

DANNI'S SCOOPS

Chapter 1 – Welcome to the Hills

The sun was a lazy, golden orb in the sky when Danny stepped off the subway and into the bustling Brooklyn neighborhood. He clutched a worn notebook to his chest, his eyes darting nervously from the sidewalk to the chattering crowd. The air was thick with the scent of freshly baked bread and the faint smokiness of exhaust fumes, a strange symphony of city life that always made him feel small in the best way possible.

Danny was a short, skinny guy with a shock of unruly hair, weighing in at just over 100 pounds.

He walked up to the colorful facade of Ample Hills Creamery. The pastel-colored building screamed sweetness, like a giant, edible cloud had descended from the heavens and decided to stay awhile. He could already feel his arteries protesting, but his stomach rumbled in anticipation.

The bell above the door jingled merrily as he pushed his way inside, immediately assaulted by the cool, creamy scent of ice cream.

The walls were lined with chalkboard menus, scrawled with flavors that ranged from the classic ("Vanilla Dream") to the quirky ("Ooey Gooley Butter Cake"). Above the counter was a huge mural of a rolling landscape with hills that vaguely resembled the curves of a female body (especially the breasts) and a sign which read "Creamy and Delicious". A line of customers snaked around the counter, their faces lit up with anticipation.

A young woman with a vibrant red ponytail grinned at him from behind the counter. "Welcome to Ample Hills! Last call for samples, folks!" She scooped up a tiny spoonful of a neon green ice cream and held it out to a wide-eyed child. "Here you go, sweetie. It's our Salted Dark Chocolate. Want to give it a try?" The little girl nodded eagerly, her eyes widening as she popped the spoon into her mouth. Her face scrunched up briefly before breaking into a grin. "It's so good!" she exclaimed, her voice muffled by the ice cream.

Danny chuckled, stepping further inside the store. His eyes took in the retro decor, the vintage Coca-Cola signs, and the chalk art murals adorning the walls (those hills in the mural almost looked like large breasts). He felt a pang of jealousy at the artist's skill, a reminder of his own lack of artistic prowess.

Then, something caught his eye—a woman behind the counter, her laughter booming through the shop like a warm, melodic melody. Danny's gaze traveled up, taking in her ample figure that hugged the edges of her uniform, her breasts looked huge, maybe a G cup straining against a thin cotton Ample Hills T-shirt with a scooped neck displaying heart melting cleavage. The shirt itself had a tag line emblazoned on it, "Big Tasty Scoops" with "Big" written in curvy bubble letters which seemed to bulge just like her breasts from the neckline of shirt. She didn't appear to be wearing a bra and the outline of her thick nipples was clearly visible through the shirt. Her thick bubble butt was poured into a pair of cotton shorts which left little of her juicy posterior to the imagination, with a decent amount of round cheek peeking out as the shorts strained to cover her curves. She was chatting animatedly with a customer, her hands gesturing wildly and bosom jiggling as she spoke. Danny quickly looked away, feeling his cheeks flush with heat.

"Hey there, shy fella!" she called out, waving at him. I'm Becky. Nice to meet you."

Danny swallowed hard, trying to regain his composure. "Uh, yeah. Hi, Becky. Nice to meet you too." He extended a hand, his fingers trembling slightly.

"Sorry, I was just, um, taking in the place."

Becky chuckled, her eyes twinkling with amusement. "No worries, it's a lot to absorb. Now, let's get you started on the right foot. Here, try this." She scooped up a small spoonful of ice cream from a tub labeled "Milf Shake Base" and held it out to him. "It's my favorite flavor, the Milf Shake. Trust me, it's like a party in your mouth and everyone's invited."

Danny hesitated for a moment, his eyes flicking between Becky and the spoonful of ice cream. He could feel his heart pounding in his chest, but he didn't want to seem ungrateful. He opened his mouth and allowed Becky to feed him the ice cream.

The cold hit his tongue first, then a wave of sweetness, rich and creamy, unlike anything he'd ever tasted before. It was like a symphony of flavors exploded in his mouth—vanilla, caramel, a hint of something salty, and an underlying note that was... unusual. He swallowed, his eyes widening as he tried to place it.

"What's in this?" he asked, his voice sounding strained even to his own ears.

Becky winked at him, leaning in slightly. "That, my friend, is a secret. But let me tell you, it's what makes our Milf Shakes the stuff of legends."

Danny's gaze flicked to the tub again, his brow furrowing. "Milf Shakes? Like, milkshakes? Why does it say base?" Danny asked, his confusion evident in his voice. The unusual flavor lingered on his tongue, and he couldn't help but feel like there was more to this ice cream than met the eye.

Becky chuckled, her eyes sparkling with mischief. "I can see you're interested in our product, and maybe some of its health benefits," she smiled and rocked back and forth on her heels a bit, causing her generous bosom to bounce a bit "why don't I give you a tour and, if I can keep you interest, maybe you can even join our team. We don't usually hire males given the...specific nature...of our business, but I think there's something special about you. Ample Hills might be a good place for you, Danny."

She turned and walked toward a door behind the counter. Danny followed, watching her curvy rump wobble in front of him. As they stepped through the door, Danny was hit with a wall of heat and the clattering of stainless steel.

The back room was a symphony of whirs and clinks, filled with churning machines and towering tubs of half-frozen cream. The air was thick with the scent of sugar and vanilla, making Danny's mouth water again.

Becky turned to him, her eyes twinkling. "Alright, Danny-boy, welcome to the heart of Ample Hills. This where the magic happens."

She led him through the maze of machinery, pointing out the different stations.

"Over there, that's Katie, our other partner in crime."

Danny followed her gaze to a woman with wild curls and a broad smile, who was currently wrestling with a massive vat of chocolate syrup. She looked up and spotted them, waving enthusiastically. "Hey, Becky! Who's the new guy?" she called out.

Becky grinned. "This is Danny. He's thinking about joining the team."

Katie raised an eyebrow. "Really? Well, welcome, Danny. Hope you're not scared of a little hard work."

Danny offered a small smile.

"Nice to meet you, Katie. I'm not sure I'm up for the job, but I'll give it a shot."

Katie nodded, her eyes flicking between Danny and Becky. "Well, Becky's an excellent judge of character. If she thinks you've got what it takes, then you probably do."

"Danny, I think you're going to be a great fit here. Why don't you plan to start tomorrow morning!" Becky smiled, "for now, go get rested for your big day, I want to talk to Katie or a few minutes as we wrap up for today."

Danny said his goodbyes and headed out, excited for the new journey ahead. "A boy?" Katie asked Becky. "A boy, for now," said Becky, "I don't think he even realizes how well he's going to fit in here at Ample Hills. Let's get him started scooping up front tomorrow and make sure we have him trying plenty of our Milf Shakes every day. He may not even notice as he changes a little bit every day, but I think he's going to be a great addition to the team."

"A project!" Katie squealed and clapped her hands, her F cup titties bouncing in her t-shirt. "Okay, this will be fun, and he does seem sweet. He may not see himself as a girl yet, but this will make him more comfortable with his changing body and very accepting and even excited as he starts to...grow into himself," she giggled, cupping her bosom.

"I like it," said Becky. "I don't think we need to show him exactly how we make the Milf Shakes for another couple of weeks, until he's a little more settled in. Once we do, though, I think he can maybe start helping us out with the production process a bit." She smiled dreamily and looked over toward a shelf with some Mazzola Bust Oil and Bustee Cream. But that can wait for just a little bit. Let's start him on his journey tomorrow."

Danny walked home, the sun now dipping below the horizon, casting long shadows across the sidewalk. His mind was a whirlwind of thoughts and emotions. He never expected to find himself in a place like Ample Hills, much less considering a job there. But there was something about Becky and Katie that made him feel at ease, despite the initial awkwardness.

Arriving home, he found his apartment exactly as he'd left it—a small, cluttered space filled with books and comic books, the scent of old pizza lingering in the air. He threw his bag on the couch and flopped down next to it, a sigh escaping his lips.

He couldn't help but think about the day's events, his mind playing the conversation with Becky on repeat. The taste of that unusual ice cream lingered on his tongue, a sweet and creamy reminder of the strange new world he'd just entered.

Danny pulled out his laptop and began to research Ample Hills, curious about the shop's origins and the unique flavors they offered. He stumbled upon an article in a local foodie blog that mentioned the shop's infamous Milf Shakes. The writer raved about their creamy texture and the mysterious, addictive flavor that kept customers coming back for more.

Danny's eyes widened as he scrolled through the comments section. There were countless testimonials from satisfied customers, many of whom mentioned feeling a strange sense of euphoria and well-being after consuming the shakes. A few even mentioned experiencing vivid, erotic dreams.

Danny's heart pounded as he contemplated the implications. He'd only tasted a small spoonful, but it had been enough to make him feel... different. He closed the laptop and went to bed looking forward to starting his new life at Ample Hills, as he closed his eyes he hoped he'd dream about Becky and Katie, their luscious curves, and what it would be like to be with them every day.

Chapter 2 – Big Shirts to Fill

The sun had barely peeked over the horizon when Danny found himself standing in front of Ample Hills Creamery, the pastel-colored building looking almost surreal in the early morning light. He adjusted his uniform, feeling self-conscious in the tight, low-cut t-shirt and shorts that were designed to emphasize a more ample figure than his own. He could feel the fabric clinging to his skin, accentuating his bony chest and thighs.

Becky, however, had reassured him, her hands on his shoulders, her eyes sparkling with warmth. "Danny, you look great. Just think of it as a superhero's costume. You're the Ice Cream Avenger, fighting the good fight against bland desserts." She had laughed, her ample chest jiggling with amusement, making Danny smile in spite of his nerves.

He took a deep breath and pushed the door open, the familiar bell chiming merrily. The shop was empty, save for a few customers huddled around the counter, their eyes scanning the chalkboard menu. Behind the counter, Katie was busy wiping down the countertop, her curls bouncing with each movement.

"Morning, sunshine!" Katie called out, flashing him a wide grin.

"Ready for your first day, Danny?"

Danny offered a tentative smile, trying to shake off the lingering nerves. "As ready as I'll ever be, I guess," he replied, his voice barely above a whisper.

Becky emerged from the back room, her arms laden with towers of colorful cups. "Morning, Danny!" she chirped, her enthusiastic greeting filling the shop. "We're glad to have you on board. Let's get you started with some sample tasting, shall we?"

She set the cups down on the counter, each one filled with a different Milf Shake flavor.

"Today we've got Salted Caramel, Cookies 'n' Cream, Strawberry Dream, and my personal favorite, Maple Bacon Pecan. What do you think?"

Danny's eyes widened at the sight of the colorful array. He'd never seen so many unique ice cream flavors in one place. "Wow, those all look amazing," he said, his mouth watering. "Don't just look, taste! Try the Salted Caramel first." She held out the cup to him.

Danny hesitated for a moment, his eyes flicking between Becky and the cup of shake. He could feel his cheeks flush, remembering the strange, addictive taste from the day before. But there was no denying the mouthwatering aroma wafting from the cup. The first taste was pure decadence—rich, creamy caramel with a hint of sea salt that danced on his tongue. He closed his eyes, savoring the sensation, and when he opened them again, he saw Becky watching him with a satisfied smile.

"Good, right?" she asked, her voice a low purr.

Danny nodded, unable to speak for a moment. "That's...wow."

"Now, try the Cookies 'n' Cream," Katie chimed in, scooping up a spoonful of the speckled ice cream and offering it to him.

This time, Danny didn't hesitate. He opened his mouth and allowed Katie to feed him the ice cream. The cookies were soft and chewy, the cream rich and velvety. It was like eating a cloud, he thought, his tongue swirling around the spoon to capture every last morsel.

The crunch of the cookies mixed with the smoothness of the cream was a symphony in his mouth. He swallowed, his eyes rolling back for a moment in sheer bliss.

"Oh my god, that's incredible," he said, his voice filled with awe.

Becky and Katie exchanged a glance, their smiles mirroring each other's delight. "We're glad you think so," Becky said, her voice warm. "Now, how about you try the Strawberry Dream while we get you ready for your first customers of the day?"

Danny nodded, already reaching for the next cup.

The strawberry ice cream was a vibrant pink, with flecks of real strawberries scattered throughout. He took a tentative lick, his eyes widening in surprise as the explosion of flavor hit his taste buds. It was like biting into a fresh, ripe strawberry on a hot summer day, the sweetness tempered by a hint of tartness that made his mouth water even more.

"Wow, this is amazing," he said, already on his second spoonful. "It's like... like summer in a cup."

Becky and Katie looked at each other, grinning. "We aim to please," Katie said, her voice filled with pride.

"And speaking of pleasing, our first customers of the day are here." She gestured to the counter, where an elderly man had walked up eyes scanning the menu. "That's Mr. Higgins, a regular, he's harmless and kind of funny, but first, don't forget the last sample, Maple Bacon Pecan!"

Danny quickly downed the last delicious and decadent sample and turned to look, his spoon halfway to his mouth and a tiny amount of cream on his lips. He turned to greet the older man.

"Hello young fella," said Mr. Higgins, "don't usually see guys working here, you're a little...skinnier, than most of the Ample Hills team. Are the girls helping you to fill out or something."

"You know, Mr. Higgins," Becky chimed in, a playful twinkle in her eye, "we're actually giving Danny here a special treatment. These Milf Shakes are like magic, they help our team fill out in all the right places." She winked at Danny, who felt his cheeks flush with a mix of embarrassment and gratitude.

"Well, that's good to know," Mr. Higgins chuckled, his eyes sparkling with amusement. "You girls always know how to take care of your team."

Danny swallowed hard, trying to hide his discomfort. He felt like he was being put on the spot, his body's inadequacies suddenly the center of attention. He looked down at his uniform, the thin cotton fabric doing nothing to hide his lanky frame.

"Thanks, Becky," he muttered, his voice barely above a whisper.

Becky turned to Mr. Higgins, a warm smile on her face. "Now, what can I get for you today, Mr. Higgins? The usual?"

The elderly man nodded, his eyes twinkling with mischief. "You know it, Becky. A large Maple Bacon Pecan, extra whipped cream."

Becky laughed, her ample breasts jiggling with amusement. "Coming right up!" She bent down to grab a cup, and as she did, one of her massive boobs slipped out of her shirt, completely exposing her heavy, pendulous breast. She didn't seem to notice or care, scooping ice cream with one hand and casually tucking her tit back into her shirt with the other.

"Danny, don't worry, it happens all the time," she said, winking at him. "We're all about embracing our natural selves here at Ample Hills. Plus, it gives our regulars a little extra show."

Danny felt his cheeks flush even redder, his eyes darting between Becky's exposed breast and the customers at the counter. He couldn't believe what he was seeing, his mind racing with a mix of shock and arousal. He'd never seen so much skin, much less a breast, in public.

"Uh, right," he stammered, his voice barely audible. He quickly turned back to the counter, trying to focus on Mr. Higgins' order. He scooped the ice cream into a cup, his hands shaking slightly as he attempted to maintain a semblance of professionalism.

Mr. Higgins leaned in, giving him a nudge with his elbow. "You know, boy," he said, a twinkle in his eye, "I've watched the girls who work here drinking these Milf Shakes for years. They've done wonders for their figures, if you know what I mean." He winked, his gaze flicking briefly to Becky's exposed breast before returning to Danny. "I reckon they could do the same for you. Fill you out in all the right places, yeah?"

Danny's eyes widened in surprise, his cheeks flushing even redder. He swallowed hard, trying to process what Mr. Higgins was suggesting. He looked at Becky, who was now leaning against the counter, her heaving boob still partially exposed. She wasn't even trying to hide it anymore, her eyes sparkling with amusement as she watched Danny's reaction.

Danny blushed, stammering, "I-I don't know what to say." He quickly looked away, his eyes darting back to the ice cream, his cheeks burning with embarrassment. He couldn't focus on anything but the throbbing in his face.

Becky chuckled, her voice low and sultry. "Relax, Danny. There's no need to be embarrassed. We're all just here to have a little fun, right?" She leaned in closer, her voice barely above a whisper. "Besides, who knows? Maybe these Milf Shakes can do more than just fill you out.

Becky's words echoed in Danny's mind as he scooped ice cream for what felt like the hundredth customer of the day. His arms ached, and his back was starting to cramp up. He looked at Becky and Katie, their bodies moving effortlessly behind the counter, and felt a pang of envy. They were so comfortable in their own skin, so confident. He, on the other hand, was exhausted after just a few hours of work.

"Man, I'm beat," Danny muttered, leaning against the counter for a moment. "I don't know how you guys do this all the time."

