

The Dealmaker – A Collab by Parablock and Moomooxx

Contains: Breast Expansion, Ass Expansion, Hourglass, sex (explicit), lactation, hucow, cowgirl (horns), dubious con, mental control, coercion/seduction, corruption, nymphomania, Strong power play and BDSM-vibes, shrinking/shortstackification, cumflation, penis expansion, oversized penetration

Buckle up, this one is a helluva ride.

Preamble:

This one took a while to put together. Coming out of some fun message exchanges with [moomooxx](#) on DA, it took on a life of its own as I really got caught up in an excellent writing mood. I kept tweaking and building until eventually I had the longest story I've written so far! It's quite heavy into power-dynamics and corruption fun, but I can guarantee there is a lot of fun here for expansion enthusiasts. Originally it was planned to come out for Halloween of last year, but IRL really can't stop making things difficult so now it's finally ready for Valentines Day instead.

Big thanks to everyone involved in the proof-reading and inspiring me to keep on writing. Huge thanks to Moomooxx for helping to put this entire idea together in the first place! And finally, biggest thanks to the expansion community for making it so rewarding to write here!

--Chapter 1--

Julie first met the man at a sleazy bar, on a lonely Saturday night. He stood out from the crowd immediately; tall, well dressed, and smelling of cigar smoke and bourbon. From the moment he'd sat down beside her, Julie was immediately intrigued. He was a polite conversationalist, kind but mysterious, leaving her eager to hear more as they covered the usual round of conversation topics. By the time they'd finished their first round of drinks, they both knew she'd be taking him home that night.

As interesting as he was to talk with, nothing could've prepared Julie for what awaited her in her bedroom. He had a wide and muscular frame, and when he put his hands on her she was powerless to resist. Somehow, he seemed to know all her favorite spots. Every little intimate place to squeeze or tug, reducing her to a mewling mess of pleasure.

It was intoxicating.

She was putty in his hands, addicted to the feeling. They spent hours exploring every inch of each other's bodies, but Julie still felt there was so much more she still wanted to discover. By the time they both found their final release, the only thing that Julie could think about was the next way she could share pleasure with this man again. However, the hour was late and they both had obligations the next morning. With a reluctant sigh they parted, bathing in the wash of emotions from such an unforgettable night.

However, just as the man was getting ready to leave, he made the strangest little comment:

"Have you ever wanted to have larger breasts?"

It wasn't an insulting comment or something meant to degrade Julie. The man's voice was polite and curious, as though he was simply commenting on

a new pair of shoes. For some reason though, Julie couldn't help but answer honestly.

“Yes”

Yes, she had thought about having larger breasts. She'd thought about it quite a bit actually. In quiet moments, in her personal browsing history. But only ever in private.

The man smiled when she told him that, before speaking again in that deep and silky-smooth voice.

“I have a deal you might be interested in. It's a simple exchange, a bit of your height in exchange for an increase to the size of your breasts.”

He made it sound like the simplest thing in the world. Like he could just snap his fingers and she would suddenly have a bigger chest. Before she could respond, he continued:

“I'll let you think on it. Here's my card.”

He placed a small white business card on her desk, before putting on his coat and heading out into the stormy night.

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The next day went by in a blur. Julie worked from home, answering calls and emails as she thought about the man she'd met the night before. She wanted to see him again. Wanted to talk more, drink more, feel his hands on her... more.

As her work day finished, Julie took the man's card to her bathroom and looked at herself in the mirror as she thought about his offer. She looked good, damn good if she was a judge. She had a cute face, locks of shoulder-length wavy brown hair, modest breasts easily covered by a hand, and a nice butt to cap it off. She wasn't too tall or too short, certainly attractive by any definition, and yet she always felt a little unsatisfied. There was a little sliver of envy she felt when she looked at pictures of women who generously filled

their tops. Women who captured men's gazes as they jiggled their way through life. Wouldn't that be fun? Wouldn't that be satisfying?

Wouldn't that be so damn hot?

Julie looked down at the card again and dialed the number. Deal or not, it would be nice to speak to that man again. The phone rang once. and then his voice purred into her ear.

"Hello Julie, have you thought about my offer?"

She responded with a sudden hunger that took her by surprise.

"Yes, I'd like to take your deal."

There was a pause, and then the man's voice rumbled like a thunderhead.

"That's a good girl. The deal is made."

Before she could respond and ask him about when they might meet again, the phone clicked and went silent. Julie raised an eyebrow as she looked at her cell. His response was a little weird, but it wasn't enough to put her off trying to arrange another tryst.

She prepared to dial his number again, when suddenly her head spun and she staggered. Her whole body was burning up, and her skin felt as though it had become putty being molded in a giant's hands Julie fell forwards, catching herself on the edge of the sink and letting her phone fall to the floor as the force gathered into a wild crescendo in her chest. It felt as though her breasts were being molded into great hollow shells, sculpted with some terrible purpose. She shook and writhed, feeling *something* digging deeper and deeper into her, seemingly unending!

Then it stopped.

Julie stared at her reflection, trying to comprehend what had just happened. Her hair was slick with sweat and her arms were shaking with the effort of holding her up.

What on earth had just happened? Was she sick? Did she eat some bad food or something?

Just as Julie was beginning to think she'd just imagined the whole event, a new wave of sensation washed over her. Pleasure. Pure pleasure. It poured into her, filling her breasts and causing her to squirm in place. Her nipples tingled as her hands instinctively snapped upwards, fondling herself as she felt her breasts growing under her hands.

It was unbelievable. Impossible. But she didn't care. All that mattered was the feeling as her twin mounds rose into her hands.

They pushed outwards like rising dough, moving from conservatively sized, to eye-catching, and then to shirt filling. Then her breathing grew shallow as her top tightened. Little butterflies of pleasure were forming in her chest, pushing her closer and closer to a sweet release as her fingers sank into the new surge of pliant flesh! The tide of pleasure inched closer and she moaned, ready to give herself over... when it suddenly stopped. Julie clenched her teeth in desperation, massaging her breasts and trying to milk out just a bit more of that supernatural sweetness that had filled her, but it had completely vanished leaving her with a vague sense of disappointment. It still felt amazing to massage her breasts through the tightened fabric of her top, so Julie fell back to the edge of her bathtub and began to explore her new growth.

It took Julie an hour to stop squeezing her new chest. Her casual loungewear shirt had been pulled into a crop top and every time she caught sight of herself in a mirror, it was hard to resist being turned on again. Finding a shirt that she could comfortably wear turned out to be as arduous as keeping her hands off herself, as most of her tops were not designed with almost twice her original amount of breast in mind. Not only that, but it seemed their sensitivity had dialed up a few notches too, with her nipples being especially sensitive

when rubbing directly against the coarse fabric of the oversized shirts that barely fit her. The chaffing would take some getting used to, but it was absolutely worth it for such an incredible deal. The man had said she would lose some height, but she barely noticed the difference. All that mattered was the way she bounced and jiggled, and how amazing she looked! In fact, she was almost at her perfect fantasy size, and still well within the range of sizes she'd always imagined as "sexy but still practical". As she settled down for the evening, sitting on her couch eating a cheap frozen meal and watching Netflix, she slowly let one hand drift back to play with her nipples. She'd definitely need to take some time tomorrow to buy some new clothes, assuming this wasn't some strange fever dream.

--Chapter 2--

Julie spent the next couple of days utterly jubilant. Her breasts hadn't mysteriously disappeared overnight and her shopping trip had revealed that she was now a proud DD-cup, which looked absolutely incredible on her and felt even better. It was a little annoying that she *had* to wear some sort of bra with any top, as her nipples were far too easy to stimulate with the casual shifting of clothes, but it was a small price to pay for her new look! Going out had been especially fun, since it had given her the opportunity to see those same little flickers of envy from other women that she'd once had herself. Even the gormless stares of men who couldn't help but stop and stare were a delightful treat. She could easily stun most into idiotic gaping with nothing more than undoing a single button, giving them a delicious view of her sweet and creamy new cleavage. It was a little disappointing that she hadn't been able to set up another meeting with her mysterious magical stranger, but that was a small price to pay when she could turn the heads of every man in a room whenever she walked in. Of course, that didn't happen all that much considering she had to work from home, but it was satisfying to see those stares whenever she found some time to go out. She almost considered going out bar crawling again, to see if she could pick up another guy. But every time she considered it, she remembered that stranger again, and the way his hands had felt on her...

That was the only real trouble. The way she'd felt when she'd been with that man, and the way her breasts had felt when they grew. She couldn't get those feelings out of her head, they simply felt *too good*. After a few more days, Julie grew frustrated. Her breasts were much more sensitive now and felt so good to play with, but she could never quite get them to feel as good as they had that night. Even worse, she couldn't get the muddle of feelings she had for the man out of her head. She kept his calling card nearby, touching it occasionally as she worked, but never quite able to work up the courage to call him again. She didn't want to seem desperate, or needy, but now she'd tasted a sweet

pleasure she had never known before and craved it like nothing else in the world.

Even worse, she had no clue about how this mysterious deal even worked! Was she allowed to contact the wish granting man again? Or would her new growth melt away like Cinderella's dress if she called his number once more. It had been such a short time they'd spent together, but her new chest reminded her every day about how sweet it had been.

The more Julie thought about the man, the more she wanted him. She couldn't quite remember the conversations they'd had but everything from his looks, to his personality, had felt so absolutely perfectly matched for her. Were these new breasts even worth it without his touch on them? What would he think of them if he saw them? They were so sensitive now that Julie couldn't suppress the shivers that ran down her spine when she imagined him placing his hands on them. In less than a week, Julie's will gave out and she knew she had to call him again. Her hands practically shook as she dialed the number on his card, begging him to pick up as the phone rang.

"Hello Julie, I hope you're enjoying our deal."

God, his voice was like molten chocolate. She felt a sudden tightness in her chest, as she pushed down her nerves and asked if he wanted to go out for dinner some time.

