

Emily pulled her shirt down in an attempt to cover herself up, she had accidentally pulled an old shirt to wear and now it kept riding up and showing her bellybutton. She had put on a lot of weight the past year, mostly after her boyfriend had dumped her for her ex-best friend. She ate her feelings and in the process put on 30 pounds.

She had been excited for the tour, until she saw that Stacy was here with her group. Her former best friend had immediately started mocking her when she saw her.

“Jeez, it looks like David left you just in time. You really blew up you fucking heifer.” She poked Emily’s stomach as she spoke, the 3 women behind her giggling as their leader taunted the poor woman.

“At least I didn’t have to get fake tits just to steal someone else’s boyfriend.” Emily’s face shot to the side and her cheek burned. Stacy stood there, face red and eyes narrow.

“You are going to regret that bitch.” Stacy turned and walked away, Emily relishing her small victory, even if it did cause her some pain.

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Throughout the tour they have been taunting her, they would always speak within ear shot so they knew she could hear them.

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“Lets push her into the chocolate river.”

“No, the fatass might actually enjoy that.” Emily stayed far away from the river.

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“Did Wonka say that gum was experimental? Go get some and lets feed it to the cow.” Emily was getting anxious. What if they actually went through with any of the threats they were making, what would happen?

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The group entered what Wonka called the Dairy Room.

“This is where we get all of the milk for out various candies.” The heavysset woman addressed the group as they all looked around. It was like a huge pasture except completely indoors, even lights made it seem like there was actual sunlight.

“We have our own cows that produce the milk for all our chocolate bars, the heavy creams, ice cream and so much more.” Wonka’s eyes fell on Emily, she got a chill up her spine. She was sure the large candymaker had been eyeing her the entire tour and it was starting to worry her.

“Why don’t you all explore a little, maybe pet the cows. Just don’t mess with any of the machinery.” Emily tried to stay with others in the group, but they all went their own ways, she looked around nervously but didn’t see Stacy or her goons anywhere, but she still felt vulnerable standing in the open, so she made for a barn close to her. She opened the door and entered, the smell of manure being the first thing she noticed. The barn was lit only by what shone through the windows on the top and the door she had just opened. She stepped in and saw cows standing around in various pens with straw all over the floor. They were eating out of

troughs and there were pipes going all along the walls, occasionally they dripped something into the cows food. She was about to turn and leave when suddenly she head rustling behind her, and everything went black.

The first thing Emily noticed when she regained consciousness was something hard and cold in her mouth. She opened her eyes slowly and was face to face with a pipe, it leading into her mouth. She tried to pull away but couldn't move her head, she could see straps wrapping around the pole and leading behind her head. She tried to move her hands but could feel they were strapped down too. She heard someone speaking behind her and recognized the voice of Stacy right away.

“Well it looks like the lardass is finally awake.” Emily fought against the constraints but stopped when it began to hurt.

“Don't worry, we are only giving you exactly what you deserve. Food fit for a cow.” She saw Stacy's hand reach in front of her and turn a valve.

“MMMMM- “Emily’s pleading was cut short as a thick viscous fluid forced itself into her mouth and down her throat. She was forced to drink it, listening to the women laugh at her the entire time.

“Does it taste good you fat fucking cow?” Stacy got right next to Emily’s ear and whispered to her.

“See, I told you I would make you regret what you said, bitch.” Emily felt so full, she could feel her shirt riding up as her belly swelled with the thick feed. She heard footsteps moving away from her and the laughter slowly disappear as the door to the barn was closed.

“MMMM! MMM!” Emily felt her belly touch the floor and squash against it. Tears began to form in her eyes as she realized the helpless situation she was in. She noticed her shirt felt tighter, as did her pants. She heard a ripping sound and felt cold air on her arms, it wasn’t just her belly, she was fattening up all over. Her bra began to cut into her skin as her tits began to swell and stitched in her sweatpants began to pop one after the other. She felt her thighs press together and force her legs apart slowly. It was only once her breasts touched the ground that the feed

suddenly stopped. The straps were released, and she tried to stand up but quickly fell over landing on her ass, her pants couldn't take the strain and burst apart from the impact. She saw several small orange women standing on front of her, she had seen them throughout the factory before but not this close. They helped her up, her face flush with embarrassment as her bra was barely holding on and her panties were stretched across her wide ass. The Loompettes helped her out the door, and she was sure the placement of their hands on her body was intentional as they all pressed on her ass. She even thought she heard snickering. She got stuck in the door but was forced through by the Loompettes and waddled into the pasture. Standing there was Wonka, Stacy and her gang and the other tour guests.