Danny sighed, rubbing his sore arm. Becky, seeing his discomfort, quickly intervened. "Here, Danny, drink this. It'll give you a boost and make the rest of your shift a breeze." She handed him a tall, frothy Milf Shake, the top drizzled with caramel sauce and topped with whipped cream.

Danny looked at the shake, a sense of dread washing over him. "But... I've already had so many samples today. I don't know if I can handle another Milf Shake."

"Nonsense!" Katie chimed in, her eyes sparkling with mischief. "This is the real deal, Danny. Trust us, it'll do wonders for your energy levels." She winked, her ample breasts jiggling with her enthusiasm.

"Drink up, Danny. You'll thank us later."

Danny hesitated for a moment, his eyes flicking between Becky and Katie. He knew he was outnumbered, and truth be told, the shake did look temptingly delicious. He raised the cup to his lips and took a tentative sip.

The shake was thick and creamy, with a rich, decadent flavor that seemed to explode on his tongue. He swallowed, his eyes widening in surprise. He felt an immediate surge of energy, like a jolt of electricity coursing through his veins. His arms, which had been aching just moments before, now felt light and invigorated. He took another sip, this time with more confidence, the taste of caramel and vanilla mingling with something else—something he couldn't quite put his finger on. It was almost...intoxicating. It was almost...

Suddenly, Danny found himself imagining what it would be like to have a body like Becky's or Katie's. He saw himself leaning over the counter, his own enormous breasts jiggling with every movement, making the customers' eyes widen with desire. He felt a strange thrill at the thought, a warmth spreading through his chest that had nothing to do with the shake. He could almost feel the weight of his own breasts, the way they would swing and bounce, drawing the customers' attention like a magnet. He could see the way they would look at him, their eyes filled with lust and appreciation. He felt a chill run down his spine, a mix of excitement and unease.

Becky must have seen the change in his expression, because she leaned in, her eyes sparkling with curiosity.

"Hey, you okay, Danny? You look a little...flushed." She smiled, her gaze flicking between his face and the shaking cup in his hands.

Danny felt his cheeks heat up even more, the warmth spreading down his neck. He suddenly became acutely aware of the shake in his hands, the way the cup was trembling slightly as he held it. "Uh, yeah, I'm fine," he

stammered, his voice barely above a whisper. "Just...just a little thirsty, that's all." He took another sip, his nipples hardening as he drifted in his strange fantasy.

Maybe he could fit in here after all.

Chapter 3 – Filling Out

Near closing time a month later, Katie and Danny get ready for closing. "You're really starting to know your way around the front of the shop, Danny!" she bounces.

"Here, take this towel help me wipe down the counter." Katie tossed Danny a towel.

Danny starts to wipe down the counter, his chest wobbling just a bit as he does so. "I've started to put on a little weight," he mused, "maybe a few too many Milf Shakes."

"You look great!" Katie quickly interjected, "your chest is looking fuller - that's a good thing for both guys and girls - and your butt is filling out a bit, not quite so flat back there. Trust me, putting on a bit of weight in the right places can be sexy. I've gained over thirty pounds since I started working here, almost all of it in my bra and shorts, and my tips keep going up," she wobbled, her sexy curves including her breasts which had recently been 'promoted' from an F cup to a G underscoring her point.

"Yeah, I guess so," Danny said distractedly. He had been wiping down the counter when suddenly, he felt a strange sensation in his body. It was as if tiny pinpricks were dancing along his skin, starting from his chest and radiating outward. The sensation was both pleasurable and alarming, sending a shiver down his spine.

"Danny, are you okay?" Katie asked, her eyes narrowing as she noticed the sudden change in his demeanor.

"I-I'm not sure," he stammered, his hands trembling slightly. "I feel...strange. Like there are tiny bubbles popping all over my skin."

Katie's eyes widened, and she quickly glanced at Becky, who was restocking the milk in the refrigerator.

"Danny, headlights alert!" she chirped, pointing at his chest.

Danny looked down, his eyes widening in shock as he saw the distinct peaks pressing against his shirt. He quickly crossed his arms over his chest, his face flaming with embarrassment. "What? How? Why?" he stammered, his mind racing.

Becky turned at the sound of his voice, her eyes widening as she took in his reaction. "Danny, what's wrong?" she asked, her voice filled with worry.

Danny's eyes darted between the two women, his mind whirling with confusion and embarrassment. "I-I don't know," he admitted, his voice barely above a whisper. "I started feeling strange, like tiny bubbles were popping all over my skin, and then...then my nipples got hard." He looked down at his chest, his voice trembling.

Becky exchanged a knowing glance with Katie before turning back to Danny. "Hey, don't worry, sweetie, it's all natural," she said, her voice soothing. "You've just been working really hard, scooping all that ice cream. Your muscles are probably a bit tense. How about we give you a little massage to help you relax?"

Katie nodded in agreement, stepping closer to Danny. "Yeah, we all know how hard it can be to handle all that heavy lifting. A good massage can really help work out those kinks." She reached out, gently rubbing Danny's shoulder. "Come on, sit down here at the counter, and let us take care of you."

Danny hesitated for a moment, his eyes darting between the two women.

Becky, seeing his uncertainty, stepped forward and took his hand. "Come on, Danny, don't be shy. We've all seen each other half-naked plenty of times working here. It's no big deal." She guided him to the counter and helped him up onto it, gently but firmly pushing him back until he was lying down. Katie quickly moved to help Becky, pulling at the hem of his shirt. "Arms up," she directed, and Danny complied, lifting his arms above his head. Becky and Katie pulled the shirt up and over his head, revealing his bare chest to the cool air of the shop. Danny instinctively crossed his arms over his chest, trying to hide his exposed nipples.

"Hey, don't be embarrassed," Katie cooed, nudging his arms back down. "We're just here to help."

Now, let's see what we're working with," Katie said, her hands resting on Danny's chest. She began to gently knead his pectoral muscles, a spark of surprise flickering across her face as she realized just how firm they were becoming. "Becky, come feel this," she called over, her voice filled with excitement.

"What's wrong?" Becky asked, her brows furrowing as she stepped closer, her own ample chest heaving slightly with each breath.

"Feel this," Katie insisted, grabbing Becky's hand and pressing it against Danny's chest. Becky's eyes widened as she felt the unexpected firmness beneath her fingers.

"Wow, Danny, your chest is... well, it's really firm. It's like you're already starting to grow a bit," she said, her voice filled with awe.

Katie and Becky exchanged a knowing smile, their hands continuing to explore Danny's firming chest. "It's really firm," Becky confirmed, her fingers circling one of Danny's nipples, causing him to gasp slightly at the unexpected sensation.

"Why is this happening?" Danny asked, his voice filled with a mix of fear and excitement. "I don't understand. I'm not... not supposed to be like this, am I?"

Becky and Katie exchanged another glance, their smiles softening. "Honey, it's okay," Becky said gently, her voice soothing. "You look great. Katie, get some Mazzola Bust Oil from the back so we can give Danny's chest the massage he really needs to relax." Becky's voice was soft yet firm, a gentle command that brooked no argument. Katie nodded and quickly disappeared into the back room, emerging moments later with a bottle of the shimmering golden oil. She handed it to Becky, who poured a generous amount into her palms, rubbing her hands together to warm the oil.

Danny lay on the cool countertop, his breath coming in short gasps as his chest continued to tingle and ache. He watched with wide, frightened eyes as Becky and Katie approached him, their hands slick with the golden oil. But as they began to work his swollen pecs, he relaxed and enjoyed their warm hands massaging his fuller chest.

His nipples hardened even further, responding to their touch. Becky and Katie cooed at the sensation, their own large breasts jiggling with the motion. "See there, sweetie? Your body's just responding to the good care," Becky purred, her fingers working in circular motions. Danny bit his lip, a shiver running down his spine as a new wave of pleasure hit him. He had never felt anything like this before, and it was both terrifying and thrilling.

"This is...this is really weird, guys," he stammered, his face flushed with a mix of embarrassment and excitement. "I mean, look at me! My chest...it's like it's alive or something."

"Hush you," Becky whispered, and bent down to suck his nipple.

"I'll explain later, sweetie. Trust me, your body is just responding to the oil and the sensations—it's a good thing. You're going to love it." She teased his nipples with her tongue, and he could feel a deep, warm sensation spreading from his chest down to his groin. The tingling intensified, his body coming alive in a way he'd never experienced before.

Becky's mouth was warm and wet, her tongue swirling around his nipple. Danny let out a soft moan, his back arching instinctively. Katie, noticing his reaction, grinned and moved to the other side of the counter, her fingers playing with his other nipple. The sensation was overwhelming, his body tingling and throbbing. His nipples were now painfully hard, aching for more attention.

Becky's tongue swirled around his left nipple, her mouth warm and wet, sending shockwaves of pleasure straight to his groin. Katie, noticing his body's reaction, grinned and moved to the other side of the counter, her fingers playing with his right nipple. The sensation was overwhelming, his body tingling and throbbing, his cock straining against his shorts. He couldn't believe how good this felt, how right it seemed. He was alive, every nerve ending firing with an intensity he'd never known.

"Fuck, Becky, that feels amazing," he moaned, his hands instinctively reaching for her shoulders, pulling her closer. "Don't stop."

Becky hummed in response, her mouth never leaving his nipple. She sucked harder, her teeth grazing the stiff peak, sending another jolt of pleasure straight to his core.

Katie's hands moved lower, gliding over his abdomen, making him gasp for air. She glanced up at him, a wicked grin on her face. "You like that, don't you, sweetie?" she purred, her voice sultry. "Just relax and let us take care of you."

Danny's eyes widened as Katie's fingers found the hem of his Ample Hills booty shorts. "What are you...?" he started, but his question was cut off by a moan as Becky bit down gently on his nipple. His body was on fire, every nerve ending alive and screaming for more. He couldn't think, couldn't process what was happening. All he knew was that it felt incredible.

Katie's hands moved slowly, tantalizingly, inching up his thighs.

Danny gasped, his body tensing as he felt her fingers trace his inner thigh, brushing against the sensitive skin. He squirmed slightly, his body on edge, overwhelmed by the combination of sensations. Becky looked up, a mischievous smile playing on her lips as she watched Katie's fingers creep higher and higher. "Relax, sweetie," she murmured, her voice a sultry purr. "Let us take care of you."

Danny's eyes were wide, his breath coming in short, sharp gasps. He couldn't believe what was happening, couldn't believe how good it felt. Katie's fingers were so close to his most sensitive area, and he could feel the heat of her touch, the promise of more. He closed his eyes, biting his lip as he tried to process the sensations coursing through his body.

He could feel his hardened nipples aching for more attention, and the heat of Katie's fingers so close to his groin was almost unbearable. He imagined what it would be like to have curves like Becky and Katie, to be as buxom and confident as they were. He envisioned himself with fuller hips, rounder breasts, and a more curved silhouette, feeling a strange sense of arousal at the thought. He never knew he could be attracted to himself like this, but the idea of having a more feminine figure, of being desired by others, was incredibly exciting.

He let out a soft moan, his hips arching slightly as Katie's fingers brushed against his cock through the thin fabric of his shorts. His mind was racing, filled with images of himself with larger breasts, of being worshipped and adored by others.

He could feel his body tensing, his cock aching for release. Katie's fingers circled his shaft through his pants, her touch tantalizingly close to where he needed it most. "That's it, sweetie," she cooed, her voice sultry and encouraging. "Let go for us. We've got you." Becky pulled back from his nipple with a wet pop, her lips glistening with saliva and the golden oil. "That's right, Danny," she purred, her hands cupping his breasts, squeezing gently. "We've got you. Just let go."

With a loud groan, Danny's body convulsed as he came, his cock pulsing with release. He could feel the heat of his cum soaking through his shorts, the sensation overwhelming and intense.

Becky and Katie exchanged a satisfied grin, their hands still cupping and caressing his chest. "Well, that was fun," Katie said, her voice breathless. "But now, I think it's time to clean up."

She grabbed a clean rag from the counter and handed it to Danny. "Here, sweetie, let's get you cleaned up." As Danny took the rag, Becky added, "And after we clean up, how about we tell you the secret of how Milf Shakes are made?"

The warmth of their touch and the sensual music from the Pastoral Playlist still lingered in the air, and Danny felt a sudden thrill at the prospect of learning more about the creamery's most popular secret. "Really? That sounds... amazing," he whispered, his heart pounding with anticipation.

Becky and Katie exchanged a conspiratorial glance, their eyes sparkling with mischief. "Alright then, sweetie, but first things first. Let's get you cleaned up," Becky said, guiding Danny's hand to the sensitive, still-tingling skin of his chest.

Danny blushed, his face still flushed from the intense experience. He dabbed at the mess, the scent of the golden oil filling his nostrils.

"What's in this stuff, anyway?" he asked, his curiosity piqued. "It seems to be doing... something to me." Becky and Katie exchanged a look, their expressions softening as they shared a secret smile. "It's a special blend," Katie began, her voice gentle. "Katie and I use it too, on our girls." Becky nodded in agreement, taking the rag from Danny and tossing it into the sink. "It's helped our chests stay firm as we've grown and as we take care of our...production duties." Becky and Katie exchanged another glance, a hint of hesitation flickering in their eyes. "Well, Danny," Katie began, her voice careful, "you see, making the Milf Shakes is... a bit more involved than just scooping ice cream." She paused, biting her lip thoughtfully. "It involves a special ingredient that isn't on the menu. An ingredient that we, uh, produce ourselves."

Danny's brow furrowed in confusion, but before he could ask further, Becky stepped in, her voice steady and reassuring. "It's okay, sweetie. We were about to tell you anyway. You see, the secret to our Milf Shakes is... well, it's milk. But not just any milk. It's a special kind of milk that only certain people can make."

Danny looked shocked, "You mean...?"

"Yeah, sweetie," Becky said, her voice gentle, "we're lactating. That's why we can make the Milf Shakes so extra special. Our milk has a unique flavor and properties that make the shakes truly one of a kind."

Danny's eyes widened in disbelief, his jaw dropping slightly. "But...but how? And why didn't you tell me earlier?" he stammered, his mind racing with questions.

Becky and Katie exchanged a glance, their expressions serious. "It's not something we can just go around telling people, Danny," Katie explained, her voice soft.

"But yes, we use our own milk to make the Milf Shakes. And now that you know, we guess it's okay to let you try some."

"Can I try some?" Danny asked, his eyes widening with excitement and a touch of apprehension.

Becky and Katie exchanged another conspiratorial glance, their smiles returning. "Well, since you've been such a good sport, and since you're one of us now..." Becky began, trailing off with a suggestive wink.

Danny swallowed hard, his heart pounding in his chest. He looked down at his newly firm chest, his nipples still tingling from the massage.

Becky handed him a glass filled with a thick, creamy liquid, a small straw poking out from the top. The scent was sweet and musky, unlike anything he'd ever smelled before. Danny hesitated for a moment before taking the glass, his eyes darting between Becky and Katie. "Are you sure about this?" he asked, his voice filled with a mix of excitement and apprehension. "If it's...if it's really your milk, won't it make me...you know, lactate too?" Becky and Katie exchanged a smile, Becky's eyes twinkling with mischief. "Just trust us, sweetie," she said, her voice reassuring. "It's not going to hurt you."

She leaned in closer to Danny, her voice a conspiratorial whisper. "You see, the Mazzola Bust Oil is a bit of a trade secret around here. It's got this really special property that, when combined with frequent massage and, well, certain other ingredients, it can help enhance certain... assets." Becky's eyes twinkled with amusement as she emphasized the last word, her hands resting on her own generous chest.

Danny's eyes widened in disbelief. "You mean... you're saying this oil will make me... grow?" he stammered, his voice barely above a whisper.

"But...but that's not...that's not possible, is it?"

Becky grinned, her eyes sparkling with amusement. "Oh, sweetie, you'd be surprised what's possible with the right ingredients and a little bit of effort. Trust me, I should know." She winked, her hands cupping her own ample chest, emphasizing her point.

Katie nodded in agreement, her smile wide and encouraging. "It's true, Danny. The oil has been a game-changer for us. And now that you've experienced it firsthand, you know what we're talking about.

The oil, combined with your frequent massages and, of course, the special ingredient in the Milf Shakes, is helping your chest grow more firm and shapely every day."

Danny's eyes were wide, his mouth slightly open as he processed what Becky was saying. He looked down at his chest, running a hand over the firm mounds that had appeared seemingly out of nowhere.

"I...I don't know what to say," he stammered. "I never thought...I mean, I never expected... And the Milf Shakes, you say they have the same ingredient?"

Becky nodded, her eyes softening.