"How about tonight? I know a place nearby; it'll be my treat."

The butterflies in her stomach seemed to be threatening to devour her insides as she squeaked out an agreement. Julie knew she shouldn't have been this eager, this riled up, just from hearing him talk but she couldn't help it. As soon as he hung up the phone, she raced around her house, cleaning and looking for the perfect outfit to wear.

Something tasteful and seductive. Something that showed off what his deal had done to her body, but didn't give away too much. She settled on a little red dress that she'd bought years ago. It didn't fit quite as well now as it had when she'd bought it, and showed off a bit too much cleavage, but it was the classiest thing she had.

By the time she was dressed and ready, she still had an hour left to wait before their dinner. Time seemed to be moving agonizingly slowly, so Julie spent the next half-hour making subtle little adjustments to her bedroom and dreaming about what they would be doing later. Then she was out the door in a rush. True to his word, it was an elegant restaurant only about 10 minutes from her place in an area far too expensive for her to ever consider going to.

As she pulled into the parking lot, she saw him by the door. Waiting, as impeccably dressed as before, watching her step out of the car. For a second their eyes met and her heart skipped a beat.

There was a gleam in his eyes, something she hadn't seen before. The way he looked at her, it felt primal, predatory. As though he was waiting to pounce and tear her apart. Her body seemed to be moving on its own, walking towards him as a sudden flush of adrenaline washed through her. She could suddenly feel the night air on her skin, the way her new chest jiggled, and how little her dress actually covered. Beads of sweat mingling loosely with hair at the back of her neck as she robotically walked up to this stranger who seemed to tower over her.

And then he smiled, and the fear washed away.

As suddenly as it had come, the fear was gone and she suddenly felt silly for even caring. This was the man she hadn't been able to get out of her head since they had met. A man who was perfectly caring and who knew her body better than she did. The smell of his cologne teased her nose and sent her heart racing to a much different rhythm than the fear that had just filled her.

He greeted her with a polite smile and held the door, beckoning for her to enter. As they walked up to the front desk, the staff nodded to her partner and greeted them warmly. It seemed that everyone here recognized the man and they were quickly escorted to a specially reserved booth away from prying eyes.

As soon as she'd sat down, Julie immediately fell back into natural conversation with the man. No topic lingered long enough to stay in her mind, but they all felt so right as she conversed with him. They laughed and chatted as though they were already old friends, all the while an underlying sexual tension burned the air between them. Julie *would* be bringing him back to her place when they were done, they both knew before the first course was served.

As amazing as their conversations were, there was still one strange thing that lingered with Julie. She burned with curiosity, a desire to know how exactly this strange man's "deal" worked. Was he magical, or an alien, or something else entirely? But for some reason, she never quite found the moment to bring up her question. Every time there was an opening in the conversation, the questions seemed to melt from her tongue, replaced by some other piece of idle chatter that would reignite their conversation and leave her curiosity far behind. Answers could come later, Julie decided, for now she had more carnal matters to attend to.

After a meal that cost more than Julie's monthly paycheck, which the man insisted on paying, the two of them made their way back to Julie's apartment. They had barely made it inside the door, when the man's hands were suddenly all over Julie, and she plunged back into that sea of carnal bliss. He clearly loved the work he'd done to her. Every touch and caress felt as though he was giving praise to a work of art. **HIS** work of art. The art he'd made of her body. They made love, again and again, the night becoming a blur of pleasure and heaving bodies entwining as Julie felt her mind seem to melt away with their embrace.

Her newfound assets were a constant source of stimulation. The man's touch seemed to bring back the depth of pleasure that Julie had been hungering for since she'd felt them grow. Even with her new size, the man had no difficulty in handling them. Something about the way he grabbed them felt just *right*, as though her body was his toy to play with. Julie liked that idea more than she would admit. She craved to be dominated and used, to give up all of her worries and simply submit herself to a man who would give her everything she needed. A *master* who could take away all her worries and concerns...

She screamed in ecstasy every time they coupled. He felt bigger when he entered her, but not painfully so, and she could almost feel her body molding itself around him to try and give him back some of the delicious bliss he had given to her.

When they were finally done, they lay together for a time. Her mind was a delirious mess of sensations, slowly piecing herself back together as she snuggled into his chest and filled herself with his scent. She wished she could stay here forever, in the warm embrace of this mysterious but wonderful man. Julie's revelry was eventually interrupted when the man reached down and carefully peeled her away from his chest. She mewled in disappointment, and tried to snuggle back into him, but his powerful hands held her at arm's length. He apologized in smoky whispers then moved to the edge of the bed to retrieve his clothes. A quick glance at the bedside clock made Julie realize it was incredibly late, and naturally their time together had come to an end. As Julie watched him get dressed, an intense longing washed over her. She still craved him, and she had an uncomfortable feeling that if he left right now, she might never see him again!

She shook off her pleasurable stupor and followed the man to the door, clad in nothing but a bathrobe she quickly snatched off the floor.

"Can we meet again? I've really enjoyed my time with you~"

She gave her most seductive purr as she let the robe sit loosely over her voluptuous frame. The man paused, considering her proposition.

“I have places to be and people to see. I’m not sure when we’ll meet again...”

Her heart sank as the man trailed off. Her instincts were right. The moment he exited out that door, Julie would never see the man again.

“Unless...”

She perked up, looking up at him pleadingly. For a second, there was a flash in the man’s cool grey eyes. A wash of crimson, like a flicker of fire burning within them as he looked over Julie.

“How would you like to make another deal?”

“Another deal?” Julie echoed, considering the proposal.

The man nodded, a smile creeping across his face.

“A slightly different deal this time.”

He reached forwards slowly, easing the robe from Julie’s body, before tracing a hand down her body with a finger.

“Something similar to our previous arrangement. You give over a bit more of you, and in exchange you get a bit more of what you crave. You wouldn’t mind larger nipples to match your new breast size, along with a bit more down below too?”

Julie shivered. That did sound very good. The man continued to trace his fingers downwards, sliding along the inner groove of her hip.

“A bit of extra padding really would look incredible on you, wouldn’t it Julie~”

Julie moaned involuntarily as his fingers came deliciously close to her nethers. Then, he pulled away. Julie reached out and grabbed him, pulling his hand back onto her breast.

“Please,” Julie begged.

“I’d love that deal. Just stay the night?”

The man’s eyes flashed again, burning with flickering fire as he peeled Julie’s robe off and slipped out of his jacket. His hands snapped to Julie’s chest as he let out a growl of approval.

“Of course, Julie, the deal is sealed,”

Pleasure rocked through Julie as the man took her back to the bed, and tore off his shirt. Julie’s body shuddered as a fresh wave of pure pleasure washed through her, filling her body as her perspective sank and she toppled backwards onto the bed. She could see the man’s cock visibly bulge in his pants as he growled with lust and sank his teeth into her breast.

--Chapter 3--

Julie was glad she was working from home, as she sat in her office chair trying to work on a report.

She was naked. Stinking of her own cum and sweat, she furiously pecked away at her keyboard trying desperately to keep her focus against the rebelling sensations of her new body.

The man's deal had been much more potent this time. Her more practical sensibilities had been screaming with regret nonstop since she'd taken a full appraisal of her new body fighting against an equally loud perverted thrill as she took it all in. She'd dipped under 5ft tall, with breasts like large coconuts that bulged obscenely and capped with nipples as thick as her pinky finger. They were way too sensitive now too, tuned to take any friction or stimulation and turn it into more pleasure than she knew what to do with.

After the man left the next morning, she'd been reduced to fingering herself relentlessly after attempting to put on a shirt. None of her pants fit her either, as her hips now flared outwards and her ass overflowed any attempts to contain it. It was dangerous trying to even wear underwear, as just squeezing her ass turned her on to a debilitating degree.

She felt like a jiggling blowup doll. Too much Jello crammed into a tiny mold. At least her new padding helped her sit markedly higher in her chair, which offset her loss in height and helped her to continue working at her desk.

The real problem was her nipples. As she worked, she desperately tried to keep them from stimulation, but her hands just couldn't seem to keep from fondling them whenever her attention waned. It just felt too good to play with them, tweak them, or pinch them whenever she had a bit of downtime. This naturally led her pussy to dampen, and the trails of arousal leaking down her newly fattened thighs was enough to lure her hands between her legs for another round of masturbation. Even worse, Julie had this constant feeling of something missing in her, distracting her as she worked. It was an impossibly

primal sensation, the *need* to have that man inside her once again. It burned her incessantly, leaving her unfulfilled even after cumming again and again. She tried filling herself with her biggest dildo and sitting on a towel as her pussy drooled over the invading silicone, but it just wasn't enough. By the end of the day, Julie was shaking and desperate. By the end of the day after, Julie was calling up the man once more.

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Julie was sitting on her couch fingering herself when she heard the knock at her door. She bolted off her seat, not even bothering to try and cover up as she threw open the door. But there was no judgement on the man's face as the door opened. He simply gave a pleasant smile as he looked over her naked form, before asking if she could invite him in. Despite the enticing sausage-shaped bulge in his pants, the man didn't immediately take Julie as she'd expected he would. Rather, he went to her kitchen table and made pleasant conversation. Taken aback, Julie found herself playing along and bringing him a drink before sitting down next to him to chat. Internally, she chastised herself as they talked. This man clearly thought of her as more than a simple fuck, but here she was, greeting him naked with lust dripping down her thighs. It was a simple but kind gesture that was sidelined by Julie's burning need to savor the taste of him once more. Catching the faint whiff of his arousal, Julie decided to cut through their civil conversation and make her needs known. She reached over and placed a hand over the bulge in his pants.

"It must be aching in there, let me help you"

Perhaps it was the achingly erotic curves of Julie's new body, or the visible need on her face, but the man dropped the conversation at once and unzipped his pants. At once the air was rich with his scent and Julie couldn't help but drool as she reached past his boxers and helped unsheathe him. She'd been suspecting that the man's penis had grown with each deal they had made, but sitting here with it in her hands confirmed it beyond any doubt.

