

Joey gulped. "Okay...um...I'll count to three a few times, and on each three just try to suck it in, and I'll push."

Clover's face had maintained a consistent bright red ever since Joey had arrived to transport her to his apartment. Her mind demanded her to focus on finding the nearest grassy field and milking station, but ever since she had seen her boyfriend's chubby face again after so long, distant memories of a previous life had begun to flicker brighter and brighter.

"Mmmwwrroooooookay!" She said, cringing at her nervous mooing.

Joey's face was also a consistent blush. He had yet to adjust to how deep her voice was now, and well...the other much more noticeable changes. The hospital gown given to her by the scientist Effie as temporary covering was very tight, and only came down to half of her huge rear end, making Joey realize each cheek was its own separate beach ball in size. Her new pale complexion was also dotted with large brown spots, including one over her right eye. Her face, though much fuller, was definitely the one of his girlfriend, as was her short blonde hair and birthmark on her left cheek.

For the last year and a half, Clover had been a prisoner of the Daedalus complex, a strange and terrible factory that had lured in herself and dozens of other female "volunteers" with promise of high pay and good networking opportunities. Instead they had found themselves strapped to a chair, subjected to hypnosis and genetic experiments to transform them mentally and physically into enormously fat cow women. Fed a creamy solution through a tube, they produced delicious cow's milk in their small glass stalls, their bellies squishing against the front and their ass against the back, their expressions complacent.

"1...2...3..."

Clover inhaled and helped push her momentum forward with all her might, however her massive tummy showed no signs of being "sucked in".

Joey was surprised by how much his hands sunk into her lower back fat. "She's so...plush...." He thought with awe. This wasn't just normal soft human fat...of which he had plenty of experience with...this was softer, smoother, squishier; like a cushion or a marshmallow. So squishy that it was actually not that difficult to squeeze her through the frame, and a few moments later she came out the other side and awkwardly stumbled, shaking the apartment.

"A-are you okay?"

"Mmmhmmm." the cow responded, trying to hold back another moo. She waddled in place to face him. She was grimacing, her floppy ears tense.

Her new form continued to rattle Joey's fractured heart. When she had stopped responding to his calls, he determined that her internship had gotten overwhelming and he needed to give her

space. This was a job at last in her field, a huge opportunity. Then a month passed...then another and another. He knew something had to be wrong. Calling her workplace just led to the same PR lady telling him she was doing great work over and over again. When the truth was revealed, he refused to believe it, and then he had seen her, and had felt no greater horror before. But now, after the long car ride, catching glances at her nervous expression as her large gut bulged against his gear shift, his motivation burned. He would bring back the woman he loved, and make sure those who committed this inhuman act rot.

He walked until he was a foot in front of her, and she took a small step back, looking away.

“Clov...you must be so confused and scared. I don’t even know where to start...”

She peered through the corner of her eyes, soothed by the familiar voice, and vaguely grasped the words, if not all of their meaning.

“Can I...may I please touch you?”

Clover’s blush deepened, but after a moment she nodded slightly.

Joey slowly walked forward, placing a hand on her skintight but clothed belly, feeling its bumps and....wait...bumps.....oh....is that an udd-?

He looked up to see her eyes had gone wide, and noticed her nipples harden against the fabric.

She intended to yell “NOOOOO!” but instead what came out was “MMMMWWRRRRROOOOO!”

Clover waddled away as fast as she could, but was unsure what direction to go in the small studio apartment.

“Oh man. Hun I’m sorry! Please! Calm down!”

It wasn’t difficult to keep up with her bulky form, and soon he had literally herded his girlfriend like cattle, leading her to a corner of the room.

“Clov, it doesn’t matter. Even if you can’t accept this, know that I always will accept you. I love you and will be there for you no matter what.”

Clover kept her back to him, yet he could see her ears perk at his words.

“When we started dating, I hated my body. I always thought I was gross and couldn’t believe I could ever be loved...even when you came into my life. But you loved my body. You couldn’t keep your hands off my fat stomach, you weirdo!” he chuckled “Always playing with it. I was put off by it at first. But...then I started looking at it in the mirror...looking at myself in the mirror

more. Soon I couldn't keep my hands off myself either. When you told me about your feeder kink, I was surprised how much I was into the idea of more of me. Then you vanished, and all this time away from you...it really made me grasp how much I owe my self love to you. If I have to do the same with you, then dammit I will love your ass twice over, let me prov-"

Clover turned her giant form, her eyes heavy, her cheeks twitching as tears streamed down them.

"Oh no...honey, I didn't wammmmph!"

The giant cow woman embraced him, pulling him deep into her mountain of smooth fat.

"JjjjjoOOOOOooooowwwweeee." She cooed.