“Well what do we have here?” Wonka walked around Emily, poking and prodding her fat body. She shook her belly and Emily felt it smack against her thighs.

“Did you drink something you weren't supposed to?”

“NO! It was them.” She pointed to Stacy and her friends.

“They forced me to drink it.” Wonka swatted the girl’s ass lightly with her cane.

“It’s not nice to blame your own gluttony on other people. You ate something you shouldn’t have and now you have to own up to it.” As she finished talking Emily’s belly began to rumble.

“Oohh! What’s happening? I don’t feel good.”

“Well that feed you so greedily stole was meant to help enhance the cow’s milk production and was given in small amounts. You seem to have had quite a few gallons.” Emily began to feel itchy all over and a pressure built in her stomach.

“What does that mean?”

“It means we will have to wait and see what happens.” Wonka took a step back and Emily was sure she had seen a wicked smile cross her face before doubling over. Emily had her hands on her stomach, she noticed some odd coloration on her skin

and touched it, it felt soft and fuzzy. It was fur, and it was traveling across her body quickly. It was spotted white and black.

“WONKA, HELP!” The fur crawled across her body until she was completely covered. Stacy for her part was laughing hysterically. The pressure returned to Emily’s stomach, and she felt her panties getting tighter, but her belly was growing. She saw her belly begin to lift up and something in her panties pushing out. The elastic was strained to its limits and her panties were so thin they were almost see through. With a loud rip they exploded off and a large pink udder with four erect teats fell free and jiggled below her belly.

“OH GOD! WHATS THAT?!”

“Its an udder fatass. You really are a fat fucking cow now.” Stacy was doubled over laughing, her face red. Emily felt something warm on the front of her bra and reached forward, it was wet. She pulled her hand back and noticed a white substance on it, she sniffed it and realized it was milk. She began to hyperventilate and groaned as a pressure built in her breasts and udder. Her bra snapped and flew

off into the group. Milk leaked slowly out of her nipples and teats. Her breasts and udder slowly swelled with milk, the pressure was unbearable.

“She looks like she needs to be milked.” One of the guests said out loud.

“Oh she certainly needs to be, but we don’t have any milkers up and running currently.”

“What am I supposed to do then?” Emily could barely speak, the pressure becoming overwhelming.

“Well, you have hands don’t you?” Emily looked at Wonka, then at the group, she didn’t want everyone to see this, but the pressure kept growing as did her breasts and udder.

“Fine.” She reached down and began to work her teats, it felt better than she thought it would and was instantly lost in the sensation. She worked them faster and faster, a pleasurable pressure building inside her. She didn’t feel her hands as

they struggled to stay wrapped around the teats. Just as she reached the apex and felt her release was imminent she lost her grip and couldn't seem to wrap her hands around them anymore. She opened her eyes and looked down, now instead of hands she had hooves. She tried frantically to milk herself, to release the pressure but couldn't manage. Her tits grew so big she couldn't reach around them anymore, she could barely see the group over them. She felt a new pressure in her stomach and begged for help.

“Wonka, help me please. Something is happening.” The group watched as her body began to swell, her belly was the most prominent but her arms, legs and even her ass were growing bigger.

“It looks like the milk is looking for new places to go, you must be running out of room.”

“Running out of room?”

“Of course. Do you think you can grow forever?” Emily began to cry again.

“Please, do something.”

“I am doing something, I’m letting you deal with the consequences of your actions.” Emily felt her belly touch the floor, the expansion continued unabated. Her weight began to shift as her body rounded out, her ass merging with her belly and her midsection beginning not swallow her arms and legs. She was a six-foot-wide ball of milk, her breasts and udder each 3 feet wide themselves. They leaked slowly, creating white trails down her body. All four of her hooves were being pulled into divots and even her head was beginning to sink into her body.

“Jesus, I’ve never seen a round cow before.”