It was massive. A rod thicker and more beautiful than any silicone replica she could ever try. Julie's eyes widened and her head began to spin as a ravenous hunger overtook her. She felt like a drowning woman seeing a life raft, and she slowly let out a whimper before leaning her head in to give it a kiss. Before she could finish the act, the man grabbed her and pulled her in front of him. With a motion, he spread her legs and squeezed her hips, dragging her onto his cock. It slipped into her easily, filling her until she felt something pushing against her stomach and she let out a shaky wheeze. Her insides were being crushed as they were reshaped and Julie squirmed as she clenched around his incredible length.

This was what she'd been missing, this is what she'd needed. There was no sex toy that could fill her like this, or satisfy that primal desire that had been burning inside her.

This was her purpose, this was bliss!

Common sensibilities were drowned out as she clenched tighter around his cock and groaned. He was so big it hurt, but it hurt in all the right ways. Her body was made for this, made for making this man's cock disappear inside her, and her assets bounced in time with each rough thrust. Being filled and covered with his cum would fulfill her life.

She **needed** him to keep using her. To keep fucking her over and over, mauling her fat tits as he rammed into her again and again.

Eventually they slowed and the man drew himself out of her sheath, leaving behind a creamy trail that painted her thighs. She was intoxicated, drunk on pleasure and drunk on him.

Leaving her naked body splayed over the table, the man quickly put together a meal from the leftovers in her fridge. Julie listened to him work as she laid there, slowly playing with her new breasts. They were so heavy on her now,

but so bouncy and fun to play with. Returning to the table, he sat beside her and slowly fed her as he talked.

“Thank you for satisfying me, Julie, your new body was terribly distracting,”
He said, lightly tracing his fingers along her curves. She shivered involuntarily, as her nipples hardened again.

“It’s not often I find someone who is so compatible with my deals.”
His fingers traced lower and Julie moaned.

“If we keep going like this, I’m going to have to make you another deal.”
The feeling of his fingers tracing the inside curve of her hips was unreal. She felt like putty under his touch.

“But if I do, I’m going to ruin you.”
He paused his caress and frowned.

“You don’t want me to ruin you, do you Julie?”
Julie moaned and squirmed on the table in desperation. She needed him to move his fingers again; he was so close to touching her exactly where she needed it! She whimpered loudly.

“Please... Keep going~” Julie begged, grabbing his hand.

“I...I want you to ruin me.”

Her common sensibilities were being smothered under her burning need for this man. Julie had always had a submissive streak, but this man was different. This man had power over her body, and she *loved* that thought.

The man’s voice was a rumble of approval as he finished feeding her and put the dishes back on a counter.

“Julie, if we make another deal, your body will change and your breasts will grow again.”

His fingers were on her again, continuing their journey much slower as they circled her clit.

“With all this growth, you’ll have to be careful not to... ‘stimulate’ them too much. Too much attention after all that growth might cause side effects”
Julie shook her head and gasped.

“I don’t care, just do it pleeeeeeaaase!”

He nodded and plunged his fingers into her lower lips.

Immediately Julie screamed with pleasure, buckling and shaking her hips as her body was wracked with pleasure. She came, spraying all over the man’s hand, as she felt her body stretch and shift. Her spine seemed to compress, pulling her body tighter, as her ass and hips swelled. It felt as though her entire lower body was wrapped in a pillowy embrace as she felt her thigh-gap vanish between thickening thighs, and her ass jiggle outwards, pushing the man’s hand deeper into her body. Her back arched and her breasts flopped towards her face, a pair of soft sweat-covered bowling balls tipped in throbbing rose-coloured thimbles that begged to be sucked on.

As the pleasure surged on and on, the man leaned in and pinched one of her nipples, biting the other one lightly as his tongue flicked at its tip. Julie’s mind seemed to bend as a second orgasm washed over the first and her screams of pleasure took on a new octave. Her nipples felt like a pair of fat clits, and their stimulation rocked her whole body. She thrashed about on the table like a thing possessed, every nerve ending in her body firing and overwhelming her senses. The man’s questing fingers found her G-spot and the last thing Julie remembered was the wave of sensory overload as a third orgasm began to bubble up deep inside her. Then everything went black.

--Chapter 4--

Julie awoke to the feeling of something intensely pleasurable on her chest. Whimpering, she opened her eyes to realize she was in her bed, naked but tucked under her blanket. Looking down, all she could see was a pale mountain of breast meat and the twin peaks of her nipples, somehow covered by her bed sheet. The way it brushed against her felt so sensual, but the weight of her breasts was subtly squeezing her lungs and constricting her breath. With a twist, Julie turned sideways and nearly came as the blankets slid off of her. She could feel her pussy growing wet as her inner thighs rubbed together, but she pushed the sweet teasing aside so she could slide out of her bed. Julie needed to see firsthand the damage this new deal had wrought, exploring could come later.

Dragging herself upright took longer than expected, and her first steps were shaky as she made her way across the bedroom. Everything felt larger, more imposing, as she stumbled across her room struggling to ignore the growing heat that was building in her core. Getting her body to move the way she wanted was challenging with her new additions, but she found that letting her wide hips guide her steps provided some level of coordination. Nonetheless, her new walk was more of an ungraceful waddle, as she made her way over to her full-body vanity mirror and gasped.

Julie looked like a surreal exaggerated parody of her former self; a caricature designed by a fetish artist. She was 4ft something now, shorter than she had been in her teenage years, but with breasts literally bigger than her head. They dominated her upper body, and her hips similarly flared out below, giving her an extremely exaggerated hourglass appearance. Her hair looked glossier too, and her face had been subtly changed, as though a layer of makeup had been imprinted on her face. Her lashes were longer and her lips puffier, giving her the look of a compacted Jessica Rabbit.

She touched her face, scarcely able to believe what she was seeing. A cold pit of horror and revulsion mixed in her gut as she thought about how far she had gone. Then that cold pit warmed and boiled, giving way to a new wave of arousal that burned like a furnace.

She was perfect. Her body screamed sexual perversion, in a way she could never hope to cover up, and she loved every inch of it. Her hands instinctively reached down and rubbed her nipples as she stared entranced by her new form.

This was a body **made** to take cum; to arouse and invite men to grab her and use her in every way imaginable. She turned sideways and bounced, watching as jiggling ass cheeks larger than a bowling ball happily jumped with her. Reaching down, Julie marveled as she sunk her fingers into the massive fat of her new caboose. Her fingers sunk into the pliant flesh and she moaned. She could only imagine how good it would feel once that man's hands were on her. Then Julie's face grew hot and flush as that fantasy gave way to new ones, of her mysterious benefactor grabbing her and using her again and again. As one of her hands drifted to her clit, she leaned back and fell onto her plush new ass.

It would feel so good the next time he took her. Her body arched and she came, pinching her nipple hard as the bolt of pleasure bounced from her pussy up to her chest and back again.

Eventually Julie recovered enough to roll forwards and pull herself to her feet. It would have been amazing to just sit there and play with herself endlessly, but the light of morning was leaking through her blinds and she still had work today. She left the stain of arousal on her carpet and made her way to the bathroom, noting with a shudder of pleasure and horror that the bathroom doorknob was now at chest level.

Shower time was a lengthy affair. Julie took her time exploring and cleaning every new inch of her body, her attention bordering on masturbatory as she reveled in the new sensations on her silky-smooth skin. It was sad to remove the smell of her lover from her body, but she knew he would mark her anew when they met again. When she was done, Julie whipped up a quick breakfast and headed to her home office, ready to take on the new day. There was a pang of disappointment when she found a note left by the man which she quickly read through.

“I’m sorry I couldn’t stay with you this morning, but I had places that I needed to be.”

Her disappointment vanished as she flipped over the note and saw that the message continued.

“But I will be back to see you tonight. I hope you enjoy our latest deal until then.”

Work was an entire new ordeal for Julie. Just getting onto her office chair was a struggle at her new height especially when rubbing her chest or ass was liable to distract her in very pleasant ways. Eventually she found a stool and managed to climb her way up, before settling on top of her impressively thick cushion of ass. From here, she could carefully position her arms to prevent herself from rubbing her own chest too much, and begin typing on her computer before taking client calls. At least she could in theory, as her mind was constantly distracted with thoughts of the next time that man would take her.

She couldn’t sit still. Skin was always touching other skin and she felt so warm all over. At first, she tried rubbing her nipples against the edge of the desk to get some relief, but it was too much to multitask. Before she knew it, she was squeezing and tugging on her thick new teats, as she grinded her ass against the chair. It barely mattered that she could barely see her pussy past the wall of breast below her or reach it from its position nestled between her oversized thighs. She could bring herself to orgasm in so many other ways. A

previous version of Julie might've been embarrassed by her growing desperation during the work day, but the current version of her was finding more and more that she never wanted to stop rubbing her nipples.

Time stretched on as she fondled her tits, grabbing and squeezing the swollen and sensitive flesh. There was so much more to grab now, with the skin of her breasts constantly aching to be touched. A little thrill rushed through her as she realized this must be some of the side effects of the trade! Her office chair squeaked and protested loudly as she covered it in her leaking arousal, but she barely noticed over the sound of her moans. She tugged mercilessly on her nipples between taking handfuls of her tits – which seemed so big now compared to the size of her hands. Her ass and hips pretty much filled the chair and sitting up straight was becoming difficult as her breasts seemed to feel heavier by the minute. But it was so hard to care, when her pussy was throbbing and begging to be filled again. Just trying to be productive was so damn hard, when her body was constantly demanding that she should be 'reproductive' instead.

As she struggled, it began to dawn on Julie that these deals were definitely doing more than just molding her body. Everything felt so good to grope, touch, and grind against anything around her. The hunger for stimulation was drowning out her rationality in a sea of pleasure. Even the realization of her changing mind did nothing but thrill Julie now.

