in while they watched some bad sci-fi C-movie. The conversation quickly turned to relationships and Katie asked Jane if she had any guys pining over her.

"You know I don't Katie. I just get so nervous and I start looking down whenever they talk to me. I'm sure that they all think I'm snobby."

"It's alright Jane, at least we have each other right?" Katie said with a hopeful gleam to her eyes.

"Yeah..." Jane sighed, sipping her third glass of red wine, and turned her attention back to the movie where some poor man was getting attacked by a giant radioactive deer. Katie however was still looking intently at Jane, racking her brain for a way to segue the conversation back to her feelings for her friend. She saw that Jane was drinking a bit more than usual, and remembered that they both had the day off tomorrow. Now was the perfect time to talk about her feelings while Jane was liquored up.

"Jane, did you ever experiment with women before I knew you?"

"Wow Katie, that's a kind of random question, but no, my luck with both sexes had been pretty sour."

"So wait, you've tried to but you were turned down?"

"No no no, that's not what I meant, it was just a bad joke. I've never had any intention of trying. I just don't ever think I could be with another woman, even if we were very close."

"Oh" Katie said and looked down at the floor.

"Why do you ask Katie?"

"Well, it's just..." Katie said, eyes still fixed firmly on the floor, "I really like you." Her eyes raised to Jane's as she said this.

"I really like you too Katie." Jane said with a grin.

"I don't think I'm being clear enough here, I have feelings for you Jane, more than friend feelings."

Jane turned off the TV and turned towards Katie.

"Oh, wow. I don't know what to say Katie.... I don't feel the same way about you, I'm not attracted to women. I'm sorry. Listen, we've both had a quite a bit of wine tonight, let's just pretend this didn't happen and chalk it up to being buzzed."

"Oh, okay." Said Katie.

Jane turned on the TV again and sipped some more wine as the deer on TV started trying to smash down the door to where the remainder of the survivors were held up. After a few minutes she looked back over at her friend who was still staring at the ground, apparently deep in thought, with what looked like the beginnings of a tear forming in her eye.

"Katie, is everything alright? Katie? Katie?"

Katie suddenly snapped out of her reverie and wiped her eye saying, "Oh yes, sorry, I was just thinking about something."

"Is it about us? We are still friends you know, do you want to talk about it some more?"

"No, it's just something I need to deal with on my own for now. You're right, there is no reason this has to change anything between us, we have had a lot of wine after all."

Jane just smiled at her friend, but her gaze lingered for a bit. Katie had gone back to staring at the floor, lost in thought again.

Capture

5 Months Later

The clinking of glassware, sloshing of chemicals, and metallic grating sound of tools banging into each other all could be heard coming from Katie's trunk and she sped home from work to her small house on the outskirts of town. Katie had tried to breach the subject of her sexual attraction to her friend, which was growing quickly into an obsession, a couple more times since that night five months ago. Every attempt was unsuccessful, and left Katie more and more desperate as her desire for what she couldn't have grew. Her pent up feelings about her family abandoning her, her loss of her friends and social life, and her inflamed lust for her one remaining friend had come to a head in the past few months. Katie had begun to admit to herself that she had a mental problem, and that her complete obsession with her best friend was unhealthy. Although she couldn't bring herself to break away.

Jane had switched hospitals a month after that fateful night. Katie saw this as Jane distancing herself from her. In fact she was simply switching to get slightly better pay and a shorter commute. Katie was crushed. Only two weeks after that Jane got a call from a hospital in Canada. It turns out that Jane had been the nurse of an executive at a very wealthy Canadian medical company when he was injured on vacation. He had been so impressed with her quiet and professional manner that he had offered Jane a lucrative position as a personal nurse to him and his board members. Jane had debated with this for a week before deciding she wanted to leave. Katie was the only thing holding her to this place, but the money and benefits were too good to ignore. She claimed that she would put in a good word for Katie, but Katie could not bear the thought of losing her final friend and the object of her desire. Katie took this as the final straw before taking matters into her own hands. Katie had quickly seduced and blackmailed a married lab tech at her hospital into giving her a myriad of medical supplies, tools, and some plasma in Jane's blood type and writing it all off as broken, defective, or in the case of the plasma, used. She had stored all these items in a safe area in her hospital waiting for the right time to bring them to her home. The medical supplies were now stashed in her trunk while she drove home. She hoped she wouldn't have to use any of these items, but Katie couldn't handle being alone again, and she wanted to ensure that if Jane didn't want to be with her voluntarily, then she would be sufficiently prepared to force her to stay. Katie parked her car, moved the medical supplies inside, and turned on the TV. The sci-fi channel was the first thing that came up, and Katie seized the opportunity the program on TV presented her and called Jane.

"Hey Katie! How are you?" Jane said as she picked up her phone.

"Oh I'm good, there is something you have to see, turn to channel 72 if you aren't already on it."

"Ok... Oh my god, they made a sequel to that horrible radioactive deer movie?!"

"Yes ha-ha, you should come over and watch it with me, I have wine!"

"I do love wine, I'll be over in about half an hour. Is that ok?" Jane said with a hint of sadness. She was looking for an opportunity to say goodbye to her longtime friend before she moved, and now seemed as good a time as any.

"Sure, I'll record it so we don't miss any, see you soon!"

Katie quickly hung up the phone and continued her frantic pacing and asked herself if she was really prepared to do this.

Jane's car

Jane had noticed the change in her friends behavior ever since that night she had somewhat drunkenly asked her if she was interested in more from their relationship. At first, Katie had withdrawn, she stopped returning Jane's calls and text messages, and she spent more time at work. Jane really missed Katie for a few weeks. Then, all of a sudden, she came back with a vengeance. Every night she would want to hang out, watch TV, go shopping, work out together, anything to be with Jane. If Jane had been more attentive in psychology she would have noticed the hallmarks of a mental breakdown that her friend was exhibiting. This pattern continued. Katie would spend all her time with Jane, eventually try to talk about how she felt towards her, and Jane would sidestep the issue or reject her advances and Katie would go back into hiding. Jane was planning on "dumping" her friend as she drove over to her secluded home. She felt Katie's view of their relationship was unhealthy. It would be easy to follow through with this resolution because she would be moving to Canada in the next couple of weeks. Jane was sad to go, but she wanted the opportunities the new job presented, and felt that it would be better for Katie if she didn't see her anymore.

Katie's house

Katie had inherited her current home from an Aunt who was distant from her more immediate and more unforgiving family members. She had passed away in a tragic small plane crash about a year prior. It was far off the road, the driveway itself was about three miles long, although it was recently paved and smooth. Her Aunt had also recently put in a large basement area. Although it wasn't yet properly furnished, Katie had begun fixing it up. She had recently taken advantage of the water and sewage hookups to install a shower, toilet, and sink. She had also moved an aging but sturdy recliner and a queen bed down to the basement. There was also a large load-bearing column in the center of the basement which Katie didn't like, but it needed to be there to support the upper floor. The rest of the house consisted of a large master bedroom and bath, and a combined dining room and kitchen, with a small living room and nook. The guest bedroom and bath Katie didn't use very much and mostly just stored old clothes and keepsakes in there. It was a strange place for someone so outgoing to live. But since her friends and family had abandoned her, it didn't bother Katie too much to be hard to find. Her neighbors on one side are an elderly couple who are recluses, and on the other side the area is considered a national park, therefore nobody will ever be able to build anything there. Katie had a lawn service come out once a month to help tend to the lawn, but she never had any visitors otherwise. It was the perfect place for someone to hide... Or to disappear.

Katie was still pacing her entrance way, peeking out the door every thirty seconds or so when Jane pulled up to her house. She once again touched the tiny syringe taped to her leg under her skirt, checking for the 100th time if it was still there. She told herself that she would allow Jane one more chance to come around. Then, she opened the door.

"Hey Jane, I'm glad that you could make it. I know you must be busy getting ready to move and all."

"Oh yes, I have most everything packed up already, I'm actually paying some guys to move my stuff right now while I'm at your place and I'm just going to live in a hotel for a few days while my apartment is cleaned for the inspection by my landlord."

Katie realized that this was most definitely the best time to put her plan into action. She ushered Jane into the nook where she had the TV and quickly turned it to the recorded program. She sat beside her friend and looked longingly at her.

Jane realized that Katie was probably going to make some last ditch effort to make her give in and accept her advances, and she had already planned for this to happen. She had decided that if Katie made any kind of move on her, she would quickly get up and leave. She had brought a box of Katie's things that just happened to be at her apartment with her, and was planning on returning them no matter what happened tonight.

Katie continued to stare down Jane while Jane shifted uncomfortably on the couch. The look Katie was giving her was intense, on a different level than usual. It was clear Katie knew that Jane was leaving her for good. The two women only got about ten minutes into the movie before Katie mustered her courage to try once more to win over Jane.

"Jane, I know I've brought this up many times before, but I feel like I have to just once more. You know about my sexuality, and you know how I feel about you. I love you Jane... there... I said it, I had to tell you." Katie said with tears in her eyes, anticipating the rejection that she knew was coming.

"Katie, I'm really flattered that you feel that way, I was hoping today could be kind of nostalgic. You know I don't feel the same way about you, and I'm going to have to leave now unfortunately. I told myself I wouldn't put up with your repeated advances anymore. I'm sorry Katie, you were a good friend to me, but I don't want anything more to do with you. I hope one day you will find someone." Jane said sincerely, and got up from the couch to leave.

Katie had already found someone! Jane! And she was not going to let her love walk out on her! Katie steeled herself as she pulled the taped syringe from her leg and quickly advanced upon Jane as she was picking up her purse. She calmly inserted the needle into Jane's arm and pushed the plunger down, injecting the sedative into Jane just like so many patients at the hospital.

Jane felt the familiar sting of a hypodermic needle and immediately panicked and tried to get away, but she was not able to stop the liquid from entering her body. She turned to Katie as her vision began to fog and saw her friend with tears pouring out of her eyes, but her face was stony and resolute... and without remorse.

Katie was sad that it had come to this. Not only was drugging and kidnapping someone highly illegal, but she now forfeited any chance of having a normal relationship with Jane. Katie knew that even if she didn't do anything more to Jane, she would inevitably go to the police. Katie knew she couldn't handle prison, or a mental institution. She decided to stick with the plans she had made over the past few months; to keep Jane locked away in her basement, and never let her leave.

Jane had unwittingly made Katie's job of making her disappear very easy by building in a few ambiguous days where she was supposed to be living in a hotel. Nobody would be looking for her at all until she didn't show up for her new job in Canada in two weeks' time.

Katie quickly picked up Jane and carried her down into the basement area. She laid her down gently on the queen bed and slowly unbuttoned and unzipped her jeans. As she pulled the jeans from her friend's supple legs she ran her hands up and down the exposed skin. Any lingering regret left Katie at that moment, she had what she wanted, and she was never going to let Jane escape. Katie yanked the jeans off of Jane's feet quickly, and did the same with her black panties. Jane's hairless pussy was now in view, and Katie didn't miss a beat when she ran her hands up Jane's thighs and slowly slid two fingers into that sweet treasure. She withdrew her hand and brought her glistening fingers to her mouth, tasting her friend's juices. Jane tasted better than Katie could have imagined, she knew that she would be enjoying her flavor many more times. Katie then moved her hands up to Jane's firm and supple breasts. Katie had known for some time that while she enjoyed pussy, the real attraction for her in another woman was a great pair of tits. She would play with her own moderately sized breasts for hours, and was more excited about Jane's tits than anything else.

She ripped the white button-down shirt from Jane's chest and quickly unhooked the matching black lace bra and threw it into the growing pile of Jane's clothes. Jane's glorious breasts were finally free. Katie marveled at how they stood proud and firm despite Jane laying on her back. She cupped and massaged them while she slowly brought her mouth down to one of Jane's pink nipples. She couldn't take it anymore! Katie planted her lips around the areola, sucking the nipple, and as much of the surrounding breast into her mouth as she could. She loved the taste of her friend, and knew that from now on, she would be spending many hours every day with Jane's tits in her mouth.

Katie reluctantly came out of her breast induced trance and realized that she still had some work to do to make Jane disappear. She wanted to ensure that she could enjoy her friend's body fully and without interruption. She ran over to an old chest she kept in the corner, which had recently been filled to the brim with all kinds of bondage gear and restraints. She was in a hurry so she simply picked out some leather cuffs and rope and quickly tied Jane up in a tight hogtie and left her lying on the bed. Time for Katie to finish what she had started.

It was already 10 pm at this point and Katie knew that she would have to dispose of Jane's car first. She quickly searched through Jane's purse and grabbed her keys. She went outside and locked her door. Katie walked around to the back of the car and popped the trunk, searching for anything that could lead back to her. The trunk was empty except for a jack which was old and rusting. She went around to the side of the car and opened the back door. Inside laying on the seat was a box containing a myriad of

Katie's possessions that she had lent to Jane over the years. Katie then knew for sure that Jane was intending to cut all ties with her that evening. She quickly grabbed the box and put it in her garage. With the beginnings of tears in her eyes, she climbed into the car and sped off to the interstate that led to Canada.

Jane awoke several hours later and found herself lying on the bed in Katie's basement. Her mouth was dry and her shoulders ached for some reason. She tried to get up, only to realize her arms and legs were bound tightly into a hogtie. She decided to call out to Katie for help.

"Katie! Katie! Please help me! Katie!"

Jane was getting dehydrated and tired from struggling against her restraints. Even though Katie had been in a rush when she tied Jane up, she was thorough. Jane eventually gave up yelling due to the lack of a response and figured that Katie wasn't at home. She just hoped that when Katie got back she could talk her way out of her predicament.

Katie had just finished the two mile trek back from the river where she had ditched Jane's car. The river was just off the interstate, but was secluded enough that very few cars ever went past it. Katie had stayed with the car long enough to ensure that it fully sunk, and then walked back to a small convenience store where she had told a cab to meet her. She took the cab to a bus station and took a bus to her neighborhood and began the long walk up her driveway, back to where her prize was waiting.

Jane was covered in a light sheen of sweat from struggling so fiercely against the tight cuffs and ropes. She had managed to get herself off of the bed and had inched herself slowly across the floor until she was at the base of the stairs leading up into the main house. Jane heard a door opening upstairs and felt a sense of relief. She could talk to Katie, get her to come to her senses, and release her.

Katie was almost trembling with excitement when she finally got home. She was tired from walking five miles in the past couple of hours, but she felt fulfilled somehow. She went over to the door that led to basement, undid three heavy locks she had installed, and opened the door. She immediately saw Jane at the base of the stairs, apparently trying to propel herself up the stairs with some very awkward wiggling motions. She was not making any headway.

"Where do you think you're going sweetie?" Katie said with a twisted smile, looking down at the restrained form of Jane.

"KATIE! What the fuck are you doing? Where have you been? Let me go right now!"

"Well one, I'm keeping you for my very own. Two, I've been busy erasing you from existence. And three, I'm never going to let you go."

Jane felt a hard knot of fear in her chest. She was not talking to the fun, outgoing friend she knew. This was someone else entirely. Someone very capable of doing all the things she had just said. Katie had this look of just barely controlled insanity about her, and she radiated confidence in her stance and demeanor.

"Katie, please, I'll forget the whole thing if you untie me and let me leave. I won't go to the police or anything. Just let me move on, go to Canada and my new job and start over. We both need to start over Katie. Please."

"I'm afraid I can't do that Jane, I've already set in motion plans to make it appear as though you are kidnapped, or possibly dead. Your car is at the bottom of a river now, the movers have packed away all your things. Your apartment is empty and you don't have a new place in Canada yet. From what I understand the moving company you used will keep your things in storage for up to three months before they are legally able to auction it off. Your new job doesn't start for two weeks, which is about the time I expect the first notice of your absence will occur. I mean, let's be honest, who else do you talk with about your life besides me? Nobody right? I'm sure there will be a half-hearted search for a month or two, and then you'll be just another pretty girl who went missing."

Jane just laid there on the cold ground, a mixture of fear, helplessness, and anger pooling inside her. When Katie was done she screamed at the top of her lungs and burst into tears. Her struggles increased until she was thrashing against her restraints. She still made no progress however. She was tied up too tightly.

Katie looked on with the same sick smile on her face. "I'm going to let you simmer down for a while. Once you're calm, I'll come all the way downstairs and I can talk to you about all the exciting plans I have for our new life together!"

"Screw you, you crazy bitch!"

"Now now, I'm going to take very good care of you my little pet. I can't wait to show you what I have planned for you."

Katie sat down on the top step and looked down on Jane wearing herself out pulling at her tight bonds. She seemed to calm down after another five minutes of fruitless effort.

"Let's get you more comfortable, shall we?" Katie said as she descended the stairs and strained as she lifted Jane and placed her back on the bed.

Jane stopped her struggling and looked at Katie inquisitively. Was she going to untie her? Katie walked over to the old chest she had in the corner and pulled out a heavy stainless steel chain and carried it over to the wide metal pole in the center of the basement. She attached one end of the chain to a large stainless steel ring she had bolted to the pole and carried the other end over to the bed where Jane lay. She walked back over to the chest and started rummaging around in it.

"Now Jane, I want this to be a very special relationship that we have, but you must recognize your place in it. Which is why I want you to voluntarily put this on..."

The First Night

Katie turned around as she said this, holding a collar. The collar had a soft leather and suede inner lining, but was constructed of the same stainless steel that the chain bolted to the pole was. It was very imposing, to say the least. Katie walked over to where Jane was laying on her stomach, still struggling to get free while she looked at the collar with dread. Katie placed the collar on the bed next to Jane, along with two heavy padlocks.

"Jane, if you are ready now, I will put the collar around your neck and untie one of your arms and let you lock it closed. Then hook it to your leash and lock that as well. You can do this, and accept that you are a kept woman now, or you can remain hogtied for the night."

Jane just looked at Katie, tears in her eyes, and nodded once.

"Alright, you should know that if you try to hurt me, I will not hesitate to tie you back up and not offer you release for a long time."

Jane maintained eye contact with Katie while she said this, signifying the fact that she understood.

"Alright then my pet. I'm going to untie one of your arms. I will place your collar around your neck, but you must be the one to lock it. You must know and understand that I own you now."

Katie wrapped the collar around Jane's neck and tightened the belt-like inner strap until it was snug. Then she placed one of the padlocks in Jane's hand and untied it. Jane just laid there. Katie then began to pull the two ends of the heavy outer steel band together and motioned for Jane that it was time for her to lock it closed. Jane swung her free arm violently at Katie, the big padlock leading the way. Katie anticipated the strike and easily grabbed Jane's arm and subdued her.

"I thought you might lash out at me. No matter, I'm feeling generous right now, you may have one more chance to accept your ownership tonight. Lock your collar closed Jane. Now."

Katie's voiced dropped to a growl on that last word. Jane was utterly defeated, she had put everything into that swing, and had been overwhelmed like she was nothing. She didn't want to remain hogtied the entire night, so she meekly brought her hand around and threaded the padlock through the two metal rings. She hesitated just a few moments before she crumbled under the gaze of Katie and clicked the padlock closed.

"Oooooohhhh yessss Jane, you're mine now." Katie moaned. Jane looked down and saw a wet spot on Katie's thin pants. She couldn't believe her friend was getting off to this.

"Now Jane, you've accepted that I own you." Katie's hand drifted down to her pants as she said this, stroking the thin fabric that covered her pussy. "Now you must accept your boundaries." Katie withdrew her hand from her pants and picked up the chain and held it out to Jane. "Pick up the other padlock to your right, and lock the chain to your collar." Jane didn't fight this time, she knew that being collared and on a leash was better than being immobile and hogtied. Jane picked up the padlock with her free hand and was about to click it closed when Katie grabbed her head and pulled it so she was staring at her. "I want you to look into my eyes when you lock it." Jane mustered up as much of a defiant look as she could as she stared down Katie and clicked the second padlock closed.

"Mmmmm yes! Such a good girl! I love that you've come to terms with your new life so quickly. Your attitude will make a big difference as we move forward."

"Move forward?! What does that.."

Katie interrupted Jane and said "I have big plans for you Jane, very big plans." Katie said her eyes dropping to Jane's breasts. Katie stood up and removed the cuffs and rope from Jane, leaving only the collar and leash on her.

"I've made your leash long enough to allow you access to the toilet, sink, and shower. The TV remote is on the coffee table. I'm going to go make some food for us while you clean yourself up. I expect you to always be clean for me. Especially those tits of yours. I'll be back down soon." Katie said as picked up Jane's clothes and walked back upstairs, closed the basement door, and locked the door's three heavy deadbolts.

Immediately after Katie had walked away from the door Jane pulled at the collar wrapped tightly around her neck. It didn't budge at all. Next she tried disconnecting her collar from the chain. The padlock was

made of hardened steel and there was no way she would be able to pull it off without the key. She next walked over to the pole and yanked at the chain connecting her to the pole. She saw that it was attached with the same kind of padlock that closed the collar she was wearing and connected her collar to the chain. She correctly assumed that all three had keys that were upstairs, well out of her reach. Jane was frightened, she had never seen anyone look at someone so possessively. She realized that she would probably be in this situation for the long haul, and wanted to make it as comfortable as possible. The basement was warm, Jane figured Katie was probably going keep it warmer than the rest of the house so she would be comfortable without any clothes on. Jane got up and walked over to the sink and stuck her head under the faucet to get some water. She relieved herself in the toilet, and even though she didn't want to follow Katie's directions, she took a shower. She needed to wash the sweat from her body from struggling so much against her bonds. She hung her leash over the shower wall and stepped inside, letting the warm water wash over her naked body. Jane found herself spending a lot of time rubbing her collar. As much as she hated to admit it, she actually liked the forcefulness of Katie, and the thought of being submissive to someone was incredibly arousing to her. She would rather it be a man, but Katie was very attractive. Jane was tugged out of her reverie, quite literally, by Katie giving her leash a soft tug. Jane turned and wiped off the fog from the glass with her hand to see Katie holding her leash in one hand, and balancing a tray of food in the other, looking at her expectantly.

Katie had been very busy while Jane was downstairs, no doubt trying to somehow escape the collar that she now wore. Katie no longer worried that Jane would escape. The collar, chain, and locks were all made from hardened steel, and the only keys were stored in a safe upstairs. Katie threw Jane's clothes in the garbage, she wouldn't be needing them ever again. Katie had saved up a great deal of money over the past few months, and had blown a large percentage of it in the past few weeks on every single herbal supplement, experimental pill, or miracle cream she could find. All of them designed with one purpose: to turn Jane's already large breasts into massive, lactating, udders. Katie knew that most of the items she had purchased were ineffective, or a scam. However, she figured that if she used a lot of them, all at once, maybe they would produce the desired results. Katie wanted Jane to grow huge tits, so heavy and large that she wouldn't even need to be bound. So tight and full that she would beg to be milked all the time. Jane had a lot of growing, and milking, to do before she reached that point however. Katie had been fascinated with breasts from a young age, and she felt that her obsession with breasts and lactation were what lead her to be so attracted to women. Katie used a small pestle and mortar to grind up a handful of various hormone pills and herbal supplements and poured the resulting powder into Jane's drink. She snatched a bottle of breast growth cream which also supposedly promoted skin growth and stretching, and placed it on the tray with the food. She was wearing only a bra and panties as she took the tainted drink and food down to her captive.

Katie tugged lightly on Jane's collar to get her attention, "I've brought you some marinated chicken and broccoli down, along with some tea. I'll just leave it here on the table." Katie said as she placed the food down. Next she went over and sat in the recliner, waiting for Jane's naked form to exit the shower. Katie had not left any towels for Jane, as she wanted her to start getting used to being permanently on display for her.

Jane was soaking wet, but still comfortable due to the warm temperature in the basement. She glanced over at Katie lying down in the reclining chair, in only a bra and panties. Jane covered her breasts with one hand and her pussy with the other, trying to preserve some modesty in front of her captor. Katie just looked on with a smug grin, her eyes roaming up and down Jane's exposed body.

"Well my pet, do you feel better now?"

"I'm not your pet, but I do feel better." Jane said forcefully.

"Oh but you are Jane. Do you not remember what happened just a few minutes ago? You locked a collar around your neck, and then locked the collar to chain, which I have no intention of ever removing. I'm going to keep you down here forever, so you'd best get used to your new home. I've prepared this meal for you and I expect you to eat it all to keep up your strength. You'll need it."

Jane quivered at the thought of what was in store for her, Katie was still being deliberately cryptic.

"May I have a towel? I'm soaking wet right now."

"I'll go and fetch you one since you asked nicely, but I'll expect you to return it immediately after you're dry. Clothing is a thing of the past for you Jane. Go ahead and start eating, I'll be right back."

Jane watched as Katie sashayed her way back upstairs, swinging her hips seductively. Jane was really scared now, she knew that this collar and leash she was wearing would never leave her neck. She didn't want to eat, didn't want to do anything that Katie wanted her to do. Yet once again, she gave in. She walked over to the chair, feeling the slight tug on her collar from the weight of the chain she was dragging around. She listened to the soft scraping of metal as the links of the chain slid across the floor. Jane knew that she would have to get used to this constant tugging and sound; ever-present reminders of her situation.

Jane sat down in the chair and looked at her food. It smelled delicious. Then her eyes wandered over to the tall glass of iced tea; one of her favorite drinks. She picked up the tea first and took a long series of gulps, drinking almost half the glass immediately. Jane did not notice that Katie had snuck quietly back into the basement, and was sitting about halfway down the stairs, fingers slipping in and out of her pussy as she watched her friend unwittingly drug herself. Jane placed the tea down and looked at her silverware for a moment. Katie had given her metal silverware, including a sharp steak knife. She

definitely didn't need something so sharp to cut the tender chicken with. Jane thought about taking the knife and threatening Katie, making her set her free. She noticed some major problems with this plan as soon as the thought popped in her head however. Katie would have to go upstairs to get the keys to unlock her collar and leash. Jane couldn't follow Katie upstairs anymore, and therefore her threats would be meaningless. The knife, while sharp, had no hope of cutting through her collar and leash. Finally, if Jane snapped and tried to kill Katie and somehow succeeded, she would just be trapped in the basement, doomed to starve to death. It was then that Jane realized the reason Katie gave her such a sharp tool; to remind her of her futile situation, and the power she held over her.

Katie watched as Jane picked up the sharp steak knife, turning it over and over in her hand while a range of emotions washed over her face. She eventually threw it back down on the tray and covered her face while she started to cry again. It was at this point that Katie made her presence known by coughing lightly and finishing her trip down the stairs. Jane wiped her eyes and sat up, looking at Katie sadly.

"Why are you doing this to me Katie? I thought we were friends!"

"I thought so too my pet, but you were going to cut all ties with me this afternoon and move to Canada weren't you? That's why you had a box with all my things from your apartment in it in your car, right?"

"Katie, I just think... Well I know now that our relationship was becoming unhealthy. You want more than I can give you! And this," Jane said while pulling at her leash, "this is absurd! You have to let me go Katie!"

"I can't do that Jane."

"Yes you can, get the keys and unlock me!"

"Well technically I can do that I suppose. But I won't. Seeing you here like this, totally helpless and naked, a slave to me. It's too much Jane. It's all I've ever wanted. You're all I've ever wanted! Who are you to tell me no!? You're the last friend I have, I won't let you abandon me too!"

"Katie I..."

"NO! Just shut up, I know what you were planning to do, and I stopped you, and now I own you!" Katie threw the towel down at Jane's feet. "Now dry off and eat your food, we still have some work to do on you before I let you sleep."

Jane picked up the towel and began drying herself. She downed the rest of her spiked tea before Katie's last sentence registered with her. "What do you mean 'work to do on me?'"

"I'm going to watch as you massage all that cream there into your tits."

Katie was pointing at a tube of lotion that Jane hadn't seen as it was partially obscured by the edge of her plate. Jane slid the tube out from under her plate and skimmed the label. Breast and skin growth and skin stretching lotion... Promotes growth of breast tissue... Skin growth and elasticity... Side effects... Increased sensitivity of breasts... May induce lactation... Do not use more than 2 oz. per day or results may be extreme.

"Katie, what the hell?! You want to make my boobs grow?"

"Yes Jane, I expect, no I demand that you grow for me. Now you will eat the food I've made for you, and then you will pour that entire bottle of lotion on your breasts and massage it in while I watch." Jane just stared at Katie, stunned. Katie saw that Jane was out of her special tea and grabbed the glass quickly.

"I'm going to get some more tea for you, now eat!"

Jane put down the bottle of breast growth cream and began eating. Katie finally seemed satisfied that Jane was eating and went back upstairs to fill up Jane's glass of tea. As soon as Katie closed the door to the basement, Jane picked up the bottle of lotion and ran over to the sink, her breasts heaving up and down unrestrained by anything. The thought of even bigger breasts scared her. She almost tripped over her leash as she ran. She tore off the packaging quickly and opened the bottle and began squeezing the flowery scented lotion into the sink. She couldn't let Katie control her like this, or modify her body. Or could she? Again the perverted thoughts seeped into Jane's mind. She was still very aroused at the thought of being helpless, of being owned. She had always wanted larger breasts... Maybe if she... "NO! I have to get a hold on myself!" She thought while squeezing the remainder of the lotion down the sink and turning on the faucet. Jane walked back over to the chair and finished her meal, wondering what was taking Katie so long.

In the meantime, Katie was busy grabbing more pills and supplements and grinding them up into a fine powder. They all promised an increase in breast size and sensitivity, or they promised to induce or supplement lactation. Katie just wanted Jane to be huge and full, so she used everything. Katie estimated that after Jane drank this glass of tea, she would have ingested about nine days' worth of pills of as many different brands. She once again poured the powder into Jane's tea and started walking back towards the basement.

Jane had cleaned her plate, the stress of tonight had made her really hungry. She sat impatiently in the recliner and absentmindedly ran her hands over her tits, cupping them to feel their weight. She tried to imagine herself growing bigger and giving milk. It was an incredibly arousing thought. She slowly moved her hands farther away from her chest, imagining cradling her breasts as they swelled larger. Jane heard footsteps on the stairs, and instantly dropped her hands to her sides and tried to look angry and hurt again for Katie.

Katie placed the tea on the table in front of Jane and ushered her to drink more. The idea that Katie had put breast growth and lactation supplements into her food or drink didn't even enter into Jane's mind. At least, not until she had drank the entire glass of tea and looked up, only to see Katie practically drooling while her hand cupped and massaged her own breast through her bra, while her other hand was stroking her pussy. The whole time, Katie's eyes were locked on Jane's breasts. Katie was so damn horny right now, it was her fantasy come true. Her friend turned slave, unknowingly pumping herself full of hormones and chemicals, all designed to make her into a human dairy cow. Katie, hand still stroking her pussy, removed one hand from her breast and pointed to the bottle of breast growth lotion that Jane had dumped down the sink.

"It's time for your lotion, you need to get nice and big for me Jane."

"No! I don't have to do anything for you! I poured all that lotion down the sink! You can't make me into some kind of huge-titted freak!"

"You what!? I paid good money for that lotion! You're going to regret that Jane, I have many more bottles of that lotion upstairs. Now you're going to have to use one bottle per breast! I'm going to make sure all of it gets soaked in tonight!"

"Katie, why are you doing this to me? What do you hope to accomplish?"

"I just want to be happy Jane, and you growing massive, milk-filled tits will make me very happy. I can't wait until your milk comes in. I'm sure it'll taste even better than the rest of you. I'm going to go get two

bottles of breast growth lotion. Then I'm going to pin you down and apply it myself, one whole bottle for each breast."

"Katie, did you even read the directions!? It says not to use more than two oz. at a time or extreme growth may occur." Katie hadn't, but she was very glad that Jane had and told her about this particular clause. Jane immediately regretted opening her mouth when she saw the sick smile spread across Katie's face. "Well then my pet, looks like two bottles of lotion per breast is the correct dosage!" Katie sprinted back upstairs to where she kept the various bottles of pills, supplements, and lotions, and grabbed four bottles of the breast and skin growth and skin stretching lotion, making a mental note to order more tomorrow. She skimmed the side effects as she walked back towards the basement, her smile widening the entire time.

When Katie opened the door to the basement she saw Jane halfway up the long staircase, the farthest her collar and leash would allow her to get, straining and pulling mightily against her chain.

"Jane, what are you doing?"

"Let me go!"

"I'm not going to do that Jane. I own you now. Go back down to your bed and lie down. We've both had a long day and I'm sure you want some rest. But first I need to make sure I'm doing everything I can to make those tits of yours bigger."

"You're crazy Katie, completely insane, this doesn't have to go on. Please just let me go, take my collar off and let me go." Jane realized that she was already giving in to Katie. Even as she was verbally protesting she had stopped trying to free herself and was walking back downstairs submissively, holding her lead in one hand to make sure she didn't trip over it. She was even referring to the collar around her neck as HER collar. "What is wrong with me" thought Jane. "I haven't even been owned for a day and... No! I'm not owned! I've only been kept against my will for half a day and I'm already giving up. This isn't good."

The lack of struggle from Jane was not lost on Katie. She was expecting Jane to fight her capture far more than she had. Besides that initial sucker punch that Katie had easily dodged, Jane hasn't fought at all really. Her struggles since donning her collar had been half-hearted at best. Katie was beginning to wonder if this new existence was what Jane really wanted, she most certainly hoped so, because she would be hers for the rest of her life if it was Katie's choice.

Katie grabbed Jane's leash and led her over to the bed and told her to sit down. Jane obeyed cautiously. She sat the four bottles of lotion on the table. They were relatively small, only about 5 oz. each. However, the warning label said that the maximum recommended dosage was 2 oz. in a day, total. Katie was about to force Jane to massage in 10 oz. of this lotion into EACH of her breasts. Jane was exhausted from the day. Being drugged, struggling against ropes, cuffs, and her new collar, and her body already imperceptibly responding to the breast growth and lactation drugs she had drank with her tea had taken any fight she had out of her. She didn't want Katie to up the dosage of the lotion again either. So Jane just laid back as Katie opened the first two bottles of lotion and straddled her. Jane mewled quietly when the cold lotion hit her large breasts. Katie didn't waste any time, she had squeezed about half of each tube onto each of Jane's tits at first. She closed the bottles and began slowly and deliberately massaging the lotion in. Her hands worked Jane's breasts like instruments. Katie had had a great deal of practice on her own breasts before, so she just tried to mirror what she liked. She started at the outer edges, where Jane's breasts melded to her torso, softly rubbing around the outer curves. Next, she moved her hands over the tops of Jane's mounds, squeezing the firm orbs lightly, her hands slick with more than double the maximum recommended dosage of lotion already. Jane began letting out soft moans as Katie massaged her big boobs. Katie smiled as Jane started to get into the massage. Jane already noticed that her breasts were tingling, it had only been about five minutes but Jane's tits seemed to be almost completely dry. Jane's tits seemed to be eagerly drinking in the growth and stretching formula. Katie grabbed the two half-empty lotion bottles and squirted the remnants out onto Jane's hungry breasts.

"Katie, please stop. Stop doing this. I don't want to grow."

"I think you do Jane, you look like you're really enjoying yourself, and we still have two whole bottles left just for tonight!"

"No Katie, please, don't make me grow! Don't you care about me? The warning said not to use more than 2 oz.! Please, my breasts are already tingling, don't open the other bottles. Just the two, alright? I'll be good, I won't fight it, just don't put more of that lotion on me tonight."

"Hmmm, if you promise to be good tomorrow, maybe I can cut you a break tonight. But there is still the lotion covering your breasts right now. If you really want me not to open the other two bottles I've brought down, I want YOU to rub it in."

Jane looked down at her breasts. They were covered with thick globs of the flowery scented lotion. Katie was eyeing her intently and slowly nodded her head towards Jane's breasts. Jane was amazed at how good the cream felt, it was like Katie's expert hands hadn't even left her chest. Waves of pure pleasure washed over her centered on her breasts. Jane felt like there were hundreds of tiny hands fighting over her breasts, each one getting one quick squeeze or caress in before being pushed aside by others. She

wanted to join in. She wanted her hands to join the others. Slowly, Jane brought her hands to the sides of her breasts and gently squeezed them together. She grabbed them lightly and rubbed them alternating up and down. Next, she cupped them in her hands and started squeezing them, hard. She moved her hands upwards to her nipples, increasing the force of her squeezing until she reached her rock hard nipples. She gave them a short pinch and moved her hands back down to the base of her tits, starting the motion again. Whether Jane realized it or not, the motions she had adopted looked like she was trying to milk herself.

Katie was practically drooling on Jane as she watched her friend moan as she played with her breasts. Katie was dry humping her, which was quickly becoming wet humping as her arousal grew. She couldn't believe how quickly Jane had given in to her captivity. Katie wasn't complaining of course, but she was expecting weeks, months, or even years before Jane came to terms with being owned. It had only taken a few hours though. Here she was, an independent and successful nurse this morning, turned into a lusty, collared, slave; voluntarily massaging a cream into herself that will cause her already large breasts to develop and grow as if she is going through puberty for a second time. Focusing on this thought and straddling her slave, Katie had her first orgasm of the night.

"Aaaaaahhhh! Jane, keep going, make sure every drop of that cream gets absorbed into your tits!! Oooh yes Jane... Yes... I can't wait to see how big you'll grow."

"Mmm fuck Katie, I still hate you for doing this to me but it feels soooo good." Jane hated to admit it but she was close to an orgasm herself, and she hadn't even touched her pussy once, unlike Katie. Even now, Katie was fingering herself while watching Jane try to milk her big tits, the lotion long since soaked fully into the large orbs. Katie slipped her hand out of her wet pussy and joined her hands to Jane's own in squeezing the big jugs. Jane closed her eyes and unsuccessfully tried to stifle a moan. "Oh my god Katie, that's it that's it that's it! Oh my GOD!!!" Jane's orgasm was the best she'd ever had, so good that she passed out. Her hands fell limply to her sides as she rode the waves of pleasure.

Katie looked down lovingly at her friend, passed out from exhaustion and pure pleasure. She slid off of her and quietly grabbed the two unopened bottles of breast growth lotion and carried them back upstairs. Katie then turned around and walked back down into the basement. She saw Jane hadn't moved at all, she was sprawled out on her bed, her collar still secure around her neck and the chain hanging loosely on the floor. Katie approached the bed slowly and crouched down, took Jane's right nipple into her mouth and began to gently suckle. She wrapped her arm around Jane and pulled her still unconscious form closer. She sucked on Jane's right nipple for about fifteen minutes, then walked around to the other side of the bed and did the same with the left. She released Jane's left nipple with a wet pop, and was starting to get up when she hesitated, dropped back down to her knees, and gave each of Jane's breasts a soft kiss right on the nipple. Then she moved up, and kissed Jane square on the lips. "Goodnight Jane, I love you." Jane let out a soft, "mmm" and fell back into her dreams. So ended Jane's first night as Katie's slave.

The Growth Begins

As Katie waked upstairs to clean herself up and go to sleep, Jane's body was frantically trying to process the multitude of chemicals and hormones that had been introduced to it. Her body went into overdrive, Jane's breasts had to grow, they had to expand and develop and produce milk for the quintuplets she was having! Maybe it was octuplets! Whatever was going on, Jane's body was convinced that the only priority right now was to get Jane's breasts as big as possible as quickly as possible. Jane's digestive system struggled to provide energy and fuel to grow Jane's mammaries, her endocrine system tried to bring Jane's hormone levels to an equilibrium, but were blocked by many of the pills and supplements. Many of these pills rewrote the equilibrium levels of Jane's body, effectively establishing a positive feedback loop in which the body would produce more of the growth and lactation hormones of its own accord. Jane would still grow even if she didn't take any more pills or supplements that Katie planned to force into her due to the massive overdose she had ingested. The skin on Jane's breasts was reacting with the lotion, causing it to replicate itself and change its structure to become more elastic. This quality would be vital for the coming growth. Jane slept peacefully, unaware of the effectiveness of Katie's plan and her body's changes. Every part of Jane's body now conspired against her to pump her breasts full of new tissue and make them function as designed.

Jane awoke first the next day. She still felt the soft pull of her collar and knew that the events of last night were not a dream. She was overcome with extreme hunger. Her stomach was a veritable orchestra, making all kinds of squelching sounds as it begged for more fuel for Jane's tits to expand. Jane started to get up, and noticed an increased weight on her chest, trying to hold her down. Her breasts had grown. Even in the span of one night the herbs, pills, and lotion had done their work. Jane suspected she had only grown about a cup size. However, growth of that magnitude overnight was astounding. Jane cradled her now D cup bosom in her hands and softly stroked her mammaries. They were very sensitive, the lotion and pills seemed to have a permanent effect on her pleasure center. Jane slowly moved back into her rhythmic milking motion of last night as the euphoric feeling in her breasts grew, unaware that she was subconsciously telling her tits to grow bigger and produce milk through her actions. Jane could feel her heartbeat through her breasts. They were flushed, swollen, and felt amazing. Jane moaned in pleasure as her tits throbbed and slowly swelled under her ministrations.

Katie rolled over and looked at the clock, 11 AM! She had really overslept. Katie quickly walked over to the basement door still stark naked, threw the heavy locks and peeked inside. She smiled at the sight before her. Jane was already up and once again playing with her big tits. Katie looked on, watching her slave trying to milk herself like she had last night. Slowly, Katie descended the stairs and approached Jane. Jane was so entranced with the feelings her breasts were giving her she didn't even notice Katie

enter the room. Jane jumped when Katie's arms wrapped around her from behind. Katie planted her hands on Jane's tits, slowly massaged them, and whispered to her.

"Good morning Jane, I take it you slept well my love?"

"Mmmmm oooooohhhh, I did."

"It looks like you've put on some weight Jane."

"Ooh yes... I have... My boobs are bigger... Even after one night... They've grown." Jane said, panting.

"I can see that my pet, they feel heavy and warm. I think they still have a lot of growth ahead of them."

Katie sat down on the bed behind Jane and wrapped her legs around her. She started kissing and licking Jane's neck as her hands continued to work at Jane's slowly growing breasts.

"I'll bet you're very hungry, aren't you? You'll need lots of food to help you grow really big for me. I'm going to go make us some breakfast. Don't go anywhere." Katie said, chuckling to herself as she got up.

Jane sat up in her bed, feeling the new weight of her boobs hanging from her chest. Her leash made a soft clinking noise on the ground which brought her out of her lust-filled trance. She removed her hands from her tits and looked at Katie.

"Katie, this can end right here. Just think of what would happen if you got caught! Please, set me free. I swear on my father's grave that I won't tell anyone about what happened. Please Katie, I don't want to be trapped down here, growing forever."

Katie stopped and turned around. She looked at her helpless friend. Even now, Jane's hands were migrating back up her body from her sides, slowly approaching her swelling jugs.

"You're lying Jane. I saw how you acted yesterday, how you're acting right now. I know that you love being collared and owned. I know you love those tits of yours. I know that you want to grow bigger, not for me, but for yourself. You love being my slave. And I intend to keep you happy and growing forever."

Jane looked up at Katie while she said this. She knew that every word was true. She loved being owned, she loved her collar and leash, and most of all, she loved her big, growing, tits. Katie was right, Jane loved being Katie's slave. Jane tried to think of some retort, but Katie had already turned to go back upstairs. Jane got up, trailing her lead behind her and went to the restroom. She relieved herself then stepped into the shower. She needed to think long and hard about what she wanted from her future.

Katie busied herself by making a big breakfast. She cooked scrambled eggs, turkey bacon, and pancakes. She made two plates, Jane's with significantly more food than her own. Then she poured two glasses of orange juice. She ground up another overdose of breast growth and lactation pills and poured the resulting powder into Jane's juice. Next, she placed the food and drinks on a tray, and walked back downstairs to the basement.

While in the shower, Jane had come to discover a lot about herself. She thought back to the previous 24 hours, and how much had changed for her so quickly. She ran her hand slowly up her leash, and then around her collar, giving it soft tugs from side to side. She loved being someone else's property. Jane now knew why she never had any successful relationships before. She was just waiting for someone bold enough, dominant enough, to just see what they wanted and take it. Katie was the kind of person Jane needed. Jane didn't know if it was a side effect of her ultra-sensitive breasts, but she was also becoming incredibly attracted to Katie. Her lust clouded mind wanted nothing more than to be bound up and have her tits played with all day. Jane decided that she was going to be a good slave for Katie. She wanted to be treated well, and figured that if she was obedient then Katie would take it easy on her. The rational part of Jane still wanted to escape, but the busty slave persona was beginning to gain the upper hand. Jane paid special attention to her swollen tits as she cleaned herself. She could tell from the constant tingling and stretching sensations in her boobs that they were still expanding. Jane smiled contentedly while she looked down at her breasts, she thought she might be crossing the line into DD cup territory very soon.

Just like yesterday, Jane was pulled from her daydreaming by a soft tug on her leash from Katie. Katie was smiling warmly at Jane through the fogged glass, and for the first time, Jane was smiling back. Jane picked up the same towel she dried herself with yesterday, and quickly did so again. She saw Katie slowly rubbing her exposed pussy while she dried off.

"Thank you for breakfast Katie, I feel like I could eat a horse right now, I'm so hungry."

"We'll I made this all for you, you can even have mine, I'm not all that hungry at the moment. Just take what you want and I'll eat the leftovers."

Jane walked over to her bed and plopped herself down and started eating ravenously. Her hunger was overwhelming. Her body was demanding more food and nutrients to be used to grow her bust line. Jane devoured six eggs, eight pieces of turkey bacon and then five pancakes. She washed it all down by chugging her giant glass of drugged orange juice.

Katie had been touching herself continuously as Jane inhaled her food. She knew that Jane's giant appetite was a direct result of the changes occurring in her body. Katie increased her tempo furiously as Jane began drinking her special orange juice, and had her first orgasm of the day as Jane swallowed the last drop.

Jane felt very full when she was finished eating. Her stomach had rounded out slightly, distended by the extreme amount of food she had just swallowed. Little did she know that the drug laced orange juice was already working its way into her bloodstream. The hormones and chemicals were hard at work, forcing Jane's breasts to expand ever bigger. Jane's mammarys were also starting to prepare themselves to fill with milk. Her milk glands were increasing in both size and number, already three times bigger and more numerous than she was just a day ago. Eating such a big meal, and having almost all of her energy being diverted to her tits, had worn poor Jane out. She laid back on her bed and began rubbing her hands up and down her swollen belly.

Katie was recovering from her orgasm, and went over to where Jane was laying on the bed. She climbed into bed alongside Jane, and wrapped her arms and one leg around her. She slowly moved her hands over Jane's, following her motions over her tummy. She began lightly kissing Jane's soft neck, and moved her hands higher, to Jane's slowly expanding tits. Jane moaned softly as Katie cupped her breasts in her hands and slowly squeezed and then released them, over and over.

"Katie..."

"What is it Jane?"

"Do you really plan on keeping me collared forever?"

"Yes Jane, I'm never going to let you go."

Jane was quiet for a few moments. Then she asked, "Do you promise to take good care of me?"

Katie stopped her massage for a second and stared incredulously at Jane. Jane slowly turned her head and met the eyes of Katie.

"Of... Of course I promise to take good care of you my pet." Katie was shaken by the question, but quickly regained her composure and dominance.

Jane seemed to accept this answer and turned back around, pulling Katie's hands back onto her tits.

Jane felt a rush of happiness, she had surprised Katie, even caught her off-guard with the bluntness of her question. She had let Katie know that she fully accepted her new life, and would be a good slave for her. The warm tingling sensation in her breasts flared up again.

"Katie, put your hands on my breasts. Don't move them at all, I think that lotion is still running its course. I can feel them growing again. I want you to feel me grow for you Katie."

Katie held Jane's swelling tits in her hands and snuggled in closer to her. She lay there with Jane, kissing and biting her neck, just above her collar. Katie noticed an almost undetectable motion from Jane's breasts. She thought she was imagining it, but she stopped playing with Jane's neck and focused all her attention on the glorious breasts she was holding. She felt her fingers moving apart. She wasn't moving them at all, but after about fifteen minutes of cupping Jane's breasts, she was actually feeling them expand in her hands, slowly spreading her fingers. Katie was so aroused. She slid her left hand off of Jane's breast, intending to finger herself. However, this caused Jane to let out a small cry and grab Katie's wrist. She began pulling Katie's arm back to its position on her growing breast.

"Just hold me right now, I want you to feel what your lotion is doing to me." Jane whispered softly as Katie's hand resumed its massage of Jane's swelling breast.

Jane began to whimper as Katie increased the intensity of her squeezes, kneading the growing flesh and increasing the blood flow to Jane's tits. Katie wanted to stimulate Jane's breasts as much as possible to promote her growth and kick start her lactation. She hoped to have Jane milking consistently in about two weeks. The two women remained like this for over an hour, Katie lying there running her hands over her swollen stomach, feeling it recede as she digested her huge breakfast. Katie still clinging tightly

to Jane, her arms wrapped around her slave, cupping and massaging her expanding mammaries and encouraging their development.

"Jane."

"Yes Katie?"

"I've been drugging you."

"I know, you made me rub in all that breast growth lotion last night."

"No, I mean, every drink I've given to you has been laced with breast growth and lactation pills."

Jane was quiet for a few minutes. Eventually she sighed and said, "I guess it was the tea last night, and the orange juice this morning then?"

"Yes" said Katie.

"Why are you doing this to me? I mean, I kind of get the fact that you didn't want me to leave. But why are you keeping me collared, and why are you so obsessed with making me grow giant boobs?"

"Well I figured the collar was convenient because it's impossible for you to remove, and it allows you a lot of freedom. I don't have to worry about you leaving me even when I'm not here. As far as your boobs..." Katie squeezed Jane's tits hard when she said this, drawing an excited yelp from Jane, "I've always been obsessed with big boobs. I guess as I thought about my plan to capture you, I realized that I could do whatever I wanted to your body. And I want you to grow. You can't deny that you like this, I've seen you playing with your tits every chance you get, or forcing me to."

"I was pretending to be asleep last night when you came down and were sucking on my nipples. I loved it though, I've never felt so good. All these drugs you're giving me have made my tits feel incredible. You said you want me to lactate as well? Don't I have to get pregnant for that to happen?"

"Not necessarily, a lot of the pills I've been giving you are designed to make your breasts produce milk regardless of whether you're pregnant or not."

"Oh..."

"What Jane?"