"It's a lot to take in, isn't it? But trust me, Danny, you're looking better, healthier and more confident every day. A little weight gain in the right places really catches customers eyes." She pulled off her shirt to reveal the large teardrop swells of her huge bosoms, "or a LOT of weight in the right places. I was 110 pounds when I started here and I'm now over 140 and almost an H cup and I still have myself a Milf Shake every now and again. It just makes me feel more sexy, more confident, more me..."

Danny took a deep breath, trying to wrap his head around everything he'd learned. He looked down at the glass in his hand, the thick, creamy Milf Shake smelled so good, tasted so good, was so good. He took a sip as he stared, entranced by Becky's big chest.

"That's right, baby boy, drink up. It's time for us to do our 'production' to make tomorrow's shakes. Every night we milk ourselves to get ready for the next day. You're not lactating, but you can help us with this part of the job going forward. You're really filling out as a member of the team, Danny," she smiled.

Danny polished off the shake, feeling a pleasant fullness in his belly. He handed the glass back to Becky, who took it and set it on the counter with a soft clink. She wobbled over to a mixer and took out two breast pumps.

"Katie and I are going to express our milk now. You be a good little boy and add the sugar, Mazzola Bust Oil and a little bit of that Bustee Cream off that shelf into the mixer with our dairy." Becky's voice was authoritative, making Danny immediately spin around to find ingredients and utensils. He wanted to please Becky and Katie, now more than ever. Danny found the sugar, the golden oil, and the can of Bustee Cream. He added them to the mixer as Becky had instructed. Katie returned from the back room with a large cooler full of empty bottles.

"Okay, baby boy, now all you have to do is make sure the mixer keeps on stirring while we 'produce'," Katie said, her voice filled with excitement.

She and Becky sat down on stools, positioning the breast pumps between their ample bosoms. They turned on the pumps, the gentle hum filling the air. Danny watched in awe as milk began to flow from their nipples into the containers attached to the pumps.

"This is...amazing," Danny stammered, his eyes wide with disbelief. "I can't believe you can do that."

Becky grinned at him, her cheeks flushed with effort and pride. "It takes practice, sweetie, but it's worth it. Just look at us now," Katie replied, her voice a little breathless as she focused on the task at hand.

Danny watched as Becky and Katie's chests swelled and contracted with each tug of the pumps. He felt a strange sense of awe and envy, wishing he could do the same. His mind was racing with questions and wonder, but he knew better than to interrupt them now.

After a few minutes, Becky and Katie turned off the pumps and detached the bottles, their chests heaving slightly. Danny quickly stepped in to help, taking the bottles and pouring the contents into the mixer.

"Wow, you both produce a lot of milk," he marveled, his eyes wide as he watched the steady stream of white liquid flow into the machine.

Katie grinned, her chest still heaving slightly. "We sure do, sweetie. And the more we make, the more we can sell. It's a win-win."

Becky nodded in agreement, her eyes twinkling with pride. "That's right, baby. The customers just can't get enough of our special shakes. And with you on board, we can increase production even more."

Danny blinked, taken aback by Becky's comment.

"Me? How could I increase production?" he asked, his brow furrowing in confusion.

Becky and Katie exchanged a glance, their smiles widening. "Well, sweetie, we were thinking that maybe you could help us with the... production process," Becky began, her voice casual yet hinting at something more.

"You see, with your newfound assets, someday soon you'll start lactating. And once that happens, you'll be able to help us keep up with demand," Katie explained, her voice eager.

Danny's eyes widened in shock. Lactate? But...

"But I'm a guy. Guys don't lactate, do they?" Danny's voice cracked with disbelief, his face pale with shock.

Becky and Katie exchanged a glance, their smiles softening. Becky stepped closer to Danny, her voice gentle and reassuring. "Honey, it's okay. We know this is a lot to take in, but trust us. You'll find this journey incredibly fulfilling."

"You're right, Danny," Katie chimed in, her voice soothing. "Guys don't usually lactate, but with the right...ingredients and with our help, anything is possible."

Danny's eyes were wide with disbelief, his jaw slack. "But...but that's not normal, is it? I mean, how is any of this possible?"

Katie took his hand, her voice warm and reassuring. "Don't worry about the how, sweetie. Just trust us. We've been where you are, and we turned out just fine. In fact, we're better than fine." She winked at Becky, who grinned back, her generous chest heaving as she laughed softly.

"That's right, baby boy. Trust us, you'll be amazed at what you can become."

Danny hesitated, his eyes darting between the two women. He wanted to believe them, to trust them, but the idea of lactating was still so foreign, so unbelievable.

Becky leaned in closer, her voice a sultry purr. "Look, Danny, we know this is a lot to take in. But we're here for you, every step of the way."

Danny trusted them and soon massages with Mazzola Bust Oil and helping Becky and Katie were a nightly routine. And bit by bit, he grew and changed.

Nightly, after closing up the shop, Danny helped Becky and Katie with their milk production, adding their milk to the mixer along with the Mazzola Bust Oil and Bustee Cream. He felt a sense of satisfaction as he watched the mixer whirl, combining the ingredients into the magical elixir that would become tomorrow's Milf Shakes.

As he continued to help, he started to notice changes in his own body. His chest felt fuller, heavier, and his nipples were more sensitive than ever before. He even started to experience a gentle stretching sensation in his breasts, as if they were preparing for something.

Chapter 4 – The New Girl

The sun had barely begun to peek over the horizon when Danny pushed through the heavy, pastel-colored doors of the Ample Hills Creamery. The bell jingled merrily, announcing his arrival. The air inside was cool and sweet, carrying with it the familiar scent of vanilla and sugar. Danny inhaled deeply, a shiver of anticipation running down his spine thinking of the day ahead.

Becky looked up from the glass display case she was restocking, her eyes crinkling at the corners as she smiled at him. "Good morning Danny, you're looking cute today."

Danny admired himself in the reflection from the door. He could see how much he had changed since starting at Ample Hills Creamery. His once-lanky frame had filled out, his chest now boasting a pair of full, perky B-cups. His hips had rounded out, and his ass had a noticeable curve. He had even started to develop a few stretch marks on his thighs, which Becky and Katie had assured him were a badge of honor.

"Morning, Becky," Danny said, his voice a little breathless. He couldn't help but feel a flutter of excitement in his stomach at the thought of what the day might bring.

He had grown to love the routine of his job, from scooping ice cream to serving up the famous Milf Shakes. But more than that, he had come to cherish the relationships he had formed with Becky and Katie. They had become his friends, his mentors, and even his confidantes. He knew that he could trust them with anything, and that they would always be there to support him, no matter what.

As he made his way behind the counter, Katie emerged from the back room, her arms laden with towers of colorful cups. "Morning, sleepyhead!" she greeted him, her eyes sparkling with mischief.

"Sleep well, huh? You look like you could use a little pick-me-up."

Danny laughed, rubbing the sleep from his eyes. "I could use a cup of coffee first, and then maybe a Milf Shake."

Katie grinned, setting the cups down on the counter. "You got it, sweetie. Becky, can you start the coffee? Put some Bustee Cream in the coffee while you're at it. I'll get Danny's shake."

Becky nodded, already turning to the pot behind the counter. "Coming right up. You know, I've been thinking. Maybe it's time we started giving you some shifts on your own, Danny. You've been doing so well, and the customers just love you."

Danny's eyes widened in surprise. "You think I'm ready for that?" he asked, his voice a mix of excitement and apprehension.

Becky nodded, her smile warm and encouraging. "Absolutely, sweetie. You've got the hang of things, and you've been a huge help with the Milf Shakes. The customers just eat you up."

Katie nodded in agreement, handing Danny his Milf Shake. "Yeah, you're like a little celebrity around here. They can't get enough of your... assets."

"I mean, have you seen the tips they leave for you?" Katie added, her lips curving into a wicked grin.

Danny blushed, remembering the generous tips he'd been receiving lately. "I guess that's true," he murmured, taking a sip of his shake.

Becky nodded, her eyes softening as she looked at him. "We think you're ready, Danny. And we know you'll do great."

"Just promise us you won't do anything we wouldn't do," Katie added playfully, her eyes twinkling with mischief.

Danny laughed, feeling a warmth spread through him. "I promise. I won't let you down."

Becky smiled, her eyes searching his. "Because we believe in you, Danny. And we're here to support you every step of the way. You know that, right?"

Danny felt a lump form in his throat. He nodded, his voice barely a whisper. "I know, Becky. And I...I really appreciate it," Danny finished, his voice thick with emotion. He looked down at the Milf Shake in his hand, a sense of gratitude and pride washing over him. He had come so far since starting at Ample Hills Creamery, and he knew that he owed it all to Becky and Katie. He felt a warm hand on his shoulder, and he looked up to see Katie smiling at him, her eyes filled with kindness.

"We're just happy to help, sweetie," she said softly.

"Now, let's get this day started. Here, have your coffee with the shake. You're going to need all the energy you can get."

Danny took a sip of the coffee, wrinkling his nose slightly at the unusual taste. "What's in this, again?" he asked, his brow furrowing.

Becky grinned, her eyes twinkling with mischief. "Oh, just a little something extra to keep you going. Trust me, you'll get used to it," she assured him.

Danny shrugged, taking another sip. The creamy, slightly sweet taste grew on him as he drank, and he found that he liked it.

He felt a strange, tingling sensation spread through his body as he swallowed, a warmth that seemed to settle in his chest and groin. He looked up at Becky, a question in his eyes. "What is this stuff, anyway? It's kind of...invigorating."

Becky and Katie exchanged a glance, their eyes alight with amusement. "Well, sweetie," Katie began, her voice playful, "we call it our secret weapon. It's a little something we add to our coffee and shakes to keep us going throughout the day. Especially on those long shifts."

Danny's eyebrows shot up.

"A secret weapon? What does it do, exactly?"

Katie grinned wickedly, her eyes sparkling with mischief. "It's like a little pick-me-up, sweetie, with some special hormones. Helps us stay perky and energized. You know, with all the... demands of the job." She leaned in closer, her voice dropping to a conspiratorial whisper. "It's got a little something extra in it, something that helps keep our... assets in tip-top shape. It's also what helped us start producing the milk we use here."

Danny's eyes widened in realization.

"You mean... it's got Bustee Cream in it?" he asked, his voice barely above a whisper.

Becky and Katie exchanged a conspiratorial glance, their smiles widening. "That's right, sweetie," Becky confirmed, her voice laced with amusement. "Just a little bit, to help keep us... well-endowed."

Danny stared at the cup of coffee in his hand, his mind racing with questions. He took another sip, feeling the warm, tingling sensation spread through his body once again. "So, that's why you two are so...well-endowed?" he finished, his voice trailing off as he looked down at his own growing chest.

Becky chuckled, her eyes twinkling. "Well, sweetie, it's not just for us. It's for you too. You're drinking it every day, aren't you? And look at you now, all filled out and perky. It's working wonders on you too."

Danny's cheeks flushed with a mix of embarrassment and excitement. He looked down at his chest, running a hand over the soft mounds. He had noticed the changes, of course, but he hadn't really thought about what was causing them.

Now, as he looked at Becky and Katie, he realized that they were right. The Bustee Cream was having an effect on him too. "I didn't know it would work on me like this," he stammered, his eyes wide with surprise. "I mean, I'm a guy. Guys don't... don't usually grow like this, do they?" "Honey, it's okay," Becky said gently, stepping closer to him. "You're just growing into yourself."

"Remember, we're all about inclusivity here at Ample Hills," Katie reassured him, her voice soft and comforting. "And who knows? Maybe you'll be the next big thing around here."

Katie grinned, her eyes sparkling with pride. "That's right, sweetie. And you're well on your way. Just look at you. You're absolutely glowing, you fill out those shorts much better now, and you're almost a C cup" Becky said, her voice filled with warmth and encouragement. "We're so proud of you, Danny."

Katie stepped forward, her hands resting gently on his shoulders.

"And think about how much fun you're going to have showing off your new assets. You might even attract a little more... attention." She winked suggestively, and Danny felt a blush creep up his cheeks.

Becky chimed in, "Especially if you keep growing, sweetie. You never know who might be interested in a little... milkshake tasting session." She gave him a knowing smile, and Danny's face grew even redder. He had heard rumors about some of the more... adventurous customers, but he had never thought he would be the one to catch their attention.

The thought of someone wanting to taste him, to suckle at his newly blossoming chest, was both terrifying and thrilling. I don't know if I could do that," Danny stammered, his voice barely a whisper. "I mean, I'm not like you two. I don't... produce." "We know it's a lot to take in, sweetie," Becky said, her voice gentle. "But remember, we started out just like you. We were scared too.

But look at us now," Katie added, her voice filled with encouragement. "There are people who really appreciate what we have to offer. And let's be honest, you're not exactly hurting for attention yourself these days, are you?"

Danny looked down at his chest, his cheeks still flushed with embarrassment. He had to admit, he had been getting more attention lately, both from customers and from his coworkers. The tips had been flowing in, and he had even caught a few lingering stares and subtle compliments.

But the thought of someone wanting to... taste him? That was still a little too much for him to wrap his head around.

"I don't know, guys. It's all so...unreal. I mean, look at me. It's not normal."

Becky and Katie exchanged a knowing glance, and Becky stepped closer to him, her voice soft and reassuring. "Honey, what's normal? We're not exactly your average ice cream parlor, are we? And look at us. We're not exactly your average women, either. We're special, and so are you. And that's what makes us all so wonderful," Becky said, her hand resting on his arm.

Katie nodded in agreement, her eyes warm and encouraging. "That's right, Danny. Embrace your uniqueness. You never know what kind of opportunities it might open up for you."

Danny looked at the two women, their faces filled with sincerity and support. He took a deep breath, his mind racing with a whirlwind of emotions. He felt a sense of pride and excitement at the thought of being different, of standing out. But there was also a current of fear and uncertainty running beneath the surface.

He looked down at his chest, his eyes tracing the swell of his new curves, the nipples that now stood proud and erect. He had never imagined that he would be in this position, that he would be changing so fundamentally. And yet, here he was.

Becky and Katie watched him, their expressions soft and encouraging. They knew what he was going through, the confusion and the fear that came with such a dramatic transformation. But they also knew the joy and the pride that could come with it, the sense of belonging and acceptance.

"You know, Danny," Katie began, her voice gentle, "when I first started working here, I was like you. Skinny, shy, and not really sure of myself." She paused, a soft smile on her lips as she looked at him. "I never thought I would end up like this, but I'm glad I did. I feel strong, confident, and, well, special."

Becky nodded in agreement, her eyes warm. And look at all the wonderful opportunities that have come our way because of it. We've been featured in magazines, on TV, and we have customers coming from all over just to see us and sample our... unique products."

Danny felt a flicker of hope ignite within him.

Perhaps there was more to this transformation than he had initially thought. Maybe it could lead to a new sense of self-worth and confidence, just as it had for Becky and Katie.

"But..." Danny hesitated, uncertainty creeping back into his voice. "What about the side effects? I've been feeling... different, lately. Ditzier, somehow. Like my brain isn't working quite right." "That's a common side effect for guys, sweetie," Katie explained gently. "The Bustee Cream can have that effect over time. It's nothing to worry about, though. It just means you're getting into the right mindset for your new role here." Becky said, her voice reassuring. "Trust us, it's all part of the process. You're still the same sweet Danny we all know and love. You're just... evolving."

Danny took a deep breath, his mind racing with questions and doubts. He looked down at his chest, his hands resting on the soft, full mounds that had once been his flat, hairless skin. He had to admit, he felt different. Not just physically, but mentally as well.

He felt a strange sensation in his head, almost like a fog had settled over his thoughts. He shook his head slightly, trying to clear his mind.

"Are you okay, sweetie?" Becky asked, her eyes filled with concern.

Danny nodded, forcing a smile. "Yeah, I'm fine. Just... I don't know, I guess I'm just a little... tired."

Katie chuckled softly, her hand resting on his arm. "Don't worry, honey. It's totally normal. The Bustee Cream can have some strange effects on the brain. But trust us, it's all part of the process.

You'll get used to it, and before you know it, you'll wonder what you were worried about in the first place," Becky assured him, her voice soothing.

Danny nodded, trying to accept what they were saying. He took another sip of his coffee, feeling the warmth spread through him. He looked up at the two women, their faces filled with encouragement and support.

"You know what, guys? I trust you. I trust that you know what you're talking about, and I trust that this is all going to be okay," he said, his voice filled with resolve.

Katie beamed at him, her eyes shining with approval. "That's the spirit, sweetie. You won't regret it. And remember, if you ever have any questions or if anything feels off, you can always come to us. We're here to help."

Becky nodded in agreement, her hand squeezing his shoulder gently. "We're a team, remember? And as a team, we support each other, no matter what."

Danny smiled, feeling a sense of warmth and camaraderie wash over him.