It was utterly humiliating to be reduced to her base desires like this! Every deal taking her further into this absolute Hedonistic mess. Shrunken and made into little more than a needy receptacle for lust.

It was utterly humiliating, and utterly captivating.

When the doorbell rang, Julie immediately knew the man had come again. She knew she shouldn't let him in; she would inevitably let herself fall under his spell once more if she did. Everything about the man seemed like a cloying

smoke made of pure seduction. Now that he wasn't here, she couldn't even keep his face in her mind, or recall much of what they'd spoken about. All she knew was that he would offer another deal, and she would take it. How much of her would even remain if he changed her again?

That didn't matter.

The man had come again, and Julie's pussy drooled in anticipation as she closed her work computer. She rushed down the hall, threw open the door, and found him looming tall and powerful.

Her master.

Was he her Master? Something about that felt off to her, but the title fit him so naturally. His name never seemed to stay in her mind for long, and she really did need something to call him. Then the smell of his cologne seeped into her and she decided that Master was an excellent name for him.

He entered her apartment practically radiating lust and arousal. This time there was no small talk or time for pleasantries, only the animal *need* they both shared. His hands wrapped around her waist and he lifted her, kissing her deeply as he carried her over to her couch. His eyes burned crimson as he threw her down, growling with satisfaction as Julie spread her legs. Julie felt a spark of panic flicker as he peeled off his pants and unfurled his cock, a bulging monstrous thing now as thick as her forearm and easily a foot long.

It couldn't actually be that big, could it? Julie wondered as he grabbed her hips and positioned her onto its head.

It must be some kind of illusion. Maybe she was just smaller, maybe it was just-

It was not an illusion.

The first time he pushed it in, she felt her pussy stretch and somehow just keep stretching, devouring the rod as he slid inch after inch into her. Her

vision swam as she felt her organs squish and shift out of the way, her breath leaving her as he forced a space into her insides to perfectly fit his cock.

This wasn't making love. She was being impaled.
And she **loved** it.

Her body quivered and she gasped as the subtle outline of his cock bulged just below her navel. It couldn't be possible, but it was and it felt so good. He began to move his hips and Julie gripped the couch with all her strength.

He was fucking her. Her Master was fucking her!

This was right. **This** was her place.

Her body milked his shaft, and she felt him groan with pleasure. Over and over he thrust, causing her body to jiggle and shake as she barely held on. Finally, she felt him release, and a warm pressure washed over her insides. It flowed into her as she squeezed him, until she felt a subtle bump form at the head of his cock. As he pulled out, the bump slowly drained away, coating her thighs in creamy lust as she shook in a new wave of orgasmic pleasure. She was so intoxicated with the feeling dripping out her thighs she barely even noticed the pinch from her nipples, or the white liquid that began to bead and drip from them. But her Master noticed, and he chuckled, reaching forwards to lick the milk from her nipple.

"Julie" He rumbled.

"You've been playing with yourself too much while I've been gone."

His fingers wrapped around her nipples and Julie felt a low moan ooze from her lips. Thin trails of warm liquid were welling up at his touch and pouring onto her body.

"If you're going to play with yourself this much, you're going to have trouble with your job."

Julie shook her head and mumbled a feeble protest. Her nipples felt so good right now, she didn't care about that damn job.

Her Master chuckled sympathetically.

"I know it feels good, but you can't just fondle yourself all day."

Her Master was right and Julie knew it. But it was so hard to do her work with everything her Master had done to her. She mewled and squirmed in protest, feeling her milk pool between her breasts.

"If you're having so much trouble, why don't we make a new kind of deal? Since my deals are causing you so much difficulty, you can let me stay here with you. That way, you can grow bigger and more 'productive', and I'll help you relieve all those troubling urges you have."

He brought his cock back to her pussy and slowly wiped his cum along her clit, marking her body as his.

"You can ride me as much as you'd like, and get your work done without all those nagging distractions from your body"

He slowly pinched her nipples as he spoke, letting a thin dribble of milk run over his fingers.

Julie was still reeling from the new alignment of her insides and the streams of milk that leaked from her distended nipples as he enticed her. She tried to piece together what he'd said, making sense of this new information, but all she could focus on was the addictive aching of her body everywhere he had touched. She needed more. She needed to be filled and stretched by that monstrous cock. Needed to be pumped full of more of her Master's cum!

She could feel her insides slowly pulling themselves back into shape, pushing out more of his load with every twitch, but she **still needed more!** Before she could fully realize what she was doing, she was upright. Grinding against the man as he further teased her nipples, moaning and begging for him to take her again.

Was this desperate? She couldn't bring herself to care.

She could feel his hard length slide away from her clit and press against her abdomen, reminding her of her new height. She *needed* to be fucked like that again, and she *needed* it **NOW!** In her cum drunk haze, she realized his next trade offer would mean exactly that, and eagerly nodded in agreement.

Surely, she'd be able to focus so much better with him inside her all the time! She'd get more work done and she'd be far more productive this way! After all, he'd said so, and he certainly knew what was best for her.

Her Master smiled widely as Julie accepted the deal. Julie's fat tits suddenly felt even heavier and her Master squeezed again, releasing a much stronger spray of milk. She pushed her swelling chest against his hands and writhed as a new surge of pressure filled her.

Julie was consumed with need now. The need to be fucked. To have his cock pressing so far into her that she could see its head through the taut skin of her stomach. The need was so overwhelming that Julie struggled to keep her eyes from rolling back as she pressed herself into her Master's embrace. She tried to keep it together, but God, it felt so good!

Pushing Julie back down, her master lowered his cock and pushed against her opening. She could feel it thickening and growing as he rammed it deeper inside her, and she moaned with satisfaction.

--Chapter 5--

The night melted into a haze, as they fucked again and again. Julie felt like a sex toy as she was used endlessly by the man. As her Master used her, he slowly began to make himself at home in her apartment. She choked on his cock as he cooked them dinner and cleaned the dishes. As he moved on to cleaning the house, Julie was tied up on her bed and filled with sex toys. When it was time to change the bedding, he simply grabbed her and bent her over a cushion, fingering her until she was a drooling mess.

Unfortunately, his efforts were constantly set back as Julie couldn't help but leak and dribble milk whenever she came. In response, her Master helped her fit on a nice pair of pasties to cover her nipples with. She stopped leaking milk after that, and reveled in her ability to move about without fear of casual contact overstimulating her again. The only worry now was that her breasts seemed to be subtly swelling and growing heavier as she floated through the night on a cloud of pleasure. Between her new basketball sized breasts, literal shelf of squishy hip meat, and an ass well beyond any sizes she'd ever seen, Julie was going to have trouble even walking around her home. As soon as she even felt like walking again...

As it turned out, that challenge wouldn't approach until the next morning. Julie woke to the smell of fresh eggs and bacon, before realizing that she'd have to make her way to the kitchen under this fresh new swelling that wrapped her curves. She'd slept the night on her back and as soon as she tried to shift her body, Julie groaned in uncomfortable realization. The new pasties that kept her nipples from reducing her to an overstimulated mess also kept her from relieving all of the milk that had built up in her overnight.

She'd become trapped; pressed into the bed under the weight of her massively overfilled milk tanks. She weakly whimpered, begging her Master to come and help her, but he was making breakfast and clearly couldn't hear her cries. Something about that made Julie feel a sudden pang of loneliness, and

in turn, a surge of motivation to find her way back to her Master. With a grunt of effort, Julie squirmed and pushed against her fleshy prison trying desperately to find a way to get some leverage. Her skin felt uncomfortably tight, and as Julie tried to lift them, the stimulation caused her arms to grow weak. She was so sensitive when filled like this that just feeling her fingers sinking into her breasts was enough to rob her of her strength. It would be incredibly hot to finger herself like this, but she couldn't let her Master see her making a mess of the bed again, not this early in the morning.

Julie's mind raced and her stomach growled. She couldn't let herself be held back from her Master, especially if this was going to become a regular problem for her.

Experimentally, Julie pushed, prodded, and twisted, trying to get some leverage without making too much contact with those aching knockers. The way they rubbed against the sheets was absolutely divine, but watching them jiggle also gave Julie an idea. Slowly, Julie twisted sideways and pushed, letting the momentum build before releasing. She could feel the milk inside her breasts as they sloshed back towards her center, pulling her center of gravity with them before she turned and rocked in the other direction. Momentum followed and she felt herself swing back roughly to follow, like a wave overcorrecting. Back and forth Julie rocked her body, her breasts leading the motion as they jiggled and her weight shifted. Eventually, physics took over and as her center of gravity shifted, Julie pushed against the bed as hard as she could. The momentum of her chest swung and with it her body, pulling her into an upright position. Celebration was mixed with stimulation as Julie recovered her breath and marveled at her overfilled size. If she made another deal and they got even bigger, it was likely she'd have to consider becoming a side sleeper or risk being completely stranded.

Turning her attention back to getting out of bed, Julie hopped down and staggered as she tried to keep her balance. Her waist hadn't grown with the rest of her body and without a strong core to keep herself steady, Julie

realized she'd have to accommodate for her new weight distribution. She waddled towards the door, keeping one hand on a wall to steady herself and slowly learning once again how to pilot this new hypercurvy body. Her walk improved as she made her way across the room, and as she leaned more into the roll of her new hips, Julie felt an odd thrill run through her.

Everything about her was being influenced by her Master's deals. She couldn't even walk without having to accommodate her new bloated assets! Something about that felt so... **Good**? Yes, that was it! It felt **good**. Her new body was an oversexualized fuck toy, and every moment that she was reminded of it was a new kinky thrill!

By the time she'd made her way out to the kitchen, her anxious waddle had become a seductive sway, inviting her master to explore every inch of her body again and again. This newly building confidence was cut down slightly as she realized her Master had to help her up to her seat for breakfast. It was further diminished when he made her beg him to peel off her pasties and drain her built up milk. But that was ok. **Her Master owned her body and she loved begging him to play with her.**

The real excitement though was when it was finally time to begin her work day. Julie made her way to her home office, only to find her Master already naked and waiting next to her chair. The chair seemed like such a challenge to climb now, and with her newly expanded assets, it was obvious that there was no way she could get onto it by herself. Her tits were too fat and her sense of balance was all wrong. Julie looked up at her Master pleadingly, her pussy aching in sudden anticipation as he wrapped his hands around her waist and lifted her up.