"I just... I don't know what you want me to end up like. I don't know what I want to end up like either. I love my bigger boobs right now, I've always wanted to be slightly bigger. It's only been a day though, and I'm already growing past the point where I wanted to stop. How big are you going to make me?" Jane said quietly. Katie loved how Jane was totally removing herself from the decision making process on her size. "She just wanted to know how big I want her, not even bringing in her thoughts on it at all. She really is my slave now," thought Katie.

"I haven't really decided exactly how big I'm going to make you yet Jane." Katie said as she continued diligently massaging Jane as her boobs slowly swelled bigger.

"Jane, I'm glad that you're coming to terms with what I've done... Well... What I'm doing to you. I have to say though, it's unexpected."

"To tell you the truth Katie, I didn't really want to go to Canada. I was really nervous about moving to a new country and it's actually really nice to no longer have any obligations or responsibilities."

"Oh you still have obligations and responsibilities Jane. You need to keep the basement and yourself clean, and you need to stay in shape. I'm going to get you some exercise equipment in here in the next couple of days and set it up in the far corner of the room. Your most important responsibility however is your breasts. They will require a lot of attention as they grow bigger. Especially when you start milking, you're going to have to keep them drained or they'll start to become sore. Of course, the more you milk yourself, the bigger they'll get and the more milk you'll produce. That's what I want to happen though." Katie said this while changing her random massaging into the rhythmic milking motion Jane loved. "Wouldn't you like that Jane? Your big tits turned into milk factories for me?" Jane's pussy was practically dripping with her juices as Katie began trying to milk her. She loved the idea of giving milk, and as Katie continued explaining what was in store for her, she brought her hand down to her pussy. "I know I'll like it Jane, I've already bought you a special customized gift to commemorate the day you first produce milk." Jane climaxed almost immediately after hearing Katie tell her she was going to produce milk.

"Mmmmm! Fuck Katie! Yes! mmmm ahhhhhhh!" Jane yelled as her orgasm ripped through her.

After she had recovered, she rolled over so she was facing Katie and looked her in the eyes. "I can't wait to make milk for you. You don't have to drug me secretly anymore, I'll take whatever you give me. Just please, if I say I'm getting too big, stop. I don't want to grow too much bigger, okay?"

"That isn't your choice to make Jane. You'll grow as much as I want you to, you have no say in the matter."

Jane grew silent at these words. She didn't want to admit it to Katie, but she was loving the feeling of her breasts growing so much she didn't want it to ever stop. She had never felt so sexually free, so feminine. Jane loved even more that her growth was out of her control. She just wanted to surrender herself fully to her sexuality. She was scaring herself with these thoughts still. The rational, independent part of Jane was screaming at her to resist.

"Please Katie! Don't make me too big, okay? I swear I won't give you any trouble and I'll take any pills you want without a fuss. If I start swelling up too big though I won't let you drug me anymore! I'll stop eating and drinking too. I won't let you just have free reign over my body."

"Aww, you're so cute when you get worked up Jane." Katie said, her hands still planted firmly on Jane's expanding jugs, softly kneading them. Katie pushed Jane back over so she was facing away from her and resumed trying to milk her. She paid special attention Jane's nipples, pinching and twisting them slightly when her hands reached the top of the mounds.

"I still have lots of toys in that chest over there that I haven't shown you. If you cooperate I won't have to use them. If you start acting up though, I won't hesitate to tie you up so you can't move at all, and force the drugs into you. There are so many pills left for you to take, so many bottles of lotion to rub into you. You'll be so huge when I'm through with you. I can't wait Jane!"

Jane just resumed fingering herself while Katie played with her tits. Her breasts were still growing, and her skin was beginning to feel tight.

"Katie, I think I need more of that skin stretching lotion. My boobs are growing too fast."

Katie told Jane to roll back over so she could get a better look at her. Jane's breasts were still flushed. Jane had definitely crossed the line into DD cups. Her tits had rounded out into almost perfect spheres at this point. Her skin was tight but it still had some give to it.

"I agree with you Jane, I don't want you getting stretch marks sweetie. You realize that the lotion will make you grow even more right?" Jane just smiled and nodded.

"Alright then, I'll run upstairs and fetch some more lotion for you."

Role-Playing

Katie ascended the stairs, taking a quick peek at the clock on her wall. It was 2 PM, She had been lying with Jane for three hours playing with her ripening slave. Jane had gained two cup sizes already and Katie could tell that Jane's tits were far more sensitive than they used to be. Katie was still amazed at how easy it was to enslave Jane. Katie logged on her computer and ordered some more breast growth supplements and lotion. Then she grabbed the two bottles of lotion she hadn't used last night and made her way back to the basement. She was about to open the door to the basement when she remembered Jane's promise to take whatever pills she gave her. Katie decided to test Jane's word and grabbed a handful of pills; a few of each. She opened the fridge, feeling the cold air wash over her naked body, and grabbed a gallon of milk and put it on the a tray with the lotion and pills. Then she made her way back downstairs.

Jane got up and turned the TV to the local news once Katie left the room. She was saddened but not surprised to see no mention of her disappearance. Jane turned off the TV after a few minutes and again focused her attention to her breasts. The tingling, stretching sensation had tapered off significantly. She assumed that the drugs Katie had put in her drink had run their course and the growth was slowing, at least until Katie got back downstairs with that lotion. "I have to start resisting her" thought Jane. "She's just going to keep blowing me up until I can't move at this rate." As soon as she thought this her mind created an image of her, pinned to the floor by her growing boobs. Jane grew wet at the thought. "Why is this so arousing to me!? I can't live like this, chained up and fed hormones like livestock!" But the more Jane thought about it, the more she wanted it to happen. She surrendered to her lust and laid back down on her bed, frantically sliding her fingers in and out of her dripping pussy. As she raced towards another climax, she brought her free hand to her breasts and squeezed them, imagining them growing forever with her powerless to stop it. Jane came.

Katie came down the stairs just as Jane was recovering from another earth-shattering orgasm. "You really seem to be enjoying yourself Jane."

"Mmm oh my god Katie, I don't know what is happening to me. I can't stop touching myself."

"I think you've been waiting to have someone claim you for your whole life."

"I think you may be right Katie. I've never came so hard as I have since you collared me."

"No no Jane, you collared yourself remember?"

"I guess you're right. In any case, I'm yours now."

"Yes you are Jane, I love you." Katie said as she placed the various breast growth and lactation pills and lotion down in front of Jane.

Jane's eyes roamed over the drugs that Katie was about to make her take and realized that she was nothing more than a toy to Katie now. She was her possession, not a companion. She didn't love her the way Jane thought she should. Of course, Jane didn't think that she would like being tied up and fed breast growth and lactation hormones, and she loved every bit of it. Why did love have to be something conventional? All the same, Jane still felt stirrings in her heart, feelings she had never had before. Jane knew then that even though Katie had a strange way of showing it, she did love her. Jane wasn't yet ready to say it to her, but she loved Katie too.

Jane looked at the pile of pills and the two bottles of lotion uncomfortably. She knew that she wanted to keep growing, but somehow she liked the idea of Katie forcing her to grow bigger more than doing it herself. Jane decided to misbehave.

"Katie, I've changed my mind."

"What do you mean?"

"I don't want to take all those pills. I can tell I'm still growing, although much slower than earlier. I don't want restart the growth again though, especially when it's about to stop. I told you, I don't want to get too much bigger."

"And I told you Jane, that isn't up to you. Now be a good slave and take all your medicine."

"No! I'm big enough already! I don't want to be a dairy cow either!" But Jane desperately wanted to grow huge and give milk, she just wanted to give Katie a chance to assert her dominance over her.

"Alright then my little slave, if you want me to force you I will."

The two girls looked at each other and exchanged knowing smiles. Katie realized that Jane was just playing the role of a defiant slave in order for Katie to explore her dominant persona more fully. Katie was thrilled at Jane's playful mood. She ran over to the big chest where she kept all the bondage gear and restraints she had recently purchased. She took out a multitude of ropes and walked back over to Jane. Jane half-heartedly struggled as Katie began to tie her up.

"No! You can't do this Katie! Let me go!" Jane said, trying to be convincing. She really want to tell Katie to tie her up tighter though.

"You're being so disobedient Jane, I'm going to have to tie you up really tight and make sure you take all your medicine."

"No, please! I don't want any more drugs! I'm big enough already, and I don't want to make milk!"

"You don't rate making decisions anymore Jane. I'm going to make you into my own personal milk cow, whether you want it or not."

At this point Katie had tied Jane's arms behind her back, her hands grasping her opposite elbows and creating a U-shape with her arms. The ropes wrapped around Jane and went from her armpits above and below her big breasts; framing them and making them appear even bigger. Katie then threaded the rope through Jane's collar, pulled it tight and knotted it. Jane couldn't move her upper body or arms more than a few inches. Katie ran her hands over Jane's restrained form, relishing in her helplessness.

"Katie! No! Don't touch me! I'm not your toy!" Jane knew her cries were provoking Katie as the look on her face became more intense and domineering.

"Oh Jane, but you are my toy. Look at how helpless you are. Those big tits of yours just shaking and jiggling while your struggle. You aren't getting free baby, I made very sure my knots are tight."

Jane loved that Katie called her "baby." It made her feel even more loved and desired.

"Let's get those legs of yours tied up, you still have far too much freedom for a sex slave." Katie said as she got up and walked towards the old chest again.

When Katie turned around, Jane got to her feet awkwardly and started crudely running towards the stairs, her heavy leash dragging along behind her. Katie turned and sat down on the lid of the chest to watch Jane's efforts at escaping. Jane began walking up the stairs, again she made it only halfway up before her leash pulled taut and stopped her progress. She pulled with her neck a few times, her hands clasp and unclasp behind her in frustration. After about three minutes of pulling at her leash, Jane turned back to Katie, defeated. Katie was looking on lustfully.

"You're a stubborn little slave, I'll give you that Jane. Why don't you come back to your bed and lie down and let me finish tying you up, hmm? You still have some more growing to do tonight. I don't want you to wear yourself out and not be able to stay up for it my love."

Jane reluctantly turned and walked back down the stairs, her legs slick with her arousal from pulling against the tight ropes and her leash. She sat back down on the bed, awaiting the additional ropes Katie was going to put on her.

"That's a good girl, just let me get the rest of these ropes on your legs and then I'll get your pills into you so you can start growing again. I know that's what you really want."

"If you're going to make my boobs grow some more, I'm going to need some more lotion too, I don't want to get stretch marks as I expand for you."

"Don't worry my pet, I won't forget to massage your lotion in. Your skin will need lots of give as you continue to swell."

Katie had retrieved more lengths of rope and tied Jane's ankles together first. Katie began slowly kissing and licking up Jane's legs. She saw the trail of Jane's juices from her previous orgasms and smiled. She licked the slick trail, and then kissed Jane on the lips, forcing her to taste herself as she pushed her tongue past Jane's lips. Katie bit Jane's lower lip and then abruptly ended the make out session and resumed the task of binding her. She tied Jane's legs together both above and below her knees, and used another rope to tie her supple thighs together. She then tied the ropes under Jane's heavy breasts to the ones running around her thighs to prevent them from slipping or coming undone. She pushed Jane over to her stomach did the same thing behind her back, running the rope between Jane's ass cheeks. Jane noticed as she was lying on her stomach that she was propped up slightly higher due to the greater mass of her breasts. She grew even more wet as she squirmed, rubbing and mashing her breasts and nipples into the mattress as Katie finished restraining her.

"Oh god Katie, why did you have to tie me so tightly? I can barely move!"

"'Barely' is still too much for you Jane, my disobedient slave." Katie picked up one more tiny rope, more of a string than anything else, and tied Jane's big toes together. Jane wiggled her feet, which were now linked together in tandem. She doubted that she could ever escape these binds even if her life depended on it.

"Alright, now that you're all trussed up its time for you to take your pills." Katie pushed Jane over to her back again and propped her up with some pillows.

"I don't care how tightly you tie me, I'm done growing for you. My tits are big enough! There is more than enough for you to play with right now."

Katie just ignored Jane's weak protests and picked up three pills from the pile and the gallon of milk.

"There are too many pills for you to take for me to go one at a time. Open your mouth, and I'll put these three in and give you some milk to wash them down with. The directions on a few of these say not to use milk because it could lead to side effects such as lactation; which is exactly the reason that from now on you'll only be taking your pills with milk."

Jane looked at Katie defiantly. "I told you I'm not taking any more drugs, just take me as I am! I already surrendered to you! Just don't alter me anymore."

"I want you to be bigger Jane, so much bigger babe, and you haven't even begun to lactate yet. There's still so much to do!"

"Katie, this is the last time I'm going to say it, I'm not taking any more drugs to make me into your sick little fetish plaything. My tits are more than big enough for you already, they were big enough before you drugged me! I don't want to grow anymore!" Jane smiled as she looked at Katie and said this, she couldn't sit there lying through her teeth to Katie when in reality she wanted to see how big Katie wanted her, how big she could grow. She really wanted to see how it would feel when Katie started milking her, she couldn't wait.

"I don't care what you want Jane!" Said Katie, also smiling at her pet. "Now open your mouth now so I can give you your pills!" Jane just pursed her lips and turned her head to the side. Katie reached out and pinched Jane's nose closed. "You have to open your mouth to breathe, and when you do, these pills are going down your throat!" Jane held her breath for about twenty seconds then opened her mouth and

started shaking her head back and forth to try and prevent Katie from feeding her the pills. Katie grabbed Jane's head and pushed it back into the pillows behind her and shoved the three pills into Jane's mouth, still holding her nose. Jane was forced to swallow them in order to keep her airway clear to breathe. "Good girl, now we only have to do that about four more times. Here is some milk to help you swallow your medicine." Katie said holding the gallon jug to Jane's lips.

Jane broke character as she eagerly took a few swigs of milk and swallowed the pills. "Katie, I can't pretend like I don't want this anymore, just give me the rest of the pills, let me start growing again. I want to see if I can be an F cup by tonight." Katie just grinned and repeated the process of putting three pills at a time in Jane's mouth and giving her milk to wash them down until all the pills were gone.

"There's my obedient little slave again. You must be getting very hungry again, we can't have that! I'm going to order us some pizzas. I'll get you three larges and a medium for myself. Pepperoni and black olives for you right?" Jane felt her stomach grumble and nodded enthusiastically. Katie quickly went upstairs and placed the order for pizza, which had an estimated delivery time of one hour due to the fact that it was a Saturday. She threw a bra and some panties on along with some yoga pants and a tank top so she would be decent for the pizza delivery person. "This is the first bit of clothing I've worn all day" thought Katie. Then she again entered the basement and found that Jane had wiggled her way over to the edge of the bed and had turned on the TV by hitting the remote with her foot. Katie just sat down next to Jane, and watched her struggle to turn herself around so she could see. Katie laughed a bit and then went over and helped Jane flip herself around.

"Thank you Katie."

"You're welcome Jane, my sexy little slave." Katie sat down behind Jane and leaned back against the pillows she was originally using to prop Jane up with. Then she pulled Jane's bound body back against her chest and moved her hands up to fondle Jane's tits.

"Can you feel the growth starting yet?" Katie whispered.

"Mmmmmm yessss. It feels better every time Katie, I'm getting more sensitive as I grow. Please just keep massaging me, don't ever stop." The tingling growth sensation Jane was feeling, combined with the fondling of Katie led Jane to a series of orgasms in the next twenty minutes as her rate of growth accelerated.

"Oh fuck Katie, oh fuck, oh my god, yes Katie, squeeze me, touch me, pinch me... Milk me Katie, milk my huge fat tits!" Jane screamed as she came again. Katie didn't stop however, and continued her slow,

methodical, milking motion on Jane as her tits slowly expanded. Katie smiled as Jane seemed to be passed out again from the pleasure she was receiving. Katie looked at the time on the TV and saw that the pizza would be here within five minutes. She rushed to get up, laying the unconscious Jane down on the stack of pillows. She threw open her chest with the bondage toys in it and grabbed a large red ball gag and went back over to Jane, who was beginning to regain her senses.

"Jane, I'm going to gag you baby. It's just a precaution, I can't have you making a bunch of noise when the pizza gets here okay?" Jane just nodded slowly and opened her mouth for Katie. Katie worked the big ball in behind Jane's teeth and tightened the strap behind her head. She ran her hand through Jane's hair and kissed her on her forehead and then again on top of the gag. Jane just let out tiny, muted moans and squirmed slightly against the ropes that held her tight.

"You look so damn sexy like that Jane, all tied up and gagged. I'm going to have to leave you like this more often."

"Mmmmphhh!" Said Jane back.

Katie gave Jane's tits a parting squeeze and went back upstairs to wait for the pizza delivery.

Jane was beginning to feel really tired. She had grown 2 cup sizes today and suspected she would go up at least one more before the day was over. The entire day had been a sexual frenzy, Katie constantly touching and fondling her growing boobs. Now she was tightly bound and gagged and laying on her bed. While Jane was very securely tied, and had almost no ability to move at all, she was very comfortable. Katie had tied her in such a way that she could be left in her bondage for very long periods without any harm or pain. Jane found that she really enjoyed being restricted. While her collar and leash were amazing, being even more restrained reinforced Katie's ownership of Jane. Jane loved being helpless, and her current situation was the most helpless she had ever been. She was dripping with arousal despite being so worn out. Her stomach was growling in protest, she needed energy and nutrients to grow! Jane wriggled as she settled in to her bondage and felt her breasts growing.

Katie paid the pizza delivery person who showed up right on time and left him a large tip. She carried the food back downstairs and placed it on the table next to Jane. Jane looked up at Katie with a pleading look in her eyes. She wanted her gag to be removed so she could eat and have fuel to keep growing. "Do you want to eat my little slave?"

"Mmmmm! Mmmmm!" Jane said and nodded as much as she could.

"I hate to take your gag off, but I know you need to put something in your stomach to keep those jugs of yours increasing in size." Katie reached behind Jane's head and unlatched the ball gag and helped Jane remove it from her mouth.

"Thank you Katie."

"You're welcome Jane."

"May I be untied as well, so I can eat?"

"No, it took quite a while to get you bound up like that, I think I'll just feed you today."

"Alright Katie, well may I have some pizza then? I want to make sure I have lots of fuel for my growth."

"Of course my love." Katie said while propping Jane up against the stack of pillows and reaching into the pizza box for the first piece. She held it out to Jane, who started eating it ravenously. She devoured piece after piece of the cheesy pizza. She ate the first two large pizzas in about half an hour. The third and final was slower, taking thirty minutes by itself. However, Jane wanted to make sure the pills she took had the chance to work to their fullest and pushed on. As Jane ate she could feel her stomach expanding outward again just like it had during breakfast. She could also feel her supercharged breasts beginning to grow faster. The tingling sensation in her tits intensified as they began to swell in earnest. Jane let out a heavy sigh as she finished the last piece of pizza. She was so stuffed, she looked like she was three or four months pregnant. Katie wiped Jane's face off and stepped back to get a better look at her. Jane knew that very soon all that mass in her stomach would be digested and her breasts would begin to absorb it as they swelled.

"Mmmmm thank you for the food Katie, you should eat too though."

"Oh I will in just a second, I love watching you Jane, you're so helpless right now. I can't wait to see how big you'll be by tonight."

Jane looked down at her breasts and watched as they slowly grew before her eyes while Katie began to eat. Her skin started to stretch tighter as more and more titflesh was packed into her. Katie had finished her smaller pizza while Jane ballooned up.

"Katie, my boobs feel tight, I need to be untied so I can put my lotion on."

"I'm not letting you out, you're far too sexy all tied up like that, I'll put your lotion on for you."

"Alright but hurry, I'm growing really fast right now."

"I can see that my sexy girl. I think that the pills are becoming more effective as your body gets used to its new purpose as a dairy cow."

Katie got up and washed off her hands in the sink. Then, Katie grabbed two bottles of the breast growth and skin stretching lotion and walked over to Jane. Jane was wriggling in anticipation, thrusting her tits up at Katie.

"Katie, I need the lotion now! My skin is so tight."

"Here you are baby" Katie said while emptying the first bottle of lotion on Jane's tits. She dropped the bottle and began rubbing Jane's tits thoroughly. She wanted to ensure that all of their surface was covered so Jane could grow without having to worry about stretch marks marring her beautiful breasts.

"Oh my god Katie, that lotion feels so good. I can already feel the tension leaving my skin, it's stretching better now. Mmmm I love growing for you Katie."

"I love you Jane, keep growing for me baby. Just keep getting bigger for me."

"Mmmm... I will Katie."

Katie opened the second bottle and poured the lotion on to Jane's expanding tits. She began massaging the lotion in as Jane's breasts eagerly sucked it in.

"Katie, my boobs are starting to get really heavy, it's getting harder for me to breathe. May I be untied soon? I want to put my hands on my boobs and feel them grow."

"Alright my little slave, you've been pretty good today, I suppose I can untie you now."

Katie untied the many ropes binding Jane and placed them back into the chest. She turned around to see Jane playing with her tits again.

"Katie, I'm really getting big now," Jane said proudly. "I won't have to grow too much more right, I can feel the weight of my tits pulling me down and my back is starting to get sore."

"I still want you much bigger Jane, I'm sorry baby but you'll just have to find a way to cope with the weight."

Jane was now approaching the point where the massive size of her breasts was beginning to concern her. She was starting to question her compliance with the growth drugs Katie was so intent on feeding her. There was also a peculiar tightness from within her breasts that had developed after the most recent dose of her pills. She suspected that she would be giving milk very soon. Katie prowled over to Jane like a predator. She noticed the far off look Jane had while she gently cupped her expanding bosom.

"What's wrong Jane? You look like you have a lot on your mind."

"I don't want to get any bigger Katie."

Thinking that Jane was being playful again Katie said, "I still have so many pills left for you though!"

"No Katie, I'm being serious. I mean look at me, I've skipped over F cups, I must have G cup tits now! They are feeling tight inside which is probably the start of my milk production. They are really heavy too, it's hard to keep my balance right now. Please, seriously, I don't want to get any bigger. I've grown more than enough for you."

Katie looked at Jane compassionately. "Do you really feel that way Jane? Do you really think you're big enough now?"

"Yes! What, you still want me bigger don't you?"

"Well, honestly yes, but if you want to stop then I'll think about it. You have grown far more than I thought you would in just two days after all."

Jane just looked down at the massive line of cleavage she now had, which was still slowly lengthening as her growth continued. "Katie, may I have some time alone to get cleaned up and ready for the evening?"

"Alright my love, I should probably do the same."

"Thank you Katie."

Katie turned and left Jane alone, hefting her breasts in one hand, and rubbing her collar with the other.

"What have I let her do to me?" Thought Jane. She ran her hands over her still slowly swelling breasts, feeling the skin stretch as she grew. "I thought Katie would be satisfied with my new size, but she wants me even bigger. My back is going to be really sore from lugging these heavy things around everywhere. Well, not everywhere, since I'm imprisoned in this basement. Is this really what I want though? To be a slave to Katie for the rest of my life. I had so many dreams and aspirations. Katie took that all away from me." Jane thought in despair. However, as her hands continued roaming and exploring her ripening breasts, she realized Katie had given her something as well. "While Katie may have taken my freedom from me, she did give me a purpose. My reason for existing now is making her happy. If she wants me to keep growing until I'm immobilized, I'll let her. I do belong to her now after all. I'll be the best cow girl ever for Katie." Jane thought with resolve and determination.

Last Chance

Just then, Jane spotted something that pulled her out of her reverie. Katie had a hairpin that must have fallen out and was now lying on the floor next to her. The tiny piece of curled metal was Jane's ticket to freedom! Jane picked it up and immediately tried to pick the lock that hung from her collar. She fiddled with it for about 5 minutes before she gave up and tried the one linking her collar to her leash. Jane didn't have any luck with this one either though, she couldn't see what she was doing. Jane knew she had to get out of Katie's clutches very soon, or she probably wouldn't want to. At the rate her tits were growing, she doubted very much if she would be able to fit through the door within the week. Katie got up, pulling her leash along with her as she approached the large steel pole in the middle of the basement. She grabbed the lock linking her leash to the pole and started trying to pick it with the tiny hairpin. Jane didn't know too much about locks, but she had watched an online video one time which explained how a traditional key lock worked. She tried to mimic the process the man on that video had used to open the lock. Jane found that her enlarged breasts kept getting in her way, she had to reach around the heavy orbs to get at the lock. Even so, the inside of her arms touched her tits and sent them rubbing against each other gently as she worked. After about 3 frustrating and arousing minutes there was a slight click and the lock opened up. Jane was overjoyed and had to stop herself from cheering at her success. Now she had to get out of the house, and get as far away from Katie as possible. Despite everything, she still loved Katie, and didn't plan on turning her in, but she couldn't take it anymore. The constant sexual arousal from her growth, her complete helplessness, and the growing pressure from her tits signifying that she was well on her way to lactating. It all was too much for poor Jane. She gathered the heavy chain that she was still attached to, and tried to quietly make her way up the stairs. She wrapped the chain up and held it under her arm as she reached for the basement doorknob. Luckily, Katie had neglected to turn the three heavy locks on the door before she went to clean herself up. Jane slowly turned the handle and peeked out, she heard the shower running in Katie's bathroom and suspected that now was the perfect time to escape. She tiptoed quietly out of the door and closed it behind her. She quickly walked into Katie's tiny nook where she thought she kept her car keys and began frantically searching for them.

While Jane was searching, she accidentally let the heavy chain she was attached to drop onto the floor. Katie heard the commotion and took a quick look into the nook from her bedroom and saw Jane, free, although still attached to her leash. Jane made eye contact with Katie and a wave of fear sweep over her. She grabbed her leash up, prepared to swing it like a weapon at Katie.

"Katie, give me the keys to my collar and your car! I'm leaving, you don't own me!"

"My my what is this? How did you get free my love?"

"That doesn't matter, give me the keys and let me go! I'm done being your property!"

"No you aren't, even if somehow you got away, you know that you love being owned. You would want to come back. But it doesn't matter because you aren't going to escape."

Jane looked at Katie hesitantly. "That's the thing Katie, I love you. I love you and what you've done to me. But if I don't try to get away now I never will. I've allowed you to make me into your own little sex toy, and I loved every second of it."

"Then why even try to leave Jane? Stay and surrender yourself fully to me. You know I'll take good care of you."

"How much bigger will I grow?"

"I told you Jane, I don't know how much bigger I will make you. Aren't you curious though, to see how big you can get? Go back downstairs, I'll come down and tie you up again, nice and tight, and then you can get back to growing for me."

"No Katie, I have to fight your control, as much as I want to just go back downstairs and let you tie me up again I have to fight it."

"Why Jane?"

"This is my last chance to escape, if I don't get out now, I'll be yours forever."

"What's wrong with that Jane?"

Jane hesitated and started to lower her leash which she held high, ready to swing if Katie approached. Katie saw this hesitation and made her move. She rushed at Jane, leaping at her with the intent to tackle her to the floor. Jane reacted quickly, swinging her heavy leash in the air right at Katie. Her giant breasts

threw off her aim though, her arm bumped into the swollen mass of her right breast as she swung the chain, causing it to fly harmlessly to the side of Katie. Katie hit Jane with her body and knocked her down onto the floor. Her time spent at the gym made her more athletic and stronger than Jane, who was additionally weighed down by her swollen tits. The two girls struggled on the floor for a few minutes before Katie got the upper hand and started wrapping Jane up with her leash. She coiled the heavy chain around Jane, pinning her arms down to her sides beneath the coils. Jane struggled in vain against the steel chain encasing her.

"No Katie! No! Let me go!"

"You've been very bad Jane. I'm going to have to punish you for trying to escape." Katie said as she tied the extra chain into a crude knot after wrapping Jane over twenty times. She pulled Jane up onto her feet and escorted her back down into the basement. Jane walked on sullenly, fully aware that her one chance to get away had been quashed. Katie pushed Jane back onto her bed and examined the lock that Jane had picked. While it was open, it appeared to have no damage and seemed to function properly. She also saw the tiny hairpin that Jane had used to pick the lock.

"How careless of me, leaving this down here with you. And I left the basement door unlocked too didn't I? I must be getting complacent. I can fix that though."

Katie quickly went into her garage and grabbed a blow torch that she had. She grabbed another needle and filled it with the same sedative she used on Jane a few days ago. Then, she walked back into the basement and injected the still struggling Jane and watched as she fell into a deep slumber. "Now to make sure this doesn't happen again." Muttered Katie to herself. She untied Jane and drug her leash back to be pole and relocked it, testing to ensure that the lock still worked. Next, she fired up her blowtorch and melted the key slot to the lock, effectively rendering it impossible to unlock, even with the key. She very carefully did the same thing to the lock on Jane's collar, and the lock connecting her collar to her leash. The only way those locks could be removed now was by using the huge bolt cutters that Katie kept in her garage, and Katie wouldn't do that unless her house was burning down and Jane was in danger. Katie was now confident that Jane was secure, and could not escape. However, she still had to be punished for trying in the first place.

Katie stripped down until she was completely naked again. Then she tied the still sedated Jane up tightly with rope, in the exact same way she had earlier that day, and then put her gag back in. Jane was so sexy restrained like this, Katie couldn't resist, she straddled Jane's tightly bound, gagged, and unconscious form and started sucking on her nipples. Katie spent about half an hour on each nipple this time, she wanted to toughen Jane's nipples up for the inevitable time when she would begin lactating

and need to have her breasts emptied every day. Katie gently massaged Jane's tits as she sucked them, and slowly ground her wet pussy against Jane. Katie continued rubbing herself against Jane until she came, then left to allow Jane some peace before she was forced to grow some more tomorrow.

Jane groggily awoke the following morning and found herself back in the basement and tightly encased in ropes. She whimpered softly around her gag and squirmed in her bondage. Her swollen tits were beginning to slowly fill her field of vision. Jane began to squirm and moan, and heard the locks on her collar and leash clinking together. She struggled to roll over, and saw that her leash was again attached to the central column in the basement. Jane felt conflicted, she wanted to escape her slavery, but at the same time, she loved being owned so much. She knew Katie would be a good mistress, and she wanted to just give herself to Katie. Just then, Katie descended the stairs.

"Good morning my little slave."

"Mmmmmmpheh!!!"

"I know, I know. You were very bad yesterday, trying to escape from your owner. But I'm prepared to forgive you once again. You'll notice that all the locks on your collar and leash are now welded shut, so we won't have any more silly escape attempts from you I think. I still have to think of how I'm going to punish you."

"Mmmmm"

"Do you want to say something Jane?"

Jane nodded slowly. Katie took off her gag and looked at her lovingly.

"Katie, I give up, I won't ever try to escape again. I belong to you my love." Jane said this while staring deeply into Katie's eyes. Katie knew that she wasn't lying this time.

"Do you promise Jane?"

"I promise Katie, from now on I will be your obedient little slave. I will do anything for you Katie. You own every inch of me."

"I love you Jane, I'm glad that you're all mine now. I'm going to take very good care of you sweetie."

"I know you will Katie. May I please be untied? I need to use the restroom and take a shower."

"Of course baby, I'm going to go fix us some breakfast. Get yourself cleaned up and prepared for another day of growth."

"Mmmmm yes ma'am." Jane said as Katie removed the last of the ropes binding her.

Katie went upstairs and cooked a giant ham, cheese, and spinach omelette for Jane, using nine eggs. She then made a smaller three egg omelette for herself and poured two tall glasses of orange juice. Next, she grabbed another huge handful of breast growth and lactation pills for Jane and a huge pitcher of milk for her to wash them down with. Katie put all this on a tray and carried it downstairs to Jane.

Jane got up as soon as Katie left and relieved herself and got a quick shower. She could feel the increased pull of her heavy breasts as she walked around. Her center of gravity was gradually shifting forward as her breasts expanded. Jane caressed her heavy tits as she dried off and sat back down on the edge of her bed, waiting for Katie to bring her food and pills down. Katie descended the stairs to see a freshly showered Jane looking up at her while she cradled her giant tits in her hands.

"You're growing so big Jane, I'm very proud of you."

"Thank you Katie, but I know you want me bigger. Hopefully I can start producing milk for you soon as well, my tits feel kind of tight inside."

"Well eat your breakfast and take your pills, I expect you to drink all that milk too."

"Yes Katie, anything for you."

Katie placed the food and drinks down and sat down beside Jane on the bed. She watched as Jane popped the pills, a few at a time, into her mouth and drank from the pitcher of milk before her. She looked over at Katie and smiled, then started eating her huge omelette. Katie ate her omelette and drank her juice quickly, then climbed onto the bed behind Jane and wrapped her arms and legs around her from behind. She urged Jane to continue eating and finish her milk as she began to gently massage Jane's tits. Jane moaned softly as Katie became more forceful with her groping. She eased into the rhythmic milking motion that Jane loved so much as Jane finished her omelette and began downing the last of the juice and milk.

"Jane, I realize that you think everything is just going to go back to the way it was, but you did try to get away yesterday. I can't let that go unpunished."

"What are you going to do to me?"

"I'm going to step up your growth regiment, very aggressively, and I may have to modify your body in other ways to ensure that you can handle it."

"What does that mean? Please Katie, whatever you do, don't hurt me."

"If I do anything to you that would cause you pain at all, I'll make sure that you are sedated for it." Katie said this while pinching Jane's big nipples, pulling them and stimulating her milk production.

"Alright Katie, I won't resist you anymore. You can do whatever you want to my body."

"I know I can, and I will."

Jane was on the verge of an orgasm at this point and these words sent her over the edge. She came, hard. "Oh my god Katie! Use me! Transform me Katie! I'm all yours... I belong to you!"

"Good girl, I love making you cum Jane. But now it's your turn to make me cum." Katie laid back and spread her legs, pulling Jane's head down to her waiting pussy. "Lick my pussy Jane, use your tongue to pleasure me." Jane got to work in earnest, licking up and down Katie's slit. She teased Katie by sliding a finger or two inside her pussy and then pulling it out. After about five minutes Katie was getting frustrated with the teasing and pulled Jane's head towards her. She wrapped her legs around Jane's

neck and pulled her tongue inside her pussy. Jane flicked her tongue over Katie's clit, sending bolts of electricity to Katie's pleasure center. Katie bucked and came, covering Jane's face with her juices. Jane licked her lips and the outside of Katie's pussy, cleaning herself up and swallowing her mistress's juices.

"Thank you Jane, you're very skilled with your tongue and a wonderful slave. How are your breasts feeling my love?"

"They are getting tight again, and they are very heavy."

"Do you want some more stretching lotion?"

"Yes please, I want to have some more room to swell if you're going to up the dosage of drugs I'm taking."

Katie left and came back downstairs with another huge pile of pills and two more bottles of breast and skin growth lotion, and another pitcher of milk.

"Here you go my dear, take all your medicine and use both bottles of lotion."

Jane realized that the tingling stretching sensation of her growth hadn't even tapered off a bit from her morning pills, and here she was about to ingest even more. She looked at Katie who seemed so excited to watch her. Jane just smiled and grabbed the pills, and started taking them quickly. She swallowed all of them with heavy gulps from the pitcher of milk. Then she rubbed the two bottles of lotion into her slowly expanding jugs. She was in utter ecstasy. The feeling of her breasts growing was indescribable. It got more intense each round of pills. Jane began fingering herself as her tits surged outwards in another wave of growth. Jane looked down at her swelling tits, she swore she could actually visibly see them grow now. The feeling was incredible. Jane couldn't resist and started trying to milk herself by pulling at the massive organs.

"Oh my god Katie, I'm getting sooo big. Look at my boobs! You can actually see them swelling bigger! I love this feeling so much, don't ever let me stop Katie! Promise me. Promise you'll keep me growing forever."

"I'll do whatever I can to make you bigger Jane."

"Mmmmm oh yes!"

Janet's breasts were roughly the size of volleyballs now, and they were weighing down Jane's slender frame. Her body was not meant to support such giant breasts. However, Jane loved her increasingly cartoonish proportions. She was determined to grow as much as Katie wanted her to. Surely there would be an upper limit, or a point at which Katie would run out of pills, or stop finding her giant tits attractive. At least, that's what Jane was counting on as she brought herself to another orgasm simply through stimulating her breasts.

"I think I've been too nice to you Jane. I'm going to take a greater amount of control over you I've decided."

Katie brought out leather straps from the big chest and strapped Jane's arms together behind her back at the elbows and again at the wrists. Then she grabbed a funny looking gag contraption with a funnel leading into the mouth. "I'm going to use this gag to force a highly nutritious milkshake into you, of course enhanced with all your favorite pills to keep you steadily swelling. Let's see if we can't get those volleyballs to basketballs by tonight." Katie smiled as Jane walked over to her and kneeled submissively before her, her arms held tightly behind her, and opened her mouth. Katie fastened the gag in Jane's mouth and then grabbed some more straps and wrapped them around Jane's ankles and knees. She helped Jane back to her feet and then picked her up and sat her down in the old recliner. Jane struggled in her restraints, but it wasn't with the intent of escaping. She was simply trying to get herself comfortable for her coming expansion.

Acceptance

Katie quickly went upstairs and grabbed an empty pitcher and some of the special milkshake formula she had ordered. She had pre-mixed gallons upon gallons of this formula the night before. Supposedly, it contained every nutrient a human needed to survive, and Katie enhanced it by adding Jane's powdered breast growth and lactation pills, and a couple of normal multivitamins. Katie wasn't much of a cook, and she knew that since tomorrow she would have to return to work she had to find some way of ensuring Katie was being fed well while she was gone. The "feeder gag" and this nutrient shake were her solution to this problem. She poured the shake into the pitcher and returned to the basement where her slave was patiently waiting.

Jane watched as Katie descended the stairs carrying a jug of what looked like a chocolate shake. She looked from the pitcher, to the funnel gag she was wearing, and finally to her burgeoning bosom. Jane knew that whatever was in that pitcher would be in her stomach very soon, and then, probably used to make her breasts grow even more. Katie placed the pitcher down on the coffee table and climbed on top of Jane's bound body.

"Now my dear, I've decided that I'm going to use this new nutrition shake that I ordered online as your primary source of food from now on. It has everything the human body needs to survive and thrive. I made it extra special for you." Katie said while stroking some stray hairs out of Jane's face and winking at her. Katie reached up and grabbed Jane's nipples and started pulling on them, alternating between the left and right until they were swollen and hard. She picked up the pitcher containing the thick shake and lifted it up and placed the lip on the edge of the funnel and started pouring it in. Jane met eyes with Katie, and gave her a look of acceptance as she began to take the first swallows of the rich shake. Her gag was stretching her mouth wide open and she had to keep swallowing the cold dairy treat to keep from choking. Jane leaned her head back slightly as the thick mixture poured straight down her esophagus and down into her stomach where her body began processing it. The results of the shake were almost immediate. After only five minutes, Jane could feel her breasts tingling and stretching bigger and bigger. The pills in this shake were supercharged by the nutritious mixture which was easily digestible. Jane let out muffled cries as Katie continued pouring the last of the shake into her funnel gag. Jane was swelling so quickly. Her tits were approaching the size of basketballs now. Jane could feel the greater mass of her mammaries pushing her down, holding her in place. Her breathing became heavy. Not only was she trying to breathe only through her nose while gagged and being force-fed. Her lungs were bearing the weight of her hugely distended chest as it filled with more and more firm and weighty titflesh. Katie watched as Jane dutifully sucked down the last of her forced meal and then reached around her head and unlatched Jane's gag and removed it.

"Uugghhh, I'm so full Katie. What was in that stuff? I can feel my tits growing so fast. I'm blowing up like a balloon."

"It looks like two balloons my love, two very heavy and full balloons. I hope you enjoyed that shake Jane, it's going to be your primary food from now on. I got a few automatic pumps from the hospital last month, and it looks like I've finally found a way to put at least one of them to use."

"What are you going to use it for Katie?" Jane said while trying to hide her fear and maintain her composure as a good slave.

"Well I have to work tomorrow unfortunately, and until I find another way to pay the bills, I'm going to have to keep working and leave you here unattended sometimes."

"It's ok Katie, I can take care of myself, what if you moved a microwave and a mini fridge down here? Then I could cook myself some snacks and wait for you to come home and give me more of my pills and lotion."

"Well Jane, that sounds an awful lot like privileges that naughty slaves like yourself don't deserve." Katie squeezed Jane's expanding boobs hard as she said this, drawing a frightened yelp from Jane.

"Ow Katie! Be gentle please, my boobs are getting really sensitive as they grow."

"Well, as a continuance of your punishment, I'll be hooking that pump up to another special gag I've bought you, and pumping that nutrition shake into you while I'm at work. In fact, I'll probably leave you attached to it most of the day, even if I'm home. I don't like cooking all that much, and that shake is very good for you, especially after all your pills are put into it." Katie leaned forward and pressed her smallish bust against Jane's own massive and still swelling one. Jane mewled quietly as Katie slid down her legs and nestled her head in Jane's nearly foot of cleavage. Katie stuck out her tongue and licked the sensitive flesh of Jane's tits. Jane moaned louder as Katie grabbed her boobs roughly and pushed them together, enveloping her head in warm, yielding, breast meat. Katie began sliding the heavy boobs up and down over her face, peeking out slightly every so often and watching Jane's face caught in the throes of ecstasy as her tits were manipulated. Jane came again and again as Katie continued her merciless assault on her udders. Katie just smiled at her handiwork and came up from between Jane's swelling tits for some fresh air.

"You're really growing fast Jane. I can see that you're even bigger now than when I started playing with you ten minutes ago."

"Katie, oh my god, I feel incredible. I love the feeling of my skin stretching and my tits swelling bigger."

"And I love watching you grow Jane. But now we need to get those big boobs of yours to start producing!"

"I know Katie, they feel tight inside, more than just from the growth though. I think I'm filling up with milk."

"I sure hope so Jane." Katie said while lowering her mouth to one of Jane's swollen, pink, nipples. "I want to taste you." Jane came again instantly when Katie sucked her nipple into her mouth and bit it as she held the heavy tit up to her mouth with both of her hands. Jane pulled at the straps restraining her, her tits were begging for more stimulation!

"Katie, may I be released? I want to play with my boobs. Please, I need to touch them, I need to feel them growing."

Katie just grinned and climbed off of Jane and pushed her over onto her side. She quickly removed the straps binding her ankles, then legs, then her arms and wrists. Jane was once again bound only by her collar and leash. Katie stood and watched as Jane's freed hands flew to her tits as if pulled by magnets. Jane was lost to the world as she surrendered to the feelings her growing breasts were feeding her. Jane's J cup tits dominated her small body. While they were massive and heavy, they were still perfectly shaped; with just the slightest hint of a teardrop shape. They projected out from her chest ten inches, and their weighty lower lobes would hover just five inches above her lap when sitting. Jane struggled to lift her heavy breasts up. She strained against the massive weight as she tried to bring her right breast to her mouth. Jane wanted to suck her own nipple more than anything, and finally managed to use both hands to lift her firm teat to her mouth. She ran her tongue over the sensitive nub, squealing in delight. She closed her lips around it, and started rhythmically sucking. Every so often she would bring her teeth together, biting the nipple lightly and enjoying the little sparks of pleasure.

Jane squeezed her right breast tightly with both hands and sucked with reckless abandon on her own swollen nipple. Just when she thought she couldn't take any more pleasure, she felt Katie's hands on her left breast. Katie struggled to heft the heavy organ and raise it to her mouth while Jane cracked a quick smile and returned her attention to her massive right mammary again. The two women sucked hard on Jane's breasts, bringing her to yet another climax. The combined feeling from two hungry mouths on her

swollen dugs sent Jane over the edge. She climaxed again and again as her right nipple popped from her mouth and she passed out. Katie was still hungrily nursing from her now unconscious slave. Katie bit Jane's nipple and pulled on it by lifting her neck. The giant mass only stretched a few inches before the weight and firmness started to resist Katie's efforts. The heavy breast pulled back and eventually slipped from her teeth falling back to Jane's chest and wobbling slowly. Katie stared at the massive mounds Jane had grown, they were beautiful. Katie was disappointed that Jane hadn't yet started lactating, but she knew that she would very soon. Katie ran her hands over the big flanks of Jane's tits, relishing the feeling of the smooth, firm, skin. She kissed the side of Jane's right breast, and then snuggled close to it, using the breast as a pillow. She fell asleep next to Jane, worn out already from the morning's sexual activity.

Katie awoke several hours later to the feeling of something large and heavy laying on her neck and pushing her head to the side. She opened her eyes, one had a clear view of the ceiling, the other was covered by a fleshy mass. Katie came to her senses and realized Jane's breast was growing over her face as she napped. She gingerly pulled herself from under the giant milk tank and got to her feet. Jane was whimpering softly in her sleep. Katie could see that Jane's jugs now overflowed her chest, and were pinning her upper arms down in the chair as they lolled out to her sides. Katie reached forward and started stroking the stretched skin of Jane's tits. It was tighter than normal. Katie reluctantly left the still swelling Jane and retrieved her final four bottles of the breast growth and skin stretching lotion. She returned to the basement, opened the bottles, and got to work massaging it in. Jane cooed in relief as the lotion was absorbed by her insatiable tits and they swelled up bigger. Her skin grew as well, and allowed for the increase in breast tissue that the lotion always brought on. Katie finished massaging the bottles of lotion into Jane's heaving breasts, two for each one, and then laid down on Jane's bed. She looked over at the recliner where Jane was sprawled out. She could only see the tip of Jane's nose, her two mountainous domes rising proudly above the armrests, and her slim but toned legs. Katie thought that Jane was the most beautiful creature she had ever laid eyes on.

Lactation and the Law

Katie went back upstairs, leaving the still napping Jane sprawled on the recliner. "All that growth must really be wearing her out, she is sleeping so much lately." Thought Katie. "I'll need to move her exercise equipment downstairs now if she's ever going to remain mobile." Katie gathered some resistance bands, which were basically giant rubber bands with handles on them, along with a large yoga mat and some light free weights. "I'm really going to enjoy watching her try to exercise with her giant boobs and collar getting in her way." Katie thought to herself as she placed these items in the far corner of the basement for Jane.

Just then, Katie heard her phone ringing from upstairs. She got up and ran upstairs to get it, taking one parting glance at Jane's blossoming body and smiling to herself. Jane saw that the caller was local, but not in her contacts list, she hesitantly answered.

"Hello." Said Katie.

"Hello, am I speaking to Ms. Reynolds? Ms. Katie Reynolds?"

"Yes, may I ask who this is?"

"This is Officer Pickett of the Levittown police department, I just have a few questions for you ma'am if you have the time."

"Of course officer, how may I help?" Katie said trying to mask her nervousness.

"It seems that a woman named Jane Miller has recently gone missing and you may have been one of the last people to speak with her according to phone records."

"Oh my, I spoke with Jane about three days ago! Is she alright?"

"That's the thing Ms. Reynolds, we aren't sure. If you have the time I'd like to stop by your home to speak with you in more detail."

"That's alright, although I live kind of out in the country, I need to go into town to do some shopping. I could stop by the police station in about an hour if that would be more convenient."

"That's very kind of you ma'am, I'll be waiting here for you, just ask for Officer Pickett at the front desk."

"Alright officer, I'll see you soon."

Katie hung up the phone. She was shaking all over in fear. Up until this point this had been a fantasy. The reality of the situation for her had just registered. She had kidnapped someone and was holding her prisoner. Her friend! She had kidnapped her best friend! Katie stumbled into her bedroom and threw on some panties and a bra along with khaki pants and a light blue blouse. She went into her bathroom and managed to put on her make up while staring herself down in the mirror. She thought about her helpless friend, trapped downstairs. She thought about what kind of a person she was that she would do this to someone she loved so dearly.

Then, Katie thought back to what prompted her to do this in the first place. Her abuse and taunts at the hands of her former friends. The collapse of her social life. Her family's decision to disown her. She deserved this. She deserved Jane. Jane wanted to be owned. Katie smiled to herself in the mirror, she had shaken her doubts once again. "Jane belongs to me, I can take care of her. I can protect her. I just have to make sure that she is always safe and secure." Katie said to herself as she exited the bathroom and headed downstairs to check on Jane once again.

Jane was just waking up after her sex coma from the morning. Her breathing was labored. She opened her eyes and saw two massive mounds perched on her chest, obscuring almost half of her vision as she laid back. "Wow." Thought Jane as she took in the sight before her. Her tits had ballooned up slightly larger than a pair of basketballs as she slept. She could feel their heavy masses pressing down upon her upper arms. They were resting on both of the armrests of the recliner. Jane struggled to pull her arms back from under her boobs and help push herself into a seated position. It took a great amount of work but she finally righted herself. Her heavy breasts pulled down on her, and made a very slight sloshing sound as they wobbled before her which Jane neglected to notice. They slowly settled down with the help of Jane's arms, cradling them as they swayed. Jane took a sharp intake of breath as her hands gently wandered over the ripe fullness of her tits. She was more sensitive now than she'd ever been. Jane managed to pull her hands from the expanse of her breasts long enough to head over to the toilet and do her business and then step into the shower. She once again flung her leash over the side of the shower stall and turned on the warm water. Jane quickly washed her dark hair, and soaped and

scrubbed her body. Then she turned her attention to her huge tits. She turned towards the shower head and let the spray of water cascade down her melons. Jane could feel each and every drop of water hitting the curve of her bosom. She brought her hands up to her nipples and began to tug on them lightly. She could feel a sort of pressure slowly building within her jugs. Jane correctly assumed that the lactation drugs Katie had been forcing into her had finally begun to have an effect on her. She lifted one of her heavy breasts to her mouth and planted her lips on her swollen teat. She lightly tongued her nipple, not yet applying any suction. She just wanted to feel the pleasure of having her nipple where it belonged; in someone's mouth. Jane let out a muffled moan around her breast as she began rolling her nipple around in her mouth with her tongue. As her pleasure increased, she began to nibble on the teat, then bite it. Her pussy began to moisten with her arousal, her juices joining the water flowing off her heavy chest down her legs. Jane began to suck. She started drawing her swollen nipple further into her mouth, pursing her lips as she applied suction. She slowly increased the intensity, and began taking long pulls on her teat. She could feel a peculiar pressure building behind her nipple, as if something was trying to push its way out from her breast. Her nipple throbbed and swelled as her relentless sucking continued. Kane's eyes squeezed shut as her legs began trembling and finally buckled beneath her as she climaxed. She slumped to the shower floor, her knees bent and legs tucked in to either side of her. She still held her massive breast up to her lips, suckling like a newborn at her gigantic nipple. While she was still writhing in pleasure, she felt a slight release from her breast. As if a valve had been turned on the inside. Jane felt and tasted a warm, sickly sweet liquid begin to flow into her mouth. Jane slowly opened her eyes and stared at the massive curve of her breast before her. She released her nipple and leaned her head back to keep the liquid inside her mouth. She eased her tongue around inside her mouth, tasting the delicious fluid. Jane let her breast fall back heavily against her abdomen with a wet slap and brought her hand to her mouth. She stuck two fingers inside and pulled them back out, staring at the whitish liquid coating them. Jane smiled as she finally swallowed the first gulp of her own milk. She was lactating now.