He looked forward to the day ahead, ready to embrace whatever came his way. Just then, the bell above the door chimed, signaling the arrival of their first customers. Danny turned to greet them, his smile widening as he saw the familiar faces of some of their regulars.

"Good morning!" Becky chirped, stepping forward to greet the customers. "Welcome to Ample Hills Creamery! How can we make your day sweeter today?" The customers murmured their greetings, their eyes flicking over Danny with curiosity and appreciation.

"Well, well, look at you, young lady," one of the older men said, his eyes twinkling as he looked Danny up and down. "You're blossoming like a little flower in the springtime. It's lovely to see."

Danny blushed, feeling a surge of pleasure at the compliment.

As he helped Becky and Katie serve the customers, he couldn't help but notice the admiring glances he was receiving. He had to admit, it felt good to have people appreciate his new physique.

After the initial rush of customers had subsided and the shop had quieted down, Becky leaned against the counter and looked Danny up and down. "You're really doing great today, Danny," she said, her voice filled with pride. "Your chest really has some bounce to the ounce, and your hips and thighs are filling out too. You're looking fantastic."

Katie nodded in agreement, her eyes shining with approval. "And check out the tip jar!" she added. "We've had so many customers come in just to get a scoop from you. They love your...assets."

Danny felt his cheeks grow warm at the mention of his tips.

He had noticed the increase himself, and it felt good to have his efforts recognized. He lifted his Milf Shake to his lips and took a sip, the sweet, creamy liquid sliding down his throat. He couldn't help but feel a sense of pride and accomplishment as he watched the customers' reactions to his transformed body.

As he swallowed, he felt a strange sensation, a warmth that seemed to start in his stomach and spread outwards. He paused, his eyes widening slightly in surprise. "Whoa, did you guys put something extra in here?" he asked, his voice slightly breathless.

Becky and Katie exchanged a glance, their eyes twinkling with mischief. "Maybe," Katie said, a playful smile curving her lips.

"Or maybe it's just your body reacting to the extra boost of Bustee Cream in your shake."

Becky stepped forward, her eyes on Danny's chest. "You know what, sweetie? I think we can find something that showcases you a bit better than that shirt you're wearing. It's time we get you into something more... comfortable. How about you come with me to the back and we'll find you something that fits better?"

Danny looked down at his uniform, the fabric straining slightly against his new curves. He couldn't help but feel a sense of excitement at the thought of changing into something that would better showcase his new assets. "Okay, sure," he agreed, setting his empty cup down on the counter.

As they made their way to the back of the shop, Becky cast a glance over her shoulder at Katie. "Keep an eye on things out front, will you?"

"We'll be right back," Becky said, shooting Katie a wink as they disappeared into the back room.

As Danny followed Becky through the narrow hallway, he felt a flutter of anticipation in his stomach. He wasn't exactly sure what was about to happen, but he could feel a change in the air, a sense of something new and exciting just around the corner. The back room was dimly lit, the harsh fluorescents casting long shadows on the walls. Danny's eyes adjusted quickly, taking in the cluttered shelves filled with supplies and the large, industrial-sized freezer humming in the corner.

Becky turned to him, her face softening into a gentle smile. "Alright, honey, let's get you into something that shows you off a bit better, yeah?" She gestured to a small stack of crisp, clean uniforms folded neatly on a nearby shelf.

"First things first, though, we need to get this old thing off you." She pulled his crew necked T-shirt over his head. Danny's breath hitched slightly at the unexpected contact, and he felt a warm blush spread across his cheeks.

"Oh, uh, thanks, Becky. It's just... I don't really know what size I am anymore." Becky chuckled softly, "Don't worry, sweetie. We'll figure it out together. Now, let's see what we've got here." She stepped back, her eyes appraising his bare chest. "Hmm, let me just get a quick measurement." She pulled a soft measuring tape from her pocket and wrapped it around his chest, just beneath his breasts. Danny's breath hitched slightly at the unexpected contact, and he felt a warmth spread through him as Becky's fingers brushed against his skin. He stood still, his cheeks flushed as he watched Becky's reflection in the mirror, her eyes focused on the task at hand. "Looks like you're just about a... C-cup," she announced, her voice filled with pride.

She let the tape fall away, her hands moving to cup Danny's breasts, a soft smile playing at the corners of her mouth. "Look at you, honey. You're filling out beautifully."

Danny's breath caught in his throat as Becky's warm hands cupped his breasts, her fingers gently kneading his sensitive flesh. He felt a surge of pleasure at her touch, his nipples hardening instantly in response. He looked down, his eyes meeting Becky's in the mirror, a flush spreading across his cheeks. "I-I didn't know I was that big," he stammered, his voice barely above a whisper.

Becky's fingers continued to massage his breasts, her eyes locked onto his in the reflection. "Oh, sweetie, you're gorgeous. And you're only going to get bigger," she assured him, her voice laced with warmth and encouragement.

As she spoke, Danny felt a sudden, intense sensation in his nipples, as if they were being pinched and pulled at the same time. He gasped, his eyes widening in surprise. Becky's fingers paused, her gaze flicking down to where her hands still rested on his chest. When she saw the pronounced points of his nipples, she chuckled softly, a wicked gleam entering her eyes. "Look at that, sweetie. Your body is really responding to the changes. Those are some serious nipples you've got there," she teased, giving them a gentle squeeze.

Danny's breath hitched at the contact, a jolt of pleasure shooting through him. He hadn't realized how sensitive his nipples had become, and the sudden rush of sensation was overwhelming. He bit his lip, fighting to keep his composure.

Becky's hands seemed to be everywhere, kneading his sensitive flesh, sending waves of pleasure coursing through his body. "I-I don't know if I can... handle this," he whispered, his voice barely audible.

Becky's eyes softened, and she leaned in closer, her breath hot on his ear. "It's okay, sweetie," she whispered, her voice soothing. "You're doing perfectly. Just relax and let me help you."

With that, she leaned down, her mouth closing over one of Danny's nipples, her tongue swirling around the sensitive bud. Danny gasped, his eyes widening in shock as Becky sucked hard, drawing a low moan from deep within him. He could feel the sensations radiating outwards, his entire body tingling with pleasure.

Becky's tongue flicked rapidly against his nipple, sending jolts of electricity through his system. He let out a low moan, his hands instinctively reaching up to grasp onto her shoulders for support.

Becky's mouth worked at his nipple with fervor, her tongue flicking and sucking, driving him wild with pleasure. Her hands continued to massage his breasts, her fingers pinching and pulling at his sensitive flesh.

Suddenly, she paused, looking down at his chest in surprise. "Oh my god, sweetie, look at that," she gasped, her eyes widening.

Danny looked down, his eyes following hers. He saw that Becky's left breast had begun to leak, a small stream of milky liquid dribbling down onto his chest, just above his right nipple. "Whoa, what's happening?" he asked, his voice filled with confusion and awe. Becky chuckled softly, her fingers gently catching the droplets before they could fall. "It looks like you've got me all worked up, sweetie. I'm leaking like a sieve." She brought her fingers to her lips, sucking the milk from them with a seductive moan. "Mmm, that's good. You like that, don't you?" she asked, her eyes locked onto his.

"Sweetie, your nipples just got even harder. Look at them, so perky and ready." Danny's breath hitched as he watched his reflection, watching his nipples stand even more erect under Becky's gaze. A warm blush spread across his cheeks, a mix of embarrassment and arousal. "I-I can't believe that," he stammered, his voice barely a whisper. "They've never done that before." Becky's eyes gleamed with excitement, her hands continuing to massage his chest. "It's the Bustee Cream, sweetie. It's making your body more sensitive, more reactive. Just look at how your nipples are responding." She leaned in, her tongue darting out to lick the milky trail on his chest. Danny gasped at the sudden contact, his body tensing as a shock of pleasure coursed through him. "Oh god, Becky," he moaned, his head falling back against the wall as she continued to lick and suck at his skin.

"See? Becky murmured, her voice thick with desire. "You like feeling my tongue on your chest, my mouth on your nipples." She gave him a playful smack on his curvy ass, her hands still kneading his breasts. "You're so responsive, sweetie. It's like you were made for this," Becky whispered, her mouth still tugging at Danny's nipple. Danny's head was spinning, his body on fire with new sensations. He could feel every inch of skin,

every nerve ending awakened by Becky's touch. As she sucked, he couldn't help but fantasize about getting even bigger, his breasts swelling and aching with need. He moaned, his hips involuntarily thrusting forward, seeking more contact. "Oh god, Becky, that feels so good," he gasped, his hands gripping her shoulders tighter. Becky pulled back, her eyes gleaming with mischief. "You like that, huh? You want more?" She teased, her fingers pinching his other nipple hard. Danny cried out, his body arching into the touch.

Becky's eyes gleamed with mischief as she released his nipple with a final tug. "First you've gotta take care of Mama Becky," she purred. She stood up straight, her breasts heaving with her breath. "Come on, sweetie. Show me what you've got. Suck on these." She motioned to her own nipples, which were pointing proudly outward, clearly aroused. "And drink up. You need the extra nutrients, but first..." She grabbed a can of whipped Bustee Cream and sprayed it onto her nipples, "let's really make sure I'm nutritious."

Danny hesitated for a moment, his eyes wide with surprise and a hint of fear. He had never done anything like this before, and the thought of tasting Becky's milk directly from her teats was both exciting and intimidating. But the desire to please her, to give her what she wanted, was strong.

"Put your head on my lap, busty boy, and drink." Becky urged, stepping closer to him and guiding him down to her knees. Danny tentatively leaned in, his eyes locked onto Becky's gleaming breasts, covered in the whipped Bustee Cream. He could smell the sweet, heady scent of the cream, mixed with the rich aroma of Becky's own natural fragrance. He felt a strange mix of trepidation and excitement as he moved closer, his heart pounding in his chest.

"Come on, sweetie, don't be shy," Becky coaxed, her voice gentle yet firm. "You need this to keep filling out those beautiful curves. You know you want it." She reached up, her hands cupping his cheeks, guiding him closer to her waiting nipples.

"That's it, sweetie. Just lick it off for me," she whispered, her voice soft and encouraging. Danny took a deep breath, his heart pounding in his chest. He reached out tentatively, his tongue darting out to touch her nipple. It was warm and soft, the whipped Bustee Cream melting on his tongue. He felt a jolt of pleasure at the taste, a mix of sweet and salty, with a hint of something musky and undeniably Becky. He flicked his tongue, timidly at first, but with growing confidence as he felt Becky's breath hitch above him and her fingers tighten in his hair. "Good boy," she murmured, her voice thick with desire. "That's it. Lick it all off for me. You need it, sweetie."

Take it all in," Becky urged, her voice husky with desire. As Danny lapped at her nipple, he felt a warm, wet sensation on his cheek, and he looked up to see Becky's other breast leaking a steady stream of milk onto his face. He gasped in surprise, the milk dripping onto his lips and down his chin. Becky chuckled softly, her eyes dark with arousal as she watched him. "Oh, sweetie, look at you, all covered in my milk. You look absolutely delicious," Becky cooed, her voice thick with desire. She leaned down, her lips meeting Danny's in a passionate kiss, her tongue swirling around his, tasting the remnants of her own milk. Danny moaned into her mouth, his hands reaching up to grasp her hips, pulling her closer. Just then, the door to the back room creaked open, and Katie stepped inside, her eyes widening in surprise and delight at the sight before her.

"Oh my," she breathed, a wicked smile spreading across her face. "I see you two have started without me." Becky pulled away from Danny, a playful grin on her face. "Oh, hey there, Katie. We were just getting started," she said, her voice purring with amusement. "Want to join us? Danny's just getting started," Becky said, her voice filled with a sultry challenge.

Katie chuckled, her eyes gleaming with mischief as she stepped closer to Danny. "Of course, I wouldn't miss this for the world," she purred, a wicked grin spreading across her face. She leaned down, her eyes meeting Danny's. "Turn around, sweetie. Let me help you with something," she whispered, her voice laced with excitement. Danny hesitantly complied, turning to face away from the two women. He felt a shiver of anticipation as Katie's hands brushed against his hips, guiding him to bend slightly forward. He couldn't help but feel a sense of nervousness and excitement as she began to unfasten his shorts, slowly pulling them down until his curved buttocks pressed against the cool wall.

Becky guided Danny to the chair in the corner, her voice a sultry purr. Danny complied, his body a mix of nervous energy and arousal.

Becky smiled down at him, her eyes filled with warmth and encouragement. "That's perfect, sweetie. Now, open wide and drink up." She took his head in her hands, gently guiding him to her breast.

Katie grabbed the whipped Bustee Cream and sprayed some onto Danny's penis, which tingled and almost felt like it was shrinking a tiny amount in a delectable way. "You suck Becky and I'll suck you." Katie's voice was a low purr as she knelt next to Danny, her hand wrapping around the base of his penis. She looked up at him, her eyes gleaming with desire. "You'll take it all, won't you, sweetie? You'll drink every drop of Mama Becky's milk."

Danny's breath hitched as he nodded, his mouth watering at the thought. He was already hard, his cock pulsing in Katie's hand. He couldn't believe how turned on he was, how much he wanted this.

Becky, seeing his excitement, smiled and pressed her breast to his mouth.

Danny's lips parted and he took her nipple into his mouth, sucking strongly. Becky let out a moan, her fingers tangling in his hair. Suck it out. Drink up," she encouraged. Danny sucked hungrily, feeling Becky's nipple swell and soften in his mouth. He could taste the sweet, creamy milk, and it sent shivers of pleasure down his spine.

Meanwhile, Katie had positioned herself behind him, her hands running over his curvy backside. She could feel the heat radiating off him, and she couldn't wait to taste him.

She leaned in, her tongue darting out to lick the whipped cream from his shaft, her fingers wrapping around him to stroke him gently. Danny let out a low moan, his hips twitching at the contact. "Fuck, Katie, that feels so good," he whispered, his voice ragged with desire.

Becky looked down at him, her eyes dark with lust. "Suck on my tits. You know you want to. You want to feel them swell with milk, don't you? And then, you can drink it all up. Every last drop." Becky's voice was laced with desire, her hips already rocking against Danny's face as he drank from her body. Katie, from behind, kept up a steady stroke on his cock, her hands slick with the Bustee Cream. "You're such a good boy, sucking on Becky's tits, aren't you?" she whispered, her voice husky with lust. "You're making her so wet, sweetie. She's leaking like a fucking faucet for you."

Danny moaned in response, his mouth full of Becky's milk.

He could feel the warmth spreading through his body, making his nipples tingle and his cock throb. Becky moaned above him, her body writhing against his hungry mouth. "Fuck, you're a natural at this, sweetie. You're making me so fucking wet."

Katie, behind him, increased the pace of her strokes on his cock, her other hand reaching around to cup his balls. "Look at him, Becky. He's fucking heaven-sent. His tits are massive, and his little dickie is fucking perfect."

Danny felt a surge of pride at her words, his hips arching back to meet her touch.

He was gripping Becky's hips tighter, sucking harder, feeling her milk fill his mouth. He could feel Becky's body responding, her hips moving in a slow, sensual rhythm against his face, her moans growing louder and more urgent.

"That's it, sweetie," Becky gasped, her voice breathless. "Drink up. Take it all in. You need it. You want it, don't you?"

Danny nodded against her breast, his mouth full of her milk. He could feel his own body responding, Little Danny was throbbing in Katie's hand as he sucked.

He wanted to come, to spill himself all over her hand, but he also wanted to make Becky come first. He wanted to taste her release as much as he wanted to feel his own.

"Fuck, I'm close, Becky," Katie panted, her voice thick with desire. "I need you to come with me."

Becky moaned, her hips moving faster against Danny's face. "Yeah? You want to come with me, sweetie? You want to come on my tits while Danny drinks me dry?"

Danny moaned in agreement, his cock pulsing in Katie's hand.

He renewed his efforts on Becky's nipple, sucking harder, feeling her body tense above him. Becky let out a sharp cry, her hips bucking against Danny's face as her orgasm hit her. She grabbed his hair, holding his head in place as her body convulsed, her milk squirting into his mouth. Danny swallowed greedily, taking every drop she had to offer.

Katie, feeling Becky's orgasm, began to stroke Danny's cock faster, her grip tightening. "Come with me," she urged, her voice a sultry whisper in his ear.

Danny felt Katie's hand slide away from his cock, and he let out a protesting whimper, his body still craving the touch. But Becky's nipple was still in his mouth, and the sweet, creamy taste of her milk was filling him with a sense of satisfaction and calm.