Before lowering her onto his cock.

Julie felt herself sink, as her hungry pussy slowly devoured inch after inch of the huge shaft. Strong hands gingerly guided her body as she fell and her eyes rolled as her work station slowly slid up to meet her.

It was slow and agonizingly sweet. Her pelvic muscles instinctively squeezed the invading cock and fought against the force of gravity which slowly pulled her downwards. Inch after inch stirred her insides until eventually, she felt her ass meet her Master's lap and she let out a rattling sigh. Julie's organs felt bruised and battered as they were rearranged to fit around him, but somehow this pose felt completely **right**. As though she'd found some sort of twisted sexual serenity, perched on his lap with well over a foot of cock inside her.

Once she recovered from her new impalement, Julie got to work. Her Master had been right of course, working like this was so much easier than before. She leaned forwards slightly, and began pecking away on her keyboard as she focused on her duties. Neither the slight strangle of her voice during her professional calls, nor her constant blush were able to distract Julie as she continued her work as a proper professional. Nothing could stop her from working comfortably, here in her Master's lap.

Nothing except her tits. Her fat, heavy, deliciously milky tits which wouldn't stop jiggling and shaking, throwing off her focus as she worked. It was a nagging distraction. A nonstop tantalizing reminder that it would be so much nicer just to put down her reports and let her Master take her again.

Eventually, she turned to her impaling captor and called for his attention.

"Master?" Her voice was suddenly shaky and full of need.

"Could you please hold my breasts so they won't shake as much while I work?"

Her Master's smile was patient and benevolent. Nodding, he put down the book he'd been reading and placed one hand over each of Julie's breasts. His touch was delicate but firm as his palms pressed into Julie's nipples. A shiver ran down Julie's spine and she instinctively tried to arch her back into him. His

grip tightened and she moaned loudly, spraying jets of milk across her workplace.

Julie snapped out of her pleasurable daze and swore, taking a roll of paper towels her Master offered and quickly wiping away the milk before it could get on any sensitive equipment. She wanted to be mad at her Master for squeezing her like that, but for some reason she couldn't find it in her to protest. The way he patiently smiled at her made her realize it had simply been a mistake caused by her over-tuned body reacting to his touch. As she finished cleaning, she heard his voice behind her, and shivered again as his breath coiled around the back of her neck.

“Julie, I think we need a better way to milk your udders. Let me help you.”

Julie felt her cheeks darken with humiliation as he referred to her big tits as udders and said the word “milked” aloud. Her head spun but she nodded in affirmation, letting him pick her up again and push her onto a nearby cushion.

Then, he pulled his cock out of her.

It was an obscene display, accompanied with a chorus of noises from Julie as she instinctively clenched and tried to keep him inside of her. As his cock finally came free, slick with her juices, Julie could do nothing but gasp at the sudden hollow emptiness she felt around her navel. It felt wrong and she was wracked with a sudden hunger as she lay there, until he came back into the room with a milking machine.

It was a sizeable thing, the kind they used on livestock, but with a set of cups perfectly sized to fit Julie's nipples along with a series of backup cups in larger sizes. She had no idea where her Master had found the thing, and it was hard for her mind to focus as she struggled against the profound longing for her master to reinsert himself inside her.

Instead her Master went to work as she lay, fitting cups to her breasts and plugging in the machine with practiced motions that spoke to his experience in handling this sort of equipment. After plugging everything in, he looked over to Julie's office chair and frowned.

"It might be hard to work with this equipment around your desk, and we certainly won't be able to have you ride me nicely if you have to lean forwards all the time."

Julie's mind tried to parse his statements as he continued.

"I think I have a better position we can try"

With that, he picked up Julie's computer and moved her equipment onto a set of lower stools, shifting Julie forwards so that her breasts would hang down off of her cushion while still letting her hands reach out to use her keyboard.

"If you bend forwards, you can let me fill your pussy while your fat udders hang down. That way, you can be milked and work while keeping my cock inside you."

He said it like it was a practical solution to a simple problem, and Julie couldn't help but agree. But even as she was about to nod in affirmation, some little voice in the back of her head tried to scream in protest. She paused and mulled the situation over.

"Master?" Julie began, staring down at the farm equipment. Somewhere in her head, quiet alarm bells were going off.

What was wrong here?

Something about her situation had been bothering her for a while. Something about the idea of her being able to use a machine built for animals.

The haze of pleasure began to drain from her head, giving her enough focus to really think about the machine she was attached to. Her nipples felt nice within the suction cups, but wouldn't it hurt to use something made for cows on a human?

"I'd love to have your cock in me, but is that machine safe for humans?"

Julie felt horrible, questioning her Master like this, but she couldn't help feeling alarmed thinking about the imposing machine. She'd seen what devices for helping women with lactation looked like, and this thing was intimidating by comparison. As a flicker of adrenaline washed through her, Julie felt her mind starting to clear a little more and questions began to bubble forth.

Why was she so certain that this man was her Master?

How had she let him get this far with her?

This was completely past any reasonable line; she was acting like this man **owned** her!

Julie started to reach for the milking cups as she shook her head.

This was all wrong! She needed to get out! She needed to-

That line of thinking withered as her Master touched her face and turned her to look at him. His expression was kind and patient, but his eyes seemed to burn through her as he spoke.

"Julie, don't worry. It's okay~"

His voice was like a hit of morphine. Julie felt her tension melt as his voice seemed to rumble through her like a stormfront.

*"You'll love how it feels, **trust me**. You're so much tougher and better than the kinds of women who'd have to worry about this. We just need a machine this strong because you're going to have so much milk that we need to make sure you start on something that can handle your productivity. That way you'll be used to it if we need to move you on to a bigger machine. We'll start on the lowest settings, and see how you handle it for a few days. Once you're used to that, we can talk about a new deal I have for you~"*

Julie couldn't help but agree. She wasn't really a typical woman anymore, and her Master really did know what was best for her. If she didn't like it, she could

just let him know, and that would be the end of it. In the meantime, he would fill her with his cock again!

It's not like he'd hurt her so far, besides rearranging her insides with the obscene size of his member. (And that felt more pleasurable than painful anyways.) More importantly, her breasts felt like they were udders now, as they subtly filled with milk, and she knew it would feel so amazing to be milked while her Master filled her with cock. Maybe after this, she could finally get back to focusing on her work.

Before she'd even fully made up her mind, Julie was bending forwards and wiggling her hips at him. She felt so empty and needy, that was all she really cared about now. Who cared if it was a little humiliating to be bent over and milked like livestock? Really **this** was how she wanted to look, and her Master loved it too! **It was just time to stop worrying so much and just let the new pleasure wash over her.**

Beads of milk were already collecting inside the milking cups even before the machine hummed to life. She relaxed as the machine whirred into motion, before the first tug on her nipples almost made her jump in surprise. The machine was so rough and Julie couldn't help but squeal as it sucked her nipples harder than she'd ever felt before. She was about to protest when her Master grabbed her ass and sheathed his cock into her with one smooth motion. Instantly, her anxiety melted and the pain washed away with waves of pleasure. He sank deeper and she moaned, pressing back against him and making the cups tug a bit more.

After everything her Master had told her, Julie finally found something that her Master was completely wrong about.

He'd been right that it would feel good, but perhaps a little TOO right. Between the suction on her udders and his cock inside her, there was no way Julie was going to get any more work done today. She briefly glanced over at the clock, considered the risks involved, and let herself give in to her desires.

Shakily, Julie typed out a message to her boss about how she'd suddenly become terribly sick, before turning off her computer and turning back to her Master.

"I'm taking the rest of the day off from my work, please fuck me Master"

The only response she got was a knowing smile, before he grabbed her hips and thrust into her. Her eyes rolled back in pleasure as he pistoned into her, each thrust punctuated by the loud slapping of her ass against his hips.

Time slipped by as Julie floated in her blissful state. She was hypnotized, transfixed by the rhythm of her round ass as it recoiled against her thick hips before bouncing back against him. All that mattered was the feeling of his hands on her slim waist, the bounce of her heavy tits, and the machine sucking hard on her nipples every other second. She couldn't form coherent sentences anymore, beyond a drawn-out moan resembling a *"Thank you"* when she tried hard enough. All the while her pussy squeezed around her massive invader like a vice.

Of course this was her perfect place, how could she have ever thought otherwise? Being filled and milked and so utterly used, it was beyond erotic. If she'd been capable of a complex thought in that moment, she would've come to the conclusion that it was only sensible now to say *"Yes"* to her Master's next deal, and the one after that! Every deal thereafter was the right decision because she knew her Master *needed* to use her. And Julie needed to chase that high, the pleasure that came with giving in to her Master's needs.

With that thought, she felt warm ropes of cum coat her insides and she all but collapsed as he slid out of her with a lewd, wet pop. Incoherent and weak, Julie started to beg for her Master to take her again, but he just smiled and slapped her shapely ass. Then he came around to her front and checked the cups on her nipples, before she faded off to sleep with the feeling of his cum dripping down her thighs.

--Chapter 6--

The next few days were a chaotic haze of mental discipline eroding in the face of slowly building pleasure. Each morning Julie awoke, bloated and full, her nipples sealed shut to keep her from leaking all over the bed. She traded the pasties for clamps by the second night which stung sweetly as they blocked her milk ducts and caused her breasts to grow round and taut. Basketballs were a good comparison with how hard and round they had become, but they were so much heavier and needier.