Just then, Katie had made her way back down to the basement and took Jane's leash in her hand. She was about to give it a quick tug to get her attention when she saw Jane on the floor of the shower. Katie thought Jane had slipped and may have injured herself. She dropped Jane's leash and rushed over to the shower and opened the door to the stall. She saw Jane leaning up against the wall, water raining down on her massive jugs, hands roaming over her breasts as she licked her lips. Jane heard the door open and looked up at Katie in a daze.

"Oh my god, are you okay Jane?!"

"Mmmm yes, I'm amazing right now."

Katie let out a heavy sigh, "I thought you had fallen and hurt yourself, I'm so relieved."

Jane smiled warmly, "I'm so happy that you're concerned about me, but I'm fine. I just couldn't stop playing with myself. I guess I got carried away and couldn't be bothered to keep standing." Jane said with an impish grin. She had decided just then to keep her milk a secret from Katie as long as possible.

"You're really getting huge Jane. I put some exercise equipment over in the corner for you, nothing fancy, but you should really try and strengthen your back and shoulders. I don't want you to get sore holding those big tits of yours up."

"Thank you Katie, that's very thoughtful of you. Why are you all dressed up? Are you going somewhere? Don't you want to stay here and play with your slave?"

"Mmmm you know I do Jane. I need to go to the store for a few things. I should have some packages coming in the mail today. I'm almost out of your pills and I am out of your lotion. Why don't you get out of the shower and dry off a bit. I'm going to have to bind you up tight and gag you before I leave."

"Yes mistress." Jane said as she struggled to get to her feet.

"That's a good girl, quick now, I have to leave soon so I can come back to you and keep you swelling. I really hope your milk comes in soon my little cow."

"I'm sure it will Katie." Jane said with a knowing smile.

"Go sit down on your bed my love. I need to be quick about restraining you." Katie said as she rummaged through the big chest. She eventually decided on the same large red ball gag she has previously used and a leather armbinder. Jane obediently sat down and opened her mouth as Katie put the gag in and tightened the straps. Katie then gently pulled Jane's unresisting arms behind her and encased them in the armbinder, tightening it quickly and tying it securely behind Jane's back. Jane wiggled a little, getting comfortable in her new restraints as Katie stacked up a pile of pillows behind her for her to lean against. Katie then turned on the TV and started flipping through channels. "Tell me when to stop sweetie." Jane watched as the channels changed, and let out a tiny "Mmm" when the local news came on. "Alright baby, let me just get your legs tied down and then I'll go run these errands and try and be back before too long." Katie walked back over to the chest and pulled out three leather straps that looked very much like belts. She motioned for Jane to put her legs together and Jane complied quickly. Katie wrapped the first strap around Jane's ankles, the second just below her knees, and the third midway up her thighs. Jane was now immobilized, yet cozy. She got comfortable in her restraints and stared at Katie lovingly, trying her best to smile around the ball in her mouth.

Katie looked down at Jane, she was so gorgeous when she was bound. "I'll be back soon my sexy little slave, let me have just one more touch of your perfect breasts and then I'll give you some private time." Katie sat down on the bed next to Jane and reached up to Jane's heavy tits to give them a parting squeeze. Jane pulled away playfully though, and avoided Katie's touch. Jane rolled over onto her stomach and tried to use her body to shield Katie's hands from touching her milk sacks. Jane didn't realize that with her armbinder forcing her arms together behind her back and her weight resting on her expanded tits, that they stuck out to either side of her when she lay on her stomach about six inches. Katie laughed playfully and began stroking the exposed flesh of Jane's tits bulging out to Jane's sides which caused Jane to emit startled little moans which were muffled effectively by her large gag. Jane couldn't get carried away however. She didn't want Katie to find out her boobs were filling up with milk just yet. It wasn't the right time with her about to go out. Katie's incessant rubbing had caused tiny droplets of Jane's nectar to seep out of her nipples and begin soaking into the sheets though. Jane just sat as quietly as she could, struggling and moaning against her restraints as Katie stimulated her massive tits and her lactation. Jane could feel the warm liquid issuing from her swollen nipples begin to spread on the sheets. She had to get Katie to leave her alone before she found out about her secret! Just when Jane started to feel the milk cover the front of her jugs and spread out to the surrounding sheets, Katie sighed and got up.

"Alright sexy girl, I'll be home in a few hours, don't go anywhere." Katie said chuckling to herself. Jane just let out an exasperated "Mmmmmphhh" as Katie ascended the stairs and closed the door. Jane heard the three deadbolts being locked on the basement door and then slowly struggled to flip herself back over onto her back and prop herself back up on the pillows. She stared at the large puddle of milk her breasts had produced in wonder. Jane had never felt so completely feminine and sexual before. She shook her head a bit to clear it and got herself situated again when she heard the front door faintly closing and Katie starting her small SUV. Jane turned her attention to the local news channel, which had just returned from a commercial break. What she saw caused her immediate alarm, she moaned and yelled as loud as she could for Katie, but every sound she made was muffled and muted by the huge red ball stretching her mouth wide open. Jane heard Katie's car driving off and she knew that she had missed her. Jane just stared raptly at the screen, and felt her heavy tits continuing to fill with her bounty. She would have a lot to talk about with Katie when she returned.

Katie drove to the police station, trying to control her sense of panic. Katie's internal thoughts were scattered and hectic. "They just want to speak with me because of the phone records. They don't know where Jane is and they have no reason to suspect me. I wonder how they found out she was missing so quickly though. It must have been the hotel owner, he must have noticed that Jane never checked in. I wonder if I can plead insanity if they find out. What if they know and it's a trap. No, they definitely don't know. Calm down Katie, you can do this." Katie thought to herself as she parked her car at the visitors section of the police station. She gingerly stepped out of her SUV and made her way to the front door of the station.

"Hello sir, my name is Katie Reynolds. I believe Officer Pickett is expecting me."

"Ah yes, of course, just through those double doors on your right, he's in the fourth cubicle on the left."

"Thank you sir."

Katie proceeded through the double doors and to Officer Pickett's cubicle. She greeted the portly man with thinning hair, "Hello Officer Pickett, I am Ms. Reynolds."

"Ah yes, thank you so much for making the drive up here, I have a private area just over here where we can speak, it probably won't take more than a few minutes."

"Alright, anything I can do to help."

The two entered a small conference room and Officer Pickett pulled out a tape recorder. "You don't mind if I record this do you?"

"No, that's alright."

"Alright then," Officer Pickett said while turning on the tape recorder "What is your relationship to Ms. Miller?"

"We are good friends, we met in college and went to nursing school together, and then we got jobs at the same hospital, the one off McDermott Blvd." Katie reminded herself of what she was owed, Jane belonged to her. Katie was polite but firm in her tone.

"I see, when was the last time you saw Ms. Miller?"

"Three days ago, on Friday. Jane got a new job offer from a Canadian medical executive and was driving up there this weekend. We just had a quiet night at my place as a sort of farewell."

"At about what time did she leave your house?"

"I think it was around ten o'clock PM, maybe a little later, but not much." Katie had shed her nervousness and panic, she had to be strong to keep what she wanted. She pictured Jane, tied up and waiting for her at home.

"And did Ms. Miller have anything to drink while she was at your home?"

"She had a couple of glasses of wine."

"Okay, thank you. Last question, did she seem to be acting strangely in any way?"

"She seemed slightly on edge, but it was probably just nerves from packing up and getting ready to move to a different country."

"Alright Ms. Reynolds, thank you so much for your help in coming in to see me. I'll let you know if we find out anything of note. I hope you will do the same." Officer Pickett said as he handed her his card.

"I most definitely will officer, please find her."

"I will try ma'am, but we are understaffed and we just had a double homicide last night that will consume most of the department."

"Oh that's terrible, I know Jane said she was going to be living in a hotel a bit farther north of here for a few days while her apartment was cleaned if that helps at all."

"I shouldn't be telling you this, but you seem like a nice lady who cares about Ms. Miller. We found out she was missing because she never checked into that hotel. Last night, we got a call from the owner who said she had prepaid for 3 nights starting Friday but she never checked in. The same night a trucker pulled off to the side of the interstate because he thought something had come loose in his truck. While he was walking around the side of his rig he saw the roof of a car ditched in the river north of here. We ran the plates and it was Ms. Millers vehicle." Katie expertly feigned suspense and fear and even drew tears.

"What does that mean?! Where is she?!" Katie yelled.

"Calm down ma'am, I knew I shouldn't have said anything." Officer Pickett said as he gently patted Katie's shoulder. "We didn't find a body anywhere so she's probably out there somewhere. I'll let you know as soon as we find anything regarding her whereabouts."

"Please officer, she is my best friend." Katie said through her tears.

Katie got up to leave, and exited the police station at a brisk pace. Officer Pickett saw her leave and sighed in sadness. "That poor girl probably just lost her best friend. I'd bet my salary that Ms. Miller wrecked her car and got washed down the river. I hate giving bad news." Officer Pickett mumbled to himself and trudged back to his desk and plopped down, the file on Jane would remain open, but they had no manpower to spare in this small precinct and it would probably wouldn't see the light of day again.

Katie's tears had dried considerably since leaving the police station. As she walked back to her car, she tossed Officer Pickett's card down the nearby storm drain and the same sick smile she wore when she first captured Jane spread across her face.

Meanwhile, Jane had just watched an exclusive news report about her disappearance. There were interviews of both the hotel manager of where she had booked her brief weekend stay, as well as a tired looking trucker who had apparently seen the roof of her car in the river. Both of the men had basically nothing to say, and the police official statement was more or less "no comment." Jane had mixed feelings about seeing a story about her on the news. She was frankly surprised that she had been missed so quickly, and had a brief flash of realization regarding her predicament. She was an educated and well respected nurse a few days ago. However, since she had given herself to Katie, and she had never been happier. Jane felt like she belonged somewhere now. As unconventional as the relationship her and Katie had, it was something real. She was worried more for Katie's sake than her own. She didn't want her to get caught, she didn't want to return to her normal life. Jane wanted more than anything to remain collared to the big pole in Katie's basement, and be her personal cow slave forever. Jane struggled against her bonds, all these thoughts were getting her juices flowing in earnest. Jane tried to work her arms around from behind her back to reach at her quivering pussy, but she just couldn't. She tried rubbing her thighs together, but the stimulation to her pussy was weak and severely limited by the straps wrapping around her legs. Jane squirmed in frustration. She wanted to cum so badly.

She stopped her struggling for a second and stared down at her massive breasts. She estimated that they were slowly edging into the range of beach balls. It wasn't the size that was concerning her right now however, the familiar growth sensations had all but disappeared due to the fact that she hadn't taken any pills recently. Jane was concerned about the feeling of pressure that was slowly building in her tits however. It seemed that the sexual tension she was under right now was supercharging her milk production. Her tits were gradually filling up with rich, creamy, milk. She could feel it sloshing around inside her jugs. Jane slid her feet off the bed and planted them on the floor, then she gradually scooted herself over and stood up slowly. Her breasts were incredibly heavy, her back was not used to having two twenty pound weights hanging from her torso. Jane almost toppled forward as she stood, and was forced to arch her back to remain upright. It was a good thing her arms were secured behind her, acting as a sort of counterweight to her top-heavy body. Jane just stood still and marveled at the expansive mammaries she had grown. She loved them so much. The slowly increasing amount of milk building in her tits felt incredible.

The pressure though! It was building quickly within her breasts. Jane wanted to get the milk out of her breasts right now. Jane bounced on her heels lightly, feeling her massive tits shake and jiggle as she moved. Jane could hear and feel the milk within her sloshing around in her orbs. She swore she was being pumped fuller with every beat of her heart. Jane was wearing herself out as she stood, supporting her milk-filled masses as they swelled. She sat back down on her bed and wriggled her way back against the pillows and leaned back. Jane just hoped that Katie would return soon, so she could reveal her new milk factories to her mistress, and get a desperately needed milking.

The Bell

Katie got back in her vehicle and stopped at a nearby grocery store to do some shopping for the week. She was still flushed with adrenaline from her conversation at the police station as she distractedly threw items into her cart. As Katie checked out and loaded up her car with her purchases, she couldn't help but think about Jane. Katie wanted Jane to be with her all the time. She just had to find some alternative means of making money. Her long shifts as a nurse wouldn't be good for Jane, especially if the breast growth and lactation pills and lotions that Katie had ordered to refill her supply arrived today. Katie hopped into her car and did a quick check on her packages from her smart phone. Everyone was listed as delivered about thirty minutes ago. Katie nearly squealed with excitement. Jane would be growing a lot when she got home.

Jane was getting really uncomfortable. Katie had been gone for about three hours now. Jane's lips were sore and getting chapped from being wrapped around her ball gag for so long. Her arms and legs were comfortable though. Jane was quickly getting bored just laying around and watching TV however. Her breasts were getting swollen and tight, filling slowly with her sweet nectar. Jane was trying to think of a way to milk herself while bound up like this. If Katie didn't return soon she would have to relieve the pressure in her tits somehow. As Jane was trying to think of a solution to this problem, her nipples began to throb and swell. It seems her breasts had decided that their cargo had to be expelled. Tiny white droplets began forming at Jane's nipples. Jane's eyes popped out of her head as she felt her milk rolling down her swollen breasts, the warm fluid leaving little trails down her trim stomach. As the minutes rolled by, the frequency of the droplets increased. Jane moaned and squirmed, she needed to be milked now! Her nipples were throbbing in time with her heartbeat at this point. Each beat brought a little stream of Jane's milk squirting out from her nipples and joining to form a puddle in her lap. Jane scooted over to the edge of the bed, cradling the rapidly increasing puddle of milk between her legs. She stood and felt the warm milk slide down her legs to the floor. Jane decided to go stand near the drain close to the center of the basement. It was placed there when the basement was built as a last ditch defense against flooding, and connected to the houses sewer pipe. Jane didn't want her milk to go to waste, but there was too much for her breasts to hold. She awkwardly hopped over to the drain, each jump causing her breasts to flail wildly and squirt out streams of her sweet bounty two feet ahead of her. Progress was slow for Jane, tied up as she was. After five minutes of short hops and jiggling titflesh, Jane made it to the drain. She was out of breath from the exertion, as well as the effort of lugging her milk tanks around with her. She kneeled down slowly, folding her legs underneath her and sitting on her feet. With her arms still tightly restrained behind her she was forced to thrust her breasts forward as they continued to weep milk continuously. Jane let out a mournful "mmm" as she watched the warm,

white, milk flow through the metal grate. Jane wanted Katie to taste her milk, use it for something. Jane wanted Katie to know that her drugs had worked, and that she now had her own personal dairy cow at her service. Jane regretted not telling Katie about her lactation earlier. Now she just had to remain here, watching her milk go to waste while her swollen breasts continually filled.

Katie had made it to the beginning of her long driveway, and was greeted by five giant cardboard boxes hidden slightly by her stone mailbox. She had instructed the delivery driver to place them there so he wouldn't have to drive down her incredibly long driveway and also to risk discovering her captive. Katie pulled her car over and quickly loaded the boxes into the back of her SUV. As she lifted them, she could hear the pills shaking around inside of the boxes. Katie had gotten extra-large bottles of every kind of pill this time, she wouldn't be running out any time soon. She got back in her car and drove quickly back home towards her slave.

"MMMMMMMPHHHH... MMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMPHHH!" Jane was openly moaning around her gag at this point, begging for relief from the pressure welling up in her udders. Her engorged tits had stepped up their production and the streams of milk sliding down her heavy globes had now transformed into solid streams. Each of her nipples was spraying milk in three foot arcs out in front of the poor cow. Jane was trying her best to lean forward to force the streams of milk into the drain in front of her, but there were also a multitude of tiny streams that were squirting out around the primary one. Jane's lower back was also succumbing due to holding her weighty orbs forward, and Jane had to sit back on her feet for some relief. Jane was soaking the floor in front of her in her rich breastmilk. Just when she thought her overtaxed mammarys could take no more, she heard the sound of Katie's SUV rolling to a stop and Katie rushing to unlock the front door. Jane felt a rush of happiness despite her discomfort, her mistress was home, she would be so proud of her little cow! Jane looked down at the pool of milk still spreading before her. She just hoped her mistress would forgive her for spilling so much.

Katie parked her car and quickly got out and ran to unlock her front door. She stepped inside and immediately went over to the basement door. She heard faint moaning coming from the other side as she rushed to unlock the door. Katie started down the stairs and stopped in surprise. There was a giant white puddle on the floor in front of her, and the moaning was getting louder. As Katie shook herself out of her daze she turned to see Jane sitting on her feet, still tightly bound and collared, and spraying milk wildly from her breasts. Katie squealed in excitement and clapped her hands. Jane was now officially her very own dairy cow! Katie's initial excitement quickly turned to concern when she saw the flushed tone of Jane's breasts. Jane was in pain from her engorgement! Katie quickly rushed down the remainder of the stairs and kneeled down next to Jane.

"MMMMMMMMPPHHHH!" Said Jane, seemingly relieved as she looked at Katie.

"Oh my poor baby, look how full you are." Katie said as she placed a finger in front of the still gushing stream of breastmilk and brought it to her lips. As Jane's milk hit Katie's taste buds she nearly came right there. The taste was absolutely exquisite. It was rich, creamy, and very sweet. It was the best thing Katie had ever tasted in her life. "Full and absolutely delicious my love."

Jane smiled weakly around her gag and let out a meek "mmm."

"I'm so proud of you baby, let's get you milked to relieve the pressure."

Jane's eyes brightened and she started bouncing slightly, causing her engorged tits to spray more forcefully. "I'll go get those pumps I was talking about, and I'll get you hooked up right away!" Katie turned to go upstairs when she stopped suddenly, and turned back around. "Actually, I haven't had any dinner yet. I think I'll just have a little feast down here." Katie said, smiling down at her squirming captive. Jane's eyes were full of lust and a deep-seated need. She had to be milked now! She didn't care how, but her milk had to be expressed immediately. Katie quickly stood and stripped out of her clothing and threw it in the corner. She walked back over to Jane, who was now spraying milk a full four feet in front of her.

"You're being so messy right now Jane, mind if I join in?"

Jane just gave Katie a look that said "hurry up!"

Katie knelt down once again next to Jane, who immediately turned and presented her left breast to Katie for milking. The spray caught Katie on her own breasts and warm milk started running down her body. Katie sighed sexily and brought her hands up to her breasts, gently rubbing Jane's nectar over herself. She looked at Jane lovingly, and then quickly moved towards her slave and kissed her in between her swollen udders. Jane tried to lift her breast up to Katie's mouth but Katie put her hands on Jane's shoulders and gently but firmly pushed her back down to the floor. Katie continued kissing down the curve of Jane's left breast, she could almost feel the frothing milk inside, streaming out just as quickly as Jane's hyperactive tits produced it. Katie continued slowly kissing down the massive sphere of Jane's left breast.

"MMMMMMMMPPHHHH! MMM MMMM MMMMMMMMMMMMMMMPPHHHH!" Jane said, exasperated. She wanted the teasing to stop! She had to be milked this instant!

"I know my sexy little cow, I'm almost there." Katie said with a pleased smirk. She was relishing in the utter helplessness of Jane. She looked down and around Jane's massive tits and saw that Jane's pussy was dripping with arousal. Jane seemed to be enjoying her helplessness as well. Katie started to move back towards Jane's breast when Jane reared up and squirted Katie in the face with her milk. Katie wiped her eyes and brought her hand down to her mouth, licking the delicious fluid from it. "That was very naughty Jane... but I loved it." Jane was still looking at Katie insistently though. Katie smiled and then reached out and grabbed Jane around the waist, pulling her towards herself as she fell onto her back. Jane was afraid as she fell forward, her gigantic milk-tanks pressed firmly against Katie's chest.

Katie landed with a splash in the puddle of lukewarm milk Jane had released, followed quickly by the wet slap of Jane's chest impacting her own. Jane squealed in surprise as her nipples unleashed a torrent of milk against Katie's body. Jane's weight was now resting on her breasts, causing them to gush even faster. Katie was stunned at how heavy her slave was now with her expanded breasts. She released her hands from behind Jane, reached over to Jane's left breast and pulled it forward towards her mouth. Jane saw that Katie was finally going to milk her and managed a quiet but content "mmm." Katie was being sprayed in the face by the multitude of separate milk streams. She looked at Jane once more with pure love and then closed her eyes as she brought Jane's swollen teat to her mouth.

Katie locked her lips around as much nipple as much as she could, and received a massive gout of milk spraying straight down her throat for her efforts. The taste was absolutely amazing. Katie just lay there, letting Jane's breast fill her mouth to the brim, her cheeks pushing out slightly as they filled with the sweet nectar of her slave. Katie took her first swallow. The feeling of Jane's warm milk sliding down her throat was orgasmic. Katie began taking long pulls from the breast, her mouth filling up quickly, then stopping to swallow her treasure. Jane was moaning in relief, leaning over to her left side in an effort to increase the flow of her milk into her mistress' mouth. Katie soldiered on, swallowing just as quickly as the mammary deposited its payload of delicious ambrosia into her mouth. After a few minutes, Jane's breast had stopped leaking of its own accord, and Katie had to suck to bring more milk out of the heavy organ. Jane came as Katie began sucking in earnest on her breast. Jane was bucking her hips against Katie, causing both of the women to shake slightly and generate ripples in the pool of milk they were laying in. Jane was coming off the crest of her orgasm when Katie began biting her nipple in an effort to get the last of the milk from her left breast. Jane then experienced something that many women never do, a multiple orgasm. Jane's body seized up again from the pleasure she was experiencing, all her muscles spasming uncontrollably. Her bound legs were shaking as they turned to jelly. Jane's still overripe right breast squirted its bounty out even faster, dousing Katie's chest with fresh milk.

Jane was barely conscious now, as Katie released her left nipple, giving it a light kiss before reaching over and grabbing the right. Jane opened her eyes slowly. She was not yet composed when Katie thrust

her right nipple into her mouth and immediately began swallowing the incoming streams of milk. Jane was simply overloaded with pleasure, she couldn't take it anymore, she came again as Katie kept draining her. After a few more minutes, the flow had abated, and just like Jane's left breast, Katie had to begin suckling like a baby to reach the remainder of the stubborn milk trapped in Jane's breast. Jane climaxed for the fifth time as Katie's expert tongue and teeth toyed with her nipple. This time, she couldn't remain conscious and blacked out from the pleasure. Katie continued diligently draining her unconscious slave, swallowing every drop of the rich milk her cow produced. Jane came to just as Katie was suckling the final drops from her right breast. She released the teat with a soft popping sound and then kissed it gently. Jane stared at Katie compassionately, she loved her mistress so very much, and was glad she could provide her with a delicious meal. Katie looked up at Jane, opening her eyes for the first time since she began nursing from her. She made eye contact and smiled warmly. She loved Jane more than life itself, she would do anything for her.

"I love you Jane."

"M Mmmm Mmm MmMm."

Katie gently pushed Jane off of her, laying her gently into the puddle of milk she had created. She turned and propped herself up with her hand, staring at her swollen and full belly. She could feel Jane's milk moving inside her stomach. She rubbed her distended stomach tenderly and sighed in contentment. She then turned her attention to her restrained slave.

"Do you remember when I said I got you a special custom gift for the first day you produced milk?" Jane nodded slowly, still trying to recover from her orgasms.

"I'll be right back." Katie said as she got up, her hair and body dripping with Jane's cream and belly sloshing with its liquid payload. She went upstairs, trailing milk in drops behind her, and picked up the gift from a high shelf where she had kept it. She held it tightly behind her back and began walking back down the stairs.

Jane watched as her naked mistress descended the stairs, hands behind her, and her entire body glistening with moisture. Katie slowly knelt next to Jane, she reached out with her left hand and brushed a few soaked hairs from Jane's tired face. She then leaned forward and kissed Jane gently on the forehead. "I'm so proud of you my little dairy cow, I bought you this gift so you always remember this day."

Katie slowly brought her right hand around her naked body. In it lay a shining silver cowbell, with "Jane" engraved in it in an intricate cursive script. Jane's eyes lit up as Katie fastened it through her collar and she heard the distinctive clunking sound as she moved. Katie kissed Jane once more on the forehead and patted her head as she got up to go retrieve her groceries, and the boxes full of Jane's hormones.

Pumping

Katie climbed back upstairs, leaving Jane lying sleepily in her pool of milk. She knew Jane needed some time to recover from her first milking. She climbed into the shower quickly and rinsed all of Jane's sweet milk off of herself. Then Katie dried off and threw on a pair of boy-shorts and tank top. She went out to her car and hauled in her groceries and put them away. Then Katie stepped back outside to get the many boxes of pills and lotions she had ordered from Jane out of the car. She stacked them neatly inside and then went back out and sat on the porch. She wanted to get some fresh air and think about the next steps she wanted to take with Jane. Katie was absolutely dreading going in to work tomorrow. She wanted to stay home and play with her cow! After thirty minutes, Katie couldn't come up with any stellar ideas and decided to go back inside and untie her slave. Jane would need an opportunity to use the restroom and shower before Katie made her clean up all the milk she sprayed around the basement.

Jane was still lying in her pool of now room-temperature milk when Katie came back downstairs. Katie crouched down and unlatched Jane's ball gag from her mouth. Jane licked her lips and turned to smile at Katie. She shook her head back and forth, causing her new cowbell to ring a couple of times and then stared deeply into Katie's eyes and quietly said "Moo." Katie laughed and kissed Jane on the lips, allowing her tongue to dart forward and explore her slave's mouth. Jane returned the kiss passionately and closed her eyes, surrendering herself to the stirrings in her loins. Katie broke the kiss softly and began unlacing the armbinder keeping Jane's arms secured behind her back.

Jane sat up to allow Katie easier access to the bindings. Once the armbinder was off, Katie said "I loved your milk Jane, it was the best thing I have ever tasted."

"Thank you Katie, I'm so glad that I could please you. Now that I'm producing milk this means I'm done growing right?" Jane said inquisitively, looking down at her swollen breasts which were just under the size of beach balls at this point. Jane could already feel them filling up again with her sweet nectar.

"Oh Jane, you never learn do you? I just ordered over ten times as many pills as I originally had and they are waiting for you upstairs. You aren't even close to being done."

"Hmmmph! Well you're going to have to really pamper me then, if you expect me to remain cooperative. It's already getting hard to function with these beach balls strapped to my chest. I can already feel more milk welling up inside them too."

"Don't worry baby, I'll get you whatever you need to stay happy and productive." Katie had removed the last of the straps binding Jane's legs at this point. "I'll give you some time to yourself while I go fix some dinner. I'll be back down shortly, there is something else I want to try on you." Katie said with a smile.

Katie turned to leave when Jane yelled, "Wait! Katie, I almost forgot! I saw a news report about my disappearance while you were out!"

"Oh yeah?" Katie said, not nearly as surprised as Jane thought she would be.

"Yeah... Why do you seem like you know about it already?"

"Because that's one of the reasons I was gone for so long. I was speaking to the police."

Jane inhaled sharply, "Are you okay? Do they suspect you? Do they know where I am?"

"Shhh Shhhhh calm down my love. I handled it, the police don't know a thing. They think you crashed your car driving home drunk from my house probably, and that your body washed down the river. There was a double homicide last night as well, which will take all of our small police force to work out. They won't ever come looking for you my sexy little cow."

Jane looked at Katie while she said this, and felt an extreme sense of relief wash over her. She knew now that she was Katie's property entirely. She couldn't believe it but she actually felt *relieved* that the rest of the world thought she was dead. This meant that she could remain collared in Katie's basement without any fear of ever being found.

"Mmmmmmm good Katie. I can't live without you anymore. I love being your property my love."

"I love you Jane, hurry and get yourself cleaned up. I'm going to get you growing again tonight so you need to be ready for it." Katie said as she turned and walked back upstairs.

Jane struggled to get to her feet and stretch out her cramped body after Katie had left. She walked over to the toilet and did her business, her breasts shaking and wobbling the entire time, even with Jane cradling them with her arms. They were just too big to control. Jane then washed her hands and got a

glass of water from the sink. She licked her dry lips and stepped into the shower to wash the dried milk from her body.

Katie came back downstairs with a mop and bucket and placed it just outside the shower. She gave Jane's leash a light tug to get her attention and then called to her. "I put a mop out here for you, clean up the mess you made while I finish up cooking."

"Yes mistress." Jane called back. Jane exited the shower after a thorough scrubbing, after bringing herself to orgasm once again while she soaped up her massive melons. Jane composed herself quickly and exited the shower. She couldn't find the towel she had been using and assumed Katie had taken it away from her, she would just have to air dry. She walked over to the mop and began pushing her excess milk towards the drain in the floor. She giggled lightly as she listened to her cowbell making its distinctive clunking sound. She realized that her cowbell would be ringing constantly whenever she moved from now on. She thought the sound was beautiful. Jane found herself leaning forward, both from the heavy pull of her tits, and the need to see the floor ahead of her. Almost a full third of her field of view when looking forward was occupied by her gigantic globes of flesh. Jane's back was aching as she finished cleaning the final puddles of milk up next to her bed. She noticed that she had been reaching around her massive tits as she mopped, their robust forms forcing her to adjust her movements to accommodate them. She stripped the bed's sheets, which were also thoroughly soaked, and piled them next to Katie's heap of clothing. Jane then sat down on her bed, tired from standing for so long while her breasts seemed to demand that she be pulled to the floor. Jane slowly brought her hands up to the lower swells of her tits. They projected a full foot in front of her now, and were merely two inches from resting in her lap as she sat down. Jane almost wished they would just grow until they did sit in her lap so she could take some of the strain off of her back and shoulders. After what Katie had said about the extra pills she had ordered, she assumed that her wish would be granted tonight. Jane continued inspecting her transforming body. She noticed that the bases of her breasts had expanded along with jugs. The anchoring flesh of her tits was inching up towards her collarbones, and extending further down her abdomen. Jane ran her hands up her thankfully still trim and fit stomach to the underside of her tits. She felt them slope inwards and join to her chest. She then gently slid her hands around to the sides of her jugs and felt that they were expanding out to the sides as well. Jane dropped her hands loosely to her side. If she could see herself from behind Jane would have realized that the outer slopes of her jugs were now visible extending out from her sides even with her arms at rest. The extreme amounts of estrogen Katie had been feeding her had caused her apple shaped bottom to fill out and expand into a round bubble butt as well. Jane bounced up and down slightly, enjoying the feeling of the extra padding on her ass and the heavy ringing of her shiny cowbell. Jane also noticed the sound of milk sloshing around in her udders again, she was filling up with sweet mother's milk and would need to be milked again soon. Jane turned the TV back on and laid back, feeling the weight of her tits pinning her down to the mattress. She sighed and looked longingly at the door leading down to her enclosure, waiting for Katie to return to her and feed her more hormones so she could get back to swelling.

Katie was just finishing eating her own dinner of shrimp and pasta with a small Caesar salad while Jane inspected her changing body downstairs. Katie had decided now was the time to introduce Jane to the pump that would supply her food from now on. She had to ensure that it functioned properly before she used it tomorrow to keep Jane well-fed while she was away at work. Katie rinsed off her dishes and silverware and placed them in the dishwasher. She then went out to her garage and retrieved one of the pumps she had stored there and returned to the basement.

Jane heard the locks on the basement door coming undone and saw Katie walking back down the stairs with a strange looking device. It was metal, had a large clear bottle attached to it; much like a water dispenser you would see at an office, and a series of hoses and plugs.

"What is *that* Katie?"

"This, my dear sweet cow, is your new feeding machine. It's a high power pump. I'm going to test it tonight by pumping you full of your favorite enhanced milkshake."

Jane just stared at the contraption uneasily as Katie placed it down and plugged it in to a wall socket. Katie then removed the giant reservoir tank, which looked like it could hold 10 gallons of fluid, and walked back upstairs. She opened her fridge and took out two one gallon containers of the nutrient shake formula she had pre-mixed. She placed them on the counter and then began ripping open the cardboard boxes full of breast growth and lactation hormones. She poured the two gallons of nutrient milkshake into the pump's reservoir and then crushed up a huge handful of pills and added that to the mixture. She shook the reservoir thoroughly to mix everything and then practically skipped back downstairs.

Jane was scared as she saw the imposing pump laying before her. It had all kinds of knobs and valves sticking out of it and was very intimidating to the helpless girl. Just then, Katie descended the stairs carrying a partially full jug full of the nutrient shake. She wordlessly walked over to the pump and locked the reservoir into place. Next, she went over to the chest containing all the different restraints and pulled out another strange looking device. This was a strange ball gag, that looked like a deflated balloon. It had a small hand-pump on it, much like one would see on a blood pressure reader at the doctor's office. Katie walked over to Jane and motioned for her to open her mouth. Jane obeyed hesitantly and felt Katie secure and lock the gag in her mouth with a tiny attached padlock. Jane noticed

that she could still draw air through a quarter sized hole in the front of the gag, through which a clear plastic tube ran. Jane also noticed that this gag was not as large as the red ball gag she was now accustomed to wearing. However, this wasn't the case for long. Jane's eyes went wide when Katie grabbed the small hand-pump and began squeezing it, inflating the gag within her mouth. Jane's mouth was forced wider and wider as the gag expanded, stretching her jaw out to its maximum. Katie smiled at Jane's surprised expression as she continued inflating the gag. Jane felt like she had a baseball stuffed in her mouth when Katie finally stopped pumping and disconnected the tiny hand-pump. Jane reached up to her mouth and ran her hands over her distended cheeks. She thought she must look like a squirrel hoarding nuts in its mouth. Katie walked back over to pump and opened a small side compartment and pulled out a braided metal hose. She secured the hose to the output of the pump and then dragged it along to the plastic tube coming from Jane's gag. Jane hadn't noticed before but there was a small metal ring on her gag which attached to the hose, and Katie expertly locked the hose to the tube. Jane looked down at the long hose extending from her mouth, it made a slight clinking sound as it brushed against her new cowbell. Katie petted Jane's long, black, hair and kissed her on her swollen cheek.

"I hope you're very hungry my sweet. Your dinner is ready." Katie got up and crouched down next to the pump. She flipped a few switches and the pump hummed to life. Katie adjusted the settings to a constant flow and turned the pump on its lowest setting. Jane fidgeted nervously as she felt the hose leading to her gag start to vibrate. The pump was actually very quiet and smooth and before long the cold nutrient milkshake, spiked with an overdose of breast growth and lactation hormones was sliding effortlessly through the metal hose towards Jane's waiting mouth.

Jane started to panic as she saw the fluid level start to decrease in the reservoir. She reached up to the hose and tried to pull it from her gag. It wouldn't budge an inch, and it hurt her mouth to pull on it. Katie saw this and rushed over to Jane. "Aww calm down baby, it's okay. You know I would never do anything to hurt you. Just relax and swallow your meal. I know you must be very hungry right now." Jane's stomach let out a soft grumble right at that moment. Jane was very hungry. Jane looked at Katie and saw nothing but compassion and love for her. She began to relax as the first drops of the cold milkshake entered the tube and hit the back of her tongue. Jane had to admit, the milkshake was delicious. She began swallowing the cold treat, feeling it slide down into her stomach. She stood up and positioned herself in front of Katie, then sat back down, and began grinding her expanded ass against her mistress. She shook her neck to ring her cowbell and reached behind her to grab Katie's arms. She gently guided her mistress' arms up her sides and planted them on her breasts. Katie took the hint and began squeezing and kneading Jane's sensitive mammarys. The flow of the milkshake into Jane's mouth was constant now, and she dutifully swallowed everything that was pumped into her. Just like last time, after five minutes the effects of the breast growth and lactation hormones made themselves known. The familiar tingling and stretching sensations that Jane longed for had returned. She was growing again. Swelling up bigger and bigger for her mistress. Jane quietly moaned in pleasure as Katie intensified her massaging. Jane placed her hands on top of Katie's and stimulated her breasts further as they grew. Katie began tracing figure eight patterns across the massive globes, feeling the skin gradually stretch as Jane's growth intensified. Jane's pussy was wet as she began bucking and thrusting her hips

blindly. Her breasts were even more sensitive as more nerve endings grew, more milk glands, more soft flesh.

Jane's tits gradually edged forward, swelling past the realm of beach balls as Jane continued swallowing the rich milkshake. Katie reached forward and tried to squeeze Jane's swollen nipples. She was surprised to find she couldn't reach them. She had to pull Jane's tits towards her, squeezing the yielding flesh and inching her hands forward before she could get a firm grasp on the sensitive nubs. As soon as she did however, Jane let out a muffled scream of pleasure and nearly choked on the thick shake as she came. The mattress they were laying on was becoming soaked with Jane's juices. Katie began biting Jane's neck lightly, causing Jane to let out muffled yelps of surprise each time. She pinched and squeezed Jane's throbbing nipples, triggering Jane's let-down reflex and squirting milk out onto the floor she just cleaned. Neither Jane nor Katie cared at this point though. The only thing that mattered was prolonging the sensations the two women were feeling.

Jane was just recovering from her first orgasm when she felt a strange weight on her thighs. Her wish had come true. Her behemoth bosom had planted itself in her lap and was expanding slowly over her thighs. She squealed in delight as the weight gradually left her back and shoulders and piled onto her legs. Jane looked down at her two feet of cleavage. Her leash and the hose were now entrenched between her slowly swelling tits. Jane slid her hands over the flanks of her massive chest and squeezed her breasts together. She felt the cold metal of her leash and the vibrating hose sliding between her gigantic milk-sacks as she began pushing them together over and over. Jane brought herself over the edge once again as her knees gradually disappeared from her view, obscured by her swelling dairy-domes. Jane gradually came to her senses and realized that the pump had automatically shut itself off after running out of milkshake to pump into her. Katie was in a trance, still massaging her growing slave and grinding her own wet pussy against Jane's expanded rear as she came for the first time. Jane just grabbed Katie's hands and pressed them firmly into her tits as her mistress rode out her own orgasm.

Katie sighed heavily and leaned her head against Jane's shoulder. "I hope you enjoyed that my little sex cow, this is what you have to look forward to from now on."

Jane just looked down at her massive tits which were still slowly edging forward as more breast-flesh and milk was pumped into them. She was in paradise.

Pumping Pt. 2

Jane let go of Katie's hands and both women fell back onto the bed. Jane lay down on her side, her enormous breasts' growth had slowed considerably. Jane felt the crushing weight of her tits pushing her down. She gently rubbed the hypersensitive skin, up and down the curves of her chest. She basked in the afterglow of her multiple orgasms and the sensation of growth which she was becoming addicted to.

Katie reluctantly got to her feet and walked over to the pump. She disconnected the hoses and cables and pulled out the reservoir. Katie then shuffled back to Jane. She leaned over and ran her hands over Jane's giant breasts. She squeezed the sensitive flesh, drawing a quiet moan from Jane, who was still gagged. Katie got down on her knees and placed her ear against Jane's boobs. She reached up and carefully shook the huge orbs from side to side. Katie closed her eyes and smiled, listening to the sound of milk sloshing around inside the overinflated melons. Jane was breathing heavily now, Katie could hear the sound of air rushing in and out of her nose. She saw a soft trickle of milk running from Jane's left breast as Jane wriggled around. Jane was lying on her left side, causing her right breast to rest heavily on her left. The weight was gently squeezing Jane's nectar out and bringing her enormous pleasure. Jane's right breast began dripping in sympathy with the left, and a small puddle began to form at the side of Jane's bed. Katie rose back to her feet and walked over to the chest. She grabbed a tiny key and unlocked the strap of Jane's overinflated ball gag. She opened a small valve at the side which let the air out. Jane whimpered in relief as the pressure forcing her jaw open gradually decreased.

Katie gently stroked Jane's hair, "You were so good tonight, eating all of your food Jane. You know that was two gallons there. You just swallowed two whole gallons of that nutrient shake. I'm so proud of you baby." The gag had been completely deflated at this point and Katie reached into Jane's mouth and extricated it. Jane opened and closed her mouth repeatedly, stretching out her tired jaw muscles. She was thankful that the gag and tube had finally been removed from her throat. "Ugggghhhhh, Katie... Katie I'm so full right now."

"I know Jane, I had to make up for some lost time. You still have so much more growth ahead of you babe."

"Do you mean this isn't enough?" Jane said, gesturing to her stretched bosom, which had finally stopped growing at nearly the size of exercise balls. "Katie, I'm beyond any reasonable size now, I'm a mutated freak! I know that you own my body, but just think... I think you may have made me too big. I don't think I can walk anymore."

"Oh Jane, my sweet little cow. Don't doubt yourself so much, I'm sure you can still walk. You haven't even used the exercise equipment I bought for you yet." Katie sat down next to Jane and helped her into a seated position. Jane's breasts dominated her body. Their massive forms sloshed heavily onto Jane's lap, and overflowed it. Jane spread her legs out slightly to allow her breasts to lay balanced on her thighs. As Jane looked down at herself, all she could see were her tits, her collar, and the shiny cowbell that enforced her ownership and her new role in life. She was in awe of the size she had attained. Jane would be lying if she wasn't strangely proud of herself. She was proud of her body, proud of her capacity to grow such enormous mammaries. She was aroused too. Jane's pussy was constantly wet. Even the slight air currents from the heater, gently warming the huge orbs attached to her were arousing. Pleasure came to Jane in waves, transmitted directly from her breasts to her quivering mound between her legs.

"Come on now, get up for me Jane. I know you can still do it." Katie said as she got to her feet and smiled encouragingly towards Jane.

"I'll try Katie, but I can feel how heavy they are in my lap. I'm not sure I can still walk." Jane said hesitantly. She braced herself on the edge of her bed, spread her legs slightly, and firmly planted her feet. She then placed her hands on either side of herself, well aware that the swollen outer curves of her breasts were starting to wrap around her sides and touch her arms as she prepared to push herself up. Jane rocked back and forth slowly, causing small streams of warm milk to squirt from her tits each time they lolled forward. Jane flexed her legs and pushed hard with her arms, raising herself off of the bed on the first try... and then quickly falling back down. Milk sprayed from her tits in long three foot arcs as they came down heavily into her lap and wobbled as she settled back into her seated position. Jane was disheartened, and Katie could see the sadness in her cow.

"Try again baby, I know you can get up."

Jane looked at Katie, beaming a huge smile down upon her. She had to stand up, she had to maintain just a small amount of self-sufficiency. More than anything though, she had to please her mistress. Jane wanted nothing more than to make Katie happy and proud of her. She prepared herself once more, and pushed. This time, Jane leaned forward more. She allowed the massive weight of her chest to act as a sort of pendulum, or pendulums, to propel her up and prevent her from falling backwards. As her breasts pulled her forwards, she strained with her back, and rapidly brought her hands around her massive globes and grasped their undersides. She pulled herself up, and found herself standing under her own power. Jane was still straining mightily to remain upright, but she allowed herself to smile with true happiness at her accomplishment. Each of her enormous breasts now weighed in at thirty five pounds each, not counting the milk still slowly filling her. More than half of her original body weight was now residing in her swollen breasts.

Katie jumped excitedly and ran over to Jane. "See! I knew you could do it! Look how sexy you look right now Jane. You are the most feminine being on the planet." Katie said proudly. She kissed each of Jane's huge tits softly, running her tongue over Jane's nipples and licking up some of the still dripping milk. "You are absolutely delicious baby, I could make a fortune selling your milk I'd bet." Katie said jokingly. Jane just smiled weakly, still struggling to maintain her balance.

"It's getting late my love, I'll clean up your milk, you should hop in the shower and get ready for bed. I have to be up early for work tomorrow. I'm going to hook you back up to the pump in the morning as well so you should be prepared to get a good deal bigger in the morning."

"Katie, it's taking... e-ughhh... everything I have... to just stand up... right now." Jane said panting with strain. "Can you at least give me some time to... adjust to having these huge, full, breasts before you start making me grow again?"

"Jane, if I had to ask permission to modify my property, it wouldn't truly be mine would it?"

Jane looked at Katie, her eyes started to glaze over with lust. Katie knew just what to say to her. She knew that being thought of as property was the single most sexy thing in the world to Jane.

"No mistress, it wouldn't."

"Well, I think that clears that up then, doesn't it?"

"Yes mistress, my body is yours. I will grow as big as you want me to."

"Yes you will my sexy little cow. I just hope your body can cope as we move forward." Jane just looked at the floor submissively, hands clasped under her leaking tits as she leaned back to remain standing.

"Go get a shower my sweet." Katie said as she picked up the mop and began cleaning up the new puddles of milk that Jane had created.

Jane turned and hobbled over to the shower. She turned the water on extra warm and stepped under the spray. The water felt incredible splashing onto her orbs. Jane looked at her bubbling nipples, with

little spurts of milk coming out every few seconds to join the flow of water down her chest. Jane brought her hands from the lower part of her breasts forward to her nipples. She began to tug on them, she had to milk herself. The water began to take on a soft, white tone as Jane continued pulling on her teats, urging them to give up their bounty. Jane's moans joined the sound of splashing water as she milked her heavy tits. Jane's legs were aching from the strain of holding herself upright. She leaned back against the shower wall, pressing her huge, rounded ass against the glass wall.

Katie had finished mopping up the spilt milk and turned to see Jane's giant rear pressed firmly against the glass of the shower. Katie decided she felt a bit dirty as well, and began walking over to the shower to join her slave.

Jane gently slid down the side of the shower as her tits pulled her towards the floor. She allowed her legs to straighten out as her firm butt came into contact with the shower floor. Her breasts splayed out in front of her, nipples still being tugged as Jane moaned and continued relieving the mounting pressure. Jane could feel the giant swells of her tits covering her thighs completely. They didn't start to curve back to her body until they were to her knees. Jane was reaching as far forward as she could, just barely able to reach her throbbing nipples and tug the sweet white milk from them. Jane closed her eyes as she milked herself, enjoying the feeling of a strong and steady orgasm wash over her body. Her muscles seized and she began letting out tiny yelps as a rush of milk exploded from her tits, blasting the opposite shower wall and coating it with her delicious milk.

Katie quietly entered the shower, smiling down on her slave while she squirted milk everywhere. Katie was in the mood for dessert, she got down on all fours, straddling the small part of Jane's left leg that was exposed under her breast, and reached forward for Jane's breast.

"Ahhh! Oh Katie, you scared me."

"I'm sorry Jane, you just looked like you were having so much fun in here I wanted to join in. Also, I have a sweet-tooth as you know. Do you think that you might have something sweet for me my little cow?" Katie said as she reached forward and gently jingled Jane's cowbell.

"Yes mistress, your cow is very full, and getting fuller. I have lots of milk that I've made just for you my love."

"Mmmmm, that sounds like the perfect thing for me."

Jane reached over to her massive left breast and grasped it with both hands, struggling to lift it and present it to her mistress. It was too heavy though. It was slippery from the water and milk coating it, and the weight was enormous as Jane tried to wrangle the huge boob.

Katie giggled lightly at her efforts. "Don't worry Jane, I can handle my cow's udders." Katie sat back, bringing her naked pussy in contact with Jane's wet shin. She started grinding back and forth on Jane's smooth leg as she lowered her head and wrapped her arms around Jane's gigantic breast. Katie circled her arms around the circumference of Jane's breast and held it steady as she began kissing and licking it lightly from the top down towards the nipple.

Meanwhile, Jane was squeezing the upper part of her breast, closest to where it joined to her chest. She was massaging the heavy organ, forcing the milk welled up inside her forward in preparation for entering Katie's belly. Jane's breast was now gushing with her milk, spraying Katie thoroughly and leaving her coated in a light sheen of white. Katie's mouth had finally reached the areola and Katie rolled her tongue around it, drawing long moans from her cow. Katie finally wrapped her lips around Jane's nipple, forming a strong seal and began to suck. Jane cried out as milk began streaming forth from her breast in earnest, filling Katie's mouth to the brim before she was forced to swallow the sweet liquid. Katie felt her belly begin to warm up as Jane's milk rushed in to fill it. Katie continued grinding herself against Jane's leg as she drank, her juices joining the warm water still spraying down on the two lovers. Katie sensed a feeling of fullness as she continued to suck the milk from Jane. Jane was still squeezing her breast from the base towards the nipple, trying to force as much milk into Katie as possible. Much like Katie had pumped her full of the nutrient shake, Jane was now pumping Katie full of warm, sweet, milk.

Katie groaned as the feeling of fullness intensified, she reluctantly released Jane's still spurting nipple and sat back on her slave's leg.

"Katie, why did you stop? I still have so much more milk for you to drink! Please, I'm still so full, and my right breast, you have to drink it all, please."

"I'm really full Jane, I'll try and relieve some of the pressure in your right breast babe, but I can't empty you, there is just too much milk for me to drink."

Katie crawled the short distance to Jane's other distended breast and planted herself back on Jane's other shin and began rubbing her wet pussy against it. She didn't waste any time in taking Jane's right nipple into her mouth, biting the swollen teat lightly as milk began to flow into her mouth. Jane switched her hands and began working her right breast, squeezing the heavy tit as milk was released into the mouth of her mistress. Jane moaned in sweet relief from the gradual reduction of pressure in

her overfull mammarys. Katie sucked on, swallowing as much milk as she could stomach from the udders of her cow. Jane felt another climax building and braced herself for the inevitable release as Katie continued nursing from her sensitive breasts. Jane screamed out as she reached orgasm and both breasts began to forcefully spray her sweet bounty forth. Katie's eyes widened as the nipple in her mouth seemed to expand and grow into her throat, she tried to pull her head back to escape the torrent of milk being pumped into her but the swollen dug was too big. It was jammed in her mouth, forming an airtight seal. Katie was forced to swallow the nectar to keep from drowning. She relaxed her throat as much as she could and let the milk spray directly down her throat into her distended stomach. Katie came hard as Jane pumped her sweet milk into her stomach, coating Jane's shin with her juices. After what seemed like ten minutes, but was really no more than ten seconds, the flow abated and the giant nipple began to recede. Katie placed both hands on Jane's swollen milk-tank, one on either side of the nipple, and began to push the breast away from her mouth while simultaneously pulling her head back. The nipple gradually slid from Katie's mouth with a wet pop and Katie took a deep breath.