He felt Katie move, her body pressing against his back as she positioned herself. He felt her breath, hot and ragged, and then she murmured her voice filled with desire. "Swallow every drop, sweetie. I want to taste it," she murmured. Danny's eyes widened in surprise, but before he could respond, he felt Katie's mouth wrap around his cock, her lips sealing tightly around the sensitive head. He let out a gasp, his body tensing as she began to suck, her mouth moving up and down his length.

Katie's tongue flicked rapidly over the sensitive head of his cock, making him shiver with pleasure. She moaned against him, the vibrations sending waves of ecstasy through his body. Becky, feeling Katie's movements, looked down at the two of them, her eyes dark with lust. "Fuck, you two look so hot together," she purred, her fingers still tangled in Danny's hair. "You look like you're both about to lose your minds."

Danny moaned in agreement, his hips moving in time with Katie's sucking. He could feel his orgasm building, the pressure in his balls growing with each flick of Katie's tongue. He reached up, grabbing onto Becky's hips for support, his fingers digging into her soft flesh.

Katie's tongue swirled around the head of his cock, her lips creating a tight seal around the sensitive flesh. She sucked hard, her tongue flicking rapidly, sending jolts of pleasure through Danny's body. He let out a low moan, his hips thrusting instinctively, his cock sliding deeper into Katie's mouth. Becky, feeling Danny's movements, smiled down at him, her eyes filled with lust and satisfaction. "That's it, sweetie," she purred. "Let Katie suck you off while you drink from my tits. You love that, don't you? You love how good it feels." Danny could only moan in response, his body tensing as Katie's mouth worked magic on his cock. He could feel every flick of her tongue, every suction of her lips, and it was driving him wild.

Katie's mouth was like a fucking paradise, and his cock throbbed in response, pulsing against her skilled tongue. Becky, feeling the shift in Danny's body, looked down and saw the change in him. "Oh, sweetie," she cooed, her voice filled with desire, "you're so close, aren't you? Katie's got you right where she wants you." Danny moaned in response, his hips moving faster, his body aching with need. He couldn't believe how good this felt, how turned on he was, how much he wanted to come. He reached up, his fingers tangling in Becky's hair, pulling her closer. "Please," he begged, his voice ragged with desire. "Please, let me come. I need to come so bad." Becky smiled down at him, her eyes gleaming with lust as Danny came and Katie swallowed.

"Mmm, you taste so fucking good, sweetie," Katie murmured, her tongue swirling even faster. Danny's body went rigid, his head thrown back against Becky's thigh as he cried out, his orgasm ripping through him. He could feel Katie's tongue licking every last drop from him, her mouth milking him for everything he had. As his body finally began to relax, he felt Becky's hands stroking his hair, her voice soft and soothing in his ear. "That was so fucking hot, sweetie. You did so good." Danny let out a sigh of pure contentment, his body boneless and sated. He felt like he was floating, held up by the warmth and love of the two women surrounding him. He looked up at Becky, a soft smile curving his lips. The brain fog from the Bustee Cream seemed a bit stronger, but he felt happy, safe, and complete with the girls.

"Thank you, Becky. I feel like I'm really growing into myself here," he looked at his heaving chest and giggled, "so much that it's no wonder I need a bigger uniform." He giggled.

His nipples hardened again thinking about filling out a low cut scoop necked T-shirt as well as Becky and Katie and he wondered how long until his boobies could produce like theirs.

Chapter 5 – The Dairy Queen

The milk pump hummed as Katie expressed her dairy for the next day's Shakes as a topless Danni looked at himself in the mirror the girls had brought into the back of Ample Hills so he could better track his progress during their evening sessions. He sipped a thick "Creamy Dream" Milf Shake with a layer of Bustee Cream on top as he placidly slurped and stared.

Becky stood behind him, reaching around to massage his boobies while her own pressed into his back. She learned over to take a sip of his shake and breathed deeply, inhaling the pheromones that seemed to be making Danni ever more...delicious.

"Oh, sweetheart," Becky cooed, her voice thick with desire, "You're letting that sexy, sleepy look take over. Are you caught up admiring your boobies?"

Danny blushed, his eyes cast downwards as he took another sip of his milkshake. The Bustee Cream was having its effect, making him feel warm and slow. "Thanks, Becky," he murmured, his voice barely above a whisper. "I just... I never thought I'd look like this."

"You're a natural, and I think your boy-boobies will be producing very soon. Look how your nipples have gotten a little bigger," she said, tweaking one and making Danny squeal. "Here, let's do a weigh in," she nudged his curvy butt - poured into some thin boy shorts, toward the scale the girls used to track their weight as their curves grew.

Danny stepped onto the scale and looked down at the numbers as Becky zeroed out the scale. "145."

Danny tried to think about what he used to weigh and couldn't clearly remember through the fog from the Bustee Cream, but thought it might have been much closer to 100 pounds.

He shuffled off the scale and over to the mirror where he was stunned to see how thick his thighs and ass were now, swelling over the boy shorts. He rubbed his hands around his ass and then lifted his boy shorts slightly to see the round orbs of flesh jiggle and shake.

"I can't believe how much I've filled out." Danny murmured, his hands still cupping his ample ass as he stared at his reflection in the mirror. Becky, standing behind him, couldn't help but chuckle at his shock. "Get used to it, sweetie. You're a whole new man now." She moved to stand beside him, her own massive bust heaving as she breathed. "Let's get your measurements, though. We need to keep track of your growth." She pulled a tape measure from her pocket, wrapping it around Danny's chest. He sucked in his breath, and Becky chuckled. "Relax, sweetie. You don't want to cheat yourself." She bent down to read the measurement. "Forty inches. That's impressive, considering you started out flat as a board." Danny blushed, his eyes cast downwards. Becky smirked, turning the tape measure on herself.

"Now, let's see how I've been doing," she said, wrapping the measure around her own massive bust. Danny watched, his eyes wide as the tape measure stretched taut. "Fifty-two inches," Becky announced with a grin, her chest heaving with pride. "Up another inch over the past month."

Danny shook his head in disbelief, his eyes scanning her impressive figure. "You look amazing, Becky. I feel more than a little jealous looking at you." Becky winked at him, her eyes sparkling with mischief. "And you're not so shabby yourself, sweetie. I think we make quite the pair." She reached out, her fingers tracing the curve of Danny's bust, making him shiver with delight. "You know, I think it's time we celebrate and give the world a chance to have a look at us. Do you two want to hit the pool tomorrow?" Danny and Katie chirped with delight at the idea.

The next day, the trio closed the shop in the early afternoon and headed to the Lusty Gardens pool.

Danny, wearing a tiny, pink polka-dot bikini that Becky had helped him pick out, felt a sense of nervous excitement as he walked through the lush, tropical oasis. He had never felt so sexy in his life, and he couldn't help but admire his own reflection in the mirrored surfaces of the poolside cabanas. His curves filled out the bikini beautifully, and he knew that he turned heads with his luscious figure. He felt a strange mix of shyness and confidence, like a newborn debutante stepping out into society for the first time. He couldn't help but

think about how far he had come, how much he had changed. He was no longer the shy, skinny boy he used to be. He was a curvy, busty beauty, and he loved it.

As he and the girls settled onto their poolside loungers, Katie piped up, "Here, Danny, let me help you with that sunscreen. We don't want those gorgeous tits of yours getting burned." Danny blushed at her casual mention of his new assets, but he handed over the bottle of sunscreen nonetheless. Katie laughed, squirting a generous amount into her palm. Let me start with your back and that delicious rump."

Danny complied, turning to face away from Katie and the sprawling pool. He could feel the cool sunscreen against his skin as Katie began to rub it in, her touch firm and assured. She started with his shoulders, working her way down his back and around to his sides. Danny shivered at her touch, feeling a delicious mix of comfort and arousal.

He leaned back into her ministrations, his eyes drifting closed. The warm sun, the cool sunscreen, and the gentle touch all combined to make him feel drowsy and safe. He let out a soft sigh, his body relaxing into the lounge. Just as Katie rolled him and was about to start on his bust, he felt his body start to drift off. His eyelids fluttered, and his breathing slowed.

As Danny nodded off, his mind drifted into a vivid dream. He found himself standing on a stage, in the middle of a bustling town square. A large, glittering tiara sat atop his head, and he was wearing a gown that shimmered in the sunlight. The gown was made of a soft, cream-colored material that seemed to move and shift with his every breath, and it fit his ultra curvy figure perfectly.

An announcer was talking and he realized it was about him! "Our winner, ladies and gentlemen, weighs in at 206 pounds, with over 70 pounds in her teats alone. Let's give a Dairy Town welcome to Danni Scoops!"

As the crowd cheered, he looked down at his boobies, which were much bigger than in real life. He also felt pleased with the announcer's introduction of him as Danni Scoops.

Back at the pool, Katie switched from sunscreen to Mazzola Bust Oil, sensually massaging his chest and erect nipples which poked through his bikini, as Danny dreamed of a crowd worshipping and rubbing breasts which almost reached his navel and the announcer marveled over his milk production.

Danny's dream self stepped forward, pulling up the straps of the gown to expose his massive, creamy udders to the adoring crowd. They cheered and chanted, their eyes full of desire and admiration.

Katie massaged the oil into Danny's back and shoulders, the light fragrance filling the air.

In his dream, the announcer continued, "Our reigning Dairy Queen produces an astounding 12 gallons of sweet, sweet milk a day. That's right, folks, 12 whole gallons! Just imagine the ice cream, the butter, the cheesecake—the possibilities are endless!" The crowd roared with astonishment and delight, their eyes wide with admiration and hunger.

Danny's dream self smiled, his hands cupping his massive breasts, offering them to the crowd. "Thank you, thank you, dear dairy-lovers," he cooed, his voice thick and sultry. "I am honored to be your Dairy Queen, and I promise to never let you down. Now, who's ready to get their hands on some of these," Danny's dream self declared, motioning to his massive breasts. The crowd roared in approval as a group of eager hands reached out, rubbing warm oil onto his already glistening flesh.

Danny's eyes fluttered open as the touch in his dream translated to a very real, very sensual touch on his body. He gasped, his eyes scanning the faces above him. Katie and Becky were both there, their hands working in tandem to massage Mazzola Bust Oil into his chest.

"Oh my god, are you dreaming Danny?" Katie asked, "Something fun, I hope". Danny could hear the trace of a laugh beneath her words, and he realized that she was trying not to giggle.

The crowd in his dream began to press closer, their eyes hungry and eager. Hands reached out, touching his skin, stroking his flesh. Then, to his astonishment, the crowd began to lick and suck at his breasts, their mouths greedy and insatiable. Danny's eyes widened in his dream, his breath hitching as the sensation sent

waves of pleasure coursing through his body. He could feel the heat of their mouths, the wetness of their tongues, and it was more arousing than anything he had ever experienced.

Back at the pool, real Danny squirmed in desire as dream Danni's tits were worshipped by an adoring crowd and Katie and Becky rubbed his real life boobies with Mazzola Bust Oil.

As the dream crowd worshipped the Dairy Queen, Danni Scoops felt a warmth spreading through her chest. All those mouths, all those people, needed to be nourished.

Danni could feel the milk gathering, swelling to meet the demand. In her dream, she felt her breasts becoming heavier, fuller, the pressure building. She moaned, the sound echoing through the town square, drawing the crowd in even closer. They were hungry, and she was their feast.

Real-life Danny moaned as well, his body responding to the dream. His nipples were hard, aching with a need that was new and unfamiliar. Becky, noticing his discomfort, grinned wickedly at Katie. "I think our boy is enjoying this a little too much," she murmured, her fingers continuing to knead his flesh.

Katie chuckled, her fingers sneaking down to tease the waistband of his bikini bottoms. "Well, let's see if we can't make it even more enjoyable for him, shall we?" Danny gasped as Katie's fingers slid beneath the fabric, her touch causing him to squirm and shift on the lounge. His cock, already semi-hard from the dream and the sensual massage, twitched and throbbed at the contact. Becky leaned in, her breath hot on his ear. "You like that, don't you, sweetie? You like being worshipped," Becky purred, her voice low and husky.

As she spoke, Danny's dream self moaned, the sound shuddering through his body as the crowd's hands and mouths worked in unison, milking his massive breasts like cows. The sensation was overwhelming, and he could feel the milk gathering in his teats, ready to be released. The crowd's eager mouths drew it out, their tongues licking and sucking at his sensitive nipples. The sensation was too much, and he cried out, his body arching as the pleasure coursed through him. Back at the pool, Danny's body convulsed, a wave of pleasure crashing over him as he and his dream self came simultaneously, his bikini bottoms soaked with his release.

Becky's hand was on his hip, her fingers digging into his flesh as she whispered in his ear, "You're leaking, Danny. Look." She guided his gaze down to his chest, where his nipples were dripping with a steady stream of milk. The sight was shocking, unexpected, and yet, somehow, incredibly erotic. Danny's breath hitched, his heart pounding in his chest as he watched the milk drip from his body, forming little puddles on his skin and in his bikini top.

Katie let out a low whistle, her eyes wide with amazement and arousal. "Damn, Danny. You're a natural," she said, her voice thick with desire. Danny felt a flush of pride, his cheeks burning with heat as he looked from Katie to Becky and back again.

"It feels so... so right," he murmured, his voice barely above a whisper. "I never thought I'd be lactating, but now that it's happening... it's like it was always meant to be." He reached up, his fingers tentatively touching the droplets of milk that clung to his skin, the contrast between the warm liquid and the cool air sending a shiver down his spine.

Becky grinned, her eyes glinting with wicked amusement. "Well, sweetie, it seems like you're a natural. And I have just the thing to help you make the most of your new talent." She sprang up from the lounge, her massive bust heaving with excitement. "Come on, Katie. Help me get our little milk maid into the changing room. We need to clean him up and help him express that milk properly." Becky's voice was filled with excitement, her eyes sparkling with mischief as she looked down at Danny, who was still blushing and shaking with excitement and disbelief at the sight of his leaking nipples. Katie laughed, her eyes wide with surprise and delight.

"You heard the lady, Danny. Time to hit the showers." She offered her hand to Danny, helping him to his feet as Becky led the way to the pool's changing room. As they walked, Danny couldn't help but feel a sense of pride and accomplishment. He had done something that he never thought he would be able to do, and he had done it well. He couldn't wait to see what else his new body had in store for him.

As they walked through the pool's changing room, Katie and Becky giggled, excited. "This is going to be so much fun," Becky said, her eyes sparkling with mischief. Danny blushed, his heart pounding with anticipation. He didn't know what to expect, but he trusted Becky and Katie to guide him through this new adventure. They had always been there for him, supporting him and encouraging him to embrace his new curves. Now, they were going to help him figure out how to handle his new ability to lactate.

Becky led them to a private changing room, away from the prying eyes of the other pool-goers. Once inside, she turned to Danny, her eyes filled with warmth and excitement. "Okay, sweetie, let's get you cleaned up and ready to express that milk. Katie, could you grab a towel and some warm water? Danny, let's get you out of that bikini top."

She reached behind him, her fingers deftly untying the string at the nape of his neck, and with a swift motion, she pulled the soaked fabric away, revealing his heaving, dripping breasts. Danny gasped, his eyes wide with shock and embarrassment as he stood before them, his chest bare and his nipples still dribbling milk. Becky smiled, her eyes filled with admiration and awe. "Look at you, sweetie," she murmured, her fingers gently cupping one of his breasts, feeling its weight and fullness. "You're a natural-born dairy queen." Danny blushed, his cheeks burning with heat as he tried to cover himself with his arms.

Becky laughed softly, gently pushing his arms aside. "None of that now, sweetie. We need to get you cleaned up." She reached over and turned on the shower, the water spraying out in a warm, steady stream. "Katie, could you help Danny into the shower, please?"

Danny looked at Katie, his eyes wide with embarrassment. Katie smiled reassuringly at him, her hands already reaching for the straps of his soaked bikini bottoms. "Don't worry, sweetie," she said, her voice soft and soothing. "We're just trying to help you out. Now, let's get these wet things off of you and get you cleaned up."

Danny nodded, his cheeks still flushed with heat as Katie helped him out of his bikini bottoms.

The fabric clung to his skin, soaked with a mixture of sweat, sun screen, and his own release. He stepped into the shower, the warm water cascading over his body, washing away the evidence of his dream and the reality of his new ability. Becky watched from the doorway, her eyes taking in the sight of Danny's naked form, his curves and the milky trails on his chest dappled with water. She slipped off her own bikini top, her heavy breasts swaying as she walked into the shower with him.

"Here, let me help you," she murmured, reaching for the soap. Danny took it from her, his hands trembling slightly as he began to lather up. The scent of the soap filled the steam-filled room, the aroma sweet and heady. Katie, now also naked, joined them in the shower, her hands finding Danny's hips as she pressed against his back.