After delicious breakfast, Julie would be milked, fucked, and eventually find herself in a calm enough state to focus on her work for the rest of the day. Her Master would linger behind her, his cock remaining comfortably filling Julie's insides, and he would read a book as she worked. Bent over with her udders hanging down was certainly demeaning, but there was something about the position that really was soothing. A strange Zen that Julie drifted into as her insides gripped the incredible presence that filled her. Her Master did not fuck her again until the end of each day, and without the feeling of cum dribbling down her thighs, Julie was able to perform her office duties admirably.

Of course there were accidents from time to time. Occasions where her Master's cock might twitch inside her, causing her falter or squeak mid-call, or she had to turn off the milking machine when a client commented on the strange sounds it made. These accidents were unfortunate, but manageable. The real trouble though was that Julie's breasts were swiftly becoming unmanageably productive in the face of all the attention she was receiving. It was a subtle, but noticeable problem. Throughout the day, the pressure on her nipples would grow and the milking machine would have to be switched to a slightly higher setting. The longer she was milked, the more her breasts swelled as her body increased its productivity. Her nipples lengthened too as her areola grew darker and saucer-like, becoming incredibly sensitive to the slightest brush or breeze as they spread proportionally to her growth! By the end of the first day, her master had loudly announced that she'd produced a

liter of milk, reducing her to a blushing mess as he praised her and emptied the tank. By the end of the second day, she'd produced twice that. Her master had been moving her down the milking cup sizes as she grew, making her feel more and more like livestock as her nipples thickened to fit cups that did not look like they were meant for human use.

A couple more days passed and the problem had reached a tipping point. The morning had begun with her waking with a toe-curling sting of pleasure from a chest so overfull that sweet rivulets of cream were dripping out slowly from behind an overtaxed clamp. They tormented her throughout her breakfast until Julie broke down and begged that her Master help drain her milk before she finished her meal. Realizing her need, her Master quickly made his way to the office and flicked on the milking machine as Julie waddled her way after him. She was like an overinflated pool toy, her exaggerated curves throwing off her balance as she carried them to her sweet relief. Positioning herself in front of her cushion, Julie let her Master bend her forwards before her body's weight dragged her into her now familiar milking position. It was then that she felt a sharp recoil, followed by a *CLACK* as her nipple clamps loudly bounced against the floor. The feeling of her nipples bending as the clamps bounced back, pulling them upwards before slapping them back down was too much and Julie writhed in desperation.

It was too much. This was all too much.

She didn't just need to be milked. She needed her Master to milk her! She felt touch-starved and feral, desperate for those powerful hands to wrap around her swollen flesh and relieve all this burning heat inside her. How was she supposed to do work or be productive when she had to deal with this constantly growing body? Why did work even matter when it was so much more rewarding to let her Master drain her and use her?

Her ass jiggled obscenely from atop her enormous shelf of hips, and screamed for attention as her Master slowly circled her. Julie panted and

pleaded, beyond shame or care as her breasts swelled again and she felt the clamps begin to weaken. She hadn't even accepted the next deal yet, so why was she still growing? Her Master looked over her nipples appreciatively, replacing the milking cups of the machine with the largest size from his collection. The dairy drip grew to a leak and her clamps began to slide off, growing pressure removing them from her ever-lengthening teats.

"Pleaaseee" Julie took a deep breath, trying to collect herself but struggling. Her Master tilted his head and smiled, waiting for her to continue. She was stumbling over her words now, but she continued.

"Please Master. Please fuck me. Milk me. Touch me! Do SOMETHING! I NEEEEEED IIIIIT"

Julie squirmed under his gaze, rubbing her thighs together and finding sweet friction as she grinded against her cushion. She was desperate, addicted, and needed to sink into the beautiful weightlessness that came every time her pussy was stretched to its limit by his huge cock. Her nipples sputtered and sprayed at her arousal and desperation, bobbing pathetically as the clamps slipped off onto the floor.

It felt like he was taking an eternity to respond, so Julie continued in the most alluring tone she could muster.

"Pleaaseee cum deep inside me Master... so I can feel it between my thighs while..."

She wiggled her ass and looked into her Masters flickering red eyes.

"While you tell me about our next deal?"

Her Master gave her a wide smile, like a cat that caught a bird, as he pushed her down and strapped her into the milking machine. Instant relief washed over her as the milky pressure lessened and Julie felt her nipples buzz with sweet addictive pleasure.

“I’m so pleased to see how enthusiastic you are about my deal!” Her Master mused, almost teasingly as he stalked behind her and dropped his pants. Julie moaned and drooled as she felt him undress. His cock was so large already, but Julie could literally feel it growing as he pushed it against her pussy. A little voice screamed in the back of Julie’s head that her Master could literally kill her with this growing member, before she felt herself stretch to accommodate its head and Julie’s body shook with her first orgasm. She bucked and squirmed, stimulating the flared head as it stiffened, stretching her even further as he slowly began pushing it in.

“It’s a simple deal too. Just surrender yourself completely to me and let me mold you for the position you desperately deserve. I know you’ll enjoy it as much as I will, do you want to take it?”

This wasn’t possible. Julie felt like a sock-puppet with a massive arm making its way up her insides and filling her hollow center, as her Master pushed into her inch by inch. Her guts shifted, and her womb felt like it was riding atop a train! Air wheezed from her lungs and her eyes crossed as she felt him push deeper and deeper, seemingly endlessly.

And yet, Julie managed to grunt an affirmative to her Master’s deal.

She *needed* this cock. *Needed* to be filled and used like this. She would accept any sort of deal he gave her, if it meant she could go on like this forever.

That fact sent little whispers of shame and embarrassment to chew on the corner of her mind, before waves of bliss wiped any budding concerns away. Her Master rumbled in satisfaction as he grabbed either side of her wide shelf of hips, pulling her towards him.

Her whole body was prickling now. Nerves fired all over her skin as she felt her torso compress to meet the invading column of cock inside her. It felt like her whole body was waking up from the numbness of poor circulation, but without the accompanying pinching needles of pain. Instead, she fell into a deeper bliss, an ocean of peace in the eye of this storm of debauchery.

Beyond orgasmic pleasure, beyond the sweetness of any drug, it felt downright spiritual as Julie felt her Master mold her insides to match his needs. It was as though this was her perfect Nirvana, a perfect satisfaction stretched out and impaled on this massive thing. It radiated heat throughout her body and she felt her Master's heartbeat drum into her. A natural, primal rhythm that her heart matched as her juices sprayed the floor.

Then that familiar warmth filled her oversized milk tanks and she felt them surge outwards, this time filling with newfound urgency. The milking machine was draining her at an incredible pace and yet she could feel her skin tightening as she filled. Her milky taps poured dairy in greater jets, each rhythmic tug pulling that much harder and longer. They were practically vibrating as they sprayed, like pressure hoses connected to an inexhaustible reserve and returning ever stronger sparks of sensation to her core. Then, the pleasure broke through her peace and Julie fell into her second orgasm of the morning.

It was an incredible mind-bending wave of pleasure that seemed to just grow and grow without slowing, as though she was plugged into a lightning bolt that pushed her nerves past their limits. She was cumming from her tits, harder than she'd ever cum before and it was everything she had ever wanted. No matter how amazing her ecstasy, it wasn't enough to distract Julie from the feeling of her Master's hands sliding upwards to clamp around her waist and his cock finally slowing its approach somewhere deep in her core.

Then he stopped and Julie felt her Master begin to pull back, preparing to deliver his first titanic thrust.

Tendrils of fear bled off of her mind, washed away by the milky titgasm, as the first thrust pounded into her like a battering ram. His hands held her in place and she shook, barely comprehending the low moan she let out that trailed off into a long bovine sound. Soft pinches tickled the crown of Julie's head as a pair of bone-white curved horns sprouted, parting her hair as they grew.

They gleamed proudly as they stretched upwards, until they were each as long as a pen, tipped with a pair of sharp points.

The second thrust came faster and hit like a truck. Her Master's hands were gripping her so tightly now she could feel his pulse pounding through his cock, rattling in sync with hers. With each beat her ears seemed to melt and stretch like taffy, becoming long and bovine. They flapped happily as she moaned again.

The third thrust carried her body forwards a bit, causing her udders to swing and shake. Julie could feel her Master's weight pinning her to the seat, then his cock pushed further in. She was hollowed out and worn now, a true sheath for this monstrous cock. Somehow, impossibly, the taste of precum flooded into her mouth, as she felt her mind pounded into shape by a fresh torrent of pain and pleasure. The pure masculine taste in her mouth was too much and she spiraled into another climax, moaning loudly before trailing into an orgasmic *Mooooooooooooooooo!*

That sound seemed to set her Master off too, and Julie's cries were joined by her Master's, as his cock erupted, painting her insides in cum. It pumped into her as her pussy clenched and her insides spasmed. He was filling her in ways she'd never imagined, and then he was overflowing her. It was almost impossible to process the feelings she was experiencing, with her mind entirely focused on cumming her brains out, but some small part of her noted the way she rose slightly as her womb pushed outwards and her belly stretched to accommodate the endless torrent of semen. By the time her Master finished cumming, Julie's transformation was complete and she slowly began to take stock of what had just occurred.

--Chapter 7--

The room was rich with the smell of milk and the sound of pleased moos as Julie's mind slowly drifted back into place. Her thoughts came at a sluggish pace, mostly just trying to process everything that had just happened to her.

She'd taken another deal, and she'd gotten everything she'd ever wanted. But what had she wanted again? Julie's mouth lolled open as she slowly grinded against her Master. He was still inside her, that was good. Julie heard another long moo, and looked around in dull confusion. It took a moment before it registered that she was the one making the sounds, and another before she managed to stop herself, blushing furiously as she realized what she'd been doing.

Thankfully her Master didn't seem to mind the sounds, and simply gave her ass a pat of reassurance. Then he slowly pulled himself out of Julie, releasing a terrible post-coital mess over her cushion, before beginning to clean the drool off her face. The mixture of their shared encounter continued leaking down Julie's thighs, leaving her feeling terribly empty as her Master continued to wipe the sweat from her back. Something about that emptiness left Julie feeling both desperate and pathetic. She shouldn't be missing his presence inside her already, but at the same time, how could she think of anything else?