"Oh my god Jane. I just swallowed what must have been over a gallon of your milk. It was amazing." Katie sighed contentedly as she massaged her swollen stomach. She could hear the milk moving around inside her belly. Katie reached up and turned off the water. Leaving the two soaked women lying on the shower floor, one with a swollen, milk-filled belly. The other, overwhelmed by the mass of her two giant udders resting on her legs. Jane just smiled, still in a daze from yet another orgasm, but so very happy she had been able to feed her mistress.

"Jane, it's time to get out of the shower, you and I both need to get some rest."

"Yes mistress." Jane said weakly, pressing her hands against the shower wall and bringing her legs towards her in preparation for lifting herself and her giant mams from the floor. Katie stood up awkwardly, cradling her swollen stomach and it's liquid cargo. She offered a hand to her cow, and helped Jane as she struggled to stand. Both women were soaked still, and so very tired. Jane shuffled over to her bed and collapsed onto it. She was lying on her stomach, using her breasts as a makeshift pillow. She fell asleep almost instantly, kneeling down on top of her tits, arms crossed on the shelf of her breasts and her head resting in the crook of her elbow. Katie smiled down at her cow, she grabbed a towel and dried Jane off and then threw a blanket over her massive form. She tugged on her collar, ringing her cowbell and getting Jane to turn her head towards her. She kissed Jane softly on the lips and said, "Goodnight my love, sleep well." Jane was already out at this point, exhausted from her growth, extreme milk production, and sexual activity of the day.

Katie sighed softly and ran her hands over her swollen stomach. Katie's body was already digesting the massive amount of milk she had sucked from Jane. Katie dried herself as well, picked up the discarded pile of clothing and sheets from earlier, and went back upstairs. She threw the wet clothing and sheets into the washer and prepared herself for bed. As Katie drifted off to sleep, she felt an unfamiliar tingling sensation begin, centered around her chest.

Apart

It was 4:15 AM and Katie groggily reached over and hit her alarm to turn it off. She yawned and threw the covers off of her naked body. Katie felt a slight weight on her chest, as if something was laying on top of her. She raised her hands to her swollen breasts and gently cupped them. She let out a squeal of surprise as she felt their expanded masses. Katie quickly got out of bed and went to her bathroom mirror and turned on the light. Squinting as her eyes adjusted, Katie marveled at the new D cup breasts jutting out proudly from her athletic frame. She thought she must be dreaming. She jumped up and down a couple of times, feeling the increased pull of her boobs as they bounced with her. Katie smiled and began kneading the expanded flesh, she had awoken more fully and guessed that she must have ingested some of the hormones she had been forcing into Jane through her milk. Katie pinched her nipples and smiled at herself in the mirror, she had to get ready for work and prepare her cow for her day alone. Katie turned on her shower and stepped into the warm spray. One hand continued massaging her expanded breasts, the other drifted to her moist pussy. Katie pleased herself while thinking of her sex slave and her delicious milk. Katie continued her ministrations until an orgasm washed over her, her muscles tensing and releasing as she sighed in pleasure. Katie eventually managed to pull her hands from herself for a moment to grab the soap and shampoo and actually clean herself. Katie exited the shower, toweled off, and put on her undergarments and a new pair of scrubs. She then went into the garage and grabbed another of the pumps she had taken from the hospital and brought it down to Jane's prison.

Jane could hear shuffling around her. She gradually opened her tired eyes and saw Katie messing with her feeding pump. Jane yawned and tried to lean back, only to find that she was still leaning on her heavy breasts, and could not right herself in her half-awake state. Katie was humming softly to herself as she disconnected the reservoir from Jane's feeding pump and carried it back upstairs. Jane gave up trying to move after a couple more half-hearted attempts to shift her position, and simply resigned herself to resting quietly on her comfortable breasts until her mistress returned to her. Jane had no concept of time really, there was no clock in the basement and she would have to turn on the TV get that information. The remote was out of her reach though, and she still hadn't mustered the strength to counteract the monumental weight of her tits. Jane reached around her tits and rubbed her eyes and blinked quickly. She thought she was seeing double. There were two pumps sitting at the corner of the basement. Jane was apprehensive at this point, she knew that Katie wanted to pump her full of more nutrient shake today while she was at work, but she had no idea what use Katie would have for a second pump. Jane decided she was ready to finally get up, she slid her legs from behind her and placed them together on the floor. Her breasts were still firmly planted on the mattress as Jane began trying to pull

herself from the center of the bed towards the edge. She reached her arms forward and grabbed the fronts of her jugs and pulled back towards her body while simultaneously lifting with her legs and back. Jane's breasts reluctantly began to rise off of the bed as her legs and back strained to hold their weight. Jane eventually found herself standing beside the bed, her heart rate significantly higher due to the effort expended in lifting her massive melons. Jane began walking towards the far corner of the basement where her workout equipment was stored and sat down on an exercise ball, letting her own exercise balls fall into her lap. Jane bounced lightly on the ball, listening to the milk moving around in her udders. Katie would need to milk her before she left for work or she would be engorged and leak all over the basement. Jane grabbed some of the free weights and started doing a little improvised workout, focusing on shoulder presses and rows to help her build up some back and shoulder strength. However, Jane got tired after only about twenty minutes due to her huge boobs constantly pulling her down. Jane was sweating and fully awake now, she decided to get a drink and relieve herself and then rinse off in the shower.

Meanwhile, Katie was upstairs pulling six gallon jugs of the nutrient shake out of the fridge where she had placed them to thaw the previous night. She munched on a granola bar for her own breakfast as she again ground up a giant pile of breast expansion and lactation hormones and poured them in the reservoir along with the shake. She hefted the heavy jug under one arm, feeling it rub against her expanded chest. Katie smiled to herself as she grabbed a bucket of the skin stretching and growth lotion that she had previously used. She had started buying it in buckets because it was cheaper and she suspected Jane would be going through it much quicker as she swelled ever bigger. She carried the shake and the lotion back downstairs to find Jane just exiting the shower, and soaking wet.

"Good morning Jane, you looked really comfortable last night sleeping on your udders. I was seriously thinking about joining you but I would have been too distracted to get any rest."

"Good morning mistress, I slept very well. For some reason I was really worn out." Jane said with a slight chuckle.

"Did you see what your milk did to me?" Katie said as she placed down the pump reservoir and the bucket of lotion and thrust out her chest towards Jane.

"Oh wow... Katie, I'm sorry. I had no idea my milk would make you grow too." Jane said, still cradling her swollen jugs in her hands.

"I didn't either Jane, but you don't have to be sorry. I love my new boobs." Katie said grinning.

Jane sighed in relief and slowly made her way back to her bed.

"I wanted to thank you again for the exercise equipment Katie, it was very thoughtful. I hope I can remain mobile for you mistress. I don't want to be trapped in bed all day." Jane had dropped her voice to a whisper as she stared at the six gallons of thick shake that Katie planned to pump into her today. Her pussy began to moisten at the thought of all the growth she would experience, all the pounds of flesh she would be forced to carry around forever. Jane rubbed her legs together as she sat back down on her bed, her weighty boobs pooling in her lap.

"Don't worry my little milkmaid, I have some plans ahead to keep you mobile for a great deal longer. You should know by now that I love you and care about you very much. I won't do anything to hurt you babe."

"I know Katie, I trust you completely. Speaking of milk though, may I be milked before you leave? I fill up really fast and I don't want to be spraying milk all over while you're at work."

"Of course baby, what do you think the second pump over there is for?"

"You mean... You mean I'm going to get by breasts milked by that pump!?"

"Yes! You're a dairy cow right?"

Jane's eyes dropped to the shiny cowbell attached to her collar. She ran her hand over its smooth surface, tracing the smooth engraving of her name on the front with her fingers. "Yes mistress, I'm your dairy cow."

"Well then, it seems natural that you would have your udders milked by a pump. I can't be here to hand milk you all the time, and I definitely can't drink all that milk you produce or I'll balloon up just like you."

"Katie, what are you going to do with all my milk if you aren't going to drink it?"

"Oh I still plan on nursing from you baby, I just can't drink everything. As for the rest, I'll have to figure out something to do with it. I honestly wasn't expecting you to grow so quickly, or make so much delicious milk."

Jane's tits were slowly filling with milk as Katie spoke, Jane could feel the steadily increasing pressure in her udders. "Katie, have you ever considered donating my milk to a hospital?"

"I was thinking about that this morning actually babe, but it has so many hormones in it I don't know if they would accept it at the hospital. They test it for quality you know. I mean, look what it did to me!" Katie said gesturing to her swollen boobs.

"I know Katie, it's just... If you really want me to think of myself as a dairy cow, you should be selling my milk. Maybe you could find someone online who wants milk that makes them grow bigger breasts. I'm sure there would be a market for that somewhere."

"That's not a bad idea Jane, I'll check into it when I get home today. In the meantime though," Katie pulled the inflatable gag from the chest and the braided metal hose from the pump and began walking over to Jane "let's get you gagged and growing. I'll talk to you when I get home from work at four my love."

Jane squirmed as her pussy moistened anew at the mention of her coming growth. She leaned forward onto her breasts and adopted a kneeling position behind them, with her arms crossed on the shelf formed by her breasts. Jane obediently opened her mouth as Katie came towards her with the gag and quickly fastened and locked it in her mouth. Jane managed to mumble "I love you Katie" before Katie squeezed on the hand pump, inflating the gag and muting her slave. Katie disconnected the hand pump after ensuring the gag was stuck firmly in Jane's mouth. "I love you too my sexy little milkmaid. Let's get you hooked up to your food, then I'll milk you with the pump to make sure it works." Katie connected and locked the braided hose to Jane's gag and then went to the second pump, which was plugged in and fitted with a completely empty reservoir. She took out another attachment, which consisted of the same braided metal hose, which split off to two pieces about five feet from the end. Capping each of the two pieces was a clear plastic cup with a rubber ring on the outer edge. Jane realized that this was the attachment which would latch onto her nipples and draw the milk out of her breasts.

Jane had begun rubbing the huge flanks of her bosom, anticipating the feeling of her skin stretching and breasts expanding as she was pumped full of hormones. She slowly slid her hands around to her nipples, feeling fresh drops of her milk squeezing out slowly and beading on her nipples. She was getting very full and suspected very soon she would be squirting milk everywhere if the pump didn't help her relieve the pressure. Katie turned on the milking pump and carried the hoses over to Jane's massive udders. Jane

was tensing in anticipation, pushing her heavy boobs together and causing tiny streams of her milk to squirt out of her swollen nipples. Jane could see the milking attachment did not have a constant pressure. There was a tiny valve at the junction of the two hoses, which oscillated continuously. This meant that when one breast was being sucked, the other would be released, and then vice versa. Over and over and over again. This pump was designed to simulate the sucking of a mouth, or the milking of a cow. Jane moaned into her gag as Katie smiled and kneeled in front of her. She ran her hand over Jane's nipple, pinching and twisting it and urging some of her sweet milk to the surface. Jane began bucking her hips slightly as her pussy received jolts of pleasure from her nipple. Katie brought her mouth to Jane's right breast and licked the stray drops of milk from the tip and wet the areola with her saliva. She then brought one of the hoses to Jane's breast and allowed the suction to pull Jane's nipple into the cup. Jane let out a loud moan, even through her gag, as the machine sucked and released, sucked and released her swollen nipple. Jane shifted her hands to help push milk from her breast, just like she had when Katie was nursing from her the previous night. Katie sat back and watched the sprays of warm, white, milk continue to grow and coat the inside of the plastic cup. After a few more seconds, Jane's nipple was issuing forth a steady stream, which pulsed in intensity in rhythm with the pump. Jane's left breast was dripping milk as well, waiting for its own milking pump to be attached.

Katie patted her cow's right udder lovingly as it continued issuing forth more and more milk. She crawled over to Jane's left breast and again licked the nipple, moistening it and preparing it for the pump. Jane came instantly when the second pump was attached to her left breast. She bucked her hips wildly, her pussy releasing her juices in a small puddle beneath her as she was milked continuously. Katie turned her head and saw the empty reservoir attached to the milking pump start to gradually fill with Jane's sweet milk.

Katie looked at her watch, she only had about ten more minutes before she had to leave to get to work. She almost called in sick to stay home with her cow, but she needed the money. Katie walked over to the coffee table and opened the tub of skin stretching lotion and carried it over to Jane, who was in an orgasmic daze as her milking continued. Katie began scooping out generous handfuls of the lotion and slathering it on Jane's huge udders. Jane opened her eyes and watched as Katie began coating her tits in the familiar, flower-scented lotion. She smiled at her mistress as much as she could around her huge gag and helped rub the lotion into her sensitive orbs. The two girls worked quickly and had coated Jane's breasts with about half of the tub in five minutes, giving her skin far more room to expand during the day. Katie climbed onto Jane's bed and pressed her own slightly expanded tits into her slave's back while hugging her close and resting her head on Jane's shoulder.

"I'm going to give you remote controls to each of the pumps Jane. Milk yourself whenever you feel full, and pump the shake into you when you get hungry. I expect all six gallons to be gone by the time I get home, so don't slack off my little cow. If it isn't all gone I'll fill it up with the full ten gallons and pump it all into you when I get home." Katie hesitated for a few moments, her hands gently exploring the massive globes Jane had grown. She wasn't sure how Jane would react to her next statement. "I'm

expecting you to grow a lot while I'm away. I hope you weren't planning on going anywhere, because I don't think you'll be mobile by the end of the day."

"MMMMMMMM!" Jane said, clearly scared despite her current sexual high.

"I know baby, I have a solution to it, but it might take me some time to get it working. In the meantime, just get as comfortable as you can and try not to think about the fact that you won't be able to move at the end of the day. Isn't that what you want though baby? To just submit to me entirely and be completely at my mercy. All you have to do from now on is produce milk, grow, and enjoy your slavery."

"Mmmm" Jane said, slightly calmer, and definitely more aroused.

Katie petted Jane's hair softly and kissed the crook of her neck. She then got up and walked over to the two pumps and detached their two remotes and placed them next to Jane. She leaned over and whispered "I love you Jane, grow really big for me baby." Then Katie turned to walk back upstairs to leave for work. As she was ascending the stairs, she heard the sound of Jane's feeding pump turn on and smiled to herself.

Plans

Katie made her way to her SUV and began the forty-five minute commute to the hospital for her shift. She had a lot on her mind. "I love the progress Jane is making, she is growing far quicker than I thought she would. And her milk, it's the most delicious thing I've ever tasted. I wonder if that nutrient shake is rubbing off into her milk. If so, maybe it has the same properties. Wouldn't that be amazing, to live off only her milk. I'll have to get a sample and test it at the hospital." Katie thought as she merged onto the northbound highway. Katie made better time than she usually did and had time to run to the coffee shop and get a muffin and a cup of coffee before her shift started. As she sat down in the far corner of the shop she thought to herself, "Jane had a good point, she makes far too much milk for me to drink it all. I wonder if I can sell it." Katie pulled out her smartphone and looked at one of her bookmarks in the web browser. It was an obscure website, it had taken Katie months to find it, and another few weeks of perusing the various tabs to convince her that it was a legitimate website and not some police sting.

It was an auctioning site... For sex slaves. There were hundreds of willing and unwilling sex slaves for sale on the site, and it was this website that had provided Katie with the fuel for her fantasy of having and keeping Jane as a sex slave. Katie's desire for a huge-breasted and lactating companion, nurtured by her breast expansion and lactation fetishes, as well as many hours perusing the various beautiful young women for sale manifested itself in the actions which Katie was performing on poor Jane. Katie's plan to capture and collar Jane had come directly from a story written by a currently captive slave which was posted on the site by her master. Katie scrolled down until she came to one of the smaller subsections. This area was devoted to pet girls and livestock. Katie figured that Jane, although she was livestock of sort, was not entirely treated as such. Katie loved Jane, as both a person, and as a possession. She didn't think of her as an animal, but as a lover. However, this section of the site was where the cowgirls were listed, and Katie surmised that if she could find any place online to sell Jane's amazing milk, this would be it.

Katie clicked on a few of the profiles, seeing pictures of mostly older or very plump women with large, hanging breasts. Almost all of these women looked tired and sad. These cowgirls didn't look like Jane. Jane was slim, fit, and beautiful. Her breasts were round and plump, and rode high on her chest with very little sag. Katie figured she could probably make a fortune if she sold her cow, but that thought didn't progress any farther than a hypothetical guess at the price she would fetch. Katie was frustrated. She didn't see anywhere on the website that she could sell Jane's milk without selling Jane herself. She clicked on the last profile on the page in a frustrated final effort. Katie almost jumped with glee. The picture showed three young women, all of them probably in their early twenties. The girls all had collars and cowbells on them, and had large, full bosoms. They weren't even close to the medicine balls strapped to Jane, but they were beyond any normal bra sizes. The mistress of the three girls stood

behind them, her face cut off by the picture's cropping. She was patting the heads of two of the beautiful young cows as the third was being milked in the stall right beside them. The cows were all on their hands and knees, and Katie could see a few lengths of chain linked to cuffs on their hands and just above their knees. These chains effectively made it impossible for the girls to stand up vertically, confining them to walking on all fours forever. The cows looked happy though, very happy. The picture got Katie's juices flowing, but the truly exciting part was just below the picture.

"Darlington Ranch: Cowgirl Farm and Wholesale Human Milk Distributor." Katie almost started drooling as she continued to read. "Darlington's cows provide some of the richest and healthiest milk available on the market. We ensure our cowgirls are well fed and given plenty of exercise to keep them happy and productive for many years. Darlington also prides itself on accepting high quality milk from other outside sources. Contact the Ranch and send in a sample of your cow's milk to see if it is Darlington quality. If so, you will receive up to seventy-five percent of the profit earned from selling the milk. Darlington has provided an avenue for discerning and discreet customers to receive shipments of the most delicious and high-quality milk for over twenty seven years now, and has developed an extensive list of clients. There is always a demand for more milk. Contact the ranch for a sample container and start turning your cow into a cash cow." Katie was squirming in her seat, rubbing her rapidly moistening pussy against the fabric of the chair she was sitting in. She quickly bookmarked the Darlington website and proceeded to the bathroom, leaving her half-eaten muffin on the table. Katie was just picturing Jane, lying pinned to her bed by her giant udders, being milked continuously for profit. Katie had found her escape from nursing. She could quit her job and live at home, taking care of her beloved Jane. Katie went to the far bathroom stall and removed her scrubs and panties and quickly slipped her fingers inside herself. She started at the picture of the three cowgirls and their mistress, she wanted that life. She wanted to gently stroke the hair of her cow while she was milked. Katie would have it, she would take what she wanted. Katie tried to stifle a moan as she came, her muscles clenching on her fingers still pistoning in and out of her sex. Katie came down from her orgasmic high and sighed, this was going to be the longest shift ever.

Jane turned on the feeding pump as Katie walked away from her to go to work. She wanted to get a head start on the six gallons in the tank, and she was quickly becoming addicted to the delicious flavor of the nutrient shake. Not to mention her need for fuel to replace the amount of calories she was burning as her breasts were forced to continually balloon up and expand. Jane was always hungry since she had started growing. Jane sighed contentedly when the first drops of the deliciously thick shake made their way through her gag and into her waiting mouth. Jane leaned forward onto her tits, causing gushes of her rich milk to spray from her nipples and almost overwhelm the milking machine she was attached to. She relished in the constant suck and release on her swollen teats. She knew the machine would never tire, and never stop milking her. Jane was loving her situation. Collared and kept on a bed, hooked up to a milking machine that gently but firmly extracted her rich milk while being pumped full of a delicious dairy treat that would only cause her to swell bigger. Jane couldn't think of anything she wanted more, other than her mistress there beside her. Jane's feelings for Katie had only strengthened

as the days went on. She thought about her all the time now, and knew that by the end of the day Katie would be the one who would have to take care of her in every way as her tits grew too big for her tiny body to support.

Jane's hands began to roam over the massive swells of her orbs. She could feel her already wet pussy begin to beg for more. The pumps continued to quietly hum on as Jane obediently swallowed her food and pumped out her sweet nectar. Jane's right hand wandered from her breast and snaked its way down to her pussy. She ran her fingers up and down her slit, teasing herself. Jane gently slid a finger inside herself, then another, and began working them in and out of her glistening cunt. Jane was puzzled however, she actually felt more pleasure from massaging her giant breasts than playing with her pussy. Jane withdrew her hand from her sex in a haze, and planted it back on the side of her sensitive breast. She let out a muffled moan as she grasped the sensitive flesh of her breast, feeling it shudder and stretch bigger as the hormones in the milkshake began to run through her veins. Jane squeezed her firm tits as they began to grow. She ground her pussy against the bed and brought her legs around to the front of her body. She bent her knees slightly and used her legs to help push her breasts against each other, feeling the smooth skin of her gigantic milk-tanks pressing and sliding against each other was magical. Jane squeezed on, urging more milk to flow from her milk-factories and into the pump. She wanted to produce gallons and gallons of milk and to be a perfect dairy cow for her owner.

Jane's eyes opened wide and she tried to scream around her gag as she came, her breasts erupting with her delicious cream and their expansion accelerating as more blood was pumped into them. Jane stared incredulously as her breasts surged forward, jostling against each other as they fought for more room to expand. Jane could feel her slick juices pooling beneath her, and with each breath she could feel more and more of the sheets of her bed on the undersides of her breasts. Jane thrashed and squirmed as she was wracked with pleasure. Her breasts kept her firmly in place though, resisting the wild shaking of the rest of her body. Jane came to her senses and managed to reach over and turn off her feeding pump, she had already drank almost two gallons of the rich shake and was very full. She wanted to enjoy her growth and get slightly more accustomed to her new size before she turned it back on. Jane continued to savor the feeling of her milk being drawn from her swelling tits by the relentless pump. She placed her hands on the sides of her tits and felt them slowly pushing her arms apart as they grew bigger. Jane thought in a daze that she must be approaching the size of beanbag chairs right now. Her giant breasts looked like two pregnant wombs, with an adult woman trapped inside each of them. The nearly perfect spheres continued to grow, anchoring Jane to her bed.

Jane wanted to prove Katie wrong, she wanted to prove to her that she would still be able to walk after downing her growth hormones for the day. Jane knew it wouldn't matter, if she wasn't immobilized today, it would be tomorrow, or the next day, but eventually her breasts would become too big for her to carry. However, she wanted to maintain her tiny shards of independence for as long as she could. Jane reached over and turned off her milking pump and strained to disconnect the nozzles from her swollen teats. She placed them gently on the edge of the bed and took stock of her situation. Her breasts were still slowly swelling. Jane could feel her skin stretching as more firm breast flesh and milk

was growing and filling her up. Jane drew her legs back behind her and braced her hands and knees on the bed. Her breasts were squashed between her arms, she could feel the pressure from their continued growth pushing her hands farther apart on the mattress. Jane wanted to stand up now, before she got even bigger, just to see if she still could. Jane struggled and pushed off with her hands and legs simultaneously. Her giant mams reluctantly raised from their position on the bed, pulled up by Jane's tiny frame. Jane strained to get her balance and raise her torso up higher, she placed both her hands on the small of her back and pushed forward, levering her tits up slowly. Jane was breathing heavily, air rushing in and out of her nostrils as she righted herself. Her breasts were finally slowing their growth, the tingling sensation becoming a dull prickle. Jane stood up straight, she could feel her mammaries touching the upper parts of her thighs, she was nothing but breasts from her collarbones to the upper part of her knees. Jane hesitantly took a step forward, she had to push her breast forward with her thigh, causing it to wobble heavily and almost throw her off balance. Jane made the first step though, and her confidence was renewed slightly. She had to get off the bed though, she wanted to walk around her enclosure. She crouched slightly and lowered her left leg down to the floor. In doing so, her right leg was forced to bend, and her right thigh became a sort of platform for her boob to rest upon. Her left breast hung down below her, trying it's best to pull her down and anchor her to the floor. Jane's back was aching, but she resisted and eventually found herself with one foot planted on the ground and the other on her mattress. Jane carefully brought her right leg down, and placed it beside her left. Jane had successfully gotten off her bed. She was proud of herself, such a small accomplishment, but to Jane it meant the world. Jane took a few shuffling steps around the basement, marveling at the spectacle of her tits. She listened to the sound of her feeding hose and leash dragging along the floor behind her as she slowly trudged along.

Somewhere in the back of Jane's mind, she knew that she wouldn't be able to lift her breasts at the end of the day. They had already grown so much, and she still had four more gallons of shake to drink before Katie returned home. Jane continued shuffling slowly along, her heaving tits swaying in time with her tiny steps forward. Jane made her way over to her bathroom area and awkwardly bent to sit down on the toilet. She leaned forward, allowing her weighty tits to rest on the floor before her as she sat and relieved herself. Jane braced herself once again, lifted her giant mams from the floor, and made her way to the shower. Jane reached to open the shower door, and squeaked when she felt the cool glass touch the sensitive flesh of her tits. She found that her breasts were preventing it from swinging forward. Jane had to shuffle sideways and open the door first. She then turned to enter the shower and found that her tits were simply too wide, their outer curves ran into the shower doorframe and pushed her back. Jane began to cry in frustration, she was ridiculously huge, her poor body wasn't made to support such giant milk-factories. Jane's eyes were filled with tears as she turned around and backed her aching body into the shower, while her tits were wedged firmly in the doorframe. Jane turned on the warm water and washed herself quickly, wanting to get back to her bed and just succumb to her rapidly approaching immobility. She cried as she thought of the coming weeks, months, and even years. All of which would be spent permanently stuck in place, anchored by her huge udders. She knew as well that this would probably be her last shower on her own. Katie would have to clean her from now on. Jane spent far longer in the shower than she thought she would, letting the warm water wash over her and carry her thoughts away. Eventually, her despair somewhat abated, and Jane realized she still had to clean her mammaries. She walked out of the shower and slowly turned herself around, afraid that the momentum

of her breasts would spin her to the ground. She awkwardly shoved her right breast into the shower, and felt the warm water cascading down the sensitive flesh. The feeling of the droplets of water sliding down her tits reminded her that she loved her growth, she loved being Katie's little dairy cow. She didn't care if she wouldn't be able to move at the end of the day, as long as Katie returned to her and took care of her, none of it mattered. These were the thoughts occupying Jane's head as she diligently scrubbed the sweat and milk from her huge right breast. Jane removed her dripping tit from the shower and turned herself again, positioning her left breast at the shower door and slowly stepping forward to wedge the heavy organ into the shower and the spray of warm water. Jane cooed as she soaped up her left breast. The sexual haze she was in was impairing her judgement, and she knew it. However, she didn't care anymore, she had no other purpose in life than to make Katie happy.

Jane finished cleaning herself and pulled her left breast from the shower. She had to rotate herself back around and back into the shower again to reach the tap and shut the water off. Jane placed her hands on the undersides of her tits, actually it was more just the sides. She could barely reach the bottoms of her breasts at this point. "I wonder how big Katie will make me. I keep thinking she's about to stop but she just gets that look in her eye and continues forcing me to grow. There isn't really anything I can do to stop it though." Jane thought, utterly defeated. "I guess I'll just keep doing what I've been doing, trying to enjoy it as much as I can. It really isn't too hard, these tits feel better the bigger they get." Jane gently rubbed her breasts, pushing them together as she took small steps back towards her bed. She picked up the TV remote on her way, and placed it next to the remotes to her two pumps. Jane gingerly levered her breasts back onto the bed and climbed onto the mattress, walking on her knees. Her breasts planted themselves on the bed, and Jane had to strain in small spurts to lift and adjust their heavy masses as she slowly worked her way into the center of the bed. Jane then reached to her side and grabbed her milking hoses and reconnected them to her swollen nipples. She could feel her sweet milk gradually filling her udders. She was glad she had decided to get her final walk in before she was full. Jane didn't think she could have stood with the additional weight of her milk pulling her down. Jane turned on the TV and leaned herself forward against her breasts. She could barely sit on her heels now; her tits had grown so large and tall that they were beginning to pull her up with them as she kneeled. Jane turned on her milking pump to its lowest setting and whimpered in pleasure as the twin hoses began to drain her. She snuggled against her massive chest, rubbing her breasts with wide, sweeping strokes as milk was drawn from them. Jane took a quick look at the time on the TV, she had killed a little over three hours since Katie had left for the day. Jane knew that Katie would hold to her promise of pumping an additional ten gallons of the nutrient shake into her if she didn't finish the initial six gallons. Jane decided to give herself another thirty minutes to recuperate from the strain of lugging her jugs around. After which she would continue swallowing her milkshake as it was pumped down her throat. Jane turned down the volume on the television to a whisper and closed her eyes. She rested her head on her swollen orbs and continued slowly rubbing them as the pump gently milked her. She had finally come to terms with her fate, and resigned herself to being an immobile milk cow for her mistress. Jane's hands fell to her sides as she slumped against her breasts and fell into a pleasant sleep.

Still Life

Katie distractedly looked after her patients, getting them food and performing simple procedures as best she could. A few of her coworkers looked at her funny, their eyes dropping to her swollen chest, but always darting away quickly when Katie made eye contact. However, strange looks from her coworkers, and her ill-fitting bra were the least of her concerns right now. The entire day she was thinking about the Darlington Ranch website and her desire to sell Jane's milk. During her lunch break she ordered a sample container with rush delivery so she could get some of Jane's milk tested as soon as possible. Katie also managed to find an old storeroom where defective stretchers were kept. She had an old friend who was very good at welding. He would make metallic sculptures as decorations all the time, and Katie had been the recipient of a few of his creations. Katie wanted him to make a sort of crane apparatus for Jane, so she could lug her breasts around with her as she continued to grow. Katie planned on taking the old stretchers from the storeroom and using their frames as material to create the contraption for Jane. Katie managed to move all of the stretchers to a small side entrance to the hospital and pull her car around to that door as her shift ended. She folded down all of her seats and managed to fit four of the stretchers into her car. Katie called her friend, Jacob, and asked him if he wouldn't mind trying to turn some old stretchers into a sort of "hammock." Jacob, always excited for a new metalworking challenge, readily accepted and told her he had a few days free to work on it. Katie grinned widely, she knew that Jane would appreciate a gift like this. Katie thought back to her sexy slave, collared and hooked up to two pumps. One pumping her full of hormones, the other extracting her rich milk. Katie's pussy moistened at the thought that Jane was probably immobile right now, and would be completely dependent on her for even the most basic of needs. Katie squirmed in her seat, sexual tension continually building as she drove over to Jacob's workshop and dropped off the stretchers. She informed him that she wanted the hammock to have wheels on it so it would be easy to roll around. Jacob looked over the stretchers and after a few minutes of quiet thought, assured Katie that it could be done. Katie thanked him and excitedly jumped back into her car and headed for home, eager to see the size that her cow had grown to while she was at work.

Meanwhile, Jane had managed to rouse herself from her nap and sat pushing her tongue lightly against her inflated gag. She reached up, arms brushing her massive breasts, and rubbed her eyes. She stared despondently at the remaining four gallons of nutrient shake that Katie had put out for her. She mumbled softly to herself and reached over to the remotes to her pumps. Jane could still feel the gentle pull and release of the milking pump on her enormous udders. It was comforting to her, the constant stimulation kept her pleasantly on edge at all times. Jane allowed her eyes to drift over to the reservoir hooked up to her milking pump and then did a double take. The jug was over halfway full! Jane had

pumped out over five gallons of rich, creamy, milk and she still felt full. Jane sighed contentedly and concentrated on the milk level in the clear container. After about two minutes, she was absolutely sure she saw it rise. Jane was amazed at her capacity to produce milk. She was beginning to feel very bovine, like a true dairy cow. She wanted nothing more than to make Katie proud. She wanted to produce as much milk as possible, and keep her mistress well fed from her rich bounty. Jane looked over to the TV and saw that she had actually been asleep for about an hour, well over the time that she was planning to wake up and drink more of her shake. She rubbed her swollen tummy, she was still slightly full from her morning feeding. However, she still had lots of milkshake to suck down and lots more growing to do for her owner. Jane grabbed the remote and set it on low once again, she twitched nervously in anticipation as her feeding hose began to shake. She could feel the chill of the metal as the hose dragged lightly against her swollen tits. Jane closed her eyes, braced herself, and relaxed her throat as the first surges of milkshake entered her waiting mouth. Jane rolled her tongue around, savoring the delicious taste as she began to swallow the drugged milkshake. She continued to rub her distended stomach, which gradually expanded as she continued to pump herself fuller. Jane gradually reopened her eyes as the tingling in her breasts began in earnest once again. She was growing for Katie once more.

Jane mashed her hands into the flanks of her bosom, squeezing the tender flesh as it began to swell against her. Jane felt her plush and expanded rear leave her heels as her breasts started to grow. She turned her head to look behind her and saw her huge bubble butt floating helplessly behind her as her tits pulled her upwards. They were growing so fat and tall that she could no longer kneel and sit on her heels. Jane felt her pussy moisten as waves of pleasure from the work her hands were doing on her tits flowed through her. Jane buried her face in her expanding cleavage, lost in the amazing feeling of her bosom growing against her face. She realized that she was no longer a girl with a huge pair of tits. She was a huge pair of tits that just happened to have a girl attached to them. Each of her slowly growing breasts weighed more than the rest of her body. Not to mention the gallons of milk sloshing around inside each giant dairy factory. Jane was lost in a pleasure induced trance, she tugged at her collar, causing her cowbell to ring loudly as she thrashed against her tits as they swelled. She felt the edge of the bed on the bottom of her breasts as they lolled before her, slowly expanding over her mattress. Jane's arousal was dripping down her legs, and Jane began bucking her hips, driving herself over and over against her giant bazongas. Her arms continued their relentless massage of her expanding tits, she could feel them slowly being pushed farther and farther apart from each other. Her breasts had started to wrap around her sides, swelling out and around her to the point that her arms at rest were pushed back behind her by her fattening globes. Jane was nothing but a pair of milk-filled udders, which were still slowly growing as Jane accepted more milkshake into her swollen stomach.

Jane screamed against her gag as an orgasm slammed into her, her pussy slick and dripping and her udders eagerly spraying forth waves of her delicious, warm, milk. Jane heard her milking pump sputter as it struggled to accept her rich bounty surging forth from her swollen teats. Through her haze, she saw the milk level in the pump's reservoir rise quickly, probably adding another two gallons in about thirty seconds. Jane sighed and patted her dairy domes appreciatively. She had squirted out a gallon of milk from each of her udders just during her orgasm. Jane let herself slowly come down from her sexual high,

her breast massage lessening to slow, loving, strokes as opposed to the violent kneading she was performing on herself earlier. Jane leaned against her tits, feeling her tiny body dwarfed by her udders. She reached her hands around her breasts and brought them to her swollen stomach. She felt the cold bulge of the milkshake deep within her, gradually pushing forward as she struggled to swallow more and more. Jane was flushed and her brow sweaty as she surrendered herself to her feeding pump. She looked like she was approaching the size of a full-term pregnant woman. But there was no baby, just more and more delicious milkshake and growth hormones which her body was eagerly digesting as Jane continued to grow.

Jane decided to try one last time to move under her own power. She spread her legs and planted her feet on the bed. Then she leaned forward to try to get her arms on the bed as well for a little extra push. However, her tits were in the way. Jane couldn't place her arms on the bed, her breasts had grown to the point that all she could reach from now on was their velvety smooth and sensitive curves. Jane giggled at her helplessness. She realized the futility of her efforts, but she didn't give up just yet. She counted down in her head from three and pushed with all her might, straining her leg and back muscles to the max... and didn't manage to budge herself one inch. Her massive spheres had finally succeeded in anchoring her in place, she was immobilized.

"How could I let this happen?" Thought Jane. "Katie has won, she has made me into a fixture in her basement. Nothing more than a possession."

Jane yanked at her leash in frustration. "I don't even know why Katie still makes me wear this thing, I'm going to be planted here forever, collar or not." Jane thought between swallows of her shake. "Still... I feel so complete now. I'm finally truly Katie's property now. Why do I love this so much!? I just want her to come back home and hold me, stroke and massage my breasts and tell me she's going to take care of me. I love that she owns me, and I love her."

Jane gave up trying to move for good. She settled in against her tits and prepared for a final surge of growth as she heard her feeding pump click off as the last of the shake made its way into her gagged mouth.

"Wow, six whole gallons. Katie will be so proud of me!" Jane thought with glee. "I can't wait until my mistress sees how much milk I've made for her, almost eight gallons by the looks of it. She won't ever have to buy milk again." Jane found herself subconsciously sucking as best as she could on her feeding hose, drawing a few lingering swallows out of the slack tube. Now that she was immobilized, any qualms she had about growing bigger were gone. It didn't matter anymore anyways. Now Jane was curious. Curious to see how big she could get. Jane wanted to push her boundaries and grow even larger. Jane braced herself as her breasts once again surged forward in another wave of growth. She whimpered softly as leaned forward and went limp like a ragdoll, resigning herself to the orgasmic tingling of her

growth. She ran her hands over her plump rear, feeling it slowly spread her fingers apart as it too struggled to get in on the action. Jane was startled to find however, that she was gradually feeling less weight on her knees as she kneeled. She noticed that the upper swells of her tits had almost reached her chin, and were extending forward to the point that she was sure they must be hanging over the bed by now. It looked like Jane had a pair of smart cars attached to her, pulling her insignificant, kneeling, form up with them as they fattened and swelled. Jane tried to pull herself back down, she didn't want to be left hanging from her tits when her mistress returned. After about ten minutes of grunting and straining, Jane had managed to slightly roll her breasts backwards, causing her nipples to point a bit higher into the air, the twin milking hoses still attached and drawing her warm nectar out of her milk-factories. Jane had once again planted her knees on the mattress, but had to lean her head back slightly to avoid it being stuck in her expanding cleavage. Jane rested her chin on her tits and once again began gently massaging them as their growth finally began to taper off.

Jane sighed against her gag as a few more inches, a few more heavy pounds of soft breastflesh was packed into her giant mammaries. Her slim body was dwarfed by her enormous bosom, and her swollen ass looked like two giant hams. Jane could feel her milk glands working overtime and grabbed the remote to her milking pump and turned it up a few notches to help combat the mounting pressure. Jane squirmed in pleasure as the speed and intensity of the pumps increased. Jane's hands roamed over the tight skin of her tits, she would have to ask Katie to rub more lotion on her when she returned. Jane once again felt her pussy begin to moisten from the feeling of her hands roaming over her globes, she snuggled closer to her firm tits and prepared herself for another marathon masturbation session while she waited for her owner to come home. Just then however, Jane heard Katie pull up to the house.

True Love

Katie parked her SUV and jumped out quickly, excited to see the size Jane had attained while she was away. She undressed as soon as she got inside, flung off her scrubs in frenzy and rushed towards the basement. Katie threw open the locks and made her way down the stairs, almost tripping in her excitement. What she saw when she turned the corner took her breath away.

Jane was overwhelmed by her breasts. Each was far larger than her entire body, and were dominating her tiny frame. Jane was staring steadily at Katie, a hungry lustful look painted on her face. She was stroking the small percentage of her dairy factories that she could reach firmly, urging more of her white gold into the pump. The reservoir was overflowing, a puddle of milk had formed around it, steadily winding its way into the drain at the center of the basement.

"My god Jane. You are the most beautiful creature to have ever lived. Look at you, a dairy goddess."

Jane simply smiled in return, continuing to massage her massive tits lovingly. Katie shook herself out of her trance and staggered over towards Jane in a haze of desire.

"Can you move now? Or are you finally immobile?"

Jane sighed and said "Mmmmphhh."

"Oh, I see, good" Katie exclaimed. "I suppose that you need me now more than ever. Don't worry my sweet little milkmaid, I am going to take excellent care of you." Katie said while running her hands firmly up and down Jane's udders. Jane moaned quietly in response.

"Let's see how you did with your homework." Katie glanced over at the empty feeding tank, a little disappointed that it was finished. "Such a hungry girl I have, you finished all your food." Katie smirked as she walked around towards Jane's body, looking in awe that the massive mammaries she had grown. Katie lightly massaged Jane's back, kissing the nape of her neck while doing so.

"I love you so much Jane, I will never leave your side from now on. I am quitting my job at the hospital. I have found a wonderful place where I can sell your milk and make a living as a dairy farmer, with you as my one and only cow. You're my most prized possession and my best friend. I love you." Katie deflated Jane's gag and gently removed it, allowing Jane an opportunity to speak again.

"I love you too Katie, I will be your faithful milkmaid forever. I am totally and completely helpless now, my udders are too heavy for me to move ever again. I'm nothing more than your dairy cow."

"Yes you are sweetheart. You are also my lover however, and I want to show you my love right now." Katie began slowly making her way around the swell of Jane's left breast. She dragged her fingernails roughly along the orb as she walked, making Jane whimper with the intensity of the sensation. Katie's other hand was occupied below her waist, gently working her clit, getting her juices flowing in preparation for something that Katie wasn't even sure she could do anymore. Katie abruptly stopped at the front of Jane's car-sized dairy dome. She looked at the massive nipple, wedged firmly in the embrace of the milk pump, relentlessly spewing forth more rich, creamy milk. Katie roughly pulled the hose of the milk pump off, eliciting a yelp from her startled cow, who could no longer see around her breasts to her front.

"What are you doing up there Katie? I'm producing milk constantly now, I need to be pumped all the time or I'll get engorged really quickly!"

"Don't worry Jane, I'll get this milk out of you, but I'm going to do it my way."

Katie slowly lowered her mouth to Jane's teat, which was swollen to about seven inches long, and a few inches thick. She licked around the perimeter, causing Jane to scream out in pleasure.

"Katie, if you are going to suckle from me again, you will probably grow just like me."

"I know Jane, I'm counting on it."

With that, Katie wrapped her lips around the milk spout, forming a tight seal, and began to suckle. The familiar delicious taste rushed into her mouth, coating her taste buds in the most delicious cream imaginable. Katie savored the flavor before swallowing it down quickly and drawing again on the huge nipple. A constant stream began, rocketing down into Katie's stomach, filling her up with nutritious milk and causing her stomach to begin slowly bulging outwards. Katie wrapped her hands around the base of

Jane's nipple, tugging it firmly and relishing the flow of warm milk rushing into her. Jane's helpless body was wracked with pleasure and she gyrated helplessly against her globes, moaning continuously. Her feelings built and built until a crescendo was reached and Jane climaxed, arching her back and tensing all her muscles as the pleasure overwhelmed her. Katie coughed and sputtered, trying to keep up with the fire hose of milk pouring down her throat into her stomach. She released Jane's nipple and slid her hands down to her stomach, feeling it stretch out as gallons of rich cream filled it. Once again, Katie was stuck to Jane's nipple as it released its cargo, only able to free herself once Jane had calmed down a bit.

Katie placed her hands on either side of the massive teat, and shook her head from side to side, slowly pulling the swollen teat from its home in her mouth. The flow of milk was still going strong when it finally popped free. Katie quickly took some deep breaths and massaged her massive stomach, which looked as though she was overdue with triplets. Katie crouched down and retrieved the lonely milk pump hose, and reattached it to its rightful place; pumping milk out of Jane.

"Mmmmmm Katie, how does my milk taste today?"

"It's delicious my love. I love it more than any other food in the world. Now it's time for you to pleasure me my beautiful milkmaid."

"You'll have to come around here Katie, I can't move anymore and I can't reach you from way over here."

"I have another idea sweetie, I want you to roll your breasts forward a little bit so your nipples are lower, I'll do the rest."

"Okay Katie, I'm not sure what you have in mind, but I'll try."

Jane positioned her legs beneath her and pushed off of the bed with all her strength, slowly her tits lolled forward, pulling her up slightly in the process. She repeated this several times straining with the effort of moving her massive mountains even slightly. Jane finally stood behind her breasts, forced to lean forward from their pull on her. Her legs were slick with her juices and she was slumped forwards, using her tits as pillows while she tried to regain her strength.

In the meantime, Katie was waddling over to Jane's other breast, cradling her belly full of milk while it sloshed inside her. She was dreaming of her own expansion as the milk was digested and her breasts were forced to expand just like her cow.

"I want you to fuck me Jane, you're going to fuck me with your nipple and pump my womb full of your milk. My stomach is already full to bursting, but I still have room in my womb."

"Mmmmmm ooohhhh yes mistress, whatever you want is yours. My udders are yours to do with what you will. I'm all yours Katie."

"Yes you are Jane, now get ready." Katie pulled the pump off of Jane's right breast and turned around facing away from Jane's nipple. The warm stream of milk continuously flowing from Jane hit Katie's back, coating her in a light sheen of white. Katie reached behind her and stroked the teat, slowly guiding into her sex as she backed up. Katie sprayed her pussy with milk, lubing it up in preparation to take the massive intruder. Slowly, Katie took the nipple inside herself, feeling warm milk gushing out from her lower lips. She allowed the nipple to sit inside her halfway, enjoying the incredible feeling of warm cream filling her up before backing up again.

"Oh god Jane, you feel incredible inside me, I can feel my womb filling up with your milk. You're pumping me so full baby." Katie moaned as she began gyrating her hips back and forth, urging the flow of milk to increase. The rough texture of Jane's nipple was pure heaven to Katie, and she reached climax within a few seconds. She clamped down with her inner vaginal muscles, and when she finally released a torrent of milk shot inside her womb, filling it to the brim.

Jane was screaming with wild abandon, the feeling of her nipple deep inside her lover was the most incredible sexual thrill she had ever felt. As Jane had yet another orgasm, her nipple swelled inside Katie, once again becoming wedged tightly inside her lover and forcing even more milk into Katie's overstuffed womb. Katie tried futilely to pull herself free from the onslaught of cream rushing into her, but the nipple was too swollen to remove. She was once again forced to endure the flow of milk from her cow as her belly continued to expand with its liquid cargo. Katie was on her hands and belly, since her knees had been lifted off the floor by the massive swell of her stomach and womb. Katie looked as though a full grown person was trapped inside her when Jane's teat finally shrank enough for Katie to pull herself free. With a wet pop, the nipple came free and Katie struggled to gain her footing and stand.

"Holy shit Jane, I've blown up like a balloon from all your milk. I can barely stand up."

"That's still better than me my love, at least you can walk." Jane said, breathily, exhausted from yet another sexual tryst with her lover and owner.

"That's true, I have no room to talk.... Listen Jane, I am totally and completely in love with you and what you've become. I am going to take really good care of you, I hope you know that."

"I know Katie, I don't have a choice, but even if I did, I know I would choose to be with you now. I love you."

"I love you too. I need to get cleaned up and then I'll come back down and take care of you, alright?"

"Alright mistress, I'll be waiting here for you." Jane said, smiling warmly.

Katie waddled over to the fallen hose and reattached it to Jane's right udder. The reservoir was still overflowing into the central drain in the basement, but Jane had to be relieved of the pressure of her milk. Katie made a mental note to find a bigger containers for Jane's milk as she cradled her sloshing belly and womb, wondering how much bigger her own breasts were going to get when all this milk was finally digested.

Contact

Katie struggled up the stairs, her stomach and womb both filled to the brim with the product of her sweet cow Jane. She was overwhelmed with the enormity of her actions. She knew very well that she was in for a great deal of growth in the coming hours as the vast amount of milk sloshing around inside her was digested and the hormones within forced to expand her breasts to massive proportions. *My god, what have I done? At this rate, I'll be just as big as Jane.* Katie thought as she jiggled up the stairs, carrying gallons of milk in her body. Milk was dripping its way out of her pussy, although her cervix was closed tight, holding the precious milk deep inside her stretched womb.

Katie was putting all her thoughts and hopes of future in the very milk she was carrying inside her as she stumbled upstairs. Everything depended on the sale of Jane's milk to the Darlington Ranch. Her entire financial future, as well as the future of Jane, which was now tied to Katie, was resting on the milk gradually filling Jane's massive tits. Katie remembered that she needed to get the sample of Jane's milk to the Ranch as soon as possible. She decided to take a spare vial she had laying around and fill it with Jane's sweet bounty just to get it there more quickly. She grabbed an extra vial from her medical supplies and labeled it properly before managing to stumble back down the stairs and fill it with the milk overflowing from Jane's relentless pump. Jane, in the meantime, was trying fruitlessly to roll herself backwards to lean against the pillows she had been using as support. Her massive tits held her firmly in place however, forcing her to kneel behind them as she squirmed. Katie's level of arousal elevated once more while watching Jane so utterly dominated by her milk sacks. Katie shook her head to clear her lustful thoughts, and waddled back upstairs with the filled vial of milk in order to send it off. She managed to wrap herself in an old poncho she had in the closet, the only thing able to cover her swollen form, and squeeze her massive belly into her car. She drove to the end of her driveway and deposited the vial, encased in a sealed manila envelope, into the mailbox in time for pickup later in the day. *I must get back inside and prepare for my own growth, I hope it's not too much* thought Katie as she trudged back to her car and made her way home.

Katie went inside, kissed Jane, and gave her a bedpan to take care of her business now that she was anchored firmly in place. She then walked upstairs to her shower, ready to wash the milk and sex off her swollen body. She rummaged around the bathroom drawer to find a purple dildo that she kept hidden but desperately needed at that moment. Stepping into the cascade of warm water, Katie stroked the dildo up and down her swollen lower lips, preparing herself for a nice long pleasure session. She eased it into herself, eyes closed, sighing in pleasure as each inch slid into her tight pussy. The head of the toy brushed her cervix, and Katie moaned as she continued pushing, breaching the tight hole and releasing a veritable flood of milk which rushed out of her stuffed womb. The milk gushed out of her body like a river, leaving a trail of pale white swirling towards the shower drain. Katie fell to her knees with the

intensity of the sensation. She was being penetrated by her handheld boyfriend, while a torrent of her lover's sweet milk flooded out of her. It was a push-pull of pleasure, causing her body to feel electrified and overwhelmed.