"Let's get you all cleaned up, sweetie," she murmured, her voice soft and soothing as she began to rub the soap over his skin. Becky took the sponge, running it gently over Danny's breasts, carefully cleaning away the milk that had dripped from his nipples. He sighed, his head falling back against Katie's chest as the warm water and their ministrations relaxed him.

"How does that feel, sweetie?" Becky asked, her voice filled with concern. Danny let out a low moan, his eyes fluttering closed as the sensation of their hands on his body sent waves of pleasure coursing through him. "It feels amazing," he whispered, his voice barely above a sigh. Katie chuckled, her fingers digging into his hips as she ground against him.

"Well, good. Now, let's get you nice and clean," Becky said, her globes pressing against Danny's back as she reached around him to wash his shoulders. Danny shivered at the contact, feeling a mix of arousal and embarrassment as her soft flesh enveloped him. He remembered the dream he'd had, the adoring crowd worshipping his udders, and he couldn't help but feel a sense of shame at his body's response to Becky's touch.

"I'm so sorry, Becky," he murmured, his voice barely above a whisper. "I didn't mean to... you know, to leak like that." Becky chuckled, her hands moving down to cup his breasts, her thumbs brushing against his sensitive nipples. "Don't be sorry, sweetie," she said, her voice thick with desire. "It's only natural. It's what

your body wants," Becky murmured, her palm sliding down his stomach, wrapping around his Little Danny. Danny gasped, his eyes fluttering open as she began to stroke him, her grip firm and sure. As she moved her hand, he felt a wave of pleasure, and an image from his dream flashed through his mind—the adoring crowd, their hands and mouths worshipping his massive breasts. He let out a soft moan, his hips jerking involuntarily, pressing against Becky's hand.

"Call me Danni," he breathed somewhat unexpectedly, his voice thick with desire. "With an 'i'. Danni Scoops."

Becky's eyes widened in surprise, but she didn't miss a beat, her hand continuing to stroke him. "Danni, then," she purred. "Is that what you want, Danni?" Becky whispered, her voice thick with desire as she continued to stroke him. "To be Danni Scoops, the Milkmaid?" Danny blinked, his mind a whirlwind of thoughts and sensations. He looked down at her, his eyes filled with surprise and desire. "Yes," he gasped, the word escaping his lips before he could think better of it. "Yes, I want to be Danni Scoops, the Milkmaid."

Becky's eyes widened, her grip tightening on his cock as she processed his words. "You mean it, Danni?" she murmured, her voice filled with awe and excitement. "You want to embrace this... this new part of you?" Danny nodded, his breath coming in short gasps as she continued to stroke him. "I do," he whispered. "I want to be a milkmaid, Becky. Your and Katie's milkmaid. I want to embrace this part of me," Danny panted, his body trembling with the force of his newfound desires.

Becky, her eyes shining with excitement and admiration, leaned in closer, her massive breasts pressing against his chest. She cupped his face in her hands, her thumbs brushing away a stray droplet of milk that had escaped his nipple. "I'm so proud of you, Danni," she murmured, her voice thick with emotion. "You're beautiful, and you're going to be an amazing milkmaid." Then, without hesitation, Becky leaned in to kiss him. Her lips were soft and warm, her touch tender yet firm. Danny's eyes widened in surprise, but he quickly relaxed into the kiss, his body melting against hers.

Chapter 6 – Big Date

Weeks later, Danni was scooping at the front counter, his heavy F cup boobies swaying in his Ample Hills tee, a tiny bit of aureola peeking out from the low-cut neckline.

He loved the attention he got from the customers, especially the regulars who'd seen his transformation from shy, skinny Danny to the busty, confident Danni.

Danni took a deep breath, inhaling the sweet scent of waffle cones and fresh cream, as he served a customer. His boobs heaved with the breath, and he couldn't help but feel a sense of pride at the curves he was continuing to build.

'Danni Scoops, indeed.' He thought back to the past few months, to the first time Becky had fed him a dollop of Bustee Cream, to the first time he'd made a Milf Shake with his own lactation. He'd been nervous then, unsure of his new body and what it meant. But Becky and Katie had been there every step of the way, encouraging him, guiding him, helping him to embrace his new identity. He remembered the first time he'd looked in the mirror and actually liked what he saw—the first time he'd seen the curves and the softness and had felt a sense of pride and ownership. He thought about the customers who came into Ample Hills, their eyes wide with admiration and desire as they looked at him, saw him for who he was.

One customer, a woman in her thirties with curly hair and a warm smile, was particularly fond of Danni. She always made a point to stop by his counter, her eyes lingering on his chest, the curve of his hips, the swell of his ass in his boy shorts. Today was no different.

"You know, Danni," she said, her voice soft and lilting. "I have to say, you look absolutely stunning. Your curves are just... well, they're just breathtaking." Danni felt his cheeks flush with heat, his eyes casting downwards as he continued to scoop her a generous helping of Salted Cracked Caramel. "Thank you," he mumbled, his voice barely above a whisper. "I... I appreciate that." The woman chuckled, her hand reaching out to rest gently on his hip.

"You really are something special, Danni. And you know what else? You're only getting better with time." Danni blushed at her words, his eyes still focused on the ice cream he was scooping.

But suddenly, his scooper stopped mid-air as his jaw dropped. A figure had just walked in through the front door of Ample Hills, and Danni couldn't believe his eyes. She was a towering Amazon—easily over six and a half feet tall, with muscles that seemed to ripple beneath her skin. Her hair was in a long braid down her back, her eyes were fierce and intense, her breasts were almost as large as Danni's but seemed smaller on her broad chest.

Despite her size, she moved with a grace and agility that was almost feline. Danni couldn't take his eyes off her. He couldn't believe how powerful and imposing she was. And, to his surprise, he found himself feeling a strange mix of awe and attraction. The woman—no, the Amazon—strolled up to the counter, her eyes scanning the place with a critical eye.

Danni's heart raced as he looked up, the scoop of Salted Cracked Caramel frozen in mid-air. His mouth hung open slightly, his eyes wide with a mix of awe and disbelief. He had never seen anyone like her before. She was a vision of strength and power, her muscles well-defined beneath her skin. Her hair was a long, thick braid that hung down her back, and her eyes were a piercing blue, like the sky on a clear day.

"Welcome to Ample Hills," Danni managed to stammer, his voice barely above a whisper. "What can I get for you today?" The Amazon's gaze flicked to Danni, her eyes taking in his appearance with interest. She smirked, her voice a low rumble like distant thunder.

"I'll have a double scoop of whatever you recommend, sweetheart." Danni's eyes widened at her commanding tone, but he didn't shy away. Instead, he stood a little taller, suddenly inspired by her presence. He looked into her intense blue eyes and, with a smile, said, "I recommend our signature flavor, Ooey Goopy Butter Cake. It's our most popular, and I think you'll love it."

The Amazon's eyes narrowed slightly, as if assessing him. Then, to Danni's surprise, a smile cracked her stern face. "Alright, sweetheart. Let's see what you've got."

Danni's heart pounded in his chest as he turned to the ice cream cases, his mind racing. He had never served someone so... dominant before. But instead of intimidating him, it excited him.

He felt a strange thrill at her appraisal, her gaze lingering on his chest, taking in his burgeoning curves and the deep cleavage visible through the low-cut tee. Danni couldn't help but feel a sense of pride, a challenge rising within him. He wanted to impress her, to prove that he was every bit as remarkable as she was.

As Danni turned to the ice cream cases, he heard the Amazon—Xena, he realized, as she introduced herself—letting out a low, appreciative whistle. "Damn, girl," she said, her voice echoing in the shop. "You've got some serious assets there." Danni felt his cheeks burn with heat as he scooped a generous helping of Ooey Goey Butter Cake, his fingers trembling slightly with nerves and excitement. He turned back to Xena, his eyes meeting hers.

She was watching him intently, her gaze taking in every movement of his arms, every flick of his wrist. He swallowed hard, trying to keep his trembling hands steady as he offered her the cone, heavy with two scoops of their signature flavor. "Here you go... Xena," he said, his voice soft but firm. She took the cone from him, her fingers brushing against his, sending a jolt of electricity through him. She smiled, her eyes never leaving his. "Mmm, this is good," she murmured, taking a generous lick of the ice cream, her tongue sliding sensually along the side of the cone. "But I think I might need a little something extra to make it perfect." She winked at him, her gaze dropping to his chest, where his hardened nipples were clearly visible through the thin fabric of his tee. "What do you say, Danni? I want to see them," Xena murmured, her tongue darting out to lick her lips seductively, her eyes never leaving his.

Danni's breath hitched, his heart pounding in his chest as he looked into her hungry gaze. He felt a thrill of excitement, a mix of fear and arousal coursing through his veins. He knew what she meant; she wanted to see his breasts, to feast her eyes on the curves he'd worked so hard to build. "I don't know, Xena," Danni stammered, his voice barely above a whisper. He bit his lip, his eyes darting nervously around the shop. They were alone, but the thought of someone walking in and seeing him like this—exposed, vulnerable—made him feel a pang of anxiety.

But Xena's gaze was so intense, so hungry, that it sent a shiver of desire down his spine. Feeling bold, Danni took a deep breath and, with a quick tug, pulled down the neckline of his scoop-necked shirt, exposing his left breast, the fatty mound of flesh spilling over the edge of the fabric. Xena's eyes widened, her pupils dilating as she took in the sight of his generous curve, the nipple hard and erect. A low growl rumbled in her throat, her gaze never leaving his chest as she licked her lips. Danni felt a surge of pride at her reaction, his heart pounding in his chest. He had never felt so exposed, so desired.

"Show me the other," Xena commanded, her voice a low rumble. Danni hesitated, his fingers hovering over the fabric of his shirt, uncertain.

But Xena's hungry stare and the low growl in her throat spurred him on. He took a deep breath and, with a swift motion, pulled down the neckline of his shirt on the right side, exposing his other breast. As he did, he felt a warm droplet of milk slip out of his nipple, glistening in the light like a tiny pearl. Xena's eyes widened at the sight, her gaze flicking from his left breast to his right, where the droplet of milk clung to the tip of his nipple. She licked her lips, her nostrils flaring as she inhaled sharply.

"By the gods," she murmured, her voice barely above a whisper. "You're a milking machine, aren't you, sweetheart?" Danni blushed, his cheeks flushing with heat and pride at her words.

He had never felt so desirable, so wanted. Xena's eyes never left his exposed flesh, her gaze ravenous. She stepped closer, reaching out with her tongue, and licked the droplet of milk from his nipple, her eyes never leaving his. The sensation sent a jolt through Danni, his nipples hardening even more at her touch.

Xena pulled back, a wicked smile playing on her lips. "You're something special, Danni," she said, her voice low and husky. "I've never tasted anything quite like you before. I want more of you, Danni. Much more. And I know just the place to take you." She reached into her pocket and pulled out a business card, handing it to him.

"Meet me at my gym tonight. Eight o'clock. I think it's time we really get to know each other, don't you, sweetheart?"

Danni's heart pounded in his chest as he took the card from her, his fingers brushing against hers. A gym? He'd never been to a gym in his life, let alone one owned by a towering Amazon like Xena. But the thought of spending more time with her, of exploring the connection they'd just shared, was too exciting to resist. "I'll be there," he whispered, his voice barely audible over the low rumble in Xena's throat. Xena smiled, her eyes never leaving his, as she turned and walked out of the shop, leaving Danni to stare after her in awe and disbelief.

Becky emerged from the back room to see Danni at the counter, her eyes taking in his dreamy expression. "Penny for your thoughts, sweetie?" she asked, her voice warm and gentle. Danni blushed, looking down at the business card he was still clutching in his hand.

"Becky, I... I met someone," he stammered, his heart pounding in his chest at the memory of Xena's intense gaze and commanding presence. Becky's eyebrows shot up, her eyes widening with surprise. "Someone who wants me to meet her at her gym tonight," he added hastily, as if that would explain everything. Becky's gaze flicked from the business card to Danni's face, taking in his nervous expression and flushed cheeks. "Oh, honey," she murmured, a slow smile spreading across her face. "You've been holding out on me. Spill the details. Who is this mystery woman, and what's the deal with the gym?" Danni looked up at Becky, feeling a mix of relief and excitement at her supportive reaction.

"Her name is Xena," he said, a grin spreading across his face as he thought about her towering figure and commanding presence. "She's... she's something else, Becky. I've never met anyone like her before." Becky chuckled, her eyes sparkling with amusement. "Well, sweetheart, I can't wait to hear all about it. And I'm sure she can't wait to see you again too," she added, her gaze flicking to the business card still clutched in Danni's hand.

As the evening wore on, Danni found it hard to focus on his work. His mind was racing with thoughts of Xena, of her intense gaze and her commanding presence. He couldn't wait to see her again, to explore this connection that had sprung up between them.

As he stepped into the gym, the air was thick with the scent of sweat and the clanging of metal. He looked around, his eyes adjusting to the dim lighting. The gym was cavernous, filled with an array of weights, machines, and benches. The walls were lined with mirrors, reflecting the many bodies moving in synchronized rhythm.

Danni stood in stark contrast to the women who populated the gym. Wearing a tube top that barely contained his ample bosom, low-rise shorts that accentuated his wide hips, and wedge sandals that added a few extra inches to his height, he still seemed small amidst the towering Amazons.

But as he stepped into the gym, the air suddenly shifted. The big women, some benching twice their bodyweight, others pounding the treadmills, paused mid-rep, their nostrils flaring as they caught wind of the pheromones Danni's beauties were adding to the local atmosphere. A palpable tension filled the air as they scented something new, something powerful. They turned their heads, their eyes locking onto Danni, their expressions a mix of curiosity and hunger.

"Who's this?" a woman with biceps larger than Danni thought possible called out, her voice booming through the gym. She stood up from her bench press, her eyes never leaving Danni as she sauntered towards him. Behind her, other women followed suit, their eyes lingering on Danni's chest, where his ample cleavage was visible through the low-cut tube top. Danni felt a flush of heat and confusion.

He knew he was no match for these women, yet there was something about their gazes that made him feel... powerful. He took a deep breath, trying to steady his nerves and speak with confidence. "I'm Danni," he said, his voice clear and strong, despite the pounding of his heart. "I'm here to see Xena."

The woman with the biceps raised an eyebrow, her gaze flicking up and down his body, taking in his curves and his attire. "You're Xena's latest plaything, is that it?" she asked, her voice laced with amusement. Danni bristled at the implication but forced himself to hold her gaze.

"I'm not a plaything," he said firmly, his chest swelling with indignation.

In response, the Amazonian women surrounding him—a group that seemed to have materialized out of nowhere—let out a low, collective rumble, a mix of amusement and interest. Their eyes, some reflecting the harsh gym lights, others shaded by long lashes, never left Danni as they circled him like lionesses, their curiosity piqued. The woman with the massive biceps smirked, her gaze flicking from Danni to Xena, who had just entered the gym, spotting the gathering.

"Xena, looks like your new toy has arrived," she called out, her voice echoing through the cavernous space. Xena's eyes narrowed as she assessed the situation, her gaze sweeping over the crowd of women before landing on Danni, who stood his ground, his heart pounding in his chest.

She pushed through the throng, her muscles rippling with each step, her presence commanding and imposing. As she reached Danni, she turned her head to the woman with the big guns who had spoken first. "Back off, Gwen. He's mine." The woman named Gwen shrugged, a small smile playing on her lips. "Just having a bit of fun, Xena. We were just getting acquainted, weren't we, Danni?" Danni nodded, his voice barely a whisper. "Yes, we were." Xena's stern expression softened as she looked at Danni, her gaze taking in his nervous yet defiant stance. She reached out her hand, and Danni tentatively placed his own in it. Xena's grip was strong and reassuring, and she pulled him close, her other hand wrapping around his waist.

"Come on, sweetheart. Let's get you out of this lion's den," Xena murmured, her voice low and husky.

She led Danni through the sea of Amazonian women, some still casting curious glances in his direction. He felt a shiver run down his spine as he realized how vulnerable he was, surrounded by these towering, powerful figures. Xena, sensing his discomfort, squeezed his hand reassuringly, her grip strong and steady. She guided him through a set of heavy, steel doors at the back of the gym, leading him into a large, private room. Danni's breath hitched as he took in his new surroundings. The room was dimly lit, the air thick with the scent of leather and the faint echo of distant clanging metal. The walls were lined with mirrors, and in the center of the room stood a large, padded bench, surrounded by an array of machines and weights.

Xena smiled, her gaze locked onto Danni, her eyes reflecting the dim light. She gestured to the bench. "Make yourself comfortable, sweetheart. We've got a lot to explore."