It didn't help that her breasts had swollen up again and were now just shy of the size of beach balls, as they hung heavily in front of her. They pulsed and twitched as they drained into the reservoir of her milking machine, filling her with dirty thoughts as she reached forwards and lightly squeezed one. It was as though a quarter of her body was dedicated to her breasts now. Breasts that seemed to endlessly beg for attention and milking, never letting her ever even think of looking normal again. She rubbed one and moaned approvingly, as she imagined how turned on her Master must be whenever he looked at them.

In fact, they felt so good that Julie almost missed the chirping of her business phone, reminding her that she needed to be in a business meeting as of 5 minutes ago!

Pushing the seductive thoughts and feelings from her mind, Julie swore and slid forwards on her seat while trying her best to block out the feeling of her Master's ministrations. She needed more time to properly assess the changes that had happened to her, but she had to take this call or her job would be at risk!

Julie hated that feeling of urgency. Everything was so much simpler and easier when all she had to do was submit to her Master. It made the very act of struggling to fit her headset onto her head that much harder, knowing her Master would appreciate her far more than this stupid company. Before it felt like her pleasure was distracting from her work, and all she needed was a good pounding to get it out of her system. Now though? The work was the distraction, pulling her away from her pleasure. From her Master's pleasure too, which was far more important. There was no way she was going to be able to give him the attention he deserved when trapped in this conference call for the next few hours.

Julie swore again. The headset simply wouldn't rest right, or sit properly over her ears. Her boss was sending her messages, and with no other option, Julie quickly asked her Master to keep as quiet as possible, before connecting to the conference call using her computer's built-in mic and speakers. The quality was much worse and she couldn't control the volume well, but at least Julie was able to claim that she was having "technical difficulties" as she made sure the camera was off and made herself comfortable. Thankfully she didn't have to talk too much and as long as nothing distracted her, she could ride out this meeting without trouble.

That hope was dashed when her Master finished cleaning and reinserted himself into her. Before her latest deal, Julie could pretend to be normal with

her Master's cock filling her insides. But now? Pretending to be normal was going to be a herculean effort. Julie bit her lip as her body welcomed her Master back in, pushing the remains of his previous load deep into undiscovered corners of her body. The taste of blood flowed richly into her mouth as she bit her lip, but still he pushed deeper in. She silently motioned for him to fill her slowly as she tried to stare straight at her screen and let him sheath her deeper and more completely.

“Breathe in and out Julie, deep breaths” Julie whispered to herself as she felt her hips instinctively buck. She could do this. She needed to do this! All she had to do was keep herself together and make any noises or-

“Mooooooooooooo”

Her Master's cock had just bottomed out inside her, twitching and flexing as it stretched some new vista deep in her core. In response, her eyes rolled back and the moo slipped out, quickly followed by another and an incredibly inappropriate moan of pleasure. Julie's face burned and she stammered out of an excuse, trying to cover up the reflexive sounds as her pussy sprayed all over the shaft of her Master's cock.

“I-I-I was just clearing my throat. I mean, I must be having some sort of medical event?”

Her Master grabbed her ass and squeezed, slowly shifting his cock to properly fuck her again. Julie's head spun as she reflexively moaned again. How could he do this to her? He knew she wouldn't be able to keep quiet if he started moving his cock again!

But she couldn't be mad at her Master either. It was her fault, for having such a perfectly fuckable body and for naturally milking her Master's cock the moment he slipped it in. Julie loved being humiliated like this too. She tried to crack a fake cough before another moan slipped out and her pussy grinded against his shaft.

“Ooooooo! I’m- I’m so sorry. I need... to ahhhh go.”

She couldn't escape the shame and pleasure now, nor could she work with her body betraying her like this. Julie shakily reached up and mashed the power button on the computer, while her other hand reached down and rubbed the bulge of her Master's member pushing in her middle. He was practically wearing her and all she could do was jack him off through her belly as he grunted in approval

How could her body pleasuring her Master be a betrayal, when it felt so good? It wasn't a mistake; this was all Julie really needed in life. It was impossible to work without her Master's cock in her, and she could barely function with it. How could she ever have tricked herself into thinking that any sort of normalcy would ever be possible for someone like her.

She was barely even human now! Tears formed in Julie's eyes as she finally reached up and touched her new ears and horns. She couldn't go out again looking like this, how could she ever live, even with her Master? Her nipples twitched and she could feel them lengthening as shame and despair washed over her. Everything felt so good, but what was she going to do with herself now that she was like this? What *could* she do with a body like this? As her mind began to race, she felt a familiar hand on her face wiping away her tears. Her Master leaned over, cock still firmly lodged inside her, and gently stroked her hair. His voice was kind, calm, and she felt her pulse slow as he spoke.

“I’m sorry that happened Julie, that must have been hard.”

He sounded genuinely remorseful when he spoke. Julie's heart sank slightly and she sniffled, holding back tears. She couldn't let her Master think she'd suffered because of him!

“We’ve gone so far with these deals, most people stop after one or two...”

Julie shook her head. She loved these deals, loved everything he had done for her! How could she not take more deals when they felt so wonderful and he was so good to her? He ran a hand over one of her horns and continued.

“You’ve done so well too, you’re such a good cow.”

A shiver ran down Julie’s spine. She loved it when he praised her like that. He paused, reaching out and touching her horn thoughtfully.

“Actually, I have an idea”

Her Master smiled as he ran a finger around the tip of her horn. Then he turned lifted and turned her, so she could look back at him,

“I have one last deal for you Julie. Come work for me.”

His eyes locked with hers, and this time there were no flickers of fire or gleaming red. Just his steely gaze as he looked into her.

“Come work for me and you won’t ever have to worry about your job or all the stresses of your modern life ever again.”

Julie was about to nod, when she paused and looked around. The room was stained with cum, sweat, milk, and her own juices, everywhere including her own body. She was a sticky mess, but in a way that made her mouth water for more.

Then the realization hit her like a truck. There was no turning back once she made this deal. Was she ready to give in completely to her pleasure, submit herself to her Master with no chance of escape? With her body as it was, she probably didn’t really have a choice, but she knew deep down that this was a different sort of deal compared to everything she’d done before. She felt her Master’s cock twitch inside her and a shot of precum washed over her guts.

Was this the kind of person who worked in a corporate job?

Did she look like someone who was even remotely respectable?

Julie was so well made for this role, and so deliciously trapped in this situation. Secretly, all she’d ever really wanted was a Master to submit and surrender to. Now, there wasn’t really anything else she could do. This was

her place, and this was what she deserved. She looked up at her Master with lust burning in her eyes, pleading for an easy answer so she wouldn't really have to think about what she was doing. It was so much easier to just fall into this, to fall into her Master's control.

She nodded and hoarsely whispered,
"I take the deal. What do I have to do?"

Her Master reached down and popped off her milking cups before scooping her up. Julie could feel his hands sinking into her massive ass as it began to swell under his touch. At the same time, she could feel herself shrinking and swelling as her feet left the ground. He pulled her up, dragging her udders against him, until his cock was halfway out of her and they were face to face. He leaned in and rumbled.

"All you need to do is hold on, and try not to break."

Then he pulled her forwards and their lips met.

It was a long and messy kiss, with both of them hungry to taste as much of the other as they could. Julie reached up and held her Master's broad shoulders, shivering as her nipples grinded into his chest. She was spraying uncontrollably now, a loyal dairy cow eager to please her master. Her ass thickened and her body continued to change as it molded itself around a cock that was *perfect* for her.

The pressure between them grew and they broke off their kiss as Julie's massive mammaries overflowed the space between them. Julie leaned back and her Master relaxed his grip, letting gravity pull her down until she was fully impaled. Her whole body burned with carnal hunger and Julie moo'd eagerly, drunk on the feeling of precum painting her insides as her Master slid his hands upwards and grabbed her hips tightly enough to leave bruising. He lifted her again and began to pick up his pace, letting her lean back and ride as he *used* her to pleasure himself. Her udders bounced heavily as the room filled with her moans and the sounds of skin slapping against skin. Julie felt

lightheaded as her nipples sprayed wildly. Every bit of this felt so *good*, she didn't know what to do with herself. She wanted her Master to use every inch of her, to keep her impaled and moaning forever!

His shaft thickened and Julie's moos lengthened into an orgasmic scream. He was cumming now, pumping her full of thick ropes of cum even as he kept pulling her along his cock. Julie tried to wrap her legs around him to steady herself, desperate to milk every drop of cum out of his balls, but his back was sweaty and she was struggling to get a grip. As he pulled her downwards again, Julie saw her breasts begin to rise towards her face. She could feel her belly filling and stretching, pushing her breasts upwards as she filled with his seed. It was like fucking a firehose but all Julie could do was scream and beg for more!

Then he thrust down again and another climax bubbled through Julie's body as she went through one final transformation. Her whole body pulled inwards, tightening her inside's grip on her Master's shaft, while causing the pressure in her midsection and breasts to rocket upwards. She was like a doll made of putty and as she was squeezed, the excess mass ventured into further exaggerating her enormous hourglass figure. Thighs thickened into her Master's hips, and her ass swelled till it felt like a bisected volleyball that jiggled ever closer to the small of her back. She would've been built like a lightbulb, more bottom than body, if her breasts weren't surging forth and filling to complete her newfound extreme hourglass. Bigger than beach balls, they took at least a third of her body's newfound mass, and probably more of its weight! Topped with teats like a giant's pinky fingers, they covered her Master with her orgasmic milk even as she felt them filling. The weight grew as she filled and Julie felt herself being pulled backwards, her udders pressing into her cum-filled gut as they began to slide sideways.

Julie's head lolled back and vertigo threatened to kick in, but her Master's grip never faltered. Instead of flipping backwards onto the ground below, Julie felt herself pulled back into her Master's embrace, squeezing her belly and

udders against his waiting chest. Julie moo'd and moaned as she squirmed in her Master's grasp, before the pressure became too great and she came for a final time, sending sputters of cum and arousal to splatter against his thighs.