"Oooooohhhhhh fuuuuuuuuuuccckk" Katie moaned as she writhed in absolute bliss, warm water rolling off her prone form. Her stomach was still swollen with gallons of milk from Jane, but the dairy goodness trapped in her womb had been released, and Katie felt many pounds lighter. She lay in the shower for a solid ten minutes before mustering the strength to stand up and actually wash herself. *I'm such a naughty little girl* Thought Katie as she extracted her toy and dropped it on the floor. *I'm going to go call the hospital to resign and then spend the rest of the evening playing with Jane's tits and getting ready to grow myself. I can't wait to hear back from the Ranch. I sure hope they like what Jane is producing. I'm sure they will.* Katie mused, and then stepped out of the shower to dry off and snuggle with her immobile cow for the rest of the night.

One Day Later: Darlington Ranch

Erica Maxwell, better known to those around her as "Mistress" was making her rounds of the facility, checking on the status of the thirty two "cows" in her charge. Chains clinked, young women moaned, and milk pumps chugged on mercilessly. The cows here were fed an enriched milk shake diet, much like Katie had been feeding Jane, albeit with a much lower dosage of hormones. Erica expected, and indeed ensured, that each of the young women she owned produced a gallon of milk each day per udder. The average size of the girls was comparable to a regulation sized basketball, and there were normally three milking sessions each day, and one in the middle of the night to relieve the buildup of pressure.

Erica was both feared, and loved by the cows that she took care of. Most of the women were there without their consent. However, months and in most cases years of being treated as livestock had broken the will of these girls and they now accepted their fate and embraced their role as living milk factories. There were always thirsty customers, willing to pay top dollar for human milk, coaxed out of a bounteous young bosom. There were even special side rooms which had cameras in them. For a premium price, a client could get a video recording of a young cow bound up in any way they chose, having her enormously engorged udders pumped for their very own personal milk delivery. Erica was for the most part satisfied with the state of her cows, all of them ambling about on their hands and knees, some exploring each other's supple bodies, some moaning in pleasure as they were pumped during their scheduled milking, and two of them... *No that can't be right, they know not to waste good product...* thought Erica.

"Hey! What the hell do you think you two are doing, Belle and Daisy? No drinking each other's milk!" Erica screamed harshly.

"But Mistress! We made our quota for the day! Please! We are still full and need to be milked!" Pleaded Belle as she licked up the remaining drops of Daisy's milk from her mouth. The two had been feeding each other in the corner, each one suckling ravenously from the overfull orbs in front of them.

"Well then, you two can be full for the next 24 hours, no milking, no relief. You two will feel your udders swell up and remain tight and engorged, and think about how you wasted valuable milk on each other instead of our customers."

The two cows whimpered as they contemplated their fate. Erica grabbed two leashes and approached the huddled cows, hooking them to the leashes and securing them to ring bolts on the walls. The young women knew that suckling from each other was strictly forbidden. Mistress Erica wordlessly gagged Belle and Daisy with giant, red, ball gags to silence their eventual pained whimpers before they started. She then shortened the chains binding their wrists and knees together, effectively rendering them immobile.

Mistress Erica did not like using corporal punishment on her property. She preferred a more sinister but no less effective method. The women in her charge knew very well that the threat of un milked udders was a serious one, causing constant, throbbing, discomfort for as long as Erica demanded. The other cows silently watched as Belle and Daisy pulled weakly at their binds and looked down at their udders, which they could already feel relentlessly swelling with milk that would not be released until their mistress allowed it.

Erica knew that there would not be any more discipline problems for the rest of the day. The other cows were too afraid that they wouldn't be milked either to be disobedient. Erica could feel a tingling in her intimate parts, she would need to take one of the better behaving cows into bed with her tonight, to sate her burning lust. With this thought on her mind, she left the barn, locking the heavy door securely behind her and heading to the mailbox to see if the ranch had received any mail. She was mildly surprised when she found a manila envelope with what looked like a small cylinder inside. She ripped open the package and found a carefully labeled medical sample vial, with what could only be milk inside it. Erica smirked as she thought of the young woman that this must have come from, before heading to a nondescript shed which housed a great deal of surprisingly sophisticated medical lab equipment. She placed a small amount of the sample into a machine which analyzed its composition, and set it to run a full workup. The estimated time was about thirty minutes to receive results, so Erica went into the nearby house and made herself some soup and a sandwich. When she returned, she looked at the printout of the results in shock. The milk was laden with growth and lactation hormones, far in excess of

the blend she was feeding her livestock. Yet it also contained nearly perfect combinations of nutrients and minerals needed for humans to survive and thrive. It was absolutely perfect.

Erica thought that the machine must be malfunctioning, so she poured another small amount of the sample into a second machine and began the testing process again. She sat down in the nearby office chair, contemplating the significance of this find. If this milk was really this pure, this perfect, she had to own the cow it came from. She would find her and claim her as her own. She wanted to own this girl, more than anything, and Mistress Erica always got what she wanted.

You Reap What You Sow

Katie's body had been hard at work digesting the veritable ocean of milk sloshing around in her full belly. It had shrunk down significantly, now just a very slight pudge remaining on her otherwise slender and athletic body. Her breasts on the other hand, were another issue entirely. Despite Katie's best efforts to remain awake for her growth, both her and Jane were exhausted from the day and had passed out, snuggled close to one another after their sexual exploits. Katie's breasts had taken advantage of the abundance of hormones and nutrient rich fuel contained in Jane's milk, and set about trying their hardest to expand as huge as possible. They couldn't really be called breasts anymore, they were tits, udders, bazongas, they were huge. Each was roughly the size of a beanbag chair. The swollen orbs were nearly spherical, and were extremely heavy. Poor Katie stirred from her slumber, feeling a whole new expanse of feelings from her chest. There was so much more surface area for her to feel, and so many new nerve endings to feel it with. Her boobs were incredibly sensitive now that they had grown. Katie struggled to rouse herself from her fitful slumber. Her head was leaning against her newly acquired assets, sinking very slightly into the firm flesh that was now and forever a part of her body.

"Uuggghhhh... Keep going Jane... Huh... wha.." Katie said groggily, shaking the sleepiness from her head. "Oh my GOD!" Katie screamed when she saw the flesh pillows billowing out from her chest. "What have I done! I'm absolutely massive, I drank too much milk! Jane! Get up! Wake up!"

Jane was startled awake by Katie's yelling. "What happened Katie, are you o... oh my god! Look at you Katie, you're huge!"

"I know, oh Jane, I'm so sorry. This is not good. I can't be this big! I have to take care of you! I'm responsible for you now, I can't be handicapped like this. These tits are too much for me."

"Calm down my love, everything will be alright. You can still walk can't you?"

"I think so, let me try." Katie whimpered as she ran her hands over the expanse of flesh she had grown, her tits felt sooooo good. Katie extricated herself from Jane's side and shakily got her feet under her. Her back strained mightily to hold up her new mammaries. "MMMMM, Jane... I can still stand up. Just barely. Oh Jane, these tits feel incredible. I don't know how you put up with this. Mine are less than half your size and I can barely touch them without going insane."

"I know Katie, I've been in a constant haze of pleasure since you started forcing me to grow. I love my udders so very much. I don't think I'll even miss being able to move with the feelings I get from these tits. You on the other hand, you can't drink any more of my milk Katie. Please promise me you won't, I don't want you to become immobile too."

"That's a hard promise to make Jane, you taste so very good sweetie, but I promise I won't have any more milk. I know that I can't afford to get any bigger and still take care of you like you deserve. Speaking of which, I'll bet you're starving right now."

Jane smiled at her owner and nodded, causing her cow bell to ring. Katie returned the grin and staggered towards the stairs to get some of the milkshake mix for her cow from the fridge. Her hands had not left her expanded tits since the second she woke up. Katie was driving herself wild mashing her boobs roughly and trying to reach her nipples to tug at them, which she was beginning to feel was hopeless as they were too far out in front of her. *All that milk has now become part of my body... Forever. I'm going to have to carry these heavy orbs around with me for the rest of my life. How could I have been so careless? Jane's milk just tasted so good. Maybe just a little bit more wouldn't hurt... How much bigger can I get?NO! I can't think that way! I have a responsibility to Jane now, I must remain mobile to take care of both of us now.* Katie busied herself preparing Jane's breakfast, mixing the last of the remaining hormone pills into the milkshake mix. She noticed that her center of gravity was far forward of where it was previously, and her lower back was already getting sore and tight from holding up the heavy tits attached to her. Katie also noticed a persistent and increasing tightness in her tits. She was worried that she was about to start lactating as well. Katie reached around her mammaries awkwardly and carried down two five gallon jugs full of nutrient shake to her dairy cow.

"I can't wait to grow again Katie, I want to be bigger, more sensitive, more helpless." Jane moaned as she saw Katie approaching with her meal.

"I know sweetheart, I've put the last of the hormones into this batch, let me get you hooked up and then I'll have to take care of myself for a bit." Katie whispered to Jane while placing the inflatable gag into her mouth and pumping it up so it was tight and secure. She then stepped carefully over to the pump leading to Jane's gagged mouth and poured the two five gallon containers into the reservoir tank. Her weighty orbs felt tight and full, and her nipples became erect as they brushed against the cool glass tank as she filled it with Jane's meal. As Katie poured the last of the milkshake in and reached to turn on the pump, she noticed that there was a pool of milk below her. This pump was separated from Jane's still overflowing milk pump by a good ten feet, which meant that there must be another source for this milk. She reached her hands around her front, and grasped at the lower part of her own tits, feeling them come into contact with a warm liquid. Katie gasped, she was lactating as well. She had her own set of udders now, which would require milking just like Jane. Katie got a sinking feeling in the pit of her stomach as a few tears rolled down her cheeks. She had already took this too far. She was now just as dependent on Jane as Jane was on her. She couldn't reach her own nipples, so she would have to hand

her own milking pump hoses to Jane and have her affix them to her tits. *This isn't what I wanted* thought Katie. *I was supposed to be the one in complete control. Me! I was the one who would pamper Jane as she was transformed into my little sex toy and dairy cow. Now I'm no better than her, I am going to have to ask her to milk me like a cow as well.... I guess I can sell my milk to Darlington Ranch too; make a little extra money on the side perhaps. Speaking of which, I need to check the mail to see if they have responded.*

Katie tried to compose herself and wipe the tears from her eyes. She was very conscious of her arms brushing the outer curves of her massive new endowments as she reached up to wipe her face. Her back was crying out in pain as she held up the new milk-filled weights she had developed. Katie knew that life would never be the same anymore, she doubted she could fit behind the wheel of her car, sleeping would be an annoying process, and she wouldn't be able to rest, having to milk herself during the night probably. Reading, preparing and eating food, and doing pretty much anything would be a challenge to her from now on. The swollen udders she had given herself were now part of her life, and she didn't have someone to take care of her. She would have to do it herself, while at the same time, look after her love Jane.

Katie managed to calm herself down enough to turn on Jane's feeding pump and she listened for the contented mewls of her cow as she began sucking down her meal. Jane's udders were so large now that she couldn't see anything but her expanse of flesh before her, giving Katie enough cover to proceed upstairs silently and unseen, leaving Jane to her milkshake and further growth.

Jane eagerly gulped down her milkshake as the pump worked relentlessly. She could just see the last couple of stairs leading up to the main house from the basement. The rest of the staircase was obstructed by the wall of firm tit meat she was stuck to. Jane got a good look at Katie though, and saw her face was red and streaked with tears, and her expanded boobs were slowly leaking milk. Jane tried to call out to Katie, but the milkshake pumping relentlessly down her throat prevented her from doing anything but swallowing. She could already feel the familiar tingle of her udders beginning to expand once again. She was worried about her owner, but the feeling of her tits packing on even more weight, and her milk ducts expanding in both size and number, soon led her to begin massaging the swollen orbs and momentarily forget about her troubled lover. *This feels better every time* thought Jane. *I wonder how many women would allow this to happen to them if they knew what I was feeling right now. If they could experience this complete pleasure. I am so fulfilled at this moment. I am a pair of tits, nothing more, and it feels amazing.* Jane squirmed and swallowed, squirmed and swallowed, allowing her expanding breast flesh to pull her up as it grew up to her chin. She was slowly being forced to stand behind her tits, as they were yanking her upwards as they swelled. The complete control her udders had over her was orgasmic. Jane moaned in pleasure, experiencing climax after climax as her tits continued to balloon. This went on for a solid half hour before Jane found herself standing on her tip toes, and then... her dainty feet left the bed. Jane was left hanging from her massive tits, which seemed to slow... and then completely stop growing rather quickly. Jane's juices were running down her inner thighs, and she was happily dazed from the most intense growth session yet. She was a slave to both her mistress

and her breasts, hanging behind them like an afterthought. The feeding pump chugged on, still filling Jane with more delicious milkshake, but her body couldn't grow any more. Jane's udders had finally grown to the point where they were too much for her body to maintain, and no further growth could occur. They were almost brushing against the ceiling, and spread out before and around Jane like a pair of cement mixing trucks. Jane continued swallowing her food and swept her arms along her firm tits, mashing her fingers roughly into the tight flesh. Her legs kicked lazily behind her, suspended about a foot off the mattress. Jane could feel each and every tiny vibration on her milk bags, and knew she would never think of anything but them ever again.

You Reap What You Sow Pt. 2

The 24-hour period of punishment for Belle and Daisy had expired a few hours ago, and there was still no sign of Mistress Erica to milk them. Both of the young cows were moaning and whimpering in extreme discomfort. Their udders were tight and swollen, their flesh bulging out in nearly perfect spheres. They were flushed red and hot to the touch as well. There was so much milk brewing inside them that it was squirting out in tiny spurts whenever their hearts beat. The miniscule streams were of no relief though, and Belle and Daisy were crying out as best they could around the ball gags stuffed in their mouths.

One of the other cows saw the suffering of these poor women and determined that she was going to help them. She was new to the ranch, having only been there about a month, and was not yet accustomed to her life as a dairy cow. She had not seen mistress Erica truly angry with one of her cows. Her punishments were almost always to withhold milking for some length of time. The behavior that got them into that position usually stopped after having to deal with milk swollen tits. Yet Veronika still had a fiery and rebellious side to her, and wanted to help the two young women as an act of defiance, no matter how small, against her mistress.

Veronika crawled slowly up to Belle, who was bound tight and swaying her heavy udders back and forth, trying to get some milk to squirt out on its own. She looked into her tearful eyes, and whispered, "I'm going to milk you, stay still." Belle looked extremely surprised, and started to pull away from Veronika. "I just want to help! Please, stay still." Eventually, Belle stopped moving and pressed her chest forward, presenting her tits to Veronika to be milked. Veronika tried to reach her hands up to grasp the bloated udders in front of her, but her bonds which held her on all fours, also prevented her from reaching the nipples of Belle's breasts. Veronika sighed and scooted forward a bit more, and then moved her mouth towards Belle's right breast. She licked the nipple tenderly, enjoying the sweet taste of the trace amounts of milk seeping from Belle's swollen boob. She then wrapped her lips fully around the nipple and began to suckle from the bound girl. Veronika diligently drained the milk out of Belle, to the pleased sighs of the captive girl as she experienced the orgasmic bliss that always accompanied having her udders milked. Veronika's belly filled with the warm, sweet, nectar that Belle had produced. Veronika eventually finished emptying Belle, leaving the quivering young cow slumped over in her bonds, and crawled slowly over to Daisy. Daisy had seen what Veronika did with Belle, and eagerly presented her tits to be milked as well. Veronika rubbed her full belly and sighed, she was going to be so full after milking Daisy too. However, Her conscience wouldn't allow her to sit idly by while Daisy suffered. So Veronika once again began to suckle from her barn-mate's engorged udders. She had just finished draining the last of the milk from Daisy's enormous breasts when she felt a firm hand grasp her

shoulder. Daisy let out a muffled scream in her gag as she stared wildly at Mistress Erica, who stood over the pair of women.

Without a word, Mistress Erica attached a leash to Veronika's collar and pulled her over towards the corner of the large room. In it, was a cage filled with an extensive collection of bondage and restraint devices. Veronika leaned back and tried to hold her ground as Mistress Erica pulled her towards the cage, but Mistress Erica yanked hard and the unfortunate girl was pulled forward. Veronika thought she might be sick with the huge amount of milk in her belly not yet settled as she was pulled along. Erica got her positioned in the center of the cage, and hooked her leash to a ring mounted on the ceiling. She then chained her ankle cuffs down to two rings mounted on the floor, leaving her legs spread open. Erica then pulled on her leash, using the ring on the ceiling as a sort of pulley, to lift Veronika's upper body off the ground. She disconnected the chains holding her wrists against her knees and allowed Veronika to stretch out a little. She grabbed a leather armbinder off of the rack in the cage and secured Veronika's arms tightly behind her back. Veronika was forced to thrust out her chest in front of her. Erica then got some cushions for Veronika's knees and gave her a padded stool-like chair to sit upon. While Veronika was thankful for the comforting additions to her bondage, she couldn't help but worry that the only reason they were there was to prevent injuries while she was kept there for an extended period. Erica finished tightening everything down and then circled around to the front of the bound young woman.

"You circumvented my authority by giving my cows relief from their punishment before I allowed it. You consumed my product without payment, and therefore stole from me. You will repay me. The quota at this ranch is one gallon of milk per udder, per day. You have been exceeding this quota to this point. I however, believe that you have even more potential than some of the other cows here, since you were already so huge when I obtained you. I am going to pump you full of hormones, far more than my other cows, and pump you non-stop. You will be an experiment, and example, to the others here. This will not be pleasant. You will not defy me again. In fact, by the end of this, you will be begging me to milk you like the cow you are."

One Month Earlier

Mistress Erica had been stalking Veronika for a week or two before deciding to abduct her, interested in her primarily due to her naturally huge breasts. Mistress Erica estimated correctly that they were about a K-cup in size, and could tell from their shape and movement that they were all natural. Other than that, Veronika was a slender young woman about 19 years of age, with a beautiful face and long, dark hair. Erica knew that Veronika would make an excellent and extremely productive cow with her head-sized breasts, which were already far bigger than most women. Erica had parked her car next to the sidewalk route which Veronika took on her walk home, and snuck up behind Veronika with a rag soaked in chloroform, incapacitating the poor girl before she could struggle more than a few panicked seconds. She dragged the unconscious girl towards her car, copping a feel of her firm breasts and grinning

wickedly before stuffing the girl into the backseat and driving off. *Oh yes, I've hit the jackpot with this one. Thought Erica. She'll be my most productive cow yet.*

Veronika awoke at her new home, Darlington Ranch, the following morning. She was shackled in chains, with both her wrists and knees secured together, and then hooked to a central chain which connected her wrist cuffs to her knee cuffs. These chains made it impossible for her to stand on two feet, and confined her to walking on all fours. Her heavy breasts were swollen like balloons and uncomfortable since she had spent the whole night sleeping on them. Veronika struggled to all fours and noticed she was also now wearing a leather collar with a D-ring on it. Veronika tested her bonds by pulling fiercely at them, but all she did was cause her knees and wrists to hurt. She raised her head up and took in her surroundings. She was in a carpeted cage of sorts, with metal bars on all sides and a solid metal top. There was a tiny cot and a toilet off to the side, but no room for much of anything else.

"Help! Anyone! Help me please!" Veronika called out. She waited for a few moments, still testing her bonds before she heard a rustling originating from a nearby corridor. Veronika was still in shock from her capture and the cruel bondage she now found herself in, and held onto hope that this was some sort of misunderstanding that she could talk her way out of. Mistress Erica had heard the frightened pleas of her newest acquisition on a baby monitor she kept hidden in the holding room that Veronika was stored in. She quickly steeled herself, preparing to make a dominant first impression on her newest slave. She strode down the hallway towards Veronika's holding cell, eager to see how her newest milk cow was adjusting to being owned.

Veronika peered into the darkness of the hallway in front of her. She heard footsteps approaching. They were confident, firm footsteps. She could hear the thump of the heel followed shortly after by the toe hitting the ground. Veronika guessed that this person knew very well where they were going and why they were there; and it made her feel unsettled. Eventually, a figure appeared. It was a woman, with shoulder length black hair and a stern yet attractive face. She was about five feet seven inches tall and had smallish B-cup breasts. She was wearing skin-tight jeans and boots, with a white tank top. Her body was toned and fit, and it was clear that she was very strong and athletic from her muscle definition.

Veronika looked up pleadingly at this woman as she approached her cage and whimpered, "Please, let me go. I'll give you whatever you want, just let me go."

Erica stared down at the prostrate young girl mercilessly. She examined her body like she was looking at cuts of meat at the supermarket. She was stone silent the entire time, never even making eye contact with the tearful young woman. Erica allowed her eyes to hungrily linger on the massive breasts that adorned young Veronika. Erica licked her lips, thinking of the many gallons of milk Veronika would produce for her. Veronika had the absolute largest breasts of anyone she had ever seen, outside of her cows which were hormonally enhanced. Erica couldn't wait to see Veronika after she pumped her full of

hormones and had her breasts enhanced to their maximum potential. Finally, Erica smirked and gazed dominantly into Veronika's eyes.

"Listen to me, slave. I own you now. You belong to me. You are nothing more than property. I am not interested in a ransom, or whatever you or your family have to offer me. This facility is your new home. You will be kept healthy and well taken care of for the rest of your life, but make no mistake. You are not a human being anymore. You are my possession. You'll find out soon enough how you will repay my generosity for allowing you to live here."

Erica quickly pulled a leash from her back pocket and reached to clip it to the D-ring on Veronika's collar. Veronika lashed out and tried to bite Erica as her hand approached. Erica quickly dodged Veronika's teeth and gave her a firm whip with the leash across her massive right breast. Veronika yelped and tried to reach up to cover the spot where the leash made contact, but the chain's binding her pulled taut and stopped her. A tear began to form in her eye as her breast started to throb.

"Do not try that again, slave." Erica whispered fiercely. "If you resist me I will make your life a living hell. I am going to put this leash on you, and give you a small glimpse of what you will spend the rest of your life doing for me."

Veronika looked at Erica angrily, the tear had fallen from her eye and she had a hard knot of anger welling inside her. *This bitch can't control me, I'll find a way out* Veronika swore to herself. She allowed Erica to clip on her leash however, and lead her out of the cage on her hands and knees, her udders swaying heavily beneath her as she crawled along. She was led relatively quickly, with firm and constant pressure on her leash, through the corridor that Erica had taken to enter the room, dreading what lay before her.

You Reap What You Sow Pt. 3

Veronika was still trying to process what was going on. She was tied up tightly in a caged area, having lived as a milk slave for over a month now. Her legs were spread wide open, her arms secured tightly behind her, and her collar held her in an awkward kneeling position. Veronika observed her owner rummaging around searching for something. She feared what punishment she would receive from drinking the many gallons of milk that were welling up in the udders of her two fellow cows. Her stomach was tight and swollen, distended from the sea of milk sloshing around inside it. Veronika could barely move a muscle, bound tightly as she was by her many unyielding restraints. Erica sighed in satisfaction as her rummaging produced results. She turned back around to Veronika, brandishing a two syringes, a vial, and a tube of some sort. Veronika looked on in fear at the needles, her mind producing hundreds of horrible possibilities of what might soon be injected into her bloodstream.

Erica walked calmly up to her cow, without saying a word. She placed the syringes, the vial, and the tube on a nearby table and approached Veronika. She reached forward and ran her hands roughly over Veronika's fat udders, her fingernails scratching them and leaving long reddish lines of irritated skin where they were touched. Veronika inhaled sharply at the touch; her udders had been sensitive before she had been captured, and the feelings had only been getting more intense as her udders continued to grow. Veronika arched her back as she came, her body shuddering in her binds as she responded to the rough handling of her owner.

I can't keep letting my breasts control me. Thought Veronika as she came down from her orgasmic bliss. These heavy udders have controlled me since they started growing. On the other hand, they feel so good, I can cum just from having them touched... I should just give in to them, it would make my new life so much easier. I won't yet though, not while I still have will left; While I still have hope of being more than a milk cow. As Veronika stared queasily at the needle before her though, she thought that very soon she would be good for nothing more than making milk.

Erica smirked at the reaction of her cow, she was more sensitive than anyone. Her huge tits made up about a third of her entire body weight. Very soon, they would make up much more. Erica walked out of Veronika's new caged home and approached a nearby storage closet. Within, were some things that even Erica in her cruelty was hesitant to employ. She got a small cart and, using a pulley system, lifted two massive barrels of liquid onto the cart. The cart creaked, the frame struggling to hold the 50 gallons which burdened it. Erica glanced down at the bio-hazard symbols adorning the top and sides of the barrels. She had paid a pretty penny to procure the their contents. She was now going to determine if

the investment was worth it. The fine print of the labels, which Erica had read nearly twenty times, legibly said

Experimental Bovine Growth and Lactation Hormones, Formula BE9F - Rejected from normal and experimental use: Udder growth and milk yield far in excess of safety parameters. Recommend controlled disposal.

Erica had an idea for a "controlled disposal"... straight into Veronika's already overstuffed udders. She was going to pump all of the hormones she had bought straight into her cow's udders to see how big she could make her.

Humming a tune to herself, Erica wheeled the heavy cart back towards Veronika's cage. Veronika heard a softly squeaking wheel, the only other thing audible other than her light breath. Veronika squirmed in her bindings, her udders swayed heavily below her, they were steadily filling up with fresh, rich, milk. She herself was already feeling the familiar pangs of tightness which accompanied engorgement. Veronika needed her udders pumped soon to relieve the relentlessly increasing pressure of her milk. She knew that if her guess was correct, her udders would not be relieved of milk for some time however.

Erica turned the corner and came back into full view of her bound captive. Veronika saw the cart Erica was struggling to push, its weight was apparent from the amount of effort needed to move it. Erica was grinning broadly. She pushed the cart inside Veronika's cage and parked it just beside her.

"What is that? What are you going to do to me?" Veronika said meekly.

"..." Erica did not offer a response, she simply continued grinning and working.

Erica then wheeled over a small IV fluids dolly, with two empty bags hung on it, lines trailing behind. She hooked the large drums to the IV bags and activated an integrated pump system that began filling the bags with a clear liquid drawn from the barrels. Once the bags were sufficiently full, the pump automatically shut itself off.

Veronika watched this automated process with trepidation. Her heart was beginning to race as her level of fear climbed. *What is in those IVs? What is she going to do to me?* Thought Veronika, as she quietly whimpered in fear. A nervous sweat broke out over Veronika's forehead, with small droplets coalescing and slowly trailing down her face. She watched Erica fiddle with things, barely able to see anything bent

over as she was. Erica connected the two syringes to the twin IV bags and then retrieved a rag and soaked the tip of it in rubbing alcohol. She scrubbed the upper curves of Veronika's bloated udders, eliciting an aroused yelp from the helpless milk slave.

"Mmmmmmm Oooooohhhhh," Veronika's juices squirted out from her swollen pussy, she was powerless to control the reactions of her body to the slightest touch of her mistress. Her vaginal muscles spasmed and her hips bucked of their own accord, as if searching for something to fill her. A trail of clear fluids seeped out of her, leaving a wet path down her parted inner thighs. The process was repeated again on her remaining udder, and Veronika, through her haze of pleasure, was cognizant of the fact that those two spots would be where the needles would be entering her. Erica was planning on pumping those two barrels of fluid directly into her already overgrown udders.

This realization was confirmed as Erica carefully slid first one, then the second needle smoothly into the tight surface of Veronika's hyper-sensitive udders. Veronika felt only a tiny pinch with each insertion, and remained still as best she could. She was still wobbly from her sexual exertions, but managed to endure and watch as Erica secured the needles in place with tiny strips of medical adhesive tape. Veronika gazed with trepidation at the twin plastic tubes trailing out of her udders, following them to their terminus at the ends of the IV. She once again squirmed lightly in her unforgiving binds, well aware that she was never going to escape them.

"Please, I'm sorry mistress. Whatever that is, don't put it in me."

"....." Erica remained silent, stoic, and focused on her task, leaving her slave to ponder her fate.

Erica then returned to the small table where she had placed the strange tube she initially brought out. She put on a pair of latex gloves and carefully opened the tube, dabbing out a moderate amount and rubbing it tenderly over the skin of Veronika's areolas and liberally coating her fat nipples.

Veronika moaned loudly throughout the process, while her udders were sensitive, her nipples were like lightning rods of pleasure. sparks of arousal shot through her in waves, erupting in another earth-shattering orgasm for the young woman. When she came to her senses, Veronika felt a strange pinching tightness on her teats. She wobbled her udders as best she could, craning her head to try to see what her nipples looked like. Veronika hadn't been able to see her nipples without the aid of a mirror for some time, and bound as she was, could still not get a glimpse. They felt as though they were coated in a sticky resin, like tree sap.

"What did you...." Veronika started, but was cut off by Erica casually holding up the tube of liquid to her eyes. Scanning it quickly, Veronika's heart sank in fear as she read the two bold words...

Surgical Glue

Her udders were glued shut... No milk would be able to get out now! She would surely burst!

"Please Mistress... No... Please, no! I have to be milked!"

Erica stepped casually over to the wall where she had her restraints stored, selecting a large, crimson, ball gag and quickly fastening it to Veronika to draw her protests to a close. Veronika emitted muffled whimpers as her jaw was stretched and her speech robbed from her. Erica then crouched down and leaned in close to her slave, sliding her tongue up the side of the terrified woman's face and planting a soft kiss on her cheek. She moved her mouth to Veronika's ear, whispering in a voice barely audible even at this short distance.

"I will pump you slave, but I will not milk you. You are going to grow for me."

With these ominous words, Erica sauntered over to the twin IVs and set them to begin pumping the experimental cow hormones into Veronika's already bloated udders. Veronika felt a slight pressure and chill as the fluid began seeping into her fattened tits.

Erica wheeled over Veronika's normal milk pump, licked the suction cups to lubricate them, and then attached them to their rightful place on Veronika's dairy domes. She then turned the pump on its highest setting, causing her already struggling cow to thrash in her bindings. Letting out muffled "mmmphhs" and groans as her pleasure center was bombarded with sensations. Her pussy dripped openly now, and her udders swelled in arousal. The sound and feelings of Veronika's pump triggered her overgrown mammarys to bump up their milk production to maximum levels. Her udders were almost visibly swelling with creamy liquid, aching to be released.

Although Veronika knew her punishment would be severe, she had no idea the extent of her mistress' cruelty. Her udders would produce an endless sea of milk which would have no release. Her eager teats were begging to pump out her rich bounty, but the glue coating them acted as a dam. Her udders would be forced to grow to store the gallons of milk she would produce. Veronika's eyes welled with tears, she was experiencing too much pleasure, too much pain, too much of everything. She was going mad as she

fought her bindings, searching desperately for any relief. A humming noise nearby startled Veronika. She turned her head towards it, searching for the source. Her eyes fell upon the IVs parked next to her, the pump had automatically started back up. It was filling the bags that were just below the halfway point back to the brim with the contents of the twin 25 gallon barrels.

Erica merely stood back with a grin, watching Veronika's sweet nectar drip down her thighs as she continuously came. Her eyes bored holes into Veronika's bloated milk sacs, detecting an almost readily visible swelling to them as they filled with milk. As a final tyrannical gesture before leaving Veronika to her fate, she slunk over to the cart holding the growth hormones and turned it around, facing the twin bio-hazard labels towards Veronika. Her cow would have some interesting reading material for a little while, at least until both barrels were forced into her udders.

Veronika slumped weakly in her binds as she read the bright labels, aware that cow hormones were now being forced into her. *I am going to be a dairy cow now, I can't deny it any longer.* Veronika gave up, she surrendered herself to the barrage of feelings assaulting her, the cool hormones flooding into her udders, the engorgement ensuing as her udders produced gallons of milk, the incessant tug and release of her pump on her nipples. She reared her head back, raven hair flailing as she came once more. She knew her fate was sealed now.

Erica watched as her cow lost herself. She turned and walked out of Veronika's cage, locking the door closed behind her with a loud clang. Her nipples were poking through her thin shirt and her own trousers had a clearly defined wet spot in the groin area. Erica never tired of her job, that much was certain. Erica strode back through the main barn, sarcastically nodding a greeting at Belle and Daisy who still remained chained to the wall, unable to release the milk building within their own udders. There they would remain for 48 hours this time, for allowing their punishment to be circumvented.

Erica unlocked and entered into her home, she needed to take care of her own extreme arousal from using her milk slaves and then track down whomever had produced the milk sample sent to her. The cow that made that milk would be the pinnacle of Darlington Ranch and needed to be taken to her rightful home. With these thoughts swimming through her mind, Mistress Erica shed her clothes and grasped her breasts with one hand while sliding her fingers into her sopping wet pussy with the other, pushing herself closer to one of her most satisfying climaxes to date.

Worlds Collide

Katie struggled up the stairs, sweat glistening on her naked form as she heaved her bloated udders up the stairs. The quiet hum of Jane's feeding and milking pumps faded as Katie silently closed and locked the door leading to the basement. Her feet felt cold on the polished wood flooring as she staggered forward a few more feet. Katie's mind was bombarded by a torrent of impulses originating from her now massive milk factories. There was a persistent throb centered in a multitude of points interspersed throughout her fattened globes. It was as though someone had inserted a host of coiled springs into her breasts, and all at once let them all go. Her milk ducts were fighting for space to grow, space to fill with rich, creamy, milk. Katie moaned, "Muuuggghh."

Her heavy udders demanded her attention. Katie stumbled forward towards the wall. She splayed her hands out at the last second, catching her fall by placing her palms flat against the drywall and allowing her milk sacks to undulate slowly below her. Each teat had droplets of milk beading up and dripping down onto the ground, accompanied by a barely audible patter.

What have I done? And why can't I stop thinking of more? All I want to do right now is crawl back downstairs to Jane and start sucking down her milk like there is no tomorrow... It just tastes so incredible...

I can't though, I must be the responsible one here. Jane is my responsibility now... I need to do something about my tits though, they are nearly too heavy to move, and the pressure is overwhelming. I need to be milked. First though, I need to check my mail.

Katie shook herself off, and pushed back heartily on the wall, slowly levering herself back up to a standing position and causing her weighty orbs to jiggle and spray out a few fine streams of milk onto the wall in front of her. Every tiny movement felt like an earthquake of feelings in her hypersensitive udders. Katie gradually made her way over to the couch, and pulled a blanket off of the backrest. She managed to drape it over herself as a makeshift shawl and waddle outside, each of her arms rubbing tight circles over her beanbag's lower curves underneath the cover of the fabric. Katie made her way outside, her udder's brushing pleurably against the door frame as she slid out sideways. She stumbled over to her car and, after moving the seat all the way back, managed to squeeze inside with her tits resting squished up against the steering wheel. Katie moaned as she started the car and felt the minute vibrations of the engine carried through the steering column and straight to her hair trigger tits. Blasts of milk issued forth, soaking the instrument panel and causing Katie to cum instantly. Katie's vision fogged

and her breath caught in her chest as the vibrations from the car continued, lowering her into a hedonistic pit of pleasure. Her eyes were unfocused, pupils black and dilated as she stretched for the gas pedal and drove forward down her driveway towards her mailbox. Katie could have sworn she felt the bumps from individual bits of gravel on her driveway carried up and projected into her milkers.

This... These, udders... are going to take some getting used to. Thought Katie as she pulled to a halt, squeezing herself haphazardly out of the vehicle and stumbling to the mailbox. The squeak of the metal box being opened echoed out into the rural landscape around her, for which Katie was glad. *I'm happy for once, that I live out in such an unpopulated area. I couldn't imagine what it would be like if someone were to see my new assets.*

Little did Katie know, that Erica had managed to track down her home and was watching her from the nearby hill, concealed by the shadows of the trees.

My god, that woman has such massive tits... She must be the one who sent in that sample I received. It appears she is alone. There is only one car and I doubt she would be the one checking the mail with those milk factories if there was anyone else to help her. Still, I'll wait for a bit longer before making a move. Thought Erica, as she lowered the binoculars from her eyes. She squirmed a bit, sliding a hand down her pants and teasing herself with the thought of owning such a well-endowed new cow. Erica watched with increasing satisfaction as Katie struggled back into her car, her milk jets spraying forward and splattering the windshield before her with white cream as she pushed her bloated milkers back into their place against the steering wheel. Erica's eyes widened with surprise at such an explosive display of productivity. *This one may be my top producer... I must have her.* Erica thought, resolutely. Gathering her things, Erica trudged back to her car and prepared to make her move.

Erica spent the next hour prepping her van for carrying Katie back to her new home at the Ranch. There was an old stretcher, lifted from an asylum, sporting a myriad of leather straps along the rim which would enable Katie to be restrained effectively as she was transported. Erica armed herself with a tranquilizer dart pistol, with a relatively mild sedative which would make Katie highly suggestible and complacent at first, before rendering her unconscious. Erica highly doubted she could lift Katie on her own if she conked out before being secured. The poor girl looked like she had enough trouble carrying her milk-filled udders around with her as it was. Erica steeled herself, turned down Katie's driveway, and turned off her headlights. She waited for a few minutes for her eyes to adjust to the growing dark of the evening and eased off the brakes, listening to the soft crunch of gravel beneath her tires as she approached her prey.

Katie had spent the day surfing the web, searching for a new milking pump for herself, one that was automated and could be easily attached without reaching her own teats. She didn't want to demonstrate any weakness with Jane, and having her cow hook up her milking pump was a compromise

of their dynamic which was inexcusable. Katie yawned and took a moment to stumble over to the door leading to the basement. She turned to the side and leaned over, trying to get her ear against the door. Her bloated left udder collided with the door first, drawing a pleased moan from Katie as her arm reached forward to caress the massive flank of her tit. Katie pushed the heavy orb to the side, feeling it collide with her right breast and causing the persistent dripping at her nipples to briefly progress into streams. She planted her ear against the door and heard the ever present pumping of her cow's milking pumps and the soft moaning of Jane as she enjoyed the feeling of hanging behind her massive milk factories and masturbating.

Katie found herself trying to look on the bright side of things. She had a taste now, however small, of the experiences Jane had every day. She could better understand what her milk pet was going through. Despite their impracticality, Katie found her udders growing on her. These heavy orbs felt, heavenly. Katie gave into the urges building within herself all day, she grasped both of her bloated udders and drove her fingers into them. Milk exploded out of her, soaking the floor ahead and causing Katie's legs to wobble unsteadily as the crash of an orgasm slammed into her body. Her knees faltered, and she sank to the ground. Her udders smashed into the ground with a wet slap and she laid against them. Katie began driving her entire body against her tits, urging the streams of her lactate to swell and surge, coating her entranceway with a sheen of white. Katie mashed and squeezed every inch of her tight flesh, each nerve firing was like an explosion to her overloaded brain. Her pussy wept her sweet honey down her inner thighs as she writhed on the floor. Katie never thought she could cum simply from giving milk.

Through her sexual haze, and the sounds of her milk splattering on the floor ahead of her, Katie failed to hear her door being jimmied open and Erica standing inside, watching the depraved show before her.

"My, my... What a productive little cow we have here." Erica said, the anticipation in her voice cutting through the air and snapping Katie out of her milk-induced trance.

"What? Who... Who are you? How did you get in here?!" Katie said, trying all the while to reach around her milk factories and cover her still streaming teats.

"I'm your new owner, and you, my dear, are my new cow."

"What? No, I'm no cow!" Katie exclaimed, a pit of fear rising in her chest as the small woman before her stood unwaveringly. Katie struggled to right herself, heaving her full udders from the ground and standing, her dripping breasts on full display.

“What would you call that display then, hmm? I think you’re more cow than woman at this point, no? You clearly need a good milking.” Erica said, matter-of-factly.

“No, I just had a bad reaction to some birth control... it’s none of your business. Get out of my house now before I call the police.” Katie said, regaining her composure and dominance.

“Oh, I don’t think so, miss Milk Cow. You see, I’m from Darlington, and after obtaining a sample of your milk, I don’t think I’ll be buying. I’m simply going to take the cow with me.” Erica intoned, her voice steady and resolute.

That’s how she knew, I can’t let her discover Jane. Thought Katie, quickly. “I don’t know what you’re talking about. I’m going to call the police now, get the FUCK out of my house right now you psycho.” Katie turned to go to her kitchen phone when she heard a soft pop and felt a stabbing pain in her exposed ass.

“Ow!” yelped Katie. Her hand snapped to the location of the pain and plucked out a tiny, feathered dart. Katie stumbled forwards to her phone. She reached it and picked it up, but forgot why she wanted to use it in the first place. She turned around slowly, her heavy udders sloshing with their milky payload.

“What... is happening?” Katie whispered. Her head felt like it was full of mush. Her will was being sapped from her, she felt helpless.

“I’m claiming what I want.” Smirked Erica. “Now quickly, come with me, we have a long drive back to the ranch miss Milk Cow.”

“No... I’m not leaving. This is my home.” Katie said, through gritted teeth. Her body was betraying her though, turning itself around and starting to creep towards the door.

“Your home is Darlington Ranch now. Look at those fat udders you have, you’re only good for making milk. You need someone to own you and make sure you are as productive as possible. I’m your new owner.” Erica said, maintaining eye contact with Katie.

Katie met her eyes, her dominant persona ever defiant, even as she began stumbling forward and following Erica out of her house. Katie knew she was in over her head, there was some sort of mind

altering substance in that dart. With her massive new udders, there was no way she could fight this girl and escape. Not until this drug was out of her system, at least. Katie trudged on, watching helplessly as she climbed into this strange woman's van and laid down on a stretcher where she was strapped down. Katie's massive, leaking, mammarys pressed down her lungs, making it difficult for her to breathe. Erica smiled at her cruelly, shutting the back doors and climbing into the driver's seat as Katie's drowsiness led her to sleep.

Meanwhile, Jane's feeding had ceased and her gag had automatically deflated, allowing her to spit it out where it slid into her acres of cleavage. Jane lazily kicked her legs back and forth, her feet impacting with soft slaps against the lower hemispheres of her truck sized udders. The comforting sound and feeling of her pumps draining her drew forth ever more pleased moans from the cow. *I hope Katie comes down here soon, I want to see if her milk tastes as good as mine.* Jane thought with a soft giggle. Her arms continued roaming over the massive expanse of her tits filling her vision. Jane's thoughts of her owner slipped into the background as another explosive orgasm overcame her and gallon after gallon of her milk sprayed forth into the collection tubes of her pump.

Power Struggles

Veronika's moans echoed throughout the hallway. The incessant pumping of her bloated udders continued, urging ever more milk to be produced and stored in her overtaxed mammarys. Each massive orb had swollen past the size of bean bag chairs. Their weighty, undulating, masses tugged at Veronika, urging her to succumb to the gamut of pain and pleasure her growth entailed. Veronika shook the raven hair from her eyes and watched the streams of bovine hormones flooding continuously into her swelling udders. Every drop triggered ever more growth and swelling for the helpless milk maid. Her heavy tits pulled forward on her, and without the use of her arms, she was continually off-balance. She silently begged for relief from having to carry the milk factories she was attached to. Veronika knew that as things stood, the only hope for reprieve would be for her udders to grow big enough to rest on the floor. As she watched their enormous curves swell steadily further from her, she knew she wouldn't have to wait much longer for this to occur.

As much as she despised admitting it to herself, she always secretly wondered what her potential could be if there weren't any limits placed on how much she could grow, or how much milk she could produce. Veronika found herself enjoying the pressure, the pain, the inexorable growth as ever more bovine hormones flooded into her immense breasts. Her skin felt as if it was electrified as the tingling pressure grew and spread, her flesh inching forward as if reaching out towards the ground before her. The milking pump incessantly suckling her had ramped up her milk production to its very maximum. Veronika found herself shaking weakly in her bonds... utterly spent from orgasm after orgasm. Her body weight didn't seem to have any tangible effect on her breasts. It was as if their weight was now entirely independent of herself. Veronika whimpered quietly, all the while silently hoping that her udders would reach the ground soon so her back could be relieved of their massive weight.

Just then, Veronika heard the quiet rumble of her owner's van pull up outside. *She must be here to release me, I've been here growing constantly for hours. I'm definitely too big to move at this point, surely this is enough of a punishment for me. My udders are so full... This damn pump is pulling and pulling but there is nothing getting out! I have to be milked before I burst!* Veronika turned her attention back to her ever-growing breasts, she could watch the mass of her udders pushing forward slowly before her eyes. She felt the throbbing growth, stretching, pushing, and always the overwhelming pressure inside them as they expanded ever bigger. Her hips began to buck slightly back and forth without her consent again. Veronika couldn't prevent the undeniable eroticism of the growth she was experiencing. She knew that she was well and truly a milk maid now, with no hope of returning to any semblance of normality. Veronika peered through her glazed eyes at the IV hormones as the hum of the electric pump pushed ever more cow hormones into the bag hanging next to her. *Such an innocuous looking device... intended for healing, thought Veronika. Yet here it is, pushing hormones that were never*

intended for any girl into my udders and I can't help but love it. It's as though these changes are burning up my brain... I can't think about anything but my udders anymore. What am I becoming? Veronika was jolted out of her thoughts by the a pair of muffled thuds outside. It sounded to her as if something heavy or unwieldy was being transported. Veronika steeled herself, for she knew that whatever it was couldn't be good for her.

Erica pulled up back at her farm and parked her van near the barn. She wheeled over a small ramp to the back of her truck and opened the doors. She could barely contain the sexual desire bubbling up within her as she was greeted by the mountainous breasts of her latest permanent resident milk cow. Katie's breaths were labored and shallow due to the massive weight of boob flesh and milk pressing down on her chest. She was still unconscious, but judging from the groggy moans emanating from her new pet Erica knew that in a matter of minutes Katie would be regaining her faculties. She hazarded a quick squeeze of Katie's breast, mashing her fingers into the firm skin before her. She felt the taut resistance of Katie's milkers and was rewarded with a quick spray of milk into the air and an excited yelp from her captive. *Good, her sensitivity is already at a level where it can be used against her. I can't help but wonder how anyone could do this to themselves though. She's already on the verge of being immobile and I haven't done anything to her... yet.* Erica thought while smiling a crooked smile.

Erica wheeled the stretcher with Katie still strapped in through the doors to the cows' enclosure. The young women all gazed intently at their newest comrade to join in servitude. Their stunned expressions at the enormity of the breasts before them caused some uncomfortable whispers to form.

"Does the Mistress have other farms?"

"Are there others?"

"Will we all end up like her?"

"How long has the Mistress owned that one?"

All these questions and more were left unanswered as Erica wheeled Katie past in her trademark silence, not even acknowledging the other cows under her care. Erica turned the corner and saw Belle and Daisy, both still chained to the wall and swaying their reddened and swollen dairy domes side to side in an effort to get some small let down of their milky bounty to occur. The two young women looked to Erica pleadingly, begging for the milking that they needed. Erica pushed Katie past them, expressionless. Only until she was out of their sight line did she allow the corner of her mouth to move up a fraction of an inch. *I do so enjoy this line of work* she thought to herself.

As Erica approached Veronika's cage she was taken aback by the sight before her. The cow hormones had expanded her slave even more than she had hoped. Veronika stood, bent forward awkwardly as if she were trying to place her udders on the ground, which in actuality was what she was hoping to achieve. The hum of Veronika's milking pump droned on as she shook and swayed in her binds. Her pleading eyes met her Mistress' own but Erica was locked fixedly on the twin milk factories before her. She sauntered slowly over to Veronika, before resting her palms flat against the swelling spheres. Veronika moaned deeply through her gag and closed her eyes as Erica began to squeeze and fondle Veronika's expanding bosom. Erica saw that the skin was stretched and red, so she retrieved some skin lotion and began liberally applying it to the breasts of her pet. Veronika looked on passively as her body betrayed her once more and she came under the ministrations of her owner. Bottle after bottle soaked into Veronika's udders but they seemed to only want more. It was as if they were drinking the lotion in. Veronika's skin was somewhat relieved of tension as the lotion took effect, and Erica found herself grinding her hips against the firm wall of tit meat before her.

Erica stripped herself of clothing and allowed herself to indulge in the growing breasts of her pet. Veronika was like putty in Erica's hands, the sight and feeling of her Mistress using her body in such lewd manner, the growth and pressure she was experiencing, and the sea of milk steadily building up inside her due to the ceaseless milk pump was too much. Veronika thrashed like a wildcat, her body shaking like a caged animal in her binds. Veronika's eyes were wide and focused on some unseen point far out and above her as her world crashed down around her. Erica's arms swept in wide, firm strokes, barely making any indentations on the swelling curves of Veronika's milkers as she rode out the aftershocks of her pet's and her own orgasm. Veronika fell unconscious, her head slipped forward into the deep line of her own cleavage. Erica made an effort to compose herself after her lapse in control. The lust of the moment was too much when she saw how much she had changed her pet.

Erica turned back to her new cow, and found that Katie was now awake. Although she couldn't see over her expanded breasts, Katie could make a decent guess as to what had just happened.

"Let me go." Katie rasped, her voice full of fury.

"...." Erica remained silent. She ran a finger up the lower swell of Veronika's udder, through the slick area where her own juices had coated the orb during her recent exploits. She slinked over to Katie's prone form, like a cat stalking a helpless mouse, and gently touched her moistened finger to Katie's lips.

"Pttttughhh!" Katie spat.

"What kind of sick freak are you? Where am I?"

“Such rudeness from my newest cow. You are where I told you I was bringing you. Your new home.”

Katie fought to catch her breath, pinned as she was beneath her enormous tits. “I told you... I’m no cow! I just had a bad reaction... to some medication, that’s all! There’s probably already... people looking for me.” Katie growled at her captor through strained breaths. Her breasts were so massively heavy it was taxing her lungs and speech.

“You are in denial. Just look at yourself. What else could you possibly be good for other than making milk? And these...” Erica said while mashing her hands roughly into Katie’s udders. “These are no accident. You wanted to grow these.” Erica whispered to Katie only inches from her ear. “You wanted to be a dairy cow, and now you are.” Erica scratched her fingernails roughly along Katie’s breast and found her erect nipple. She pinched it like a vice between her fingers and tugged straight up.

“Eiiiiieeee!!!” Screamed Katie.

“Mmmmmmm, aren’t you sensitive...” Erica said, obviously pleased.