“Well you have now, and she isn’t done yet.” Emily groaned as she heard Wonka speak and tried to beg for help, but it fell on deaf ears. Her growth was slow but constant, her body inching its way towards ten feet wide. Her breasts and udder swelled on their own, large orbs connected to this giant sphere. As she passed ten feet something began to happen to her, the group watched as her five-foot-wide

udder began to absorb her teats. It was getting stretched so tight they were being flattened out. The same thing was happening to her breasts, her nipples flattening out and disappearing. Her body swayed and groaned as she swelled, the sound of sloshing milk resounding around the room as the group waited to see her fate. She stopped swelling at fifteen feet, her breasts and udder were each 6 feet wide. Her nipples and teats were spread wide and flat across her massive orbs, everyone stood and watched as her body settled, making sure the growth was done.

“Damn, I was hoping she would pop.”

“Well she got very close, she is definitely near her limit.” The group gathered around Emily, touching her all over. Small trickled of milk still escaped her but nothing near enough to relieve the pressure.

“So how are you going to milk her?” One guest asked as she felt the woman’s rock-hard teat.

“Well we cant. With her nipples and teats the way they are we have nothing to attach the machinery to.”

“nooooo.” Emily tried her hardest to scream but could barely make any noise, her swollen cheeks preventing her from making much noise of any kind. She tried to move her hooves but found she couldn’t, her entire vision was a wall of white and black fur. She could feel everyone touching her and a sharp pain on her udder made her yelp. Stacy was pressing her fingernail into the swollen mound, it didn’t sink in, but she could see the area getting red as she applied more pressure.

“Be careful everyone, she is quite fragile. Playing with her too much could cause her to burst.” Emily began to cry again, warm white tears.

“Now I need to think of something to do with her no that she cant be milked.”

Stacy overheard Wonka and stepped forward.

“I could take her, we are best friends after all.” Wonka had watched the way Stacy had treated Emily, she simply smiled at the woman.

“no, no, no, no.” Emily tried to plead as much as she could.

“Ok, since you offered. We will load her up and send her to your home as soon as possible, the transportations is on the house.” Wonka took the tour and walked away but Stacy hung back for a moment.

“I will see you at home fatass.” She smacked Emily’s side hard and walked away, Emily felt the smack ripple through her body as the milked sloshed around. She was panicking, terrified of what lay in store for her.

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Months had gone by since the tour. Emily sat in a large building the Oompa Loompa’s had built to house her at Stacy’s. Through the months Emily had continued to swell, even though the effects of the feed had run their course she was still producing milk slowly. Every day he pressure increased more and more, she could feel her body swelling towards it breaking point centimeter by centimeter. Stacy brought her friends over every day to tease her, calling her the usual names

of cow, fatass, lardass. They poked and prodded her, threatened to pop her with a pin or let a bull blow off some steam with her. Now here she sat, 25 feet wide with breasts and udder 8 feet each. Stretchmarks covered every part of her, and her skin was pale white, her udder was a bright shade of pink. She was stretched so much that the fur was thinning, and skin could be seen easily. Groaning could be heard constantly and her body trembles as she sat there. The milk leaking from her had stopped long ago, the pressure ensuring it stayed inside. She felt Stacy walk across her body, she did this often and with heels on every time. Her feet never sunk into her body, there really was no give left. She knelt down near Emily's head and looked her dead in the eyes.

“Well I have something special planned for today.” Emily's heart sank, this couldn't be good.

“but first I want my cow to moo for me.” Emily refused to give her the satisfaction, she wouldn't give up that last bit and let Stacy make her a true cow. Her eyes went wide though when she pulled off one of her heels and dug the point hard into her body.

“Well? Is my cow gonna moo for me?” Emily teared up, knowing she was about to give up he last piece that made her a person.

“M-, m-, moo.” She said weakly.

“I’m sorry I couldn’t hear that.” She lifted the heel up as if she were going to jam it into her hard.

“MOOOOOO.” Stacy smiled and put her heel back on.

“Good cow, now then.” Stacy reached up and pulled a hose down, shoving into Emily’s mouth before standing up.

“I convinced Wonka to sell me some of that special feed you so greedily stole.” Emily panicked, trying her hardest to move or do anything but to no avail.

“I figured my fat cow must be hungry with the way your belly rumbles, so lets feed her.” Stacy walked away and Emily felt the pressure of her body eventually leave. After a few moments where she had hoped Stacy was bluffing the hose shook and the same thick fluid began to force its way into her. Her body shook as the hose filled her far faster than the one in the factory. Stacy watched on, noticing that her cow wasn’t getting any bigger but that was ok because she had plenty of feed for her.