Danni swallowed hard, his heart pounding in his chest as he looked around the room, taking in the unfamiliar equipment. He felt a pang of nervousness, but also a sense of excitement. Xena's stare was unnerving yet strangely arousing. He walked over to the bench, his wedge sandals sinking slightly into the soft padding. He perched on the edge, his hands clutching the sides, his knuckles white with tension.

Xena watched him with a mixture of amusement and hunger. She could see the fear and excitement dancing in his eyes, and it only served to heighten her desire.

She gestured to the machines lining the walls, their gleaming surfaces reflecting the dim light. "So, sweetheart, what do you make of all this?" Danni turned his head, his gaze flitting from one machine to another, his eyes wide with uncertainty. "I've never... I don't know what these things are for," he admitted, his voice barely above a whisper.

"That's okay," Xena let out a low chuckle, "I don't want you strong, I'm strong. "I want you soft here," she ran a finger over his wipe hip, "here," lightly teasing the curve of his tummy, "and, most of all, here," she cupped his generous breast. "I'll be your big, strong protector and you can be my fertility goddess," she nearly growled as she said it, her eyes flicking to his breast, her tongue darting out to lick her lips.

Danni's breath hitched as a brief, intense fantasy flashed through his mind—an ancient goddess temple, lush with foliage and echoing with the hum of divine energy. He, a petite, curvy figure with flowing robes and a halo of floral crowns, stood atop a pedestal, sacred and untouchable. And Xena, a titanic protectress, loomed over him, her massive form shielding him from the storms, her eyes burning with primal ferocity as she defended her sacred charge. The fantasy was gone as quickly as it had come, leaving Danni breathless and a bit dazed.

"What...what did you say?" he stammered, his voice barely above a whisper. "What do you mean by 'fertility goddess'?"

Xena's eyes gleamed with a mixture of amusement and feral hunger. She stepped closer, her hand reaching up to cup Danni's cheek, her touch simultaneously gentle and possessive. "I mean that your body is a temple, Danni. A temple of life, of growth, of abundance. Your breasts," she said, her eyes flicking down to where Danni's ample cleavage spilled out of his tube top, "are like twin moons, full and ripe. And your lactation," she continued, her voice dropping to a low, reverent murmur, "is a sacred gift."

"Come," she said, looking him in the eyes as she pulled down his tube top and freed his breasts. "Let's worship you." Xena's words, combined with the sudden sensation of her strong hands cupping his bare breasts, sent a jolt of pure, raw desire coursing through Danni. He gasped, his body trembling with a mix of shock and excitement. Xena's eyes were intense, her gaze locked onto his, her fingers gently kneading his sensitive flesh. Danni's breath came in short, shallow gasps, his heart pounding in his chest like a wild drumbeat. The sensation was overpowering, overwhelming, and yet, there was something incredibly liberating about it. He felt a rush of desire, a primal, instinctive response to Xena's touch and her words.

His nipples hardened instantly, pressing against her palms, as if seeking more of her attention. Danni's breath hitched, his heart pounding wildly in his chest as he looked into her intense, hungry gaze. Xena's eyes widened slightly at the sudden response of his body, and she let out a low, approving rumble, like a purring lioness. "Good girl," she murmured, her fingers tightening slightly on his nipples, sending a jolt of pleasure-pain through his body. Danni gasped, his back arching slightly, his eyes fluttering closed as he reveled in the sensation. Xena watched him, her gaze taking in every subtle movement, every flicker of emotion that crossed his face. She could see the pleasure and the discomfort, the awe and the fear, all swirling together in a potent, intoxicating mix.

Her own hunger was growing, her body responding to the smell of his milk, to the feel of his soft, plush body against her. Xena's hands gripped his waist, and with a swift, powerful motion, she lifted him off the bench, his feet dangling above the floor as she held him aloft. Danni gasped, his eyes widening in surprise and a hint of fear as he found himself suddenly suspended in the air. Xena smiled, her gaze never leaving his as she brought him close, her eyes locked onto his chest. Then, before Danni could react, she wrapped her lips around one of his nipples, sucking hard. Danni let out a sharp cry, his body jolting with the sudden, intense sensation. His hands flew up, gripping at Xena's shoulders, his nails digging into her muscles as he tried to steady himself.

Danni gasped, his breath catching in his throat as Xena's words resonated in his ears. He felt a shiver run down his spine, a mix of arousal and apprehension coursing through his veins. He had never been worshipped before, and the thought of being the object of such intense devotion sent a surge of heat through his body.

Xena guided him to the bench, her strong hands gently pushing him down until he was lying on his back, his head propped up on a plush pillow. He looked around the room, his eyes wide with anticipation and a touch of fear.

But before he could process his surroundings any further, Xena's hands moved to his shorts, pulling them down, fully exposing him. Danni gasped, his face flushing with heat as he realized his most intimate parts were now on full display.

"What... what are you doing?" Xena looked down at him, her eyes burning with an intense, primal hunger. She ran a finger along the waistband of his shorts, now bunched around his ankles. "I want you to be completely open to me, Danni," she said, her voice a low, sultry growl. "Every part of you. I want to worship you, body and soul." Danni's heart pounded in his chest, his breath coming in short, shallow gasps.

The sensation of Xena's strong hands cupping his bare breasts was overwhelming, but the sudden, intense lick of her tongue against his stomach sent a jolt of pure, raw pleasure through his body. He arched his back, his hips involuntarily thrusting forward, his eyes widening in shock and arousal at the sudden, intimate contact. Xena loomed over him, her eyes gleaming with hunger and desire, her tongue tracing slow, deliberate patterns against his flesh. Danni gasped, his hands clutching at the bench, his knuckles white with tension. The sensation was overwhelming, a mix of pleasure and vulnerability that left him breathless and

trembling. He had never been touched like this before, never felt so exposed, so desired. Xena's hands moved to his sides, her fingers digging into his soft flesh as she held him in place, her tongue continuing its slow, torturous exploration.

Danni's body shuddered, his breath coming in ragged gasps as he arched his back, pressing himself further into her touch. But just as suddenly, her tongue left his stomach, moving lower, down towards the juncture of his thighs. Danni's eyes widened, his hands clenching the bench as he realized what was about to happen. Xena's tongue flicked out, teasing the sensitive skin at the base of his now-shrunk penis, before she took the entire length of his little member into her mouth. Danni let out a moan that was half-surprise, half-pleasure, his hips jerking involuntarily as Xena began to suck, her hands gripping his plump tush, fingers digging into the soft flesh as she held him firmly in place.

The sensation was intense, overwhelming, and Danni felt his body tensing, his toes curling as the pleasure built inside him. It was too much, too fast, and he could feel his orgasm barreling towards him like a freight train.

Xena released him from her mouth, a satisfied smile on her lips, her eyes gleaming with triumph. "Good girl," she purred, her voice a low, soothing rumble.

Xena's eyes never left Danni's as she released his shrunken member, taking in every flicker of emotion and sensation that played across his face. She extended her hand towards Danni, her fingers beckoning him closer. "Come closer, sweetheart," she coaxed, her voice like velvet. "Look what you've done to me." Danni hesitated for a moment, his body trembling with a mix of trepidation and desire. But Xena's eyes, burning with a mixture of hunger and admiration, were irresistible. He leaned forward, his eyes widening in awe as he took in the sight of Xena's muscles rippled and bulged, her biceps and thighs swelling with newly gained mass, her waist cinching in to form an hourglass figure. She looked stronger, more dominant, more incredible than ever before.

He gasped, his breath catching in his throat as he took in the sight of her transformation. "Xena... what... what's happening to you?" he stammered, his voice barely above a whisper, his eyes never leaving hers.

Xena smiled, her gaze locked onto Danni, her eyes reflecting the dim light of the room. "It's you, sweetheart," she said, her voice a low, sultry rumble. "Your milk, your essence... it's making me stronger, more powerful."

"I think all my Amazons are going to want this too, Danni," Xena declared, her voice a low rumble as she flexed her newly enhanced muscles. "We're going to need you to up your production." Danni's eyes widened in surprise, his breath catching in his throat as he took in the implications of her words. "What do you mean?" Xena looked down at him, her expression serious. "I mean that your milk has extraordinary properties, Danni. It's not just nourishing—it's transformative when mixed with your cum. I can feel it in my veins, coursing through my body, making me stronger, more powerful." She paused, her gaze sweeping over the room, as if envisioning a future filled with more of her sisters. "We're going into business together."

Chapter 7 – Ramping Production

"She wants you to mix your...boy juice...into these special shakes?!?" Katie squealed, "and HOW much milk are you going to have to produce to keep up with demand?"

Danni explained Xena's business idea to make a special shakes called 'Danni's Delight' which should could sell at her gym. The idea of being used in this way was strangely exciting to him, and Becky and Katie were warming up to the idea of helping him increase his production to meet the demands of a whole gym full of Amazons.

"We'll need to up your dosage of Bustee Cream, obviously," Becky said, taking out a jug and shaking it. "And we'll need to start milking you more often, and more aggressively." She looked up at Katie, a wicked grin on her face. "Think you can handle that, Katie?"

Katie smirked back at her, rubbing her hands in glee. "Oh, I think I can handle it."

Danni blushed at the thought, his heart pounding in his chest.

"I... I guess we should start right away then," he said, his voice barely above a whisper. Becky nodded, a wicked grin spreading across her face. "That's the spirit, sweetheart," she said, reaching for the jug of Bustee Cream on the counter. She unscrewed the lid and poured a generous amount into a glass. "Here's to growth," she said, clinking glasses with Danni before handing him the glass. "Drink up, sweetheart. We've got a lot of work to do."

Over the following weeks, Danni's changes accelerated. His tops began to strain at the seams, and his shorts grew tighter with each passing day as, pound-by-pound, he grew into the true Dairy Goddess both he and Xena wanted him to be. Becky and Katie were amazed at the speed of his transformation, and they took great delight in milking him more often, their hands becoming experts at coaxing out every last drop of his precious milk. They could see the change in Danni too, his confidence growing with each passing day, his eyes shining with newfound self-assurance.

Danni strutted into the Ample Hills Creamery one morning, his massive breasts straining against his thin cotton tank top, his hips swaying with a newfound sense of grace. He had grown another cup size overnight, his body tender from the rapid expansion.

As he stepped into the creamery, the first thing he saw was Becky and Katie, already waiting for him with a familiar ritual that had become their daily morning routine. "Good morning, sweetheart," Becky cooed, her eyes gleaming with excitement. "Time for your milking. Katie, can you get the Mazzola Bust Oil, please?" Katie smirked, already pulling a bottle from her cleavage. Danni blushed, his udders already aching with anticipation. Becky's hands were warm and firm as she cupped his teats, her fingers gently kneading the tender flesh before pinching and pulling on his nipples. Danni gasped, his back arching as a jolt of pleasure-pain shot through his body.

Becky's hands, slick with the Mazzola Bust Oil, were working in perfect synchrony, one cupping and lifting his breast, the other pinching and rolling his nipple. The sensation was intense, bordering on overwhelming, but Danni found himself pushing into her touch, his body craving more.

"That's it, sweetheart," Becky murmured, her eyes never leaving Danni's as she worked his breast. "Relax into it. Let it come." Danni took a deep breath, his eyes fluttering closed as he tried to do as she said. But it was hard to relax when every nerve in his body was on fire, when his breasts felt like they were about to explode with sensation.

Still, he tried, focusing on the sound of Becky's voice, on the feel of her hands on his skin. And then, suddenly, he felt it. A warm, liquid sensation spreading through his chest, a pressure that built and built until—

"Look at that, Katie," Becky murmured, her eyes wide with awe as she held a large bowl under Danni's breast. "Look at how much he's giving us." Danni gasped, his eyes snapping open as he watched his milk fill the bowl, each stream a testament to his body's new power. He felt a surge of pride, a sense of

accomplishment that warmed him from the inside out. He had never felt so... productive, so useful. Becky's hands were still working, still coaxing more milk from his body, but he barely noticed.

His eyes were half-lidded, his breath coming in slow, steady pants, a soft moan escaping his lips as he lost himself in the waves of sensation coursing through his body. He was distantly aware of Becky and Katie's voices, their words of encouragement and approval, but they seemed to float around him, echoing through a haze of pleasure.

Katie, noticing his state, clapped her hands in delight. "Oh, he's really getting into it now, Becky. Look at him, he's like a little kitten, all purring and content." Becky chuckled, her eyes sparkling with amusement and admiration. "Isn't he just? But we've got work to do, sweetheart. Let's get you more... stimulated," Becky said, looking over at Katie with a mischievous grin. Katie smirked back, already knowing what Becky was implying.

She knelt down in front of Danni, her hands gently cupping his diminutive member, which had grown a bit firmer under the intense sensation of Becky's ministrations. Danni gasped, his eyes fluttering open as he felt Katie's touch, her fingers softly stroking his length. His hips jerked slightly, his body instinctively responding to her touch. "Relax, sweetheart," Katie cooed, her voice soothing and encouraging. "Let me help you." Danni nodded, his breath coming in short, shallow gasps as he tried to relax into Katie's touch.

He could feel his body responding, his little member growing harder and more sensitive with each stroke of Katie's hand. Becky, watching the transformation, smiled and turned back to Danni's other breast, her hands slick with the Mazzola Bust Oil, working in tandem with Katie's ministrations below.

The sensation of being touched and milked simultaneously was overwhelming, and Danni's body tensed, his back arching as waves of pleasure shot through him. His eyes rolled back in his head, his body trembling as he struggled to process the intensity of the sensations.

Becky, feeling the change in his body, increased the pressure and speed of her ministrations, her fingers expertly pinching and rolling his nipple. Danni let out a long, low moan, his body convulsing as the pleasure built to an almost unbearable level.

"That's it, sweetheart," Becky murmured, her voice a low, soothing purr. "Just let it happen. Let it take you over." Danni's body tensed, his muscles clenching as he felt the first waves of orgasm crash over him. Katie, noticing the change, quickened her pace, her fingers sliding effortlessly over his sensitive flesh.

Danni's body tensed, his muscles clenching as the pleasure built to an almost unbearable level. Becky, sensing his climax, positioned the bowl under him, her hand moving faster, coaxing the last drops of milk from his body. Danni let out a long, low moan, his body convulsing as the waves of pleasure crested and broke, his cum mixing with his milk in the bowl.

Becky and Katie watched as the final spurts filled the bowl, Danni's body shuddering with release. They exchanged a look of satisfaction, their eyes gleaming with a mix of triumph and awe. "That's what they want, isn't it?" Becky whispered, her voice barely above a breath. "The Amazons, they're loving your shakes, Danni," Katie said, wiping the last of Danni's milk from her fingers. "Xena's been telling everyone about them. They can't get enough."

"We're going to have to keep upping our production," Becky added, her eyes scanning the empty bottles lining the counter. "A lot."

Danni's eyes widened as he took in the sight of the empty bottles. He had never seen so much of his milk produced in such a short amount of time. He felt a surge of pride, a sense of accomplishment that mixed strangely with the lingering waves of pleasure still coursing through his body.

"Let's get you some more Bustee Cream," Becky said, "and we have to open Ample Hills for the day." Danni nodded, already feeling a familiar tingle in his nipples as the cream took effect. His enormous breasts, now straining against a barely-there crop top, seemed to grow even more prominent as he moved, his body aching with a mix of pleasure and anticipation.

As they opened the shop, Danni couldn't help but notice the way customers' eyes lingered on his chest. He found himself preening, subtly pushing his breasts together, his nipples peeking out from beneath the thin fabric and, not infrequently, popping out altogether as his titties seemed to love to escape his top (much to his giggling delight). He loved the attention, the way their eyes widened and their mouths fell open as they took in his curvaceous form.

"Excuse me, miss, could you tell me what flavor that is?" a tourist asked, his eyes flicking from the menu to Danni's chest and back again. Danni smiled, leaning forward slightly to give the man a better view.

"Oh, I'm not on the menu, sweetheart," he purred, his eyes sparkling with amusement and flirtation. "But I can tell you what's in today's special." The customer's eyes widened, his cheeks flushing a deep shade of red as he realized his mistake. "I-I'm sorry, I didn't mean to stare," he stammered, his gaze flicking briefly to Becky and Katie, who were watching the exchange with amused smiles. "It's just that...you're stunning," he admitted, his voice barely above a whisper. Danni felt a warmth spread through his chest at the compliment, his nipples tingling with pleasure. He straightened up, his hips swaying gently as he turned to the display case.