“Stop it! Let me go!” Katie pleaded.

“Time to begin your training.” Ordered Erica.

“NO! LET ME GO!” Katie yelled.

Her protests and screams were ignored as Erica wheeled the stretcher inside Veronika’s cage and turned it around so Katie could see her cell-mate. Katie felt a nauseous pit of fear rising in her stomach as she gazed upon the breasts of the other girl she was to be kept with. The svelte body and raven hair of the woman was perched precariously upon the two largest breasts Katie had ever seen, apart from Jane’s. As Katie watched, these overgrown mammaries swelled and expanded before her very eyes. Katie traced the strange plastic tubing terminating in the smooth curves to the drums set beside her. She could see the bovine hormone labels clearly. She barely felt the prick of the sedative injection she was so entranced by the helpless girl before her. Katie’s vision grew dim and black as Veronika’s breasts crept forward inch by inch towards her.

Power Struggles Pt. 2

A soft hum and a gentle pull and release permeated the air in the basement of Katie's home. The soft breath of the sole occupant was barely distinguishable over the ever present vibrations of the milking pumps continuing the seemingly endless task of draining the mountainous mammary glands they are attached to. Jane's eyes slowly opened, her long eyelashes gently tickled the flesh of her breasts which she was forced to use as her bedding. The muted yellow lights overhead made her skin almost glow. Jane pressed her lips against one of her breasts and gave it a tender kiss, her arms swept over the miniscule amount of her endowments she could access. Jane's lips curled upwards as the beginning of a smile appeared on her face. Jane squeezed her calves and flexed her feet as if she was trying to stand on her toes, her futile efforts to touch the floor remained unrewarded however. Two gentle claps were heard as Jane allowed her legs to lazily fall back into place resting against the lower swells of her massive udders. Jane fully awoke to the exquisite feeling of her milk pushing forward from the innumerable milk ducts scattered throughout her breasts; bringing with it a both sexual and enormously fulfilling sensation. Jane's breathing became husky and sensual as she squeezed her right arm between the swell of her breast and her own tiny body, in search of her permanently wet pussy.

Jane's arm was crushed against her stomach by the firm breast flesh splayed out before her. Her hand slipped in between her slightly parted legs, searching for her lower lips. Jane's breasts applied a steady force to her hand, as if driving it towards her vagina and clit. Jane moaned and pressed her fingers hard into her left breast with her free arm, while the right reached its destination. Jane's toes curled in ecstasy as she rubbed her clit in a firm, circular, motion. Jane's eyes squeezed shut and she threw her head back, her hair flying wildly about. Each individual strand landed upon her mammaries and felt like lightning to her hypersensitive jugs. Jane continued pleasuring herself, inexorably pushing her body to give her more pleasure. It was as if her body had a mind of its own. The fingers of her left arm clenched and Jane scratched the side of her left milk factory, leaving traces of angry red skin wherever she could reach. Jane bit her lower lip as her pleasure built into a climax. Her body exploded outward, and imploded inward. Every nerve ending was overstimulated, sending a barrage of sensations to her already dazed mind. Jane allowed herself to relax and fall limp and hang against the milk sacs she owned.

Mmmmmmm... I never knew it was even possible to feel this satisfied. These tits are continuing to surprise me. I am just so damn horny all the time, all that milk being sucked out just drives me wild. I can't help but just submit to these feelings over and over. I suppose this is was Katie always wanted for me though when she started this. Mused Jane.

Jane took a few minutes more to compose herself and then began craning her neck around. Her udders blocked her vision to the front almost entirely, only a bit of the ceiling was within her drastically altered field of view at this point. Jane turned her head from side to side, and even bumped her nose into her cleavage in front of her in the process. All she could see were the plain walls and the sink to her left, and half of the TV screen to her right. The rest was filled by her own flushed olive complexion. Jane was proud in some ways of what she had become. She was amazed at her capacity to change in such a way, and somehow it filled her with great self-satisfaction that she had become so well adapted to her new role in life. She only longed to have Katie return to her and care and protect her from now on.

Now that I think of it, where is my owner? I don't remember her mentioning having to work today. I have to say I may need some stronger pumps. Even with these running on max I find myself feeling like I'm getting full. I can't imagine how much milk I'm holding in these. Jane pondered as she once again began the loving massage of her breasts while hanging helplessly immobilized from them.

I just hope Katie comes home soon. I really want to see what my milk did to her...

Just then, Jane heard the rumble of a car pulling up outside. She couldn't tell what time it was, but she hoped dearly that Katie had returned to her to give her and her udders the attention they needed.

Jacob pulled up to Katie's home. He had spent most of the weekend in his metalworking shop fiddling around with the rolling hammock that Katie had asked for. He finally felt as though it was sturdy enough to warrant calling it a completed project. With a sense of pride and accomplishment, he retrieved it from his SUV and rolled it towards Katie's front porch. Jacob rang the doorbell and waited.

Jane heard the muted "ding-dong" of the doorbell through the heavy door leading to the basement. She was immediately puzzled.

That isn't Katie then, but who else could it be? Does she have someone coming to do utility work? Or..... maybe it's the police! I'll just stay quiet and hope they don't notice the sound of my milk pumps.

Jacob rang the doorbell once more and knocked, leaning over to the left in the process and taking a quick peek inside. Most of the lights were off and with the blinds closed inside not much light penetrated. Jacob fished out his cell phone and gave Katie a call. He couldn't hear the phone inside sliding across the counter as it vibrated. *Huh, I guess Katie isn't home. Well I don't really want to pack this thing up again. I'll just leave it on her porch for her and send her a message.* Jacob knew that Katie was a relatively private person and sometimes disappeared for a few days when she went hiking or camping in the land around her home. Without another thought about the matter, Jacob hopped back in his SUV and drove off.

Jane remained quiet, straining mightily to hear any sounds above the distracting suck and release of the twin pumps attached to her teats. After about five minutes she relaxed somewhat and laid her head back down against her massive milkers. *It must have been someone looking to sell something, or maybe a distant friend, although I don't think she had many. This begs the question though, where is she? I need my owner!*

As Jane was lamenting her lack of contact with her mistress, dark clouds were rolling in above. A huge storm front was rapidly approaching from the southwest, bringing with it rain, hail, and lightning. Jane heard the initial patters on the roof above her. They accelerated rapidly into a droning, then a barrage. Rain and hail assaulted the isolated home, with the milk maid cowering immobilized and helpless in the basement. Jane had always found storms to be comforting. The white noise of the rain always drowned out her thoughts and allowed her to relax. However, as she squirmed helplessly, held in place by her milk factories, she was more uneasy than anything else. Lightning strikes flashed, and thunder boomed and rumbled around her. She could tell from the decreasing delay in the thunder following the flash that the center of the storm cell was rapidly approaching.

Jane yelped in fear when a flash and the following thunder were simultaneous. In that instant, all the lights went out. The comforting suck and release of her milking pumps was absent, and Jane could no longer feel the milk being pulled from her udders. The tiny windows near the ceiling of the basement let in only a small glimmer of pale light from above. Jane whimpered at her own helplessness as the clatter of hail and rain incessantly pounded down on her owner's home. The lightning and thunder gradually faded, and was inaudible after thirty more minutes. The rain slowed to a gentle drizzle, but it was no longer a comfort to Jane.

The milk maid hung there from her bloated tits, trying her hardest to press her body against them to squeeze the milk out. With no power, Jane's udders were free to fill and swell with her sweet, creamy, milk without any relief. The slow leak from Jane's nipples was of no comfort to her; it paled in comparison to the rate at which her milk ducts pumped her dairy domes full with their white gold.

Thirty minutes turned into an hour, then two hours, then four. Still there was no sign of the power returning and Jane was helpless to stop the filling of her mammarys. Jane felt her breasts begin to swell. It wasn't like the pleasant tingling growth and pressure she was accustomed to when they were expanding. It was a harsher and more direct swelling caused by milk filling up her breasts like they were balloons. Jane could feel the gushing of milk out of her teats far ahead, but she was producing so much more than was being pushed out. Jane's udders began rounding out to an even greater extreme. She was helplessly pulled higher, perched atop her milk factories as they mindlessly filled with her nectar. She felt a slightly cool sensation far ahead of her as her breasts swelled over the metal grate covering the drain in the basement and sealed it shut. Jane moaned and whimpered as her milk factories swelled and filled, the skin tightening as gallons and gallons of milk sloshed around inside them.

Jane's stomach grumbled from hunger. She managed to fish out the dormant feeding gag from between her breasts after about fifteen minutes of struggle. She tugged and tugged on it until she heard the hose become disconnected from the pump at its terminus. At this point the level of milk in the basement was rising and Jane could feel the warm liquid at the base of her udders below her. She dropped the hose into the warm pool of her milk and began taking long, slow, pulls at the hose. She was rewarded with her rich milk flowing into her mouth and down into her stomach. *At least I can give myself a warm meal.* Thought Jane. *I need Katie though, I am so helpless down here. She made me into her personal dairy cow and now she has left me to fend for myself. I can't just lay on my udders and drink my milk forever. Not to mention... I'm still swelling. I'm getting soooooooooo full. I need my pumps back. I'm making too much milk.*

Jane couldn't do anything to remedy her situation. All she could do was hang from her udders and suck down more of her milk as she swelled. At the end of the evening, her breasts were just inches from the ceiling and the power was still off. Jane squirmed and moaned, and then took another long drink from the hose lying submerged in her sea of milk. Jane was tired and lonely, she tied the hose around her wrist for the night and snuggled against her vastly swollen endowments to try and get some semblance of rest.

As Jane lay awake two hours later, enduring the tight, painful swelling of her breasts now touching the ceiling and spreading out ever farther she whispered, "Please Katie, I need you. Your pet needs you. Milk me...."

Full Production

Erica gazed down at Katie as sleep once more overcame the helpless young woman, her massive breasts heaving in conjunction with her labored breaths. Every so often a few small streams of milk would bead up and roll down the rounded swells. Erica hazarded a quick lick, a taste of the creamy goodness she would now be selling to her innumerable clients. While the milk was sweet and creamy, it wasn't quite as mind-numbingly delicious as the sample she remembered tasting from the mail. A twinge of doubt appeared in her mind. What if Katie wasn't the source of the milk she had been sent? She quickly gathered a sample container and held the lip against Katie's swollen teat. She squeezed and pulled Katie's nipple expertly to trigger the milk letdown reaction and was rewarded with a quick jet of milk which overflowed the tiny test tube. Katie's other breast began leaking in earnest, in anticipation of the milking that normally followed. Erica pulled the sample container away and capped it hastily. She then wheeled Katie over to Veronika's side and attached a high flow milk pump to Katie's streaming udders. Erica turned around and squeezed her palms into the tight flesh of Veronika's milkers.

Veronika felt the unyielding fingers of her mistress pressing into her milk filled tits, the unmistakable pressure and pain associated with being engorged with far too much milk shook her to wakefulness. "MMMMM" protested Veronika at the assault on her sensitive globes.

"Wake up, my pet. I know you must be getting hungry with all your recent growth. This new cow here will be providing your nutrition from now on. I think it's best that you get acquainted with her." Explained Erica as she reached behind Veronika's silken locks and undid the clasp for her ball gag.

"Please Mistress, I need to be milked right now. I feel as though I'm going to burst. I promise I'll behave, please just milk me. I can't take any more growth... I'm too big."

"Silence, my pet. You knew the consequences when you stole from me. All those cow hormones are going straight into your udders where they belong. You will be my prize milker and you had better get used to the idea."

"Yes Mistress... I obey." Veronika murmured, her eyes downcast and hopeless as her breasts continued to grow and fill with milk.

“Now open your mouth, this new cow has something for you.” Erica said as she dragged the ends of Katie’s milk pumps over to Veronika and attached them to Veronika’s collar. She threaded them through a grommet and latched them in place after securing them in Veronika’s open mouth.

“Now my pet, enjoy your meal.” Erica turned on Katie’s milking pumps and watched as Katie’s unconscious form shuddered and squirmed. Milk flowed out of her heavy bosom and filled the twin hoses almost instantly. Erica picked up the sample container filled with Katie’s milk and left her new cow to breastfeed her prize milker. There were tests that needed to be conducted to determine if Katie was truly the source of that impeccable milk sample.

Veronika prepared herself as much as she could for the coming deluge of milk and was delighted to find that the taste was exquisite; far better than the milk she had drank from Belle and Daisy that led to her being in this compromising situation of constant growth and swelling in the first place. Veronika felt the warm liquid stream down her throat, assuaging the nagging hunger that had been building during her continual growth. As Veronika swirled her fellow milk maid’s product around in her mouth, tasting every drop with her tongue, she glanced over to her own IV and watched as it refilled itself automatically once more. Her fattened udders swelled out before her, bluish veins arcing over the surface like lightning bolts. She could feel a renewed pressure building within her, every one of her milk ducts was open and expanding. Each one was working its hardest to produce more and more dairy goodness and finding nowhere to expel it. Veronika felt twinges of pain and pressure throughout her udders. Each one so much deeper than could be reached by even the roughest massage. It was a monumental source of frustration to the young woman. Even if her arms weren’t restrained tightly behind her back, Veronika knew she would find no relief from the pressure of milk filling her now. The only thing that could possibly give her some release was a long and thorough milking, with the aid of a tremendously powerful milking apparatus.

As Katie’s milk flowed down into Veronika’s stomach, Veronika felt an unfamiliar sensation from her glue covered teats. It felt as though something didn’t belong, as though some part of her was touching something that it shouldn’t. As her breasts continued to grow ever larger, she felt a dragging sensation as her erect nipples brushed gently against the cold ground beneath her. It took a few seconds for Veronika to register the source of this sensation, but once she recognized it, she was filled with a mixture of fear, arousal, and hope. Through her sex-clouded mind, Veronika judged that if she could get her breasts to sway back and forth enough, rubbing her nipples against the ground, she may be able to strip away at the glue holding her own milk in her breasts. In a deliberate and frankly desperate attempt at relief, Veronika tried shifting her weight from left to right to try and influence the pendulums of her udders.

However, they were too heavy at this point, filled with overtaxed milk ducts, mammary flesh, and a spattering of adipose tissue, they weighed more than Veronika herself. Every second longer led to even more growth as well. Veronika found the constant pressure within her breasts, combined with the now

constant fondling of her nipples by the ground was more than enough to fog up her rational thoughts. She once again descended into a more carnal and base existence whose concern was only for pleasure and release. Veronika could feel Katie's milk being processed by her digestive system and every nutrient was funneled towards her expanding mammarys.

After a few more minutes, Veronika could feel the skin of her areolas pressing against the rough ground. This drove her even deeper into her lust-filled daze. Veronika had a brief flash back to her adolescence. She had always been a busty girl, far more than her classmates. She had more than once surrendered herself to the feelings that her breasts could elicit within her. Often she used to duck away and hide in an unoccupied room and stare at the swell of her tits which were barely restrained by her bras and tops. She would bring her hands up to her breasts and know deep down that they needed to be used. She remembered countless times when she would drive her fingers hard and deep into her firm flesh, enjoying the feeling of her udders being handled roughly. The way they should be handled... no... needed to be handled. This time was no different, but the consequences were much more severe. *I'm a milk maid, I exist to produce milk for my owner. Grow.... I must keep growing... drink more of this delicious milk and grow. The bigger I get the more I can enjoy these fat udders that are so huge and heavy. I'll be the best and biggest dairy cow ever. I just need to keep growing... I want this... I need this... Grow... mmmmmmm fuck! GROW!* Veronika shuddered in her binds and leaned as far forward as she could, her strongest orgasm ever causing her muscles to tense as she felt the tremendous weight of her udders press down onto the floor, where they would now remain. *This is it.... Oh, fuck that felt so good... Yes... I'm finally immobile. I'm going to remain here forever producing milk and, mmmmmmm.... Cumming over and over. Keep growing girls... Let's see what I'm really capable of.*

Veronika turned her head to look at Katie who had been feeding her this whole time. With a strange sense of determination, Veronika began gulping down Katie's milk even faster, adding some suction of her own to aid the tireless pump in order to ensure she didn't ever stop growing. Katie's breasts seemed bottomless in their milk supply, and gamely kept up as Veronika pulled more and more rich cream from them.

Erica found herself naked in her makeshift laboratory, eyes glued to the security camera feeds as she watched Veronika chugging down Katie's milk as if her life depended upon it. Her pussy glistened with her natural sugars from a recent climax as her chemical analyzing apparatus beeped to signify its completed task. Erica managed to compose herself enough to check the readings, and what she found stunned her. While Katie's milk did indeed contain many of the trace elements and properties of the milk sample that had been mailed to her, the quantities were far too low to be explained away. There had to be another source for that milk. There was another milk maid somewhere that had produced that vial of perfection. Erica's mind shot from possibility to possibility, trying to work out what could have happened. Erica didn't even question her initial assumption that Katie must have been the source, she

was absolutely massive. No woman would ever be that large breasted unless they had wanted it. *This new cow, she doesn't seem to want to be as huge as she is. That only leaves a few possibilities, none of which I can rule out. I only know that she wasn't the one to produce that milk, which means that whatever huge uddered milk cow that did is still out there somewhere.*

Erica knew it would still be a few hours before Katie woke up from her latest sedative, but she would definitely have some explaining to do once she did. Erica had to have the woman that produced that milk. With her, Darlington would become one of the most lucrative businesses ever. Erica sat back down and turned back to the wall of security cameras monitoring the women under her care. It would be a long couple of hours. As her hand drifted once more to her exposed pussy, she thought, *it's good that I always have some live entertainment here to pass the time...*

Jane woke with a rushing sound filling the room. Her udders had shifted themselves over in the night, briefly made buoyant by the tide of milk filling Jane's basement home. The drain was uncovered from Jane's monumental breasts and the ocean of milk overwhelming the room was slowly draining away now. Jane gradually came to her senses and once again struggled to comprehend that the twin masses of flesh attached to her were actually part of her. This daily ritual was getting harder every morning as she continually expanded. Jane realized that the rushing sound she was hearing was her nipples far ahead of her gushing with her sweet bounty. Jane yawned and rubbed the sleep from her eyes. Her belly grumbled for more fuel and she dutifully untied the hose from her wrist and clamped it between her teeth. She threw the end into the pool of milk beside her and began drinking once more. The long draws from the hose barely kept up with her insatiable hunger though, and she knew that she was desperately in need of help. *I can't go on like this... I need to be cared for and protected, I'm not meant to be on my own anymore. Where are you Katie?* Jane resigned herself to drinking her own milk and gently squirming every so often as she hung immobile from her udders. All she could do now was wait for rescue and hope that it came soon.

Full Production Pt. 2

Erica pulled her vehicle to a stop at the top of the hill near Katie's home once more, parking it adjacent to a wall of bushes that concealed it from wandering eyes. As she was driving towards the home, she noticed that the power in the area was out, which would be beneficial to maintaining her secrecy as she investigated further. She pulled a flashlight from her trunk and made her way carefully along the gravel driveway. As Erica came upon the house, she noticed a strange metal contraption sitting on the porch. *That's funny, I would have noticed that last time I was here. I wonder what it is?* Erica waited patiently in the tree line, straining her ears for any sounds or movement coming from the home. She couldn't hear a thing. Erica broke cover and began quickly moving over towards the front door. She examined the metal device. It appeared to be made out of hospital stretchers, and had twin hammock-like pads in line with each other. It seemed to be homemade judging by the unconventional design of it. Erica was beginning to get worried that there might be another person here that was now desperately searching for her latest milk maid. Erica made her way to the front door and peeked through the two windows inside. She couldn't make out anything substantial, just a few chairs and shelves that she remembered from last time. There was also the stain on the floor of Katie's milk as she was struggling to stand up due to the twin spheres attached to her. *That's a good sign. If nobody has cleaned up that milk yet it's likely that nobody is home. Maybe I can get in there and do some worthwhile investigation; at least find out how she made herself so huge and productive to begin with.*

Erica tried the door, it was locked. She pulled out a small lock-picking kit she carried with her and got to work on the door just like last time. It was a relatively simple lock and took her less than thirty seconds to jimmy it open. Erica carefully opened the door, listening for any signs of an occupant. There was a muffled rushing sound coming from inside, like someone was running a hose. It might have been some pipe or the air conditioning or something like that though. Erica scanned outside once more and then quickly stepped inside and shut the door while holding the knob turned to avoid as much noise as possible. Erica made her way around the first floor, noting the decidedly lived-in state of most things. Clothes were draped over the back of couches, bills and mail envelopes were scattered about the countertops, but there was nothing that seemed out of place. She opened the refrigerator and noticed an assortment of jugs of what appeared to be chocolate milkshake. She opened one and took a sniff. It smelt pleasantly, which meant it was fresh. To be fair, she had only taken Katie two days ago, so that wasn't the most pertinent information. The trash was about halfway full, but everything inside it looked to be a few days old. That was a good indication to Erica that Katie was the only one living here. She turned to go towards what she assumed was the bedroom when she heard what sounded of soft moan from downstairs.

Amidst the rushing white noise generated by whatever lay in the basement, Erica detected what appeared to be a woman's voice. It seemed desperate in nature, and Erica knew that this very well could be the girl she was looking for. Erica sauntered over to the door, now confident she was alone on the first floor at least. She could see three heavy locks on the basement door, which could only be opened from the side she was on. If there was any place to keep a milk pet in this house, she had found it. Erica noticed that the locks were already open, and judging from where she saw Katie when she first came in, supporting herself on the opposite wall from the door with her udders dripping beneath her, she knew that they were already open. Erica opened the door slowly. She noticed that it did creak a little, but that noise was overshadowed by the rushing sound of liquid splashing into a pool. It sounded as if someone were trying to fill the basement up with water. Erica opened the door more fully, and noticed waves of white liquid swaying back and forth, covering what she assumed were the bottom two or three steps of the stairs. The rushing sound intensified now that the door to the basement was all the way open, and Erica heard one sound that excited her more than anything else.

"Mmmmmuuuugggghhhh.... Uuuuuuuuugggghhh....mmmmmmmm.... MILK ME! KATIE! COME HOME AND MILK YOUR COW! I'M SO FULL I NEED TO BE MILKED! Ugghhhh I can't take this anymore!" Jane yelled, exhausted from the constant milk production she was now a slave to.

Her udders had reached their maximum potential, gushing milk in twin geysers which impacted the opposite wall five feet beyond her swollen teats. The milk trailed down the wall and splashed into the thick pool of cream covering the basement floor. Jane had long ago felt the hoses of her pumps become disconnected from her expanded nipples, their girth far in excess of anything capable of being drained by such paltry devices. She felt the warm waves of her milk lapping at the lower curves of her breasts which anchored her in place. The level of milk in the room was rising slowly, so much so that her dainty feet, suspended in the air a full three feet were just beginning to come into contact with the rising tide of her product. Jane moaned once more as she drew her toes back and forth through her milk, creating tiny wakes in the sea behind her suspended body. She had been waiting for Katie's return impatiently, moaning and calling out to her owner throughout the days and her sleepless nights. Her breasts were alive with sensations, tingling, pressing both outwards and inwards simultaneously as they strove to find new places to store more milk. The gushing geysers at her nipples offered barely any relief, her overtaxed mammaries were being pumped full of rich, delicious, cream just as quickly as her teats could spray it out. Jane was well and truly a milk factory now, and she had unwittingly been revealed to her newest owner.

Erica nearly fainted as she took in the sight of the incredible bosoms that dominated the room below her. As she gazed into the basement, she saw the lone metal pole with Jane's collar attached to it, completely and utterly engulfed by the two most massive tits she had ever seen. There was actual meters of cleavage sitting before her. The enormous swells spread out over the entire floor space, seemingly alive with pulsing blasts of milk issuing forth from nipples the width of Erica's thigh. Erica unlaced her boots and socks, hiked up her pants to her knees and gently stepped into the sea of milk

before her. She waded forth, open-mouthed in awe of who was most assuredly the most incredibly endowed milk maid to have ever lived.

Jane couldn't hear the approaching sloshing of Erica as she stepped through the lake of milk. However, her overripe melons were more sensitive than ever, packed with nerve endings that transmitted every single change in air pressure or the waves in her milk lapping at their lower curves directly to her.

"Katie? Katie, please is that you? I don't know what I did to deserve this punishment but please, milk me. I'll do anything you ask, my udders are yours to use, but please I need to be milked. I'm going crazy immobilized and alone over here. Please, you promised to protect me. I need to be cared for... Katie? At least answer me, I can feel you moving around in front of me.... Mistress?"

Erica stopped in her tracks her hands hovering just inches away from the curves of Jane's fattened udders. She examined the flawless skin, healthy and amazingly free of stretchmarks. Blue veins could be seen just under the surface, periodically dotting the perfect swell of Jane's milk-filled orbs. Erica cupped her hand and dipped it down into the pool of milk at her feet, she brought it to her mouth and took an experimental lick at it. *THIS! This was the milk I was been sent.* Erica could hardly contain a pleased sigh at once more being exposed to the delicious perfection of Jane's milk.

That milk maid I just acquired, Katie, she must have been responsible for this girl's current state. She was trying to sell me her milk. Well now I've discovered the source, or sources rather, and this milk factory is going to be mine. Erica mused while grinning maliciously. The sight of such hugely ripened udders had put Erica on edge, she needed to relieve her sexual frustration. *What better way to introduce my new cow to her owner than to use her for my pleasure?*

"Katie, please... you're scaring me. I need help here! My udders are too full! Please help me milk them!" Jane cried out from behind her expanded tits.

Erica ignored the cow's pleas and searched for a stepping stool or something she could use to climb up onto Jane's breasts. She made her way over to a table, upon which two pumps lay, one woefully overfilled with milk in the tiny ten gallon reservoir tank, and the other completely empty and lacking a hose. Erica climbed on top of the table, stripped the remainder of her clothes off, and without hesitation, leaped onto the side of Jane's towering right breast.

"OOOOOHHHHH...MMMMMMM!!!!!!! Yes Katie, please use your body weight to milk me! Please, yes! The relief! Finally, yeesssss...." Jane managed to scream out as she came explosively at the addition of Erica's weight to help squeeze out more milk.

Erica ran her arms and legs up and down, as if she were trying to make a snow angel, the human contact and the intense sensations sent Jane into a pleased haze, a long, continuous orgasm wracked her body. Erica had to squeeze herself in between the ceiling and Jane's breast near the top, with only a few feet of clearance. Erica clambered up higher, to the peak of the mountainous udder and started to push herself up and down, testing the firmness and sensitivity of the overblown organ.

"MMMMMmmmmmmMMMMM... FFFFFFFFffffuuuuuuUUUUCKKKKKkkk KAAAaaaaaaTIIiiiieEEEE.. stop bOUNCing like thAT!!!! Ugghhhh.... Thank you.... It's too much... I'm just a two massive bundles of nerves and udders... Godddd.... Somehow I still love it though. How did you know I would submit so easily??? Katie?..... Katie! Please answer me.... Please Mistress...."

Erica smirked as Jane's voice rose and fell in volume in sync with her bouncing. This cow would prove to be a source of not only endless milk, but endless entertainment as well. The sensitivity of her udders had clearly increased in proportion with their almost inconceivable size. This trait would prove to make her training a cinch. Erica could judge through Jane's words that she was already overwhelmingly submissive, even going so far as to refer to herself as a cow, and her breasts as udders. Erica carefully crawled further ahead, mindful to watch as she neared the slope of Jane's breasts that curved back towards the tiny girl hanging from them. She pulled her legs under her body so her feet were facing forward, and carefully slid down the slope of Jane's breast to finally meet the girl who had grown such productive milkers.

Jane could feel who she thought was Katie fidgeting on near the top of her right udder, and as the feet of her owner came into view she breathed a sigh of extreme relief. Jane bit her lower lip in anticipation of her mistress coming to play with her some more, her left hand still jammed down to her pussy, stroking away with wild abandon as her right arm slid with wide strokes over the miniscule amount of her right mammary she could reach. However, as more of her mistress slid into her field of vision, she realized it wasn't Katie at all...

"Wait... who are you? How did you get in here? Where is my owner?" Jane asked in a frenzied panic.

"Shhhhhh.... Silence my sweet cow. You are under new management." Erica said, as she spread her legs to shoulder width apart and gently slid into place, standing on Jane's shoulders and gazing down on her. Jane grunted softly with the added weight on her already immobilized body.

"What do you mean, new management? Where is Katie?" Jane asked, fearful of the answer.

"Katie is where she belongs, she's a milk maid, like you, and I've taken her to my farm where she can be properly taken care of and milked. Although, you're more of a milk cow aren't you, what with that shiny custom made collar and bell of yours." Erica said, eyes scanning over the beautiful young girl attached to these mammoths. Erica stared into the deep brown pools that were Jane's tearful eyes and saw her breaking already.

"No, I don't believe you. Katie would never abandon me, she loves me!" Jane asserted.

"Oh I have no doubt about that. She didn't mention a word of your existence when I took her, hoping maybe she could conceal you from me and she could somehow escape and return to you. However, I'm not as careless as her, gorging herself on your breast milk only to become a milk maid herself. Her overindulgence cost her freedom. She is quite secure now, breastfeeding a little experiment of mine in fact. One that may rival even you in time. But my, aren't you something special... Just look at how enormous and productive you are. You alone produce more milk than all my other girls combined I'm sure."

"Let Katie go, she is the only one who can care for me the way I need to be looked after." Jane said coldly.

"Ah, a bit of fire in you yet. Not to worry, I'll work that out of you soon enough. Now, my dear, you must be hungry after being alone down here these past few days." Erica said suggestively. She crouched down bringing her naked pussy towards Jane's mouth, buried in her own cleavage. "Well, my pet, eat up!" Erica said while pushing her lower lips against Jane's mouth and sitting with her legs hanging over Jane's shoulders. The helpless milk maid was forced to shove her face deep into her new owner's vagina. Jane tried turning her head at first but Erica laced her fingers through Jane's thick mane of silken hair and pulled her mouth forwards.

"That's it, my new cow. If you please me we'll get along just fine. Maybe I'll even allow Katie to come and take care of you after all. Although I won't make any promises yet."

"MMMMMM!!!! Pleassshhhh mmmmm!!! Let Katie come back to me! I need her!" Jane said as she struggled against Erica.

"Make a good first impression on me, my milk factory, and I'll consider it." Erica breathily exclaimed as Jane began to work her tongue expertly through Erica's folds. "Good girl... I'll see to it that you're... oohhhhhhhh fuuuuuccckkk... Well taken care of and milked... Ohhhhhh... you're good at this." Erica said as Jane began to pleasure her in earnest.

Full Production Pt. 3

Weight... what is this weight on my chest? Katie squinted her eyes at the bright lights hanging overhead as she gradually regained consciousness. *Where am I? What is that sucking sensation?* Katie's pupils contracted as she gradually became accustomed to her surroundings. She noticed the two flesh-toned spheres attached to her chest and it all came flooding back. The growth, the milk, the strange woman, being captured and bound, and now as far as she could tell, she was breastfeeding another girl.

That bitch who captured me... I must escape her and this hellhole. I won't let myself become one of these mindless cows, sitting here placidly only thinking about the next time that psycho hooks up their tits to a pump. Katie struggled in place, yet she was unable to so much as shift the weight of her globes off her body. They were pinning her down in place, content and resolute that she would remain in her current position. *I know I can lift these heavy tits, it should be easy with all the milk being sucked out of them. I just need to get out of these binds and I'll be able to stand.* Katie's sense of dominance and control wouldn't be quashed even by the immensity of her new bosom. *I'll make her pay, and then I'll get back to Jane and find some way to make sure she's safe. Where is she anyway? I can't imagine she would just leave us all here... Unless... Oh god no!!! What if she knows about my Jane?* Katie's struggles renewed with a vengeance the muscles in her arms and legs flexing with all her might, but it was all for naught. The straps holding her down were made to restrain even the most violent of psychopaths; holding a young woman with breasts the size of yoga balls anchoring her down was child's play.

"Grrraaaaaahhhhhh!!!" Katie screamed in frustration at her helplessness. This was not how this was supposed to go, this wasn't how anything was supposed to go. *If she touches one single hair on my Jane's head, I'll kill her.* Katie sank back down, overwhelmed by the weight of her milk-filled spheres and took stock of her predicament.

Katie saw the hoses trailing from her breasts and followed them with her eyes to their terminus in between Veronika's tits. Veronika was gamely drinking on even as her expanded breasts stretched across the floor of their shared cage. Katie stared dumbstruck at the size of Veronika's now mammoth breasts. Katie could only see the top of Veronika's raven hair, the rest of her was obscured by her incredible bust.

Veronika's breasts were pulsing and pinkish in color, obviously swollen to the brim with milk. Her nipples were throbbing against the persistent glue that held them shut, overcome by the need to release the mounting pressure of dairy goodness that was engorging the helpless milk maid. Veronika, for her part,

was enjoying it as much as could be expected. *My udders hurt... it feels like thousands of tiny balloons are being pumped full all at once in every part of my udders. The pain is... intoxicating... though. Just knowing with every swallow of milk, and every drop of hormones that are pumped into me, I'll never get any smaller. I have to find out how big I can get, how much milk I can produce. No matter how wrong it is I just must know... This other cow's milk is delicious, I hope Mistress Erica lets me keep her.* Veronika felt the hose from Katie's milk pump slip further into her lengthening cleavage as she drank. Minute by minute her udders crept forward, to the sides, even upwards. In the process they slowly began to pull Veronika erect. The heavy spheres had already claimed their place on the floor, but now they were starting to pull Veronika up with them. Veronika realized with some pride that her milk tanks were now dominating her body so completely she could barely see over them. She felt the gentle yet insistent pulling sensation as her udders ever so slowly began lifting her higher. The ceaseless pressure of her building deluge of milk was clouding her mind, she couldn't think of anything but the desire to get some strong pumps attached to her nipples and begin relieving the pressure that was filling every inch of her mammaryes.

Erica extricated herself from Jane's shoulders after covering the poor cow's face in her nectar. Jane began wiping herself clean with her hand as she felt Erica slide down her tits and splash into the pool of milk below.

"Don't you go anywhere now, my milk cow." Erica said, barely holding back a laugh.

"I'm not yours! I belong to Katie!" Jane spat petulantly.

"Well think about it logically," Erica said while mashing her hands into the lower curve of Jane's left milk tank. "Katie is tied up breastfeeding one of my cows without her consent. She can barely lift her tits off the ground at this point. She is my property now and even if you want to pretend she still owns you, I own her. So what does that make you then?"

"... I'm not sure anymore." Jane despaired.

"It makes you my property, my milk factory, my COW!" Erica yelled, punctuating the last word with a hard slap against Jane's hypersensitive udder.

“Oowwww!!” Jane yelled.

Erica switched to a firm massage of the mountainous flesh, looking up at the helpless girl hanging from her own tits. “These udders are mine now... Say it... Tell me who these udders belong to.”

“...” Jane remained silent, a tear forming in her eye. She couldn’t deal with her rapidly changing situation. *I’m totally powerless, just a pair of milk tanks. What can I do to resist someone when I can’t move? I love my huge udders... But they just put me at the mercy of whomever is around me...*

SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! Erica delivered three hard slaps squarely against Jane’s left breast. The sound of Jane’s startled yelps echoed through the basement.

“Say it!” Erica demanded.

“OWWW!!!! MY UDDERS BELONG TO YOU!!!”

SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! “Wrong! They aren’t your udders to give. Tell me who those udders belong to!”

Jane yelled through her tears, “THESE UDDERS BELONG TO YOU, MISTRESS!” Jane, squeezed her hands into fists and braced for more slaps against her taut flesh.

Erica gently patted the angry red spot where she had been smacking Jane. “Look at me, cow.” Erica said calmly. Jane unclenched her hands and turned her head to the left and looked down, her eyes filled with tears. “Who do you belong to, cow?”

“You, Mistress. This cow belongs to you.” Jane said. In her mind she knew it was true. *Katie let herself become vulnerable by drinking too much milk and now this woman surely owns her. And she owns me too...* Jane pondered her fate as she watched Erica staring steadily into her very soul.

“You will obey me without hesitation from now on. Do you understand, cow?”

"Yes, Mistress." Jane murmured submissively.

"I will ensure you are well cared for as I promised in return. I know that if you are in good spirits you will produce more and better quality milk for me. Don't make me punish you." Erica coldly threatened. Jane stared uncomfortably at the flushed patch on her left udder, dreading another cruel slap. However, Erica simply went back to a gentle but firm massage that Jane couldn't deny felt incredible. She didn't know if it was the increased blood flow and heart rate due to the pain she felt, but her new owner's touch felt like pure electricity.

"Mistress... I'm going to orgasm... mmmmmMMMMMM FUCK!!!" Jane yelled out as her mistress steadily continued the rough squeezing, sinking her hands and pushing hard into the yielding flesh of Jane's milkers.

What is happening? I shouldn't be turned on by her... These udders are just so sensitive. This cow... wait... no, I... just feel so aroused. These tits are messing with my brain, I can't even control what I'm thinking anymore. "Mmmmmmmmm... yesssssss..." Jane groaned involuntarily.

"You see my pet? I can make you feel heavenly if only you obey." Erica said, gradually walking around Jane's unmoving breasts and continuing to caress the enormity of tit-flesh she now owned. Jane shuddered involuntarily as her orgasm rose up and peaked again.

"AAHHHHH!!!! FUCK FUCK FUCK FUCK!! Mmmmmm!" Jane managed breathlessly. Her brow was flushed with sweat and her arms and legs hung limp and lifeless, resting gently against her pulsing breasts. Erica continued tirelessly stimulating Jane's udders. Jane couldn't believe it, her body was responding so readily to the strong will and tireless handling of this mystery woman. *I... My... No, THESE udders... They need to be used. I don't even care who owns me anymore so long as they use these fucking tits without mercy.* Jane let her head fall forwards and buried it in her cleavage. She licked, kissed, and bit every single inch of her udders she could reach. She noticed through her haze that her legs had spread of their own accord and she was driving her pussy against her tits, leaking her juices down the lower hemispheres to mix with the milk below.

Eric continued to circle the pinned dairy cow. As she completed her circle, she saw her new pet moaning helplessly as she hung from her bloated mammarys.

"Cow! Listen to me!"

Jane turned her head right and down to meet the eyes of her mistress. "Yes, Mistress?"

"I have business to attend to at my farm. I'll see to it that you are given proper care now that you belong to me. Don't worry cow, I'll return shortly." And with that, Erica waded through the few feet of milk awash in the basement, retrieved her clothing, and closed and locked the basement door.

I've never seen a woman so determined, so single-minded. Jane thought as her new owner left her. *I hope she comes back soon...* Jane wished to herself as she fell into a well-earned sleep against her breasts.

Roles

Erica trudged outside, careful to relock the door to Katie's home on the way out. She was visibly shaken, her eyes were unfocused and the normally purposeful gait she possessed was languid and confused. *That woman in there... That cow... She is perfect. I've seen such purposeful change occur. She's just a milk factory now, and she seems to love it. I wonder how those udders must feel... I have to make some preparations, and... I'll have to call... Him.* Erica paused in front of her vehicle when she came to this conclusion. *I really don't have a choice. I don't possess the equipment or staff necessary to ensure this new cow is properly maintained. I'm sure he'll be pleasantly surprised at least, maybe he'll invest more in my operation.* Erica smirked as she fished out her keys. Her fingers nervously danced over the cold metal ridges as she contemplated her next moves. Erica finally opened the door and hopped into her SUV. She sat wordlessly, turning her phone over and over in her hand as she mustered the courage to make the call. She stared at the screen, and her finger gently tapped the green "Call" button. The phone was answered before the second ring.

"..."

"Erica, sir."

"..."

"I apologize for the late hour, but there has been a development that I believe warrants your attention, sir."

"..."

"Yes, it directly relates to my business. I've found an... anomaly. There is a woman here who is absolutely massive. I don't even know how to begin to describe her size. She's being physically lifted three feet in the air by her breasts. Each breast is... well they're just incredible. Her production potential is almost unfathomable. While I haven't done any sort of measurement yet, it appears as though she can produce hundreds or possibly even thousands of gallons of milk each week."

“ ... ”

“Yes, sir. Superb quality, better than any I’ve seen. It also seems to have high concentrations of estrogen and prolactin in it, leading to growth and lactation in any woman that ingests it.”

“ ... ”

“No, sir. I don’t have the capability to move her, she is completely immobilized. The area is remote; given some modifications it could serve as an acceptable second branch of my farm.”

“ ... ”

“I know she won’t be missed, I captured her previous owner. She is feeding one of my cows currently. I will break her soon.”

“ ... ”

“Given the proper storage tanks and pumps, deliveries could be feasibly made almost immediately. She’s gushing like a pair of geysers as we speak.”

“ ... ”

“I will, sir. Of course, sir. I’ll be expecting the construction crew.”

“ ... ”

“Yes, sir. Goodbye.”

Erica lowered the phone from her ear and dropped it on the passenger seat. She was shivering all over and her heart was pounding in her chest. Conversations with the Master always filled her with anxiety. Erica leaned her head back against the headrest, bouncing it again and again against the leather padding

while she clenched and unclenched her fists. After sitting in her car for a few minutes to calm her nerves she inserted the key into the ignition and headed back towards Darlington Ranch, eager to interrogate her newest cow's owner more thoroughly and view the progress Veronika had made.

Katie was flushed and sweltering. The room where she was being kept was a bit warm to begin with, but the ceaseless pulsing at her nipples, drawing streams of milk out to be fed to her fellow captive was getting to her. Katie screwed her eyes shut and tried to think of something else, anything to distract her from the unwelcome pleasure radiating from her heavy globes. Katie moaned helplessly as her body betrayed her once more and she rode out the waves of pleasure as Veronika continued to feed from her udders. Katie found herself thinking somewhat maternally of Veronika. She was simultaneously in awe of her body and repulsed by the feelings it provoked. Nonetheless she couldn't deny the bond she was forming with this young woman through feeding her with her milk.

Veronika sucked on, barely stopping to breathe as the steady stream of rich milk slid effortlessly down her throat to be used as fuel for her growth. Veronika was starting to experience a painful tightness as her udders fought for more space to expand to hold all the milk she was making. Her nipples were still completely blocked by the unyielding glue, yet the pumps attached to them worked on mercilessly, stimulating her udders to produce ever more delicious cream. Veronika found herself gazing into the canyon of her own cleavage. Her eyes traced along the hose snaking its way through the valley and watched the stream of milk shooting through the tube destined for her mouth. Her breasts were nearly drum tight with unexpressed milk, and her rate of production only increased as she continued to grow bigger. Veronika felt an insistent pulling sensation as her feet left the ground, her udders were now supporting her entire body as they expanded further. In her milk-addled haze, overcome with the sensations of growth and milk production, Veronika felt a crescendo of satisfaction at having reached this milestone. She kicked her legs experimentally, free from the task of supporting her they seemed superfluous. Veronika proceeded to experiment with her growing breasts, she reached and stretched with each of her four limbs, caressing the minute portion of her tits she could reach and relishing the tingling pleasantness these motions evoked. Veronika surrendered herself once more to pleasure, knowing full well that she was always meant to be nothing more than a milk factory, and with that thought she came.

Erica pulled up at her farm, still smelling faintly of Jane's milk which she had practically bathed in. She hurried inside to check on her cows, especially Veronika, and her new cow's previous owner. Erica made her way inside purposefully, striding past her cows who seemed to be doing relatively well. She rounded the corner towards Veronika's cage. As she passed by Belle and Daisy, still chained helplessly to the wall,

she noticed that streams of milk were seeping out of the bloated tits of both girls. She cracked a smile as the brief look of hope in their eyes faded as she made no attempt to release them. Erica strode past them, but stopped in her tracks when she saw what had become of Veronika.

“Oh my god...” Erica whispered to herself as she witnessed the growth precipitated by the bovine hormones. Twin fleshy spheres nearly filling Veronika’s entire cage greeted Erica. The pink orbs were almost perfectly spherical, taut and full of milk waiting to be expressed. The pained and desperate moaning of Veronika could be heard even through the pumps stuffed into her mouth and the din of the milk pumps assaulting her blocked teats. The poor milk maid was desperately in need of relief from her burden of cream.

“Hey!!! Let her go, she’s going to pop!” Katie yelled indignantly as she saw Erica come back into view.

“Silence, cow. I’ll deal with you in a moment.” Erica snarled as she quickly entered Veronika’s cage.

“How dare you leave her here without supervision, you’re reckless and irresponsible.” Katie chided angrily.

Erica retrieved a ball gag and unceremoniously shoved it in Katie’s mouth, silencing her.

“I saw what you did to the girl in your basement. You have the nerve to call me irresponsible when you have a milk factory like that down there? How exactly did you plan to care for her by yourself? Especially after you went and grew these fat udders.” Erica said, staring daggers down at Katie who could only moan in response as her eyes welled with tears. *She found my Jane... No...* Katie thought helplessly.

“Never mind it, I’ll deal with you later.” Erica said, pleased with the reaction she got from that revelation.

Erica approached her prize milker and pressed her hands into the drum tight skin of Veronika’s bloated tits. She could feel the milk inside pressing out in all directions, searching for some escape from the confines of Veronika’s breasts. Veronika let out an eager whimper as she once more felt the hands of her owner on her overtaxed breasts. Erica couldn’t even see her milk maid behind the wall of tit obscuring her vision. She walked around Veronika’s right breast to the IV bag and barrels of bovine hormones she had been forcing into the helpless girl. She saw that they were just now pushing the last drops of the cattle hormones into Veronika’s udders. She kicked the barrels lightly and heard the

resonant dull ringing of emptiness within. *So, this is what 50 gallons of cow hormones does to a woman... Simply exquisite.* Erica smiled as she circled around the back to view her cow's seemingly unnecessary body perched on her breasts.

"Well now, I think your new udders will suffice as compensation from the milk you stole from me. How do they feel, cow?" Erica quipped as she removed the hoses from Veronika's mouth.

"Ugghhhhh..." Veronika gasped in mouthfuls of air and licked her lips of excess milk that had spilled out. "Mistress... These udders are tight and full; they're so overfilled with pressure. I feel them pulsing in time with my pump... I need to be milked."

"I'll decide what you need, cow. Have you learned your lesson?" Erica said, grasping Veronika's chin and turning her face towards herself.

"Yes mistress... I won't steal from you ever again. I don't think you really have to worry, Mistress. I don't think I'll be moving anymore." Veronika said, smiling as she gently patted her gigantic globes and kicked her legs listlessly behind her suspended body.

"Hmmmph. I think you're right, cow. I'm pleased with your growth. You'll be my most productive milk maid, won't you?"

"Mmmmm.... Yes, Mistress... Ugghhhhh... So full... Please Mistress, I don't think I can hold any more milk." Veronika whimpered.

Erica pressed firmly into Veronika's strained udders, drawing a pained moan from the milk maid. "I still think you have more room in there, but I think it's time you paid me back for what you stole." Erica said as she exited the cage and returned to Belle and Daisy around the corner.

"You two. Do you understand why I've denied you release?" Erica said, glaring at the two milk maids helplessly leaking in their binds.

"Yes mistress, we ignored your authority by allowing the other cow to... Ahhhhh.... Milk us." Belle whimpered at the thought of being milked, her breasts squirting out thin streams in sympathy with her thoughts. Daisy was leaking trickles down her swollen orbs, the milk traced white lines down her toned

belly and pattering softly on the ground. Erica stood there for a few more seconds, enjoying the feeling of power and control and the rush it brought her as she gazed down on her dairy cows struggling helplessly.

"I will release you now; but you have a new role here on the farm." Erica stated as she unlocked their chains and grabbed each girl's leash, pulling them toward Veronika's cage. "You will each be in charge of one of my prize milker's udders." Erica paused as she rounded the corner and stopped. She tugged the heads of Belle and Daisy upwards to witness their reaction to Veronika's explosive expansion.

"..." Belle was speechless, she opened her eyes wide in complete nonbelief as she saw breasts far bigger than her entire body laying like beached whales on the ground.

"Whaaaaaaaaa," was all that Daisy could muster, although her pussy instantly began to leak in anticipation of playing with them. She was the more breast obsessed of the two, which had made her transformation into a milk cow slightly more tolerable. Lude images sprang to her mind as she gazed upon the swollen, pink, spheres of breast flesh which were obviously full to the brim and in need of a thorough milking.

Erica tugged the two bewildered milk maids forward and lead them into the cage. Their own milk-filled masses seemed paltry in comparison and the feeling of their large teats brushing against the floor as the girls crawled forward was drowned out by their awe of what their fellow cow had become.

They look even bigger up close... Thought Daisy.

How is it even possible for them to be so massive? I... wonder how she feels... Pondered Belle while gently biting her lower lip.

Erica ordered Belle and Daisy to remain still, just a few feet in front of the imposing mounds of flesh. The girls looked at each other briefly, both fearful and aroused at the thought that they too may end up this way. Erica traced her way around Veronika's right udder, Daisy's leash in hand. She threaded it through Veronika's collar and locked it in place. Veronika only let out a pained moan in response, the pressure of milk sloshing within her udders had reached critical mass and she only wanted relief now. Erica gave a firm push against Veronika's right udder as she retraced her steps back around and listened sadistically for Veronika's desperate "MMMMM" as her milk was displaced for a moment. Her udder tightened almost imperceptibly as her skin strove to stretch to accommodate the vast seas of milk she had produced.

Erica calmly took Belle's leash and walked around Veronika's left breast, once again locking the leash to Veronika's collar on the opposite side. She returned to the front of Veronika's breasts, leaving the helpless milk maid to decry her situation and ponder at why she was being chained up further when she was so helpless already.

"I've attached you to your fellow cow's collar. You are now bound to each other. Daisy, you will care for and milk Veronika's right udder, and Belle you will do the same for her left. You will both ensure Veronika remains healthy and happy and as productive as possible. The solvent for the surgical glue holding her teats closed can be found on the shelf to your left. Go and begin milking her, storage barrels for her milk can be found in the closet over on the back wall. You may milk yourselves once you have cleaned up Veronika's teats and have her milking. Do you understand?"

"Yes, Mistress." The two women said in unison. They both crawled over and retrieved the supplies needed, eager to complete their commands in order to relieve their own incessant pressure caused by their milky payloads.