"Mmmhhhhmmph!" Joey managed through an avalanche of boob.

When he was finally allowed to breathe, he noticed the loving look on Clover's face showed twitches of pain. The tears weren't just for him, she was under a lot of pressure.

"JjjOooowweee?"

"Y-yes?"

"Need....Mrrr....mrrriiiiiilk!"

It didn't take long to decipher her meaning as he felt his shirt around his belly and his moobs grow damp from her contact.

"O-oh. R-right. Uh...wow. That scientist lady wasn't kidding."

With no milking station on hand, he whipped his head around his apartment in hopes of finding a suitable place. Quickly he led his bloated love by hand to the bathroom, grabbing both her hands to tug her through yet another door frame, this one a little smaller than the last.

"Mmmmmph!"

Clover bit her lip. Her milk did not agree with being squeezed.

BLORP!

She moaned (but more moored) as her breasts and udder swelled, popping open the back of her gown, and ripping the seams in the front.

POP!

The two gasped for different reasons as they stumbled into the small walk-in shower. Joey was basically flattened against Clover who took up seventy-five percent of it, so he had to slide his way around the walls to finally close the glass door. He sighed when it was finally accomplished, but the sound of Clover squeaking caused him to tense up. Joey turned around to discover inches from his face, enormous naked leaking breasts, an even more immense belly, and a leaking udder. Clover's gown had dropped to the floor. He gulped once again.

"P-plllleeezzzzeee!" Clover begged through glazed over eyes. Attempts to solve the problem herself were stopped by her thick arms being unable to reach around in the tight space, which she wiggled helplessly. Joey exhaled, and cautiously grabbed one of the udder teats and squeezed, spraying himself with a little milk and inciting a sound from Clover he had not heard in quite some time. He was ashamed to admit that he had been hard ever since the car ride, feeling her plush stomach push against him, catching her constantly pulling down on her gown even though it was useless. Now he was fully erect. This was wrong, right? He had promised to help her love herself, but the strangeness of his situation was at last hitting him in a wave. He closed his eyes and shook his head.

It's okay to feel weird! This is astoundingly weird. But you can't let her feel weird. This is the woman you love, and she needs your help.

"OooOOOOoooh!"

Joey had begun to suck on her left breast, while pulling and squeezing two teats in each hand. The cow woman's face twisted in relief and pleasure and need.

"MMRRRRWWOOOOO! MMM....MMMMOOOOOOOORRRREEE!"

A cow's teats tend to deflate when their milk is used up, but Clover's bloated udder simply refueled them in seconds. This did not deter her boyfriend, who simply continued his pace while occasionally switching his lips to her other fat breast. Her milk was thick and lovely, more like cream. His sucking became slower and stronger as he took in bigger gulps. Below, his tugs made her udders a streaming fountain that had already drenched him. Clover groaned. She was already starting to get sore from his eagerness, but there was so much milk to go. And deeper, something else was building, a feeling both familiar, yet it spread to other parts of her body than she was used to. She thought about telling him, but before she finished her thought her eyes rolled back and her breasts, udder, and nether regions quivered.

Joey was confused, her milk was slowing. Had he finally emptied h-

PSSSSSSHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

A pressured blast from above and below pushed him backwards against the shower door. He tried to block it with his hands as he swallowed the mouthful he had been given before he was

thrown off her nipple. Clover sounded like she was in pain, but he knew otherwise. Her lustful mooing softened along with the deflation of her nipples and teats, the swelling detracting. The two looked at each other, panting, ending with Joey stifling a loud belch. Clover giggled, and looked at him with a dreamy expression.

"Hey."

"Hey."

She helped him to his feet, and the two were about to squeeze back out of the bathroom, when the mirror caught their eyes. Joey looked like he had put on a few pounds since they had entered the shower. And was that...a double chin?

Clover grabbed his arms and squashed him against her. She was so huge it was basically like laying atop a vertical bed.

"Your milk is uh...pretty potent."

Joey tried to pull his soaked button down over his now hanging gut, but to his shock Clover pried his hands away with her own. She lifted the shirt, grabbed handfuls of his tummy, and began to play with it, rubbing and lifting and dropping it.

"Guess sOoo."

"Yo...your voice. It sounds...clearer?"

Her lips appeared next to his ear.

"DoOoon't think I didn't noOOotice your haaard-on. That's pretty meeessed up. You like fat cooOooow ladies huh?"

Joey blushed from guilt.

She lifted his tummy again.

"Faaair is faaair. If I have to be a cooOOoow."

She let go and left it jiggle...which it did more so than usual.

"Then yooOoou have tooOoo be a piiiig!"

Joey gulped once again, his hard-on twitched. This was the Clover he remembered.

They were going to need a bigger apartment...