"You're in luck, sweetheart," he said, his voice laced with a confidence that he hadn't possessed when he first started working at the creamery. "Today, we've got our 'Double D Deluxe' special. It's a vanilla and honey swirl with a hint of... extra creaminess." He paused, his eyes flicking to Becky and Katie, who were both nodding encouragingly, their eyes sparkling with mischief. The customer's gaze followed Danni's, and his eyes widened as he took in the sight of Danni's orbs, which were the largest he'd ever seen. Danni smiled, his nipples hardening under the customer's appreciative gaze. He reached into the display case, his movements slow and deliberate as he scooped the special ice cream into a cone, his nipples clearly erect through his thin shirt.

Another week of his special treatment had passed, and Danni was even bigger, his breasts straining against the fabric of any shirt he tried to wear. Becky and Katie had suggested they ditch the tops altogether, and Danni had agreed, his confidence growing with each passing day. Today, he wore just an apron and a pair of lacy black panties, his feet bare against the cool tile floor. Wobbling slightly with each step, he felt like a curvy, domestic Dairy Goddess, his heavy teats bouncing gently with every movement. Becky and Katie chuckled from behind the counter, their eyes twinkling with amusement and pride. "Look at you, sweetheart," Becky cooed, "The Amazons may be gaining size and muscle, but pound for pound gained you must be giving them a run for their money." Danni smiled, his cheeks flushed with a mix of embarrassment and pleasure. He couldn't believe how comfortable he had become with his new body, how much he loved the feeling of his titties swaying and jiggling with his every move.

The door to the creamery swung open, and in walked none other than Xena, ducking her head to get through the door frame and towering over the other customers with her muscular frame and confident stride. Her eyes widened as she took in the sight of Danni, his massive breasts practically spilling out of his apron.

A wide smile spread across her face, her eyes gleaming with approval and desire. "Danni, my boy," she boomed, her voice filling the small shop. "Looking good, feeling good, I see." Danni blushed at the attention, his cheeks flushing with pleasure. He had grown to love the way Xena praised him, the way she looked at him with such raw hunger. "Thank you, Xena," he murmured, his voice soft and shy. "I'm just trying my best." Xena chuckled, her eyes never leaving Danni's chest. "Your best is good enough, Danni," she said, her voice laced with a raw, primal hunger. "Your progress is amazing. You're growing into quite the little domestic goddess." She stepped closer, her hand reaching out to cup one of Danni's breasts, her fingers tracing the curve of his flesh.

She turned to the Amazons, "Gals, this is the little milkmaid whose special shake has been helping us accelerate our gains lately." She chuckled and flexed what seemed like a cantaloupe sized bicep. "And she just loves it, making us bigger and stronger as she just keeps getting softer and sexier, isn't that right Danni?" Xena said, looking down at him with a gleam in her eye. Danni blushed, looking up at Xena and then over at the group of Amazons who had flooded into the creamery behind her. He nodded shyly, looking down at the floor. "That's right, Xena," he murmured.

Becky and Katie beamed with pride, looking at Danni and then over at the group of amazons who were eyeing him hungrily. "See what I mean, girls?" Becky said, looking at the Amazons. "Our little milkmaid here is the real deal." She thought for a moment, "In fact, maybe she wants to give us a little demonstration.: She turned to Becky and Katie, "get my gals a tumbler each of Danni's milk." Then, looking at Danni, "Okay, Dairy Queen, why don't you give us a little show?"

Becky and Katie looked to him, unsure. "It's fine," Danni said softly "I think I want this." As Becky and Katie poured glasses of Danni's milk from a cold gallon jug, he stepped up onto the counter - his exaggerated femininity bulging out of the apron on all sides.

"How much do you weigh now, Danni?" asked Xena.

"180 pounds, up 3 from last week."

"And how much of that is in those magnificent tits of yours?" she leered.

"Ohh..." Danni blushed, reaching behind his neck and untying his apron string, "at least fifty." He let the apron drop and stood smiling at the amazons, his outrageous figure clad only in his panties. Even standing on the counter, he was barely eye level with Xena.

She reached out and cupped one of his giant udders, her thumb brushing over his nipple. "And how much do these bad boys produce now?" she asked, her voice a low growl. "Enough to keep our girls strong and growing," she added, looking over at the group of Amazons who were watching with rapt attention. Danni blushed, his chest flushing with heat as Xena's fingers worked his sensitive nipple. He took a deep breath, his hands moving to join Xena's, cupping his breast and gently squeezing. He felt a rush of pleasure, a warmth spreading through his body as his milk began to flow. He looked up at Xena, his eyes meeting hers as he watched her face contort with desire. "A gallon a day, now," he murmured, his voice barely above a whisper, "each."

Xena's eyes gleamed with approval, her hand still cupping his breast. "And how does that make you feel, Danni?" "Do you like being a milk cow for the Amazons?"

Danni hesitated for a moment, his eyes scanning the group of Amazons who were watching him intently. He thought back to the first time he had been milked, to the initial discomfort and awkwardness he had felt. But that had quickly given way to something else, something he had never expected to feel. A sense of pleasure, of power, of being needed. He looked up at Xena, a small smile playing at the corners of his mouth.

"I...I do," he admitted, his voice soft but steady.

Xena's eyes widened in surprise, a hint of a smile playing at the corners of her mouth. "That's right, Danni," she said, her voice a low rumble. "You're their little milkmaid, their own personal growth supplement. And you love it." She leaned in closer, her hand squeezing his breast again, her thumb rubbing against his nipple. "Now, show them how you do it. Show them how you make them grow." Danni's cheeks flushed a deeper shade of pink, his body tingling with a mix of embarrassment and excitement. He looked out at the group of Amazons, their eyes wide and hungry, their muscles bulging and straining against their clothing. He could feel their gazes on him, their desire palpable, and it sent a shiver of pleasure down his spine.

Danni took a deep breath, his eyes never leaving Xena's as he reached up and placed his own hands on his breasts, his fingers mimicking the movements he had seen Becky and Katie perform so expertly. He began to massage, his touch gentle at first, exploring the new sensitivity of his skin, the heaviness of his flesh. His nipples hardened under his touch, and he could feel the milk beginning to flow, his body responding to the familiar sensation.

The Amazons watched in awe, their eyes wide and eager as they took in the sight of Danni, his surreal udders swaying slightly as he worked them, his touch both reverent and erotic. Becky and Katie stood by, their hands clasped together, their eyes shining with pride and admiration.

Danni's milk flowed freely, pouring out of his teats with each squeeze and rub of his hands. The Amazons watched, their eyes wide with awe and desire, as the stream of milk hit the counter and splashed onto the floor, pooling beneath Danni's feet. They stepped closer, their breaths coming in ragged gasps as they took in

the sight of Danni, his body glistening with sweat, his movements slow and sensual as he milked himself for their enjoyment.

Xena chuckled, her eyes sparkling with a raw, primal hunger. "Look at you, Danni," she said, her voice a low growl. "You're a natural at this, aren't you?" Danni blushed, his cheeks flushing with pleasure and embarrassment.

"But...but you need to milk me down below too," he stammered, his voice barely above a whisper.

"Oh, you can do that too, for everyone to see," she grinned. Go ahead and enjoy yourself. I want the girls to see everything," Xena said, her eyes gleaming with desire. "Now, let's see this little show of yours."

Danni blushed, his cheeks flushing with heat as he took in the sight of the Amazons, their eyes wide and hungry. He hesitated for a moment, his hands still cupping his breasts, before he slid one hand down, his fingers tentatively rubbing against the front of his panties. Little Danni was already hard, straining against the thin fabric, and he could feel the heat of the Amazons' gazes on him, their desire intoxicating. He took a deep breath, his eyes never leaving Xena's as he slipped his fingers around himself, his thumb brushing against his length. He gasped, his hips jerking slightly as he began to rub himself, his touch tentative but growing more confident with each stroke.

A soft moan escaped his lips, his body tensing as the pleasure built, his milk flowing faster, pouring out of him in waves. The Amazons watched, their breaths coming in shallow gasps, their bodies flushed with heat as they took in the sight of Danni, his body a symphony of pleasure, his moans filling the small shop. Becky and Katie stood by, their eyes wide with a mix of awe and envy, their own bodies responding to the raw, primal display. Xena watched, her eyes gleaming with desire, her body pressed against the counter, her hand still cupping Danni's breast, her thumb rubbing against his nipple in time with his own movements. "That's it, Danni," she murmured, her voice a low, rumbling purr. "Let it all out. Let it all go. Tell us how you feel."

Danni couldn't contain his feelings. "I love my giant titties! I want everyone to see how big and fantastic they are! Look at them, they're fucking massive! I love it!" he exclaimed, his voice trembling with a mix of lust, pleasure, and a newfound confidence as he continued to milk himself, his body aching with desire. The Amazons watching him let out a collective gasp, their eyes wide with awe and amazement as they took in the sight of Danni, his enormous teats swaying and jiggling with each movement, his nipples erect and glistening with a sheen of sweat and milk.

Becky and Katie exchanged a look of shock and disbelief, their eyes wide as they watched Danni, their former shy and timid coworker, now standing before them with a newfound sense of sexuality and confidence that they had never seen before.

They had helped him grow, had nurtured and cared for him, but they could never have imagined the transformation that they were witnessing now.

"Cum for everyone, Danni!" Xena exclaimed, her voice a low, growling command. "Let's see that milky load of yours!"

Danni's eyes widened at Xena's words, his body tensing as a wave of pleasure and arousal crashed over him. He had never cum in front of anyone before, let alone a room full of people, but the thought of doing so now sent a thrill of excitement coursing through his veins. He couldn't help but feel a sense of pride and accomplishment at the sight of the Amazons, their eyes wide and hungry as he erupted, spilling onto his curved belly. His display left the giant women flushed with desire as they watched him.

As he panted, covered in his own juices, Xena reached out and cupped Danni's left breast, her large hand dwarfing it. She squeezed gently, and Danni let out a soft moan, his body arching into her touch. "They're perfect," Xena murmured, her eyes gleaming with lust. She turned to the amazons, who were all watching, their eyes wide and hungry. "And you make the best shakes," she added, her voice laced with desire.

She reached out her hand, scooping some of Danni's cum from his lower region, her fingers coated with the thick, milky substance. Becky and Katie watched, their eyes wide with surprise and awe as Xena brought her fingers to her lips, licking them clean with a slow, deliberate motion. Danni gasped, his body shuddering with

pleasure at the sight, his own orgasm still coursing through his veins. The amazons in the room let out a collective moan, their eyes locked onto Xena, their bodies responding to her primal, erotic display.

Xena herself was no exception, her body thrumming with arousal and power. As she licked Danni's cum from her fingers, a surge of energy coursed through her, her muscles tensing and growing. Her clothes, already straining against her muscular frame, began to groan and creak under the newfound pressure. The Amazons watched in awe, their eyes wide as Xena's clothes began to burst at the seams, her muscles and breasts growing larger and more defined with each passing moment.

Her sports bra surrendered, the fabric tearing with a loud rip as Xena's back and shoulders expanded, her biceps and triceps bulging and growing. Her breasts, already larger than most, swelled and increased in size, shredding the elastic garment as her cleavage grew more prominent.

The Amazons in the room let out a collective cheer, their eyes wide with awe and excitement as they watched Xena grow before them. They knew what this meant, they knew what it would do for them. More strength, more power, more growth. They pumped their fists in the air, their voices raised in a chorus of excitement. "Xena! Xena!" they chanted, their eyes locked onto their leader, their bodies thrumming with anticipation. Becky and Katie joined in, their voices raised in a cheer of their own. Danni, still standing on the counter, his body flushed and sweaty, couldn't help but feel a sense of pride and accomplishment. He had done this, he had given them this. He had given them the power to grow, to become stronger, to become... more. He turned to Xena, his eyes wide with awe and admiration.

"Like I said, Danni Scoops, I'll be big and strong. You're small and soft. Small, and soft, and perfect."

He blushed, feeling exactly that.

Chapter 8 – Epilogue: Reflecting on Personal Growth

Chug, chug, chug went the pump. Danni lazily sipped at his Milf Shake, rich with Bustee Cream, as he performed his milking ritual - something he now did 6-8 times a day.

His massive, jiggling teats swayed gently, producing a continuous stream of thick, creamy milk. Becky, noticing his languid expression, leaned against the counter, her own generous bosom heaving with each breath. She raised an eyebrow at Danni, a playful smirk playing at the corners of her mouth.

"You look like you're half-asleep, Danni," she chuckled. "You're downright angelic when you're in your milking trance." Katie's voice pulled Danni back to reality, her eyes scanning the empty jugs and bowls scattered across the counter. "But how's today's production looking?" she asked, her brow furrowing as she counted the empties.

Danni blinked, his eyes focusing on the collection of containers as he finished his final squeeze. "I'd say it's been a pretty good day," he replied, his voice soft and content. "I've got at least a dozen full jugs here, and that's not counting the ones you and Becky have been taking care of." He looked down at his chest, his globes still heaving slightly with each breath, beads of milk dripping from his nipples. He smiled, a sense of pride and accomplishment washing over him.

He could feel the familiar press of his breasts against his arms, their weight familiar and comforting. Becky leaned over, her eyes wide as she took in the sight of Danni's massive chest. "Danni, your tits are nearly the size of yoga balls," despite seeing him swell day-by-day, her voice still held awe and disbelief. Katie, who had been counting the empty jugs, looked up at the sound of Becky's words, smiling as she took in the sight of Danni's enormous breasts. She let out a low whistle.

"Remember that dream you had months ago, Danni? The one where you imagined yourself producing more milk than you ever thought possible? Well, look at you now. You're practically a dairy farm all by yourself."

Becky's eyebrows shot up as she took in the sight of Danni's enormous naked chest. "You're bigger than you were in that dream, Danni," she murmured, her voice filled with a mix of awe and wonder. "And your production? Well, let's just say you're giving those Holsteins a run for their money."

Danni blushed at the compliment, his cheeks flushing with a mix of embarrassment and pride. "I guess I am," he admitted, his voice soft, steady and tinged with pride.

"And have you seen Xena lately? She's becoming a real-life giantess." He looked up at them, his eyes wide with disbelief. "She's nearly eight feet tall now. Can you imagine? A living, breathing Amazon, walking among us."

Becky's eyes widened at the news, her mouth agape. "That's incredible," she breathed. "And she's still growing, isn't she? With your milk and all?" Katie nodded, her face breaking into a wide grin. "That's right," she confirmed. "She's not the only one, either. There are more Amazons joining the ranks every day, all thanks to you and your... unique talents." She winked at Danni, who blushed at the praise, his chest swelling with pride.

But it was true, he thought, looking down at his massive breasts, still heaving gently as they produced a steady torrent of milk. He had never imagined he could grow so much, and yet here he was, a walking, talking dairy farm. And Xena, well, she was something else entirely. He leaned back against the counter, his mind wandering to the time they had spent together just last night. He had been on his knees, his face pressed against her massive thigh as she towered over him, her body a symphony of muscle and power. She had been leaned back against the headboard of her king-sized bed, his enormous breasts swaying gently as he celebrated her titanic form, her massive hands cupping his most prominent attributes, her thumbs rubbing against her nipples.

As Becky and Katie began massaging him with Mazzola Bust Oil, Becky cooed, running a hand through Danni's hair, her fingers tangling in the soft locks. Danni hummed in contentment, his eyes half-closed, a soft smile playing on his lips. He had grown accustomed to the routine, the feel of the pump suctioning at his

breasts, the taste of the sweet, creamy milkshake in his mouth. He sighed, his body relaxing into the familiar sensation.

Katie, watching Danni with a mix of admiration and envy, finished wiping down the counter and tossed the rag into the sink.

She turned to face him, her expression softening as she studied his contented features. "You know, Danni," she began, her voice gentle, "I want you to know just how proud we are of you. When Becky and I first started working here, we weren't sure what to make of you. You were so shy, so reserved. But look at you now." She gestured to his immense breasts, still producing a steady stream of milk. "You've grown into this role in ways we could never have imagined. And not just physically, either. You've found a confidence in yourself that's truly inspiring."

Becky nodded in agreement, her eyes shining with unshed tears. "Yes, Danni," she said, her voice thick with emotion. "Thank you for trusting us, for giving us a chance to help you on this journey."

Here, let's get this last jug ready for you." As Becky and Katie worked in tandem to position the final jug under Danni's right breast, he smiled, his eyes fluttering closed as the familiar tug of the pump began anew.

His humungous udders, already well-worked, began to produce yet another flood of milk, the jug filling quickly. Danni's body relaxed into the rhythm, the sound of the pump a lulling metronome that eased him into a state of contentment. His eyes drifted shut, his breaths growing deeper and more even.

"Look at him," Katie whispered, her voice filled with awe and affection. "He's practically purring." Becky nodded, her eyes soft as she watched Danni's peaceful face. "He's really grown into himself."