Erica watched her two cows crawl forwards, dragging their leashes behind them and ringing their respective bells as their taut udders wobbled below them. She reached up and removed the first and then the second of the needles from Veronika's breasts. She covered the area with antiseptic and placed band-aids on the areas to prevent infections. She then acted on a celebratory whim and pressed herself forward into the gaping maw of cleavage that stood before her, basking in the sensation of being completely surrounded by titmeat.

"AhhhhhhhHHHH!!!" Veronika yelled as the pressure in her breasts peaked higher than ever before as she felt her owner squirming around in between her breasts. She could feel little nips and scratches as Erica explored the acres of skin before her. Erica's foray was short-lived as she didn't want to lose herself and her composure before her pets. She extricated herself gingerly, leaving only a moist spot between her legs and a few light scratch and bite marks on Veronika's bloated tits. Veronika had suffered a bit more from the experience, having cum once more despite the growing pain and pressure filling her orbs. *She was covered by my udders... Her whole body... I just tit-fucked an entire person... and I loved it...* Veronika thought as she tried to come to terms with accepting the new dimensions of her body and what it was capable of.

"Oooooooooohhh" Moaned Veronika as she felt her pumps being detached and a cool liquid being slathered onto her ultra-sensitive nipples. Belle and Daisy were both enthusiastically lathering up Veronika's nipples with solvent which was already breaking up the calloused surface of the glue. Each girl used both her arms to caress the bumpy surface before them, and they unintentionally pressed their own swollen masses against Veronika's nipples in the process. Veronika felt two pairs of arms and breasts working to free the glue covering her udders and knew that her relief would soon be at hand.

Belle and Daisy were quickly rewarded for their efforts as the film of the glue sloughed off and Veronika finally felt cool air reach her teats. Milk blasted forth in hundreds of tiny streams and sprayed forth like fountains as Veronika's let-down reflex triggered with a vengeance. Both of the milk maids crouched before her were doused in the warm liquid, and the pulses of milk reached nearly to the door of her cage. Belle and Daisy hurriedly reattached the pumps that had been stimulating Veronika to continually produce more milk. Though in this case, the pumps were serving their intended purpose. The angry pink color in Veronika's udders gradually receded as the ocean of milk within streamed forth into the collection barrels. Veronika moaned pleasantly in relief as her udders gradually drained of her milk.

While Veronika's pumps were chugging away, Belle and Daisy had each crawled towards the cavern of Veronika's cleavage. Each milk maid leaned gingerly up against the respective udder they were now in charge of, marveling at the smooth, tight, flesh and immensity of breast meat they could now enjoy. The two women scooted in deeper and snuggled up close together and tentatively lifted one of their own breasts to their counterpart's mouth. They both looked over to their mistress who was watching the scene unfold stoically. With a silent nod, Erica gave them her permission. The two cows smiled as they locked eyes, each taking their partner's swollen nipple into their mouth. Their soft lips encircled the bumpy flesh of their areolas and they began to suckle.

Through the hum of Veronika's heavy-duty pumps and the muted moans of all three cows as they were drained, the wheels of Katie's stretcher could be heard click-clacking over threshold of the cage as Erica wheeled the busty girl away. "We have some very important issues to speak about, Katie..." Erica whispered menacingly. "Mmmpphhhh!" Katie retorted, glaring daggers at her captor as she turned the corner out of the view of the cows in their cage.

Roles Pt. 2

Katie felt the eyes of countless milk maids scampering over every inch of her utterly exposed body and the massive spheres of her breasts; each of which was far larger than her fellow captives both. Every time Katie felt or saw the towering masses of her udders she had to tell herself that they were indeed real and attached to her. She avoided eye contact, instead choosing to stare resolutely at the ceiling as she was wheeled along. Her concentration was continually disrupted by the weighty orbs of her milk-filled tits sloshing around over her, pressing insistently against her chin at every bump and filling the lower half of her field of view. The continual reminder of their presence was beginning to crack her determined resolve; as was the increasing pressure of her milk building up inside each tortured milk duct.

Who am I kidding? With these breasts as huge and heavy as they are I'm in no condition to do anything but produce milk... I really am going to be just another one of these dairy cows... I've failed Jane. Katie's eyes glistened with fresh tears as Erica pushed her outside and towards another structure about fifty meters away. Erica grinned as she saw a plethora of emotions play over the face of her captive.

She's already breaking herself. I can see the doubt in her, this may be easier than I first thought. Mused Erica.

"This is where I keep particularly troublesome slaves, or ones who need some extra attention to ensure their obedience. You, Katie, will remain here until you tell me everything I want to know about my newest pet, Jane."

"Fuck you." Katie spat tersely.

"I thought as much, and honestly, that's what I was hoping you'd say. You are still in denial about your place in the world. That will be remedied shortly however." Erica calmly explained as she pushed Katie's stretcher through the threshold and the two women were plunged into the darkness of the new facility. The door clanged shut behind Katie and her pupils dilated. Only a faint ray of sun shone under the crack of the door in the otherwise pitch black structure. Erica wheeled Katie on, muscle memory guiding her through the facility. About twenty feet into the facility the wheels of Katie's stretcher tripped a motion sensor and florescent lights buzzed to life overhead.

The structure had six large enclosures with a central hallway running between them. Each of the partitions was made up of a metal wall almost like a cubicle, but with holes interspersed and windows at eye level. The floor was tiled but the interior of the cells seemed to be covered with a rubber-like material, akin to what gyms use to shield the floor from heavy weights being dropped repeatedly.

Katie squinted as her eyes readjusted to the bright lights. She glanced around feverishly, trying to take stock of her new environment and find some way to strike back against Erica. Her throat tightened up as she gazed at the heavy locks on each of the cells she passed, until Erica stopped her forward motion and unlocked the cell on the far right. Erica grabbed Katie's stretcher and maneuvered her into her new enclosure.

"This place, if you were wondering, used to be one of the milking sheds on this farm before it came into my possession. I've spent some time in here converting the place to more sufficiently reflect my needs however. This barn, sometimes referred to as 'the gauntlet' by my milk slaves, is where I break new recruits. It has become somewhat of a rite of passage. You see, my pets are treated well if they obey and I give them everything they could want to fulfill their roles as dairy cows. However, the ever-present fear of being sent here ensures that they dispense with any silly thoughts of resistance. You'll soon see why." Erica stated as she wheeled Katie into the center of the stall and walked towards a large cabinet in the corner. Erica removed two huge bowls and placed them on a nearby counter. She then took out a myriad of candles and began lighting them around the room.

"You're pathetic" Katie growled. "What happened to you as a child? Some busty girl steal your boyfriend or something? Hmm? What could cause you to be so obsessed with treating women like livestock?" Katie chided as Erica continued resolutely with her task.

Erica merely grinned in response. *This slut is seriously trying to antagonize me when her fat udders are so huge she can barely walk? I'm going to enjoy breaking this one.*

"That sounds like you may be projecting, my pet. Have you asked yourself those same questions?" Erica chided.

Erica finished lighting the candles, and once again approached the cabinet at the far corner of the room. She produced a thick collar, and two sturdy looking nipple clamps. Katie was still lying flat, staring at the ceiling and doing her best to berate Erica whom she had lost sight of.

SMACK!!!

Erica's hand came down in a flash, impacting into the soft surface of Katie's left breast and sending it wobbling into the right one.

"AAAIIEEEEEEE!!!!" Katie screamed as her taunts were silenced.

"Listen you fucking slut, you will address me as Mistress Erica from now on. You, like every other girl here, are now my property. You are a milk maid, a dairy cow. Your purpose is to produce milk. Do you understand?"

"Fu.... Fuck... You." Katie hissed.

SMACK!!! Erica swung once more, impacting the reddening handprint she had just left with even more force.

"Tell me what you are."

"Ugghhhhhh" Katie moaned in pain.

SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! A flurry of strikes on Katie's breasts caused fresh tears to surface.

"Tell me what you are."

"Ffff..." Katie was overwhelmed with the tingling pain coursing through her bloated tits. A dull throbbing was now accompanying the spikes of pain from Erica's hand.

SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! This time the slaps impacted Katie's right breast causing sensations of pain to arc through both of her mammaries.

"Answer me when I ask you a question." Said Erica matter-of-factly.

"..." Katie bit back her tears and glared at Erica.

"I'm going to enjoy breaking you." Erica said as she clasped and locked Katie's new collar around her neck. Erica could see a few streams of milk pulsing out of Katie's throbbing udders. "Hmm... Can't have you wasting my product, can we?" Erica reached up and felt around the swollen curve of Katie's breasts for her nipples as her huge udders were so massive as to render them out of her sight. Erica traced her fingers over the pebbly flesh of Katie's areolas and found the fingerlike nubs of her nipples. Katie couldn't see the clamps over the ripe orbs covering her torso, but she felt the cruel pinch on her hypersensitive nipples all the same.

"Owwwww!!! Fuck! Ow! Take them off!"

"If you want them off then you'll have to accept your new role in life as my property."

"Fuck off, you don't own me. I'm not a milk maid or a cow."

Erica sauntered off and let Katie struggle in her binds for a few minutes. She walked out of Katie's cell and started a fire in the fireplace at the end of the hall. While most of the equipment in the barn had been removed by the previous owners, there were a few odds and ends lying about. One forgotten implement was a traditional branding iron which Erica now stuck into the roaring flames to heat up. She then turned and walked back to see how her new cow was enjoying her clamps.

As Katie lay there struggling, the insistent pressure on her nipples was driving her insane. *God they're squeezing so tight... It hurts, I need them off. I need to find a way to fight back, I can't let this bitch have free reign with me. I must get back to Jane, no matter the cost.* Just then, Erica returned and interrupted Katie's brief contemplation.

"Now, my pet, I like to take care of administrative tasks first when breaking in a new cow. I've already fitted you with your collar, but I like to be thorough with marking my property. I have two methods to achieve this. Either I implant a microchip in you... or... you get branded." Erica stared deeply into the eyes of Katie, neither daring to blink or flinch. "I've never needed to brand one of my cows, and I don't particularly want to brand you either. However, if you don't obey then I will not hesitate."

Katie said nothing in response, choosing to continue the stare down.

"Hmm... Well I'll give you a bit of time to think about it. Just keep in mind that while a microchip may be removed, if I brand you you'll be marked as my milk cow permanently. Maybe that's what you want though. In my experience, those who fight the hardest sometimes want it the most."

"I'm not anyone's property. Even with my breasts as huge as they are." Katie said, fully aware of the plush fullness of her breasts covering her entire torso and pressing down over her pinned arms. Katie could feel the cruel clamps relentlessly squeezing her nipples shut and preventing her normally spurting nipples from releasing their milky payload.

"Well then, let's see how much those udders of yours can take. They clearly want to grow and make milk, you just need to learn to accept it." Erica taunted as she hooked a leash to Katie's collar and began undoing the straps holding the busty girl down on the stretcher. Katie flexed her freed arms and legs briefly before trying to combat the weight of her udders and stand. Her arms were held immobile by her fat tits which overwhelmed her arms completely. She swayed awkwardly from side to side, causing undulations in the bean-bag chair sized breasts adorning her chest. Erica looked on, amused at the fruitless efforts of Katie trying to right herself.

"What's the problem, cow? Is my newest milker having trouble standing up?"

"Go to hell, bitch." Katie managed between the grunts and groans of her efforts.

"Tell me what you are and this can end."

"I can stand on my own." Katie stated with determination. Her fat orbs were stubbornly unmoving despite her jostling. The gallons of milk sloshing around inside each orb added more weight than Katie was even remotely used to. Katie managed to finally pull her arms out from underneath her breasts and then tried to reach around her jugs to pull off the nipple clamps. As she suspected, they were well beyond the reach of her arms. Katie let her hands slide gently down the tops of her milkers, relishing the sensation of being touched despite her predicament. Katie moaned quietly to herself as she pressed her arms forwards, using her forearms and hands to press her titflesh away from her face so she wasn't buried in her own canyon of cleavage. Despite her best efforts, Katie knew what she dreaded was true. "I... I can't get up. I need to be milked. Then I can stand on my own." Katie embarrassingly admitted, her face flushing red as she said it.

"Well I only milk my pets. If you want those gallons of milk pumped out of your udders, then you will submit." Erica stated unequivocally.

“I’ll never be your slave.”

“Never say never. I do own you, you only need to look at yourself to see. You are wearing a collar and I hold your leash. Your bloated tits are completely dominating you. You can’t even stand up with all that rich milk you’re carrying. Just think of the carefree life you could have if you embraced your new role.”

“My breasts are an inconvenience, yes, but that doesn’t mean I should be a cow.”

“What else could you possibly be? Do you think you will ever be respected in society now? You are nothing but a walking twin milk factory. Stop lying to yourself and give me control. Give up yourself to someone who has done this for years and knows exactly what milk maids like you need.”

“What I need is to get back to Jane and take care of her.”

“How would you take care of her when you can’t even do something as simple as standing up? You’re in no state to take care of anything or anyone. What you need is to be protected and trained to make the most of those milk tanks you’ve grown.”

Despite her best efforts, the words of Erica were making an impression on Katie. She knew that logically, everything that Erica was telling her was completely true. There was no way she could care for someone as in need as Jane. *I can just barely walk, if I’m not full of milk... Which won’t be all the time. I’m going to have to accept that I need looking after from now on. I can’t be what Jane needs...* Katie screwed her eyes shut as if to obscure her vision of the truth she was now confronted with. Erica took this opportunity to approach Katie.

Erica softly whispered in Katie’s ear, “I’m going to help you stand up now. That milk in your udders is mine though, and it will not go to waste. You’ll just have to carry it until you accept that you belong to me.”

Erica gingerly helped push Katie’s overdeveloped right breast upwards, causing the shift in weight to help pull Katie into a sitting position. Katie noncommittedly shuffled her legs off the edge of the stretcher so her feet were planted on the ground. Her fattened udders completely covered her lap and overflowed it, threatening to pull Katie towards the floor. As Katie sat there, her eyes glazed over and she stared far ahead. Her mind drifted to simpler times before she began transforming Jane, or growing herself. It was just beginning to dawn on her how serious a situation she was in and she didn’t want to

deal with it just yet. Her legs began to tingle as the weight of her tits restricted the blood flow to her lower extremities with their crushing weight.

“Well?” Erica ushered, “Go ahead, you’re not restrained other than your leash. Stand up!”

Katie pressed her arms into the taut flanks of her udders, feeling the milk gushing within as she tried to lift them slightly so not all of their weight was pinning her down. She walked her fingers forwards, kneading her titmeat and moaning in the process as she tried in vain again to reach her tortured nipples far ahead of her to remove her nipple clamps.

“I told you, those aren’t coming off until I hear you say that you’re my dairy cow. Now stop messing around and get up. This may be one of the last times that something like standing is within your grasp. I would cherish the moment if I were you.” Erica said.

Katie gradually leaned forwards, her altered center of gravity sped the process tremendously as the great piles of her mammaries slid inexorably forwards and pulled Katie off of the stretcher.

“Ugggggghhhhh” Katie groaned as her back and shoulders flexed to bear the great burden of her milk tanks. Each tit was ripe and full of milk and weighed more than Katie herself. Katie took a few, awkward, shuffling steps forward as her arms sunk into the lower curves of her udders. She strained and pulled to remain upright and carry her new endowments as her captor tugged her insistently forwards by her leash. Katie’s legs shook slightly with the effort of carrying her milkers and her dairy cargo that was continually being pumped into her by her overactive milk ducts.

“Your resolve is impressive, cow. It does not matter though. Have you decided yet how you are to be tagged?” Erica said, locking Katie’s leash to a heavy table near where the massive bowls she had set out earlier were.

“Mmmmm,” Katie said in between panting breaths of effort.

“That isn’t an answer. I’ll give you a bit more incentive to submit. Just remember, whatever happens next is up to you. You can make me stop what I’m about to do with you whenever you wish. Just accept your new role, and everything will end. Keep that in mind.” Erica stated calmly.

Erica watched as Katie trudged slowly to the table she had been chained to and tried to heave her bloated tits up onto the surface. She couldn't seem to lift them high enough and the lower curves simply impacted the edge of the table and pushed her back.

"Grrrrrrraaaa!!!" Katie grunted in effort as she made a second attempt, this time a successful one. The table creaked as her burdensome lobes spread out onto the surface. Katie alternated between lifting and pushing with both arms first her left, then right breast further onto the table so her aching body could get some rest from supporting her plentiful mams. Katie crossed her arms atop her breasts and panted as she buried her face in her cleavage and rested.

In the meantime, Erica had grabbed two extra-large bags of ice from the nearby freezer and was busy pouring out the frozen cubes into the two bowls just behind Katie. She then unspooled a garden hose that hung on the wall filled the bowls nearly to the brim. The ice melted as the water washed over it and chilled the water to near freezing in the process.

"Alright, cow. That's enough rest. Time for some persuasion." Erica said, her words dripping with eagerness as she tugged roughly on Katie's leash.

"Urrk" Katie coughed as her collar tugged on her windpipe. She had barely caught her breath before Erica was tugging her off the table where she had beached the whales of her bosom. "No, I can't move right now. My breasts are too heavy." Katie complained.

"Move, now." Erica commanded, tugging firmly once more at Katie's leash.

"Uggghhh" Katie groaned as she struggled to scoot her udders back off the table and relieve the pressure on her windpipe. She braced herself for once again shouldering the burden that was her monstrous assets. Katie managed to position her breasts just on the precipice between herself and the table bearing the weight. Erica noticed this and cruelly tugged Katie back, causing her udders to slip off the table abruptly and nearly send Katie plummeting to the floor.

"Wooooahhh AAHHH!!" Katie yelled in protest. She reached under the small portion of her right breast she could cradle and lift with her right arm and grasped the table's edge with her left in order to remain standing.

"Bitch!" Katie cursed.

“That’s Mistress to you, milk cow. Now turn around, show your owner her new milkers.”

Katie remained still, making no effort to comply with Erica.

BZZZZZZTTTT!! Katie nearly fell again as the electric sting of a cattle prod arced through her ample rear.

“OWWWW!!! Fuck! What the hell is wrong with you!?” Katie screamed.

“The branding iron isn’t the only equipment that was left behind. Now turn around.”

Katie eyed the long cattle prod Erica brandished with trepidation as she began the laborious process of shuffling one hundred eighty degrees. Katie’s whoppers rested heavily against her lower torso and brushed against her thighs as she turned. Katie realized that due to their weight, she wasn’t so much as turning around, but more orbiting her body around the mass of her tits. Erica looked on, a bemused expression painted on her face as she watched her new milk maid struggle to overcome the dominant forms of her own breasts. Katie, now covered in a light sheen of sweat which glistened under the fluorescent lighting, faced her captor squarely.

“Remember, slave, this ends when you submit. Now, on your knees. It’s time to find what is stronger... you, or those udders.”

Roles Pt. 3

“Kneel” Erica commanded.

Katie gradually leaned forwards and allowed her heaving breasts to gradually pull her downwards. Katie’s hands sunk into the soft undersides of her bloated tits in an effort to offset the immense mass that was attached to her. Katie’s vision was so obscured by her udders she failed to see the icy pools of water she was about to dunk her tits into.

“AHHHH!!!!” Katie screamed in surprise as her giant orbs were dunked into the bowls of freezing water with a wet splash. An icy deluge poured over the rims of the two bowls as Katie’s endowments displaced the water within. Katie could feel the freezing temperature seemingly magnified one hundred fold by the horde of hypersensitive nerve endings interspersed throughout her udders. Katie strained to pick herself back up, but her breasts simply wouldn’t allow it. She was exhausted from carrying the milk filled masses around with her and the cold water chilling her seemed to sap her strength even further.

“Cold! Soooooo cold! Get me out of here!” Katie begged. Katie felt as though shards of ice were crawling through the veins of her tits and reaching deep within them, to the very core of her udders. Although Katie didn’t want to admit it, but ever since she had grown her new milk makers she had been craving a deep and thorough massage of them. Her tiny hands and weak arms could only give the attention she desperately craved to the outer surface though. She simply wasn’t strong enough to stimulate the centers of her overblown assets. Although it wasn’t exactly a massage, the temperature drop and the icy tingling spreading through her udders was scratching the itch to some degree. Katie felt her nipples harden despite the clamps biting into her sensitive flesh. Her turgid teats throbbed with unexpressed milk held back by the unyielding clamps. Katie strained and struggled against the weight of her breasts but they held her firmly down, planted in the icy water.

“Why are you doing this to me?” Katie cried, shivering helplessly as her wet udders continued to cool.

“To emphasize how powerless you are to stop me. I can and will do anything I wish to you and those fat milk factories of yours.” Erica crouched down and patted Katie’s mammaries as she said this. Her eyes roamed over the expansive masses as she contemplated further tortures for Katie to endure. Erica suddenly stood and walked over to the far cabinet. She retrieved a few lengths of rope and a pair of leather cuffs linked by a stainless steel chain. Erica knelt behind Katie and pulled her arms behind her

back. Katie didn't have the strength to fight this time, and she simply allowed Erica to bind her wrists behind her. Erica smirked as she realized that Katie was beginning to crack and accept her new role.

"Now, I'm going to continue punishing these udders. I hope you're ready, my pet."

"Please, stop... My udders are so strong; they can take anything you do to them. I'm attached to them though... I can't bear it."

"You will have to find a way. I'm just getting started with them." Erica began circling Katie's tits with the rope. She pulled it around each breast individually, tying each segment off in sections. Katie groaned as the icy tingling from the water was complimented by the persistent biting compression of rope. Katie's bloated tits bulged out obscenely in between each coil wrapping her milk tanks. Her breasts appeared reminiscent of the Michelin Man, covered by hills and valleys of tit meat.

"Uggghhhhh... You're binding my udders too tight... They're cold and throbbing... And the pressure. These ropes are making them bloat even more with milk. Please, they're hurting me." Katie was beginning to view her breasts as separate entities from herself. She was still in denial of the fact that she would be anchored to these masses for the rest of her life.

Erica offered no response to the protests of her slave, and simply continued with the work of tightly binding Katie's breasts. She tied three ropes around each of Katie's breasts. Erica had a sick smile on her face as she watched Katie writhe about as her skin tone changed from white to pink. The icy water and crushing bindings of rope provided an unhindered assault on her nerves. Katie began moaning in pain and discomfort as she endeavored fruitlessly to extricate herself from the icy water.

Katie screwed her eyes shut and concentrated on the throbbing pressure in her udders. It was getting continuously stronger. *I'm filling up with milk so fast now, all this stimulation is causing my production to skyrocket. I have to convince her to milk me. I can't even stand when I'm this fucking full. Still though, I've never felt this kind of pleasure... Why do my udders like this so much?* Katie moaned quietly as she began to enjoy her torture. *My udders... they need to be used.* Katie thought as she opened her eyes and met the gaze of her tormentor.

"Is... Is that all you've got?" Katie said, trying to seem defiant. *More... Punish me... Punish my bloated tits...* She screamed internally.

Erica again remained silent, only offering a slight grin in response. She sauntered over to the candles she had lit earlier and picked up two of them. Katie watched in anticipation as she examined the unique brass candle holders. They appeared to have some sort of reservoir near the bottom with a tiny spout. Erica casually circled around Katie's beached udders and began tipping the candles forwards. Katie looked on, confused before watching a reddish liquid begin to pour out of the spouts.

"AAHHHH!!!!!!" Katie screamed as the fiery candle wax splatted down over her milk tanks. The dichotomy between the icy water and the hot wax sent Katie thrashing helplessly against her tits. They undulated in waves as the wax continued to pour out.

"Fuuuuuuuuuckkk!! SOOOO HOT!!! Owwww!!" Katie struggled to free her wrists from behind her back to shield the upper curves of her mams with her arms or wipe the rapidly drying wax off of her. She was helpless to fight it however, and merely had to kneel against her ripe tits and endure the torture. *Use my udders... Hurt them... MORE!* Katie found herself sliding her hands down her ass, cupping and squeezing her well-toned butt as she searched for her pussy. Her juices were sliding down her inner thighs already and as the wax continued to stream onto the tops of her udders, Katie came.

"ohmygod ohmyGOD! FUUUUUUUUUUUuuuuck! Yes yes yes!" Katie bellowed as her back arched like a fully drawn bow. Her pussy gushed her juices out and she knew deep down that she had succumbed to her slavery. Katie leaned against her tits in a daze, barely aware that Erica had stopped pouring hot wax over her breasts and was standing before her, gazing at her newly broken cow.

"Tell me what you are."

"I am your slave. Your cow. You own me." Katie admitted, submissively.

"Good girl. Now, tell me something."

"Yes, Mistress."

"Have you decided the manner in which I'm going to be tagging you?"

"Mistress... May I... have both?"

“Why do you want both?” Erica inquired.

“I don’t want to be able to change my mind... And... I like the pain. It makes the pleasure more intense.”

“Very well. I’ll get everything ready.” Erica said as she walked off to retrieve Katie’s microchip injector and the branding iron. Katie returned with the hot branding iron, glowing yellowish orange and set it on the table, with the blazing “DR” icon hanging over the edge. Katie could feel the heat radiating through the air towards her exposed rump, and it filled her with a frightening sense of trepidation and anticipation. Katie felt her owner grasp her left arm and turn her wrist so her palm faced behind her. Katie heard a sharp “Thwip” sound accompanied by a stinging pinch as the air-injector implanted a tracking chip into her left wrist.

“That chip has a GPS locator and the capability to monitor your vitals, I’ll always know where you are and if you’re ok. I told you, I take good care of my cows.”

“What about Jane?”

“She is my cow, my most productive milker yet. Of course I will take care of her. I may even let you return to her if you behave.”

“.... Really? I’ll do anything to get back to her. Just promise me, even if I can’t see her again, that you’ll make sure she’s safe and healthy. Promise me.”

“I don’t owe you an answer, seeing as you’re now my property. I will though. I promise.”

“Thank you, Mistress Erica. I’m yours, now claim me.” Katie said as she raised her well-toned ass up and leaned forward onto her heavy boobs. Her titmeat bulged out even more in between her binding ropes as her body weight pressed insistently down on her milk tanks. “Mmmmmm... So tight....” Katie murmured under her breath as she relished the constriction and pressure in her udders.

“Here, bite down on this.” Erica said as she pushed the leather handle of a riding crop horizontally into Katie’s mouth. “It’s time for your brand.” Katie let out short, excited breaths through her nose as she bit down firmly on the riding crop in preparation.

"I'm going to take off your cuffs, move your hands out of the way, my pet." Erica unlocked and removed Katie's binds and Katie quickly complied by planting her hands on her udders and grasping the ropes binding them. Katie heard the dull clang of the branding iron against the table as Erica lifted it. The heat intensified, until Katie could sense the glowing metal just inches from her ass. "Hold still now, this will be over quickly." Erica said, barely concealing her excitement. Erica grasped the branding iron tightly and pressed it down against Katie's ass without hesitation.

"rrrrRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA" Katie screamed as her teeth ground into the leather of the crop. The pain was indescribable; it took every ounce of willpower for Katie to remain still and endure her marking. Erica removed the brand after two seconds and looked at the angry red mark adorning Katie's ass. Katie spat out the leather handle and breathed heavily.

"Ugghhhhhhhhhhhh, fuck that hurts..." Katie groaned.

"I'm sure it does. You bore it well, my pet. I have to say, it suits you." Erica said as she set the branding iron down to cool. She then retrieved the garden hose and ran some cool water over Katie's new mark. She then left Katie to simmer a bit and come to terms with her new life. Erica returned shortly with a bandage and some antibiotic ointment for Katie's brand, and shiny new cowbell to signify that Katie was now a member of her herd. Erica wasted no time in tending to the brand. She expected it to heal within a week or two and leave a clearly discernable scar on Katie's otherwise unmarred rear.

"Time for your first milking. Come with me."

"Mistress... I can't stand up. My udders are too heavy and full." Katie stated as she struggled once more to get her feet under her and failed.

"Then crawl like the cow you are." Erica sneered.

Katie grunted as she pushed first her right, then left udder forward mere inches at a time. The cruel clamps pinching down on her sensitive teats were dragged along the floor as Katie slowly crept forward. The ropes binding her udders seemed to bite down into her yielding flesh as they were pushed along, constricting her breasts as their milky cargo ever increased. Katie struggled along for five minutes as Erica looked on impassively. There were few things she enjoyed more than observing one of her milk maids failing at the simplest tasks due to the hindrance of their massive breasts. Katie's bean-bag chair sized udders were ripe and full and in desperate need of milking; a fact that Katie was painfully aware of as she tried to crawl along. Katie finally made it to the threshold of her cell where the stretcher that had

brought her in stood waiting. As she tried pushing her tits forward once more, she was met with a sharp pull at her leash.

“Not so fast, my pet. I still have some questions for you before you can begin your new life as my milk maid. First, lift your head.” Katie complied quickly by raising her chin up and giving Erica access to her leash. Erica quickly threaded Katie’s new bell through her collar and shook it to hear the familiar clunking ring, a sound which Katie had come to know intimately well from Jane. Erica then released Katie’s collar and began untying the ropes binding her bloated breasts. Katie moaned in relief as each tight ring of constriction was released. She traced her hands down the curves before her, stroking the reddened marks the ropes had left on her tender flesh. The nipple clips remained however, as well as the throbbing pain of her brand.

Erica then locked Katie’s leash through the doorway to her stall and cuffed her hands behind her back again. Katie watched passively as Erica grabbed a strange looking pumping device. It had two glass funnels which were enormous. Each one could fully cover even Katie’s saucer-sized areolas and her fingerlike nipples with ease. Both funnels joined in a T shaped junction and were flanked by twin industrial strength milking pumps. Below the device was a huge, wide, plastic drum for collecting Katie’s milk. Erica bent down and smiled as she licked Katie’s throbbing nipples. Katie moaned in response, unable to control the sensations from her swollen orbs. Katie involuntarily thrust her chest forward, begging her mistress to attach the pump to drain her of her burden.

“Beg for it, pet.” Erica whispered as she flipped the switch on the pump and a whining vacuum sound erupted from the motors. Katie’s eyes widened as the cups approached her sensitive tits. Erica placed the device down, just out of reach of obtaining suction. Katie tried desperately to inch closer, she wanted to just shove her milk tanks into the machine and leave them there forever.

“Please, Mistress... I’m begging you.”

“Begging for what, you huge-titted slut?”

“Please, milk me. I’m your dairy cow, please drain my full udders.”

Erica merely smiled cruelly as she pushed the pump closer. Katie felt her nipples being yanked forward by the suction. With a dull “Thunk” sound the cylinders sealed around her turgid nipples. Katie thrashed against her udders as she experienced the strongest suction she had ever felt. It felt as though the pumps were trying to devour her breasts. Her milk glands responded in kind by kicking their production

into overdrive. Katie rocked her body back and forth against her globes trying to push her milk forward towards her nipples. However, the clamps held firm.

“Uggggghhhhhhhhh... Fuck... I need to be milked. Please, take the clamps off so I can show you what these udders have made for you, my Mistress.”

Erica knelt behind Katie and began massaging the massive spheres of her pet. She traced her hands along the swollen outer curves and felt the smooth, rounded, transition where Katie’s breasts joined her torso. Katie’s pussy spasmed and gushed as her inner muscles clenched in response to the powerful pumping and the skilled hands of her owner. Her eyes rolled about wildly as she strove to find something to focus on to maintain her sanity against the deluge of pleasure.

“If you want to be milked, first tell me everything about Jane...”

Katie felt the burning prickling of her milk ducts overfilling within her breasts. Her pussy was sopping wet and her arms and legs were tired from bearing the burden of her udders. As the relentless suction continued, she breathily began to recount the story of how she had met, claimed, and transformed Jane to her new owner. Erica listened intently, rewarding her slave with a bite or a pinch every so often as her firm massage of Katie’s udders continued. After a few hours of relentless pumping, Katie reached the point of the story at which Jane first began to produce milk. As the memories of the sweet and rich taste flooded into Katie’s mind, her own nipples throbbed even larger and the clamps holding them shut were snapped off. Katie felt an orgasmic release unlike any other as her sweet nectar exploded forth from her teats and coated the glass tubes before her.

“OOOOHHHHAAAAAAA!!!” Katie screamed as her orgasm overwhelmed her ravaged body and breasts. Katie passed out with her head nestled snugly in between the valley of her udders. The pump continued relentlessly draining the milk maid as Erica reluctantly stood.

She told me more than enough to go with. It’s time to get the second branch of my farm up and running. Thought Erica as she walked out of Katie’s stall, leaving her cow to be drained in peace.

Reunion

Jane ran her tongue around the flexible plastic tubing she had been sucking on for the past few hours. Her rich, warm, milk flowed through the hose down her waiting throat and into her stomach. She stared out at the vast spheres she was anchored to, and gingerly pressed with both her arms into the sensitive flesh. Jane had worried once she was immobilized by her udders that she would go mad from the inability to do anything but play with her tits. However, she never counted on the vastly increased stimulation her breasts could give her at such an enormous size. Her sexual appetite overwhelmed any sense of boredom that crept in. Jane whimpered as yet another orgasm coursed through her body, causing her to tense up and press her hands firmly into her mountains. It looked as though she was trying to push herself off of her endowments, as if to separate them from her tiny form. However, this was the only way Jane could comply with her need to arch her back and ride out the electric pleasure she was experiencing. Jane's orgasms came almost spontaneously now; her udders were so sensitive even the gentle lapping of her milk against their lower curves got her wet.

Jane recovered quickly, and laid her head down upon her right breast, using the massive mound as a pillow. She kissed and stroked the soft flesh gently while whispering "I love you girls. You've grown so huge and sensitive. I bet you two can out-produce any dairy farm in the world, and you make my new life so fulfilling. I'm so glad I grew you and found my true purpose as a milk maid."

Jane's breasts responded to her gentle encouragement with a surge in milk production. Jane could feel each of her hundreds of milk ducts ballooning up as they filled with her delicious nectar. "That's it girls, keep making more milk. I'm a dairy cow now, and I need to make my owner proud." Jane moaned out in ecstasy as she felt the flow from her gigantic nipples increase. Milk pulsed out of her udders and blasted against the wall far ahead of the immobile cow. As her milk flow peaked, Jane bent her legs and drove both her knees and arms into her bloated tits. While she hung suspended from her endowments, she was lewdly driving her wet pussy into their masses and moaning nonsense about her milkers and what a good cow she was. Her leash clinked as the links banged together. This was joined by the furious clanging of her cowbell which sent Jane slipping into the comforting bliss that she craved above all else: giving milk. Her orgasms were now always directly tied to her breasts and lactation. In fact, it had been a few days since Jane had even made an effort at touching her pussy with her fingers. Her udders were all that mattered now, keeping them full and productive was all that Jane was focused on, and indeed all she needed to cum.

In the few hours a day when Jane managed to pull herself from her sexual frenzy and think coherently, she thought about what her new Mistress had told her regarding Katie. *I wonder if she really does have*

Katie. She must, if she found me. Katie wouldn't let her down here alone, and surely, she would have come back to check on me before now if she was still free. I hate feeling so helpless sometimes, just sitting here, pumping out milk all day like some kind of machine. Yet it seems the more I experience it the more it feels... right. I want Katie to come back to me, I don't even care if she becomes a milk maid like me. I just don't want to have to face my fate alone. Katie loved me, she still loves me. If there is a way for her to return to me, she'll find it. I just need to remember that I'm a kept woman now. I don't need to ever experience the dreadful pressure of making a decision again. I just need to please my Mistress, and obey, and in return I get to experience this... mind blowing... pleasure. Jane thought as her mind began to succumb to the inescapable lust she was experiencing.

Beep! Beep! Beep! Beep!

Jane craned her neck as a strange noise penetrated the walls of Katie's home. *That sounds like a truck backing up... but it's close. What is going on outside?* Jane wondered as she realized the futility of trying to view anything but her behemoth tits. The beeping abruptly ceased, and above the ceaseless gushing sound of her milkers she heard muffled voices – male voices. *Uh oh... Who is out there now? What if they find me down here? I can't do anything to defend myself. I'm just a helpless pair of udders. Please girls, stop making milk for a bit, I can't make any noise.* Jane's tits were resolute in their production though, and the inevitable spray of her lactate continued unabated.

Jane heard the front door open upstairs, and a few pairs of boot-clad feet clomped inside. *Oh god... somebody is inside the house! They're going to find me for sure!* Jane whimpered quietly while her breasts continued to gush milk helplessly. One by one the locks on the basement door slid open. Jane could hear the stairs creak with the strain of a collection of people shuffling down into her enclosure. There was a host of muted gasps as the men on the stairs caught the first sight of Jane's overfilled pillows and the torrent of milk issuing from her overfilled teats.

"Hel... Hello?" Jane whimpered cautiously. "I know someone is there... What do you want with me? Did my owner send you?"

Jane cupped her hands behind her ears. She held her breath and strained to hear any response from the men on the stairs. No reply was forthcoming however, and after a few more seconds she heard the footsteps slowly retreat. Jane exhaled silently, confused as to what those people could possibly be doing in her home. Jane heard more commotion outside. She heard the muted thumps of vehicle doors opening and closing. There was squeaks and rumbles as various wheeled objects rolled over the dusty driveway. Jane knew that it was no accident that she had been found. The only thing left to find out was why.

They must have been sent by my new Mistress. She promised she would take care of me if I was good milk maid. These people must be at her bidding. I just hope they don't hurt me. Jane thought worriedly, as the men outside began lugging various pieces of equipment inside. Jane once again heard the unmistakable sound of footsteps entering her enclosure. It was only one pair of feet this time however.

"Who is that? Please, say something!" Jane cried out, panic unmistakable in her shaky tone.

The footsteps approached Jane's mighty milk tanks, each of which towered high above the man standing before them. Jane turned her head and looked down. She caught a brief glance of a man wearing a hard-hat and a relatively clean navy blue uniform. The man didn't acknowledge her presence, at least not her presence as a person. He simply approached her helpless body from behind and withdrew a medical syringe. The man grabbed at her left foot, the only thing he could reach of Jane's suspended form. Jane could smell the sterile scent of alcohol wafting up to her nostrils as the man swabbed the top of her foot clean. Jane held still; she knew there was no fighting anything with her body as it was. With a steady hand the man inserted a syringe into one of Jane's veins atop her foot and depressed the plunger on the needle. Jane tried to calmly breathe and endure whatever drugs were being administered to her. She watched the man bandage her foot and then wordlessly leave. The world around her seem to slow down to a crawl. Her thoughts were labored and hazy at best. Jane noticed that all peripheral information was gone, her brain was only processing what was directly in front of her eyes. As Jane's vision succumbed to the sedative she had been given, even these thoughts were pushed away into oblivion. Jane felt her conscious thought fading away into the void.

Upstairs, the construction crew sent by Erica's superior carried out the tasks assigned to them. The first floor of Katie's home was stripped clean of furniture and decorations. A pair of industrial generators was moved into place outside the house. These machines would ensure a stable power supply in the event of a storm or some other emergency. Huge storage tanks were mounted outside just above Jane's enclosure. These enormous tanks would hold Jane's milk until delivery trucks could retrieve and transport it. Within Katie's home, twin industrial pumps normally used in water purification plants were mounted in what used to be the living room. These pumps would eventually be used to draw milk from Jane's bloated orbs and funnel it into the storage tanks outside.

A separate security detail was busy installing motion-activated security cameras both inside and outside Katie's former home, as well as on various trees encircling the property. A bank of monitors now resided in Katie's walk-in closet, taking up the space where her wardrobe once was. Extra locks were installed on the doors and the windows were replaced with shatterproof glass with stainless steel wires interlaced throughout.

The kitchen area was left relatively untouched. Expired items were removed and tossed out, and a new and much more expansive refrigerator was installed and stocked to the brim with the milkshake formula that Jane had grown to love.

In the basement, Jane was hosed off and cleaned thoroughly, as was the basement itself. The workers carried down a specially designed air-cushion that could help support Jane's enormous assets and ensure that she didn't get sores. The men grabbed the rim of the pad and pulled it from side to side underneath Jane's breasts. First the workers on the left would jerk it forwards a few inches, then the ones on the right. It was slow progress, but it was necessary. Each time they yanked it forwards, Jane emitted a light whimper in her sleep. Even while heavily drugged her body was still eager and responsive to have her breasts manhandled. Once the massive pad was positioned properly underneath Jane, the men attached it to an air compressor and inflated it. Jane gradually rose higher as the soft padding elevated her breasts until they were supported completely and separated enough that even the meters of cleavage Jane now possessed could be cleaned and stimulated. The men then tested the heating and cooling functions on the pad. Everything functioned normally, and could be easily controlled remotely. Jane could now rest more comfortably being off the basement floor, and her udders could be heated or cooled by the pad depending on the temperature.

The workers then drilled holes through the floor and threaded two hoses down towards Jane's head. A water tank and tank full of Jane's milkshake were attached to the hoses on the first floor so Jane could be fed and watered at her owner's discretion. Next, Jane was fitted with a catheter to remove her liquid waste. Since she had been immobilized Jane had simply relieved herself down the drain as she hung from her udders. This crude task would now be handled automatically and it would be one more activity on a long list of which she had no control over. The workers next lubed up and inserted an enema apparatus into Jane's rear. Jane groaned deeply as the thick probe stretched her rear open. Since her diet now consisted mostly of easily digestible liquid she did not produce a considerable amount of solid waste. She had not had the need to move her bowels since her breasts anchored her in place. However, this machine would now force her full of a cleansing, soapy, mixture whenever her owner decided. Yet another task forcibly removed from Jane's control. The lines for both her new catheter and enema were taped down along her leg and threaded into the sewer system. Jane was having even her most basic bodily functions robbed from her and transferred to the control of a machine and her mistress. Throughout this whole process, Jane's vitals were monitored by a microchip that had been implanted in her wrist. It was identical to the one Katie and all of Erica's cows bore and signified Jane as a true member of the farm. As Jane lay unconscious, Katie's house was gradually transformed from a quaint, country, cottage into a secure and highly industrialized dairy farm.

Katie was leaning forwards, propped up against her overstuffed pillows like a lounging cat. Her shapely ass was still smarting from its recent branding. Katie could feel arcs of dull, throbbing, pain coursing through her backside. She stared at the twin swells before her, yet her bright eyes were focused far off in the distance like she was trying to look through her breasts. It was almost as if she was peering into the uncertain fog of her future, contemplating what was to come. This task was made even more difficult due to the fact that they had swollen so tremendously full of rich milk waiting to be expressed.

Her right arm swung impulsively, without any real guidance. It impacted the taut flesh of her breast and pressed into it as it continued its journey up the massive expanse. After a quick pinch near the top of her tit, it would reverse and slide just as mindlessly down the same path it had just took. Katie's left arm was bent and resting on the shelf of her heavy milk tanks. Her delicate fingers traced over the smooth contours of her new collar. The smell of fresh leather and the cold metal against her fingers was something foreign to her. Katie knew that it was now part of her existence though. She experimentally tried shifting the collar up her neck. One of her habits as a child was placing her necklaces in her mouth, savoring the metallic taste they left as she sucked on the miniscule links. However, this collar was tight; almost form fitting. There would be no tasting the metal encasing her throat.

She directed her eyes downwards and focused in on her expansive assets, in order to once again remind herself what her body had become. The pale globes that were her breasts sat like immovable mountains before her. Their physical mass had come to resemble everything she fought to prevent herself from becoming. She had failed though, and her breasts were just the outward sign of a much deeper and more profound change within her mind. She didn't have a choice anymore, her will was not her own. The weighty, six-foot diameter spheres holding her down had robbed any shred of independence from her. Taut skin was stretched tight over the overfilled sacks of flesh, with ghostly blue veins arcing like lightning just underneath the surface. The individual, transparent, hairs which dotted their surface swayed almost imperceptibly as a light breeze from the air conditioning blew over the masses. The pulsating suction of her milk pump chugged on perpetually. Katie sighed with pleasure as her udders gave up their rich product. She knew this was right, this was what she needed. The unyielding suction from her pump had spurred her breasts on to increase their size and production to meet the insane demands imposed by the pump. Therefore, her breasts had ballooned immensely. Katie found herself unable to move when she awoke. Like Jane and Veronika before her, she was anchored in place by her udders. Her body was slick with sweat from her exertion and the constant trail of cream dripping from her engorged pussy had slickened her inner thighs to the point that they squelched as she shifted restlessly.

"Fuuuuuck, milk these bloated, fat, tits." Katie murmured in a daze as fresh cream spurted explosively from her massive teats. Her hands shot out before her, attempting to grasp her throbbing nipples in vain. She instead brought her hands down with two heavy slaps against her undulating, milk-bloated, flesh and dragged her fingernails desperately along the twin milk tanks. Katie threw her head back, causing tiny droplets of sweat to fling off her hair and fly haphazardly about the room. Angry red lines

flushed into existence, tracing the path of Katie's fingers as she descended once again into a state of sexual hedonism.

Katie heard her new owner speaking in hushed tones in the hallway just outside her stall. Katie could tell from the tone and timbre of her voice that her mistress was excited about something. The volume of Erica's voice increased as she drew closer to Katie's stall and Katie could finally make out a few words.

"... Excellent, sir. Yes, I'd appreciate a briefing on the renovations and the new equipment... Yes, sir. I'll oversee the transition myself. I'll be heading over momentarily... And to you as well, sir."

"Well, my pet. It seems that your former home has now been transformed completely into the second branch of my dairy farm, what do you think of that?" Erica queried as she rounded the corner to face Katie's freakishly overgrown figure.

"If it is your will... my mistress... I'm pleased." Katie managed breathlessly.

"Good answer. You're learning your place well. I'm needed to supervise the final transitions and move some of the herd to their new homes. You will be joining me."

Katie's heart skipped a beat as she realized the implications of this statement. Her breasts began throbbing once more as lusty images splayed themselves out in her mind. *I'm going to get back to Jane! Finally, I'll be able to reunite with my love! I just hope she can forgive me and accept what I've become.*

Erica did not miss the spark that these words infused in Katie. She knew very well what a privilege it would be for Katie to be allowed to return to Jane. Fortunately for Katie, she was also of the opinion that a cow's mood had an impact on the amount and quality of milk produced. Keeping Katie and Jane happy would do wonders for their production capabilities.

Katie quickly restrained her enthusiasm and cast her eyes downwards to avoid the piercing gaze of her owner. "As you wish, mistress." Katie said, demurely.

"Hmmp" Erica said with a smirk. "I'll bring some of my milk maids in here to help get you loaded into my vehicle. Those fat udders of yours are too heavy for a helpless cow like you to carry, aren't they?"

"Yes, mistress." Katie flushed red with embarrassment. It wasn't only embarrassment though, there was something more; Katie felt pride. She was actually excited by the ability of her body to transform to such a degree and meet the demands that had been placed upon it. Katie's tits bulged full of fresh milk as she was talked down to. Something about being reminded verbally of her new lot in life got Katie flushed with excitement and arousal.

"Just look at those bloated tits, slave. Tell me what you are."

"I'm your helpless milk maid, your submissive dairy cow. I'm your property, my mistress." Katie groaned out as her udders shuddered with another gushing blast of milk.

Erica grinned as she turned to leave Katie to her pumping and retrieve some of her other milk maids from the primary barn. Katie barely registered her owner leaving her once again as a victim to the whims of the harsh automated milker attached to her udders, caught up as she was in the electrifying satisfaction her breasts were giving her. Every drop of rich milk that flowed through her swollen teats seemed to awaken a deep-seated need within her. The basest desires of her body were brought forth and she craved nothing more than indulgence in this carnal feast of pleasure.

Katie felt a tug on her leash as she quivered against her bloated tits. She shook herself out of her daze and saw her owner with three of her dairy cows in tow. The irony of the situation was not lost on Katie as she realized that she used to get Jane's attention by a tug on her leash only a short time ago. The thought, *I need Jane*, flashed into Katie's mind as she saw Erica glance over her shoulder and give a quick nod. Two of the girls began crawling towards her nipples where her milk pump still chugged on; drinking in her very essence. The girls slid below the horizon of Katie's tits and she felt them tenderly massaging the fronts of her milk factories. Katie squirmed as her pussy released a fresh torrent of cream down her thighs and her ragged, raspy, moan tore through still air of the barn. Milk splattered in long arcs before Katie as the cows released her turgid, gushing, nipples from the pump that had been their constant companion for the past few hours. Katie then felt the probing hands of the girls inserting themselves between the floor and her giant globes.

"On your feet, my pet. It's time to get you home." Erica said with what appeared to Katie to be a genuine smile. Her warring emotions and the doubt regarding her sense of purpose in life now came to a head. While Katie was ecstatic regarding the prospect of returning to her lover Jane, she knew that she was not the same person that she once was. She was property now, just as Jane was. *I only hope Jane can accept me as I now am*. Katie thought, as she prepared herself to stand once more.

"These cows will help carry your milk tanks so you can walk. How does it feel knowing that something as simple as walking is beyond your capability now?"

"I... like it, mistress." Katie said, with sincerity.

"Such a slutty little cow, aren't you?"

"Yes mistress. I live to please."

"Hmmp. We will see. Stand up." Erica commanded.

Katie braced herself, grabbing an armful of her udders herself before straining mightily to stand. The sinewy coils of muscle in her well-toned legs flexed, joined by the plaintive moans of strain from her two breast handlers ahead of her. Katie's udders gradually lifted off the floor, each one hanging imposingly before the small girl, dwarfing her body by comparison. The two girls, each struggling to handle just one of Katie's bloated milkers, began taking shuffling side-steps towards the door, pulling Katie along for the ride. Her breasts were like massive cargo ships, with the girls acting as diminutive tugboats bumping, pushing, and guiding the overloaded vessels along their path. Erica directed the entire spectacle, chains clinking loudly and a veritable din of cowbells echoing out a chorus as she gave firm tugs on each of her cow's leashes.