Julie trembled and shook as her transformation finally finished. To any outside observer, the quiet office girl known as Julie was completely gone. Her Master had reached down into her, pulled out her darkest desires, and reshaped her body so that everybody could see that shameful degenerate part of her she'd been so desperate to hide. The part of her that loved how helpless she was in this oversexed body, and had absolutely craved a Master who could put her into a deep, permanent, submissive subspace.

A place where she could just focus on how good everything felt and how much her Master loved using her.

The place where she belonged. Bred, milked, and happy.

--Chapter 8--

After what felt like ages spent being filled and emptied, cumming and being cummed in, Julie finally felt herself drift back down to reality. Slowly but surely, her Master slid her off of her rightful place, before setting her down to drain all over the floor. Some small part of Julie was quietly impressed as she basked in a blissful afterglow and watched her cum-filled belly slowly return to its original smooth shape, only visible to her through the valley of her titanic milk tanks. They'd finally stopped leaking, but Julie could already feel them starting to fill and she knew she'd probably have to milk them again soon. The very thought made her sigh with contentment, imagining the next time her Master would use her. As she watched, her Master began recovering whatever items in the room that weren't totally ruined by the mix of milk and cum that covered every wall and pooled on the floor. There weren't many items, but he somehow managed to get her work computer back into something resembling working condition just long enough to help Julie pen a resignation from her old career. After that, they collected a few mementos and cleaned themselves in a shower that lasted much longer than it normally might've.

None of Julie's regular clothing would fit her anymore, and not even the most elaborate bedsheet toga could work to make her anywhere near decent. Not that it mattered though. Now that she was going to work with her Master, she wouldn't really need clothes or even this apartment anymore. Decency and property were things that regular people had to worry about, and Julie the cow belonged to her Master now.

It was all humbling and cathartic, to let everything go, as Julie waddled her way to her Master's truck. Not as humbling though as her struggle to relearn how to walk with a body mostly dedicated to her tits and ass. As she struggled to scoop up her massive bust and tried to squeeze her way in, she found that her newfound dedication solely to pleasing her Master was really giving some perspective on so many things that she'd used to worry so much about. Perhaps that was part of why it was so easy to let go of her previous life. She

didn't have to worry about her stresses, her fear, or any of the old problems that plagued her. She could push all those pesky thoughts from her mind as her loving Master lifted her into her seat, and took his place in the driver's seat. She'd been such a good girl all morning, so on the way to their new home, he even let her suck his cock!

Her mouth watered upon seeing the thing, eagerly bending down to suck and lick it as though she was starved. She drooled over the thick length, unable to get even a quarter of the way down the shaft before gagging, but she pushed through her tears and spluttered until the tip of his cock was wedged so deep down her throat that she couldn't even breath. Coming back up for air with a gasp, Julie could see that they were somewhere out in the countryside now. She noted the passing fields with idle consideration, before returning to her matter at hand. Plunging back down onto that delicious length, she moaned and flicked her tongue around with an enthusiastic zeal. Her Master groaned in approval, and moments later, he pulled over to properly enjoy Julie's work. His hands wrapped around her horns and Julie moaned loudly as he fucked her face in earnest.

After a few more minutes, he climaxed, pressing Julie's face down as she struggled to breath around the torrent that filled her. Then, he shifted the car back into drive and set off, leaving her to continue servicing him. It wasn't too long after that that they'd made it to a farm on the outskirts of town, secreted away past a copse of dark trees. Fully extracting his cock from her mouth and cleaning all the cum off of her was a slow ordeal, but that was perfectly fine now. They'd arrived at his workplace, and had all the time in the world now.

The pair of them made their way up to a large and imposing building as her Master gave her quiet reassurances. Ahead, she could faintly hear the sounds of machinery and voices that lingered lightly on the wind, but never quite close enough to be recognizable. Heading in through a set of heavy doors, Julie caught sight of herself in a full-length mirror and paused. She was naked and exposed.

Was it okay for a cow like her to be in a place like this? Who knew what kind of people worked inside her Master's business.

Her massive tits jiggled so much with every step she took and her nipples seemed to wave with each bounce. A brief look to her Master assuaged her fears. He smiled confidently and stroked her head as he admired her reflection.

"You look so perfect for your new position Julie!" He sounded so proud as he looked at her body. Reaching up to a nearby basket, he picked out a collar and fixed it around her neck.

"You're the perfect size, and the perfect shape to be my cow now. I don't think I've ever had someone quite as perfect as you~"

The collar had her name on a tag and a lovely cowbell that chimed loudly as it came to rest on her prodigious chest. As usual, her Master was right. It was obvious that a cock-hungry cow like her only really needed a nice collar like this. A sign of ownership, of belonging, and of her newfound resemblance to a cow, far more so than the respectable human she used to be. Julie touched it gently, and then let it continue its ringing as her tits shifted it back and forth.

With her collar comfortably in place, Julie straightened slightly and let her Master lead her into a large barn. The air was thick here with sounds and smells that Julie was far too familiar with. Stalls with tall walls stretched down the length of a building the size of a football field, and from each she could hear the feminine sounds of women moaning and mooing as machines rhythmically milked and fucked them. The air was thick with the smell of milk and Julie secretly wondered, was this where her Master would take her? Was she going to be hooked up to one of these machines and stopped being intimately used by him? She must've been pouting because her Master leaned down and picked her up.

"Don't worry about them" He assured her, sliding one arm under her breasts to hold her.

“Your place isn’t out in the barn”

Helplessly hanging in place, Julie felt her Master’s other hand begin to explore lower as he carried her to a nearby side door. Nudging it open with his hip, Julie let herself be carried down a hall into an important looking office, moaning as her Master slid his fingers around her clit. Her cowbell clanged loudly as he picked up his pace, before sitting down in a comfortable looking chair and slipping off his pants. A hardening monster of a cock whipped outwards and slapped against her ass, before she was gingerly lifted into place above her beloved seat. The bell clanged again and Julie felt herself drop, spreading her legs and inviting herself into that familiar feeling of impalement. Her teats began to drip as her swollen labia slowly gobbled inch after inch to fill that sweet emptiness inside her. The trip over had worked her into a panting lust, but now that carnal hunger was finally being satisfied once more. She wiggled her hips and took another half foot, sighing happily as her ass began to finally rub against his lap again. This would always be where she belonged now, this was where she fit.

Impaled, dripping, and utterly content.

Her Master shifted and her cowbell rang again. She was covering his sleeves in milk droplets, making a terrible mess of his outfit, but it was so hard to care right now. The extra flesh of her breasts rested over the arm-rests of the office chair and she felt her Master reach upwards to get to a phone on the desk. There was a brief call, followed by the door opening to reveal the first other man she’d seen at this place, carrying a new milker into the room. This milker had cup sizes that were certainly met for animals rather than people, but that didn’t phase Julie as they fixed a cup onto each of her massive nipples.

What did phase Julie though was the way this assistant looked at her, as he fixed the milking cups to her breasts with a practiced hand. It was a plain look, an indifference as though she wasn’t even human. Just another piece of livestock, to be fucked and milked. The assistant was dressed semi-formally, in the kind of outfit that she’d seen plenty of times from other men in her

previous workplace. He had kind eyes and a handsome face, the kind of person that she might've liked to go out for a coffee with some time before all of this. And now he was staring at her.

Naked.

Impaled.

Enormous udders leaking and filling her cups.

And enjoying every moment of her position.

Something about that was more humiliating than anything else that'd happened so far.

She must've been a pathetic mess, leaking everywhere and unable to control her desires. No better than an animal. She blushed and tilted her head down in shame, unable to make eye contact with the man as the machine whirred to life.

Then, the suction began to tighten around her teats and she felt her Master grab her hair and pull her in.

"Welcome to your new job Julie!" His breath was close on her neck as he spoke, calm and friendly as always. Julie yelped at the sharp sting of pain as her pussy clenched reflexively around his cock.

"Starting today, you'll be my new private cocksleeve and milking cow!"

Her yelps turned to moans as he spoke. She could be a good cow; she **needed** to be a good cow!

"I hope you enjoy working here, there's no more deals you need to make. Just squeeze my cock and cum, just like you're doing now"

Being milked and fucked wasn't so different from what he was doing to her before, and Julie loved it. She grinded against his lap in excitement, mooing her agreement, before realizing in her eager haze that the man was watching them with interest. But that didn't matter, it just spurred her on in her own debasement. Julie wanted to be a good cocksleeve and now she had no

choice but to be a good one, so her Master would keep her here and never think of taking her to the barn.

Julie wanted to be special, so that she'd be the cow to take his huge cock, the cow to take load after load of his cum. As she swung her wide hips in his lap, she nuzzled her head against the hand gripping her hair and thrust her udders up a bit higher to provide a better view. She moo'd and whimpered as she felt his tip pressing against her belly, and she knew she would be able to see it if her tits weren't blocking her view. Julie looked around for a reflection or mirror, desperate to see how big her Master was inside of her. In the reflection of a glass cabinet door, she moo'd with pleasure, seeing exactly what she felt. She was helplessly pinned, bulging obscenely, and too hot for words. Her lovehole massaged his cock and she felt more milk leak out of her nipples as a wave of delicious embarrassment and pleasure washed over her.

...

Hours later, her Master sat, cock comfortably buried inside his new pet. Her belly was bloated full of his seed, and her udders had slowed their production to a slow rhythmic pace. His cum slowly leaked out over her thighs and she moaned contently, in a half-sleep daze as she leaned back and nuzzled against his chest.

But his attention was elsewhere. His computer screen glowed dimly as he browsed a social media site, pausing to take down a few new names for an ever-growing list. He clicked a few times, read a number onscreen, then picked up his phone.

"Hello, is this Megan? I have a deal you might be interested in; can we talk?"

-Fin-