It was all Katie could do to keep from collapsing from the pure pleasure of the situation. Her milk tanks spewed out constant streams of white liquid down their forms, leaving them ripe and slick. The two girls helping to carry her breasts drove their fingers and hands and even their arms deep into Katie's soft flesh as they lugged them forwards. Katie could feel the heavy tits of the two women mashed against her own as they shuffled along. The girl's nipples were erect and pressing like extra fingers into Katie's malleable pillows. Katie could hear the eager moans of the women as they slowly progressed, there was strain in their moans, but also arousal. The effect her tits were having on these girls did not go unnoticed by the newly submissive dairy cow. Gradually, the group made their way outside and into a van Erica had pulled around to the back gate. Katie was forced to go in backwards, followed by the two girls helping carry her udders. These girls sat against the sides of the van and let Katie's breasts pool in their laps. The milk-filled organs were so huge that they completely covered the poor girls' legs and torsos, and pressed each girl firmly against the sides of the passenger compartment. The girls had to turn their heads to the side to get some air and avoid being smothered by Katie's assets. Finally, the third milk maid climbed tentatively in the back and began immediately tugging on Katie's turgid teats. Milk gushed out in thick streams and behind the hundreds of pounds of titflesh the girl was rewarded with frenzied moans for her efforts. The girl leaned against the back doors of the van and continued her work of draining her companion as Erica started the van and began the journey to Katie's former home.

Every bump in the road was an explosion of pleasure, every restless motion of the three milk maids against Katie's breasts was a glimpse at nirvana. The trip for Katie passed in a lust-filled trance as her

breasts endured unending stimulation. However, even amidst her hazed mind, Katie recognized the familiar crunch of gravel under the van's tires that characterized the road she had travelled down so many times. This was it, she was home.

Reunion Pt. 2

Everything was out of focus. A sharp ringing sound filled Katie's ears which drowned out the commotion surrounding her. Katie could just barely see a sliver of the forest above her twin milkers as the doors of the van parted before her.

Thud... Crunch... Crunch... Crunch...

Katie recognized the black hair of her owner in her peripheral vision as she walked along the side of the van. Gradually, Katie's senses began to sharpen once again. She felt the individual strands of hair brushing gently over the tops of her milk tanks as her fellow cowgirls shifted restlessly against her bosom. Warm streams of milk issued forth from her companion's breasts and trickled down the bloated curves they were pressed against. Katie felt the van shake slightly as the milk maid at the front of her udders hopped gingerly to the ground. A wave-like undulation of milk shifted within her udders causing them to bulge obscenely in the confined space.

"MMMMMmmmm," Moaned Katie gently as her owner and her fellow milk maid began tugging her behemoth globes out of the van. Each time their arms sunk into the bloated forms and pulled, Katie whimpered and mashed her hands into her breasts to help push them forwards. Within her mind's eye she could see Jane, suspended helplessly by her milk tanks, eager to have guidance and safety in her new role. Katie knew deep down that these things were now something she required as well. Yet she was eager to bear the burden of their shared role in life together.

The two dairy cows pushed to the side by Katie's enormous globes were gamely trying to press and squeeze her out of the van. Leverage was difficult to come by when their entire body was encompassed by the warm, tight, flesh of Katie's milk tanks. Still, inch by inch Katie's endowments were squeezed and mashed out of the van. Katie was pressing her entire body forward. She could feel the two milk maids on either side of her breasts squishing against the side of the van while they mashed their hands into Katie's milkers to ensure they had a clear airway. Streams of rich milk arced backwards from the van and coated the rocks outside with a sheen of white. The Katie gradually felt sunlight falling across the upper expanse of her mammaries, gently warming them even in the presence of the brisk breeze outside. The milkmaid charged with caring for Katie's left breast managed to press forwards enough into the meaty tanker to squeeze herself out. She immediately sprang into action, groping the underside of Katie's breast that had so recently held her captive and helping to lift and pull it out of the van further. Katie

was so wrought with sexual tension from the four eager women handling every inch of her breasts that she could do little more than lean forward and be dragged along for the ride.

The milk maid on her right was less fortunate than her compatriot. The way the doors hinged meant that there was more of a lip on the right side which was preventing the girl from making any progress at escaping the taut flesh covering her body. The fact that Katie's milk production was skyrocketing from all the stimulation was not helping the situation either. Katie felt the cool metal of the van's roof meeting the warm, soft, flesh of her udders and squeaked a cry of surprise. She leaned forwards just as the light from outside was snuffed out by her tirelessly productive udders. Katie, as well as her breast aide, were truly stuck. Muffled voices could be heard outside as the girls and their owner discussed what to do. For now, Katie focused on the jerky movements of the dairy cow pinned on her right. She could feel the girl's hot breath flowing over her udder as she struggled to free herself. Her arms and legs pressed deep into Katie's milk tanks, eliciting blasts of milk outside the van. Katie noticed that the girls outside had stopped trying to pull her out.

Is this it? Mistress Erica blows me up like a pair of balloons and gets me stuck in her tiny van and now I'm just supposed to live here? Has she given up on me? I can't be bigger than two sedans... at least I don't think I am... yet... Katie thought to herself. Perhaps if Katie could have seen herself from a different perspective she would have had a different opinion. Her breasts had grown so much as to put the average car to shame. They seemingly exploded out from her chest, the fleshy balloons were taut and ripe with fresh milk. They filled the back of the 15-passenger van to capacity, even with about a third of them jutting out from the back. Katie's arms were shoved backwards by the anchoring flesh of her udders wrapping around her sides. They were now only a few inches shorter than she was tall, effectively forming a wall in front of her that prevented her from seeing anything but what was above her eyeline.

All at once Katie's doubts about being abandoned were crushed as she felt the girls outside take a firm grasp on her teats and begin tugging... hard. Jets of milk blasted forth, coating the nude milk maids outside as well as the surrounding area.

"Ohhhh goooooodd! FUCK! Yes, keep going! MILK ME!" Katie screamed out as her udders were tugged and squeezed for all their worth. The breast aides outside were instantly soaked from head to toe, milk coated their skin and slid down them in rivulets as they pulled with all their might. Erica watched, enraptured by the spectacle. Two girls, each with their own oversized beach ball tits sloshing back and forth, milking a girl that was by far more breast than woman. Erica had ordered the two to stand directly in front of Katie's nipples to ensure they got drenched in cream. The milk maids eagerly obeyed their owner. Erica suspected that even if she hadn't specified they would have ensured that they were coated fully.

There comes a point it seems when almost every girl simply gives in and enjoys their new life as milk factories. Well, not every girl... Erica thought with a smirk before turning towards the site of her second dairy farm to inspect it.

The milk maid on Katie's right was still squirming and shoving herself into Katie's udder to try to escape. She could feel the incremental lessening of pressure against her body as Katie's milk flowed forwards and out of the bulging breast that pinned her. A glimmer of light soon filled her vision as the sky once more appeared at the top of the van. She took this opportunity to slide her hands up her sides and clutch onto her own swollen dugs. Her moans of pleasure joined in with Katie's as she began milking herself in earnest. She had gotten quite full on the ride over to her new home and the release of tension combined with the erotic situation she now found herself in offered the chance for a spectacular and orgasmic letdown. Every inch of her naked flesh was soon coated in her lactate; The silky liquid formed a barrier of lubrication that allowed her to slide freely along Katie's enormous tit. She wallowed in the milk she expelled, cupping handfuls as they were expelled and splashing them down her face, neck, and torso. She massaged herself with her milk, giving her body a glistening sheen of nourishing cream which finally allowed her to squeeze herself out of her prison and take her place alongside the two other dairy cows charged with caring for Katie.

Throughout her milking, Katie could feel the pressure of the unyielding van gradually lessen on her breasts. She now knew that the girls outside were planning to milk her down to the point where she would be able to escape from the van and make her way inside to rejoin Jane. An even more powerful sensation traveled to the forefront of Katie's thoughts. One of nervousness. She had just recently come to terms that she was no longer capable of being dominant, and caring for the girl she loved. Having given up her position of authority to become submissive was a difficult change for her to stomach. However, the realization that she now had to face the woman she had once owned and called her possession was troublesome. She was now Jane's equal, just another dairy cow who existed to do as her Mistress ordered. Katie was pulled forward as the milk maids outside began tugging her breasts out of the van, she had no choice but to follow meekly behind as her udders guided her actions. Katie's nude form exited the van and her bare feet met the almost unnaturally cool gravel of her driveway.

The clink of chains could be heard as each girl in turn was attached to their respective leashes and Erica took charge of her herd. There was a milker helping to carry each of Katie's udders standing on either side, their hands sunk deep into the lower curves of Katie's milk tanks. The third dairy cow was in the front of Katie's breasts, and Katie could just barely see her auburn hair on the top of her head in front of her meters of cleavage. Katie could, however, feel the girl roughly grasp both of her swollen teats to both stem her constantly leaking milk and to guide her like a pair of rudders on a ship. Erica ordered the trio of breast aides forward and Katie was pulled along for the ride. Katie noticed off-handedly that Erica hadn't acknowledged her since she had returned home. She even gave orders only to her breast aides and not directly to her. These little gestures solidified even more Katie's feeling of objectification and reduction in status. She felt that Mistress Erica was doing this to make her realize how powerless she was and emphasize her helplessness. The way that her body was responding, with twinges of extreme

arousal and raw sexual energy, she knew that she craved being nothing more than a pair of milk factories. She was excited to start her new life as a cog in Erica's breast milk empire. All her worries and cares would just vanish, and she could be free to embrace her sexuality and forgo her will.

Although it was virtually impossible for Katie to see ahead of her, she did have some limited peripheral vision remaining. She gasped at the site of a pair of massive, gray, tanks. The kind you would see for transporting fuel on a semi. She looked down and saw tire tracks from heavy machinery. Whatever happened to her house... well, her former house... now her enclosure, was serious. Katie yelped as the milk maid on her right leaned forwards and took a long, sensual, lick at her right udder. The girl turned her head towards Katie and winked at her at the sound, and Katie blushed in response.

That milk maid could do whatever she wanted to me and my udders. Hell, any of these girls could. I would be powerless to stop anything from happening. I'm lucky to have Mistress Erica and these breast aides to look after Jane and myself. Thought Katie as she felt another tug forwards from her tits.

The roof of her house rose over the horizon of her flesh pillows and Katie had an entirely new worry surface in her mind. *How am I going to fit inside? I know from that incident in the van that even if I'm milked completely I'm too huge to squeeze through the door... Please don't tell me she's going to keep me outside like some animal.*

As Katie neared the front of the house, she realized her fears were unfounded. Her previous front door had been removed in favor of an ultra-wide double door which, while it scraped the sides of her udders as she passed, allowed her free access to where she was to be housed. Katie turned her head from side to side, taking in the fact that her furniture, personal effects, and everything that identified her as an individual was now missing. The room upstairs was Spartan and industrial. Heavy duty machinery and equipment for pumping were now the only things that took up any space and indeed were the only things needed in this new life for Katie and Jane.

"Alright milkers, get this cow downstairs carefully. I'm going to go in behind her because I want to see the look on her face when she sees what I've done with Jane." Erica said, haughtily as she shuffled around Katie's swollen jugs and looked her in the eyes. Katie lowered her gaze, her nervousness coming to a peak at the prospect of reuniting with Jane.

Amid the shuffling of the girls' bare feet on the floor and the dull clanging of their cowbells, Katie was breathing deeply, attempting to calm her nerves before she rejoined her former milk slave. *Jane and I will have a long and happy life together now. I don't have to worry, she will accept me no matter what I've become. She may even be glad to have some company.* Thought Katie as her personal breast aides

pushed open the double-doors to the basement. However, her resolve was shattered instantly when the doors opened.

“H-hello? Mistress? Is that you?” Jane softly called.

Tears erupted from Katie’s eyes at the plaintive call of her love. All the events that led up to this moment, all the months of planning, the tension of Jane’s capture and enslavement, the growth, milking, and drastic transformation that they both had gone through. These thoughts coalesced with the sinking feeling of separation and now the overwhelming uncertainty of reunion came crashing together. Katie’s legs went limp and she leaned forward onto her bloated udders. Her helpers struggled to get her back on her feet and moving at the will of their owner but Katie didn’t want to budge. She started pulling back against the dairy cows in protest. The girls were persistent though, and even though Katie was fighting against it, her helpers and her bloated tits had other plans for her.

Erica walked up behind her during her fruitless struggles and whispered in her ear. “Get downstairs now, slave. There isn’t anything to be embarrassed about. Go and join your fellow milk factory, I’m sure she’ll be ecstatic to see you again.”

“You think so?” Katie reached up around her udders and wiped her eyes quickly. She struggled to lift herself once more and had to wait until her breast aides helped her up to stand again.

“Hello? Who’s there?” Jane exclaimed, with greater urgency.

“...” Katie opened her mouth to reply but no words formed. She shuffled on at the behest of her helpers and started the journey down the stairs towards Jane’s enclosure.

Jane could just barely see the top few stairs leading to her enclosure from where she hung helplessly by her udders. She noticed bare feet, glistening skin which looked to be coated in milk, and a busty girl wearing a bell and collar. Gradually, more came into her field of view. Giant, soda-can sized nipples, spurting milk sporadically and then the enormous swells of the breasts they were attached to. The first girl was tugging them roughly while her own fattened globes issued forth sprays of milk as well. Jane then saw another two pairs of feet shuffling slowly along. Eventually, one of the two came into view, her heart-shaped rear wobbled as she lugged the burden of one of the two milk tanks down the stairs with

her. The contours of her back muscles were rippling with the strain of helping to bear such a weighty burden. Jane could only assume the other pair of feet belonged to a similar girl charged with carrying the other breast. As Jane saw more of the woman she assumed would be joining her, she noticed something familiar about the skin tone of those breasts. It was pale, opaque but still there were traces of blueish veins spreading just beneath the surface. It looked like the skin tone of her former owner.

A knot of tension formed in Jane's stomach as she was forced to confront the very real possibility that her lover Katie was the one attached to those monstrous milkers. Even more troublesome for Jane was the possibility that Katie would be angry and disappointed with her for not standing up for herself and preventing Erica from claiming her somehow. Jane felt as though she had in some way failed Katie and displeased her.

"Mmmmm..." Came a muffled whimper from the top of the stairs, and Jane immediately recognized the voice, it was Katie!

"Katie?" Jane called. "Katie, is that you? Have you returned to me?" Jane said with a glimmer of hope tinging her words.

"J-Jane? Yes, it's me. I'm home." Jane's vision blurred as tears of happiness flooded her eyes. She did her best impression of a jump for joy by pushing her feet into her bloated milk-tanks and shook slightly. A warmth of happiness filled her body and her udders responded by unleashing a torrent of fresh milk into the pumps attached to them.

Katie heard the relief in her former slave's voice and picked up the pace down the stairs. She paused briefly just as her eyes sunk below the ceiling and fell upon Jane's beautiful face and beaming smile. Katie was awash with conflicting emotions. She was elated to see Jane happy and healthy, and still she felt a pang of guilt for abandoning her and being irresponsible in her care of Jane. The glowing face of her lover seemed to carry her doubts away, however. Katie felt an overwhelming desire to run to Jane. She almost tried, before remembering that the only reason she was still mobile was due to the help of the three dairy cows shouldering the brunt of her udders' massive weight.

Jane sensed the hesitation that Katie exhibited when she first saw her. Yet it vanished just as quickly. Jane could tell that Katie still loved her and was thrilled to be reunited. Once the initial wave of relief passed however, Jane began to process the vision before her more carefully. Katie had grown while she had been away. The breasts Katie was anchored to were overstuffed spheres of flesh and milk. Jane could see Katie's arms reaching up underneath them to help lift them higher and prevent them from settling on the ground, where they clearly wanted to be. The girls that she saw initially were huffing and straining to transport Katie down to her new home with Jane.

Katie's handlers managed to guide and carry their cargo down the stairs eventually and turned Katie towards her lover. The sight before them was breathtaking. Jane's overstuffed milk tanks defied all logic and reason. Each was bigger than all the cows back at the original farm combined. They lay covering nearly half of the spacious basement with their ripe fullness, and reached almost to the ceiling. The breast aide in front stared deep into the black line of cleavage that extended up above her head. It seemed to beckon her forward, like a siren call of temptation. The milk maids flanking Katie's udders were treated to close-ups of Jane's expansive areolas which put most coffee tables to shame and the thick, pulsing, flesh of her nipples. Each one was the circumference of the girls' thighs, and the pebbly flesh gushed fresh milk into the undulating pumps that droned unceasingly onward. One by one, the breast aides lowered Katie to the floor and approached Jane's bloated milk tankers.

The girl in front seemed in a trance as she stumbled drunkenly forward. *Her cleavage... I can't even see the end. It looks so sexy... I must get inside it.* The girl stepped into the canyon of Jane's cleavage, her own bowling ball sized tits squishing gently against Jane's mountains. Jane could feel the turgid points of the girls' nipples impacting the lower front of her breasts which sent daggers of pleasure coursing through her body.

"Hey, what's going on up there? I'm too sensitive to be toyed with." Jane moaned in protest.

The girl paid her no mind if she even registered her voice in the first place. She gingerly began to push apart Jane's breasts with her arms and shove herself forward. Jane cried out in pleasure as this strange girl began burrowing her way into Jane's cleavage. The still milk-drenched cowgirl squirmed and slid deeper and deeper into the valley of Jane's tits. Her sense of vision was cut off as warm, yielding, titflesh encompassed her face and body. She pulled herself higher and found her feet leaving the ground as Jane's breasts seemed to suck her deeper. She was sandwiched completely, with only her feet sticking out, wildly seeking purchase on something to push herself ever further inside. She slid her arms up above her head, relishing the feeling of being embraced so completely by warm bosom. Jane felt the busty girl thrashing about in between her milkers and succumbed to orgasm after orgasm as the girl shifted and moved. Jane's body was aflame with desire. This girl had that audacity to just shove herself

up into her breasts like she was some toy to be used; and Jane quietly reminded herself that that was exactly what she was now. Jane relished the idea that her body could make her feel this way. Whole meters of breast flesh were being stimulated simultaneously. Nerve endings that had never known another person's touch let alone Jane's were exploding with pleasure as this girl wriggled around haphazardly. Jane didn't even notice when the girl's fingers emerged from her breasts and the girl began pulling herself up through her cleavage. A face soon emerged, breathless and gasping for air. The girl took a few labored breaths before stuffing her arms back down and shuffling herself about to get more comfortable before settling down.

Jane managed to calm down from her orgasmic daze long enough to see a contented face staring up at her. The girl didn't say anything, she just grinned at the stunned expression on Jane's face before closing her eyes and falling asleep.

"Jane... Jane... Jane!" Dimly Jane realized that someone was calling out to her.

"Huh... Wha?" Jane mumbled.

"Jane... Are you okay? Where did that girl go?" Katie asked.

"She's... She's stuck between my udders. She climbed in and now she's just staying there." Jane incredulously explained.

"Oh... Well as long as you're alright."

"Yeah, I'm fine."

"Listen... Jane... I'm so sorry I left you. I didn't want to abandon you. I hope you know that. Can you find it in yourself to forgive me?" Katie pleaded.

"Of cour--"

"Alright, milk factories! Enough blabbing!" Erica interrupted. "You two, get this cow situated like we discussed and then I'll let you get some rest."

Reluctantly, the two milk maids backed away from Jane's monstrous breasts and returned to Katie who was anchored firmly to the floor behind them. Inch by inch they worked their fingers and hands beneath Katie's beached behemoths and on three lifted with Katie. The trio awkwardly shuffled forward toward the side of Jane's breasts. There was a wide enough gap now that Jane had been milked down a little for Katie to squeeze her udders through. Each of the milk maids set Katie's breasts down and milked themselves onto the huge flanks of Katie's bosom. Katie moaned as the warm liquid flowed down her sensitive skin and the girls massaged it in thoroughly.

"Stop toying with me, I'm lubricated enough to fit through already." Katie said, exasperated that she had to wait so long to see Jane. The two milk maids smiled knowingly at each other before once again lifting Katie up and pulling her udders forward. The two mashed themselves together, compressing Katie's tits and sending jets of milk gushing forward as they squeezed between Jane's left breast and the wall of the basement. After a few arousing minutes of pushing and prodding, Katie's udders popped free, dripping with milk and sweat. Katie turned towards Jane and gazed lovingly at her. The two shared a moment of happiness before the milk maids once again pulled Katie's udders forward. Katie was about to cry out in protest before her eyes fell upon a strange contraption lying before her.

"Is that...?" Katie started.

"Yes, it's that rolling hammock you had your friend make to keep Jane mobile." Erica answered as she placed her hands firmly on Katie's udders from behind and pushed. "It's going to be your new home now." Katie balked at the irony of her situation but allowed herself to be led obediently by the milk maids and Erica, knowing that at least soon she would be able to move on her own once again.

Reunion Pt. 3

Katie could only look on with a mixture of embarrassment and relief as the two breast aides lugged her heaving orbs into their place in the rolling hammock she had ordered from her friend. The metal creaked as the full weight of Katie's immense breasts settled into the fabric nests stretched taut beneath her. The girls helped each other tighten down belt-like leather straps along the top of Katie's breasts to ensure her tits were secured properly and Katie couldn't slip out. Katie moaned in a mixture of discomfort-tinged pleasure as the breast aides yanked the wide straps tighter, notch by notch. Katie could see the flesh of her car-sized tits bulging out on either side of the straps as they compressed her sensitive flesh.

"I'm not going anywhere... mmmm... you don't have to strap me in so tight!" Katie protested. Yet the girls didn't hesitate in the least to continue pulling Katie's straps tighter, and indeed gave no indication of hearing the milk maid's protests at all.

Jane looked on at the spectacle unfolding below her in rapt fascination. "Don't hurt her, please. You don't know what it's like when your breasts are that huge. It can drive you wild with the sensations they provoke." Jane pleaded with the breast-aides.

"Save your breath, my cows. I've ordered the milk maids living here not to converse with either of you at all. They are just here to ensure that you two remain as healthy and more importantly, as productive as possible. Don't bother trying to speak with them." Erica turned and made eye contact with each of the girls flanking Katie's tits as she said this to drive her next sentence home. "If I catch them speaking with either of you dairy cows or inhibiting your further growth or milk production, there will be harsh consequences." Each of the girls had immediately stopped what they were doing as Erica spoke, turned to face their Mistress, and bowed their heads submissively to listen to their owner's words. "Proceed, my pets. Make sure this cow is strapped in tight." The two breast aides wordlessly turned back to their tasks, each of them pulling Katie's leather straps even tighter as Katie herself grunted under her breath at the abuse her udders were forced to endure.

Blasts of milk gushed from Katie's ripe milkers with every tug of her restraints. Katie moaned as she extended her arms and sunk her hands into the flesh of her tits, trying to force more milk to escape to lessen the immense pressure filling her melons. Katie felt the fifth strap, situated far ahead of her field of view, get tightened and locked into place. She gamely stood behind her udders, harnessed in her cart, and tried to endure the ceaseless compression of her sensitive mammaries by the cruel leather bindings.

With a subtle nod from Erica, the two breast aides reached down and undid the locks holding the wheels of Katie's breast-cart immobile.

"Go on, my cow." Erica commanded in a simple but forceful manner mere inches from Katie's ear. She gave Katie a firm smack right on her bandaged rump that was still stinging from her branding which prompted both a surprised yelp and what could only be described as Katie's excuse for a jump in response. Erica punctuated the slap with a single word, "walk."

Katie drove her entire body forward, sinking into her own cleavage in the process. She raised her head high as her mouth and nose was jammed into her udders and she felt every contour of her otherwise svelte form pressing against her tits, trying to build up the momentum to propel her new cart. Katie was already winded from her trek out of the van and down the stairs. Her body glistened with a light layer of sweat from the exertion of lugging her behemoth bosom around with her. She shoved her tiny body against the enormous swells of her globes, sinking deep into her own titflesh in the process. Her efforts had yielded nothing more than exhaustion for the new dairy cow. She was about to lose hope of achieving mobility before she turned her head towards Jane. Her former milk slave hung suspended from her udders, utterly helpless and dependent on those around her. For the first time since their reunion, Katie had a chance to survey the changes that Jane had been forced to undergo.

Katie could see the hoses for Jane's catheter and enema taped down along her leg. She looked up to see the food and water hoses hanging from the ceiling, just within Jane's reach. She saw that Jane's leash had been cut and removed but she still wore her collar and the shiny silver bell that Katie had initially bestowed to her what seemed like ages ago. Katie knew deep down that she was destined to share in Jane's fate of immobility and milk production as Erica's milk factory. Jane turned her head and gazed intently down at Katie from her perch atop her orbs. The warmth and love in her eyes had not dimmed one iota. Katie nearly teared up at the wordless exchange. Jane nodded slightly as if to invite her former owner into her world, to share in her destiny. It was an affirmation that everything would be okay, as long as they shared their new roles in life together.

Katie felt a surge of adrenaline course through her as she fed off the encouragement of her love. She steeled herself and rammed her body against her bloated boobs, jettisoning arcs of cream out of her swollen teats while her body sunk further and further into her own cleavage. A tepid squeak was heard as the wheels on Katie's cart shuddered and began to turn. Katie was mobile once more.

Her mobility however did not come with a great deal of directional control. Katie could only move forwards. After a solid fifteen seconds of pushing and shuffling along Katie felt her bloated teats impact the wall on the far side of the basement. She briefly tried to back up but found that she couldn't generate nearly as much force by pulling as she could by pushing. Katie awkwardly turned her head

around and tried to signal to her owner that she needed help to back up. Erica smirked at her helplessness but signaled the two breast aides to move her just behind Jane, but facing away from her.

“I’m going to have you placed just behind this other milk factory but facing the other direction. It will give you more clearance for your udders to grow and be milked and it’s really the only way you and Jane will be able to see each other” Erica explained.

Katie blushed as the two breast aides grabbed either side of her cart and began pushing it backwards towards Jane. After a few moments the warm, ripe, overstuffed curve of Jane’s gigantic left breast halted Katie’s backward movement. Katie felt like Jane’s tit was embracing her entire body. Katie elevated her head upwards and locked eyes with Jane, who was moaning softly as Katie’s body and the enormous swellings attached to her squished gently against her left udder.

“Hey, stop! I’m getting trapped here!” Katie yelled as the two breast aides continued to shove her further into Jane’s breast flesh. The leather straps crossing over Katie’s melons dug into the taut, milk-filled flesh and found purchase, forcing Katie deeper and tighter against Jane. Between Jane’s ripe udders and Katie’s swollen dirigibles it was getting difficult for Katie to breathe. Katie held her arms up and pushed against the cascading waves of her breasts that threatened to overwhelm her to maintain a pocket where she could get some fresh air. Blasts of rich, creamy, milk gushed out of both girls as their tits collided against one another. Erica gave the breast aides a signal and they finally stopped shoving Katie against Jane’s breast. The taut flesh of Jane’s udder pushed Katie back a bit so she had some breathing room and then the breast aides quickly locked the cart’s wheels once more so Katie was stuck.

“Oh, fuck Katie... You feel so good against my udders. My tits love this, they’re making so much milk.” Jane moaned as she gyrated against her jugs. Jane found that now that Katie had been forced up against her, that she wasn’t hanging on from her tits any longer. Katie’s massive jugs were tall enough that she could stand on Katie’s left breast. Jane smiled as she tentatively put her weight on her legs and felt her foot sink about six inches into the sea of milk and breastflesh attached to Katie. Her pussy gushed down her legs as Jane began shifting her weight from one leg to another, roughly massaging Katie’s breast in the process. Katie was losing her mind from the assault to her tits. Her athletic body was completely enveloped by her own firm, milk-swollen, titflesh to the front and the enormous mountains of her lover from behind. All the while Jane was peering down at Katie lustfully as she drove her feet deep into the defenseless breast of her lover repeatedly.

Katie entered a frenzied state of arousal due to Jane’s efforts. She used what little strength she had to squeeze her tits roughly. Her fingers tensed as she searched in vain for something to grab on to. Her frustration and excitement gradually began to transform the groping into scratching. Katie reached out futilely to grasp at the legs of her lover as they sunk deep into her breast. Jane was out of her reach though, and all the desire in the world couldn’t span the physical distance that separated Katie’s

grasping hands from Jane's relentless legs. Katie drove her arms deeply into her udders and dug her fingernails into her sensitive tits. Pinkish red lines and marks flushed to the surface, tracing out a haphazard map of sexual frustration across the canvas of her boobs. Katie shuddered in the prison of soft flesh she now found herself in, barely cognizant of anything but the overpowering sensations emanating from her breasts.

Jane was loving the reversal of fortunes that had taken place. She was once Katie's plaything. A busty toy with which Katie could transform and use as she saw fit. And yet here she was, manhandling Katie's bloated orbs and Katie could only squirm and endure it. As Jane witnessed her lover succumbing to her deep massage, she too found herself aroused and nearing orgasm. Jane dug her feet into Katie's bloated tit and leaned back to press her full weight down on Katie's defenseless breast. Jane's pussy gushed her natural juices down her legs as both women cried out in unison and climaxed with one another.

Erica stood off to the side, watching the lustful reunion of her two dairy cows unfold. After they had caught their breath and settled down for a few minutes, she addressed them both. "Alright you two, enough play time. Milk maids, get this new dairy cow her dinner." Katie was still in a haze and was primarily focused on pushing back against her bloated tits to keep her head clear so she could breathe. Therefore, she barely registered the two breast aides leaving the basement and heading upstairs. Jane was taking deep breaths, busy habitually stroking swaths of her gargantuan udders as she listened to the shuffling taking place upstairs. It also seemed that all the commotion of the last few minutes had awoken the milk maid stuffed in between Jane's massive udders. She began to jostle about to try and find a more comfortable position, and in turn she awoke the libido of Jane once again. Jane groaned as the milk maid nipped, bit, and scratched at the sensitive flesh in her canyon of cleavage. Her mind drifted as she succumbed to the feelings in her breasts. Her milk production increased, prompting even stronger suction from her milk pumps. Jane's mind was lost to the world as she surrendered to her fantastically productive udders and the devilish imp that had made Jane's cleavage her new home.

Meanwhile, Katie squinted her eyes and stared up at the ceiling. She made out two pre-drilled holes about the size of garden hoses just above her. It registered in her sex-addled mind that she had seen holes like that before when she had inspected the setup Jane had for food and water. As if on cue, a tube was shoved down through the hole above her left udder. The hose was semi-rigid and covered with a braided weave to prevent chafing and wear. As the first tube snaked down past the halfway point between Katie and the ceiling, another joined from the second hole. Katie simply stared with a detached sense of acceptance. The situation she found herself in was so unfathomable just a few weeks ago that it was still taking some time to set in. As the tubes closed in on her she could see they were slightly pressurized, but had special nozzles on the end that could be opened by biting down on them. She correctly surmised that, like Jane, she now had a food and water supply that would be tightly controlled by her owner. Katie leaned her head back, resting it against the warm, ripe, breast of her love. She knew that if she was in Erica's position, she would do everything she could to squeeze every ounce of potential out of her cows. Therefore, she fully expected to be soon rivalling Jane in size and milk production.

The cool metal ends of the hoses gently impacted the taut curves of her udders, prompting Katie to shake out of her reverie and try to reach for them. They slid over the upper curves of her tits and out to the sides, remaining tantalizingly out of reach for the dairy cow. Katie huffed in frustration as she once again waited for someone to come help her. Erica circled her like a tiger stalking its prey. She eyed the helpless young woman with a lustful hunger as she reached into the storage unit along the back wall. From it, she retrieved a gag attachment that could be secured to the end of Katie's new feeding hose to force her to swallow her food. She walked bemusedly over to Katie, and grabbed her feeding tube and clicked the gag attachment into place.

"I hope you're hungry, Katie. I have an exceedingly delicious first meal for you to welcome you to your new accommodations" Erica taunted at the helpless girl.

"I am actually quite hungry, Mistress" Katie responded quietly.

"Good, now open wide." Erica said, as she leaned her lithe body against Katie's left breast, sinking deeply into the bloated sphere in the process. She reached forth, gag in hand, and pushed the tube into Katie's mouth and locked the straps tight around her head. The taste of metal and plastic filled Katie's mouth as the intruder stuffed her oral cavity to the max. Erica squeezed a tiny hand pump that hung from the bottom to inflate the gag even further, stretching Katie's mouth out much like she herself had done with Jane. Erica then attached and locked the tube to Katie's collar, so it wouldn't ever be out of her reach. Katie could sense the tube running through the center of the gag, however, and knew that her meal would soon be forced into her. She broke out in a cold sweat born of anxiety and trepidation as Erica turned the valve on the top and the first taste of her dinner met her tongue.

Immediately Katie moaned in pleasure at the taste. The rich, succulent, deliciousness of Jane's milk flooded into her mouth and slid effortlessly down her throat. Katie eagerly suckled at the tube, swallowing mouthful after mouthful of the silky dairy treat brewed inside the milk tanks she was pinned against. She spread her arms and faced her palms behind her, grasping Jane's udder and squeezing hard in thanks for the creamy meal. Jane merely looked down at the crown of red hair and the two bloated breasts strapped tightly to a cart below her and grinned in satisfaction. When she was feeding someone, she felt as though she was fulfilling her purpose in life. The sense of gratification and achievement was palpable.

I'm breastfeeding my best friend, my lover, my former owner. And now, my fellow dairy cow. Jane thought, as she grabbed her own feeding tube and bit down on the valve to begin consuming her own dinner of delightful milkshake. Katie was so intent on consuming Jane's milk she didn't even notice Erica walk around to her other side and attach her water hose to her collar as well. Neither did she realize that the milk maids had finished their work upstairs and had returned to her side, each carrying with them another addition to Katie's new predicament. Katie did become aware something was happening

around her when the wheels on her cart were unlocked and the two breast aides began pushing her forwards a few feet. Katie turned her head side to side as she stumbled forwards in confusion when she was pulled away from the comforting embrace of Jane's gigantic tits.

"Just a few more additions to you, my cow." Erica said, as she retrieved the two hoses the milk maids had brought down from upstairs. Erica held up both a catheter and an enema in front of Katie's eyes so she could see what was coming. Katie looked nervously at the imposing devices and snuggled closer to her breasts for comfort. Erica walked in behind Katie and gave the inside of her legs a few kicks, indicating that she needed to spread her legs. Katie leaned forwards even more, resting nearly all her weight on her udders as she walked her legs out apart from each other. Erica expertly inserted first the catheter, and then the plump plug of the enema into Katie and taped the tubes down along Katie's leg; identical to the set up that Jane had. Erica then threaded and locked the termini of both tubes alongside Jane's in the drain below.

"Mmmmpph," Katie moaned at the unpleasant fullness the new additions to her body provided. She awkwardly turned her head and looked down in an attempt to see what had been done to her.

"Shhh, just one less thing for you to concern yourself with, my pet." Erica said as Katie grunted and groaned trying to get used to the feeling of these new intruders. She didn't concern herself with it too much though. The incredible taste of Jane's milk steadily flowing into her was more than enough distraction for Katie. The sputtering dribble of milk issuing from Katie's teats took this additional stimulation as a cue to unleash their pent-up cargo. Powerful blasts of milk gushed forth from Katie's tits as she continued feasting on Jane's rich cream. The two breast aides flanking Katie quickly ran around to the front of her spurting udders and retrieved Katie's new milk pump nozzles. These were the same high-flow pumps that were used in water treatment plants that Jane had attached to her udders. Anything less would be insufficient to handle the incredible output of these girls. Once the pumps were attached and running smoothly, the girls wheeled Katie back snug against Jane's udders and locked the wheels on her cart once again.

Katie slid her arms down the sides of her tits, massaging the sensitive skin that joined her udders to the rest of her body. She gradually reached down, cupping her milk-swollen belly in satisfaction. Little did Katie know that not only was she drinking fresh milk which had just been pumped out of Jane; that milk had also been fortified by hundreds of breast growth and lactation pills just like she had used on her former milk pet. Even now, her body was being signaled by an enormous overdose of hormones to expand her milk ducts to their absolute maximum, and grow more milk ducts in general. Every bit of nutrition was being squeezed out of Jane's milk and set to work creating more bloated titflesh and plump milk ducts within Katie's breasts. She was transforming into a twin milk factory.

Katie could feel it. The familiar pressure, the heat of her body and pounding of her heart. Her breathing became fast and deep. Her mind felt as though it was on fire, trying to process too many sensations all

at once. Katie knew that something was changing within the massive sacks of flesh attached to her. It was as if she could feel each individual milk duct being pumped full of hormones all at once. Katie could sense more titflesh being packed into her udders. She felt her skin stretching. She felt her breasts growing. Katie moaned and whimpered as her tits began to bloat in earnest. She could feel her swelling flesh press outwards against the myriad of straps holding her secure in her cart. Her growth was so fast and powerful that Katie could watch her breasts inflating in real time and chart the changes with the naked eye. Katie glanced between the two milk maids standing to her sides, pleading silently with her eyes for them to release the straps holding her tits back. *God these straps are too tight, I feel like I'm going to pop! Why won't they let me out of this stupid cart?* One of the breast aides took pity on the growing dairy cow and hesitantly took a step forward to undo Katie's restraints.

"No!" Erica sternly shook her head. The girl demurely stepped back but she knew the damage was done. She knew she would have some sort of punishment in store for her brazen behavior later.

Katie was forced to endure the ever-decreasing space available to her growing breasts. Flesh flowed out in every direction. Her tits grew forwards, pushing out over the edge of her cart. They expanded upwards, swallowing up unyielding straps holding them down in the process. They expanded to the sides, causing the metal frame to bow and creak as the pressure built. Katie could only mash her arms into her inflating jugs and ride out her continued expansion. Every drop of wonderful milk she swallowed was digested almost instantly and packed into her budding breasts as permanent, heavy, titflesh.

Jane looked down at her companion in awe. Katie was growing even more quickly than Jane herself had. Jane knew from experience that she was going through a painful process. The tightness and pressure that filled her udders when she was growing, even at her fastest, was borderline torturous. Katie was ballooning up even faster though. As if to confirm Jane's suspicions, Katie groaned in pain as her bloated milk ducts each ballooned up and pressed against one another within her overdosed udders. Katie gazed up at Jane, eyes wet with fresh tears, as her bloated tits began snapping their restraints. With sickeningly loud pops, the leather straps holding Katie's fat tits back began to break. The two in the center broke first, almost simultaneously on either side. A few seconds later the four straps closest to Katie popped off in sequence. Katie's udders wasted no time in filling the recently unoccupied space before them. Katie yelped in surprise as her expanding breasts began to pull her up with them. She flexed her feet and extended her toes to remain on the ground, pushing her body down with her arms at the same time. Katie looked below her with wide eyes as her efforts failed and she rode her growing endowments up off the floor for the final time.

Katie kicked her legs back experimentally to test her new range of motion. Her heels gently bounced off the taut flesh of Jane's tits which were just inches behind her. She was beginning to feel even more cramped as her growth continued and pulled her up as well as pushing her back closer to Jane. Katie noticed that Jane was shuffling her feet, plunging them into Katie's bloating udders as she struggled to

remain on top of them. The incline at which Jane was standing upon Katie's tits kept increasing as she grew bigger. Jane found herself having to point her toes downwards and push back slightly as Katie's tits kept rising like balloons being inflated below her.

"Grow, my love. Grow big enough to come up here and kiss me!" Jane said as she watched Katie being pulled higher up as her tits filled and expanded.

Katie smirked at the comment, but her face turned quickly back to a grimace due to the harsh constriction of the remaining few leather straps holding her in her cart and to a greater degree, the metal frame of the cart itself. The two breast aides backed away uneasily as Katie's behemoth tits ballooned ever larger. They were taut and full of fresh milk and hundreds of pounds of firm flesh and milk ducts hungrily searching for more room to claim as their own.

POP!... POP POP POP!!!

The last few straps binding Katie's growing tits snapped off as her udders pushed out in every direction. Katie sighed heavily in relief, but just as quickly her firm tits filled all the space that had so recently been denied to them and pressed firmly against the cart frame itself. It was clear that the short lifetime of Katie's breast cart would soon come to an end. Katie frantically gulped down more of Jane's milk in an effort to break the cart that was preventing her growing tits from blooming to their full and natural size, and rid herself of the horrible constriction it imposed on her ripening udders.

"Spread out her air cushion on the ground before she gets too big" ordered Erica.

The breast aides leapt into action. They grabbed an identical air cushion to Jane's and began to unroll it beneath Katie's growing orbs. They managed to spread it out beneath Katie's airborne body and underneath the few meters of titflesh that were still suspended in the air by the overtaxed breast cart. The wheels prevented the cushion from unrolling to its full size though.

"Start inflating it. It'll help push the cart away from her milkers." Erica said, as she watched the two breast aides plug the air cushion to an air compressor which rapidly began inflating it. "Speaking of that, get her udders out of that cart, I don't want it damaging her milk production!" Erica ordered the two breast aides.

The girls leaped into action once again, rushing at once to Katie's side and sinking their hands into the flesh of Katie's tits to try to reach the metal bars of the cart frame. Katie's unstoppable growth fought their every effort though. Her firm flesh was unyielding as it pressed outward, thwarting any attempts at

extracting the cart. The breast aide on Katie's left, the more mechanically inclined, ran over to the storage chest along the back wall when her manual efforts proved futile. She retrieved a monkey wrench from the chest and began loosening the bolts holding the cart itself together. She was spurred on by the increasingly desperate moans of Katie as she endured her constant growth as well as the creaking of the metal itself. After two minutes, she had freed her half of the cart. The metal clanged as it hit the floor and the milk maid began to run around Katie's ballooning spheres to see how her companion was faring.

The other breast aide was busy tugging at her own ripe tits, spraying Katie's right breast with a sheen of fresh breastmilk in an effort to lubricate her skin enough to slip her hands deep into Katie's tit and pull the cart frame free. As evidenced by Erica's disapproving gaze, her frantic efforts had amounted to naught. The milk maid with the wrench gently pushed her companion aside and began loosening the bolts on the right side as well. Erica grabbed the leash of the girl who had failed her task and cruelly yanked her down to the ground.

"You really aren't presenting yourself in a good light, cow. That's what you are, right? You aren't a milk maid like her over there." Erica said, extending a finger to the woman working on Katie's cart. "You're a dairy cow like Jane and soon to be Katie here, aren't you? Completely helpless and good for nothing but making milk, right?"

"Yes, Mistress." The downtrodden girl said. She knew any other response would only intensify her punishment. When Mistress Erica spoke like this she had already made up her mind.

"Then we understand each other, cow. Go clip your leash to the sink in the corner over there and watch what is going to happen to you eventually. Go!" Erica ordered as the girl clasped her leash in her hand and crawled over to the corner of the room and attached it to a pipe underneath the sink.

She turned to face Katie who was staring back at her with a wild look of lust, discomfort, and pity. Katie was concerned with her own rapidly expanding tits, but still, gazing into the eyes of this confused and scared young woman made her curious. She thought back to the time when she was just starting to expand Jane and wondered how Jane felt as she revealed her plans for her. She wondered how Veronika felt when she was captured and led through a hall of milk maids with burgeoning bosoms, ripe with milk, knowing that she too would be joining their ranks. Finally, she reminisced about her own transformation over the past week. How she had acted on her darkest urges to capture and transform her friend into her own personal milk pet, and how her carelessness had culminated in her being altered and owned by another herself.

Swallow after swallow of Jane's milk, enhanced with additional hormones, flowed into Katie's stomach and soon thereafter was converted into more titmeat to stuff her udders. Katie felt the last vestiges of her cart being disassembled and her right breast was finally free to expand to its now humongous, natural size. Katie's skin was getting tight as her tits continually bloated bigger. The still inflating air cushion upon which her tits rested was slowly pushing its way underneath her udders, lifting them even higher and providing a gentle resting place for the massive spheres. Katie hazarded a glance over at Jane, who was just now finding it impossible to remain standing on her breast. The incline of Katie's growing tit was simply too steep as she kept expanding.

"Eeep!" Jane yelped as she slipped down Katie's breast and found herself nestled tight against her own breasts in front of her, and Katie's behind. She sunk into the warm, plushness of Katie's tits and reveled in the sensation of them growing against her body, pressing her even tighter against her own jugs. Jane noticed that now she only had to look down about two feet to see Katie's face, still adorned with her feeding gag which was pumping milk deep into her body. Even now, Katie was being pulled higher up by her expanding breasts. Jane reached out to Katie and the two women grasped each other's hands in solidarity.

"Just grow a little bigger, Katie. Then we'll just be able to enjoy each other for the rest of our lives." Jane said as Katie continued to close the distance between them with her expansion. Erica and the one remaining breast aide retrieved paint rollers and began coating them in the flowery lotion Katie used on Jane's breasts as she grew. They began thoroughly painting Katie's growing udders with the lotion, helping to relieve the tension in the dairy cow's skin as well as stuff a bit more hormones into her udders to fill her out to approximately Jane's size. Katie felt the cool lotion being slathered thickly on her skin, and soaking in nearly as quickly. It was as if her breasts were hungry monsters, eager to consume anything that would help them grow bigger. Katie's incredible growth over the past few hours gradually slowed, then halted altogether. She, like Jane, had reached her body's absolute maximum size that could be supported. She hung from her gargantuan udders, suspended fully three feet off the ground. Squished snugly up against her lover, the two girls' breasts nearly filled the entire basement. Jane grabbed the back of Katie's head with her hand and pulled her closer, kissing her face relentlessly in adoration. Katie, with her feeding hose still stuffing her mouth, could only gently moan as she endured the display of affection from Jane.

Katie felt the feeding pump pushing Jane's milk into her abruptly stop, followed by Erica leaning a cool, metal, ladder against her right breast and climbing up it. Erica gingerly hopped from the ladder onto the massive sphere of Katie's udder, eliciting a "MMMM!" of surprise from the helpless cow. Erica crawled along, on her hands and knees, towards Katie's head which was nestled snugly alongside Jane's now. She smiled as she reached forwards and used a tiny key to unlock Katie's gag and remove it from her mouth.

“Ohhh... FUCK! God, look at me! I’m as big as you Jane!” Katie said, as she wiped her mouth of excess milk.

“I know, Katie. Don’t your udders feel wonderful? Every little touch is bliss.” Jane sighed as she lovingly stroked her own jugs.

“You’ve done well, my cow. You grew even more quickly than I expected.” Erica said, as she lounged on Katie’s right breast like a couch. She experimentally pushed her hands into Katie’s taut, milk-swollen, flesh and groped her roughly.

“MMMmmm, oh it feels so good to have them handled like that...” Katie whispered as she closed her eyes in bliss.

“I’m sure it does. Now you two have work to do though. I’m going to be bringing some more milk maids over with me to take care of your udders. You’ll each have one breast aide for each of your udders, plus one who will oversee cleaning and stimulating your cleavage to ensure I’m getting the most out of your milk factories. Jane, you’ve already met yours, and as for you Katie; I’m going to assign this one who has been helping you so far as the one who will take care of your cleavage.”

The girl in question was just now coming back downstairs after turning off Katie’s feeding pump. She caught the last few sentences spoken by her owner and practically jumped for joy. She rushed down the steps with her arms encircling her basketball-sized breasts to try to contain their incessant bouncing. She looked up at Erica who motioned her up and she began to climb the ladder to her new home. Once she reached the top, she almost reverently stepped from the ladder onto the plush swell of Katie’s right breast. Her foot sunk deep into the smooth skin of Katie’s udder, and she could feel the firm flesh and bloated milk ducts gently cradle her weight as if to welcome her. The girl took another step and began to climb to the top of Katie’s giant tit. Even on all fours she had to duck her head to avoid banging it on the ceiling. She was salivating in anticipation as she eyed the two-meter long black line of Katie’s cleavage.

The girl briefly looked over at Erica, who nodded with a smirk. The milk maid turned back towards her goal and dove in without hesitation. She rolled down the swell of Katie’s udder and sunk herself deep in the welcoming warmth and comforting fullness of Katie’s expanded milk tankers. She shimmied her way deeper by wiggling side to side, essentially burrowing her way down into Katie’s soft cleavage. Katie was being driven wild by the actions of her breast aide. Erica smiled as she heard Katie’s milk pumps increase their suction to deal with the increased flow caused by the stimulation. *I’ve just created a well of white gold I can draw from infinitely. These girls are going to make my Master and I so rich!* Erica thought as

she began climbing back down Katie's breast and then up the stairs to go and collect the additional breast aides needed to look after Jane and Katie.

Katie hardly noticed her Mistress leaving. She was too overwhelmed with her massively transformed body and the erotic sensations pulsing through her freshly grown milk jugs. Most of all though, she was intently focused on Jane. From the very beginning, Jane had always been her end goal. Katie smiled warmly as she turned her head and peered deep into the brown pools of Jane's eyes.

"I love you, Jane. I'm so glad I'm going to be spending the rest of my life with you."

"And I love you, Katie. Thank you for being bold enough to claim me and open my eyes to this world of pleasure." Jane whispered breathlessly.

Both women closed their eyes and leaned towards each other to kiss. Jane and Katie's lips met in a tender embrace. Katie wasted no time in exploring her former pet's mouth with her tongue. Jane submissively yielded and allowed Katie to take the lead once more as their kisses turned more heated and passionate. Both girls' bells clinked together as their make-out session turned more erotic. Each of the girls reached out with their right arm and began roughly groping their own vast seas of breastflesh attached to them. Katie snaked her left arm down into the tight gap between Jane's body and her overstuffed udders and found her pussy already swollen and slick with arousal. Her deft fingers went to work, teasing and stimulating Jane mercilessly.

"Oh, yes. More please... yes Mistress... use your toy." Jane plaintively moaned in between kisses.

Katie flushed with excitement at Jane's words. "Yes, my pet. You still belong to me, don't you.?"

"Yes, Mistress. We both may be Erica's dairy cows, but I will always be your pet."

"Well, pet. I'm having some trouble reaching my pussy. Get to work."

"Yes, my Mistress." Jane moaned as she slid her arm down towards Katie's lower lips and began rubbing her in earnest.

Both girls threw their heads back against the soft pillows of each other's mountainous boobs and cried out as they climaxed together. Their udders shuddered and sloshed with fresh milk and inflated even further. As they rode the crest of their orgasms, their jugs plumped with even more milk. Jane and Katie

found themselves pulled higher up and squeezed ever tighter against one another. The breast aides living in their cleavage were held tight by the taut flesh of their charges, and snuggled in deep to enjoy the tight, encompassing, warmth provided by these dairy cows. Jane and Katie's overburdened milk tanks forced their fingers deeper into each other and the inflated flesh of their tits acted as a sort of living bondage for the two girls. They were crammed tight against one another, side by side, immobilized and helpless. Yet both girls couldn't think of any place they would rather be.

The End.