

Brittany pushed through the glass door of Sweet Dreams Parlor, the little bell overhead chiming its familiar welcome. The shop was tucked between a bookstore and a dry cleaner on Maple Street, and she'd been coming here since she was a kid. The black-and-white checkered floor, the pink vinyl stools, the old-timey jukebox in the corner that still played actual records... it was all part of her regular Thursday evening ritual.

"What's the good word, Britt?" Danny called from behind the counter, his usual grin plastered across his face. He'd been working there since high school, and now, at twenty-six, he was practically part of the furniture of the place.

"The good word is that I'm *tired*," she said, dropping onto her usual stool with a sigh. "Long week."

"Say no more." Danny grabbed a cup. "The usual? Mint chocolate chip in a waffle cone?"

"Actually....." Brittany leaned forward, squinting at the new hand-lettered sign propped on the counter. It was written in purple marker with little stars drawn around the edges. NEW FLAVOR — "Cream Dream" — Ask about our secret special!

"Since when do you guys do new flavors?" she asked. "You've had the same menu since like, 2015."

Danny's grin widened. "That's what makes this one special. Jerry whipped it up when he had some downtime, and the owner loved it. Some kind of 'artisanal small-batch' thing as he called it for now. He only makes a little at a time, and honestly Britt, I've never tasted anything like it."

"What's in it?"

"That's the thing. I don't even know. He won't tell anyone. It's got this vanilla base, but there's something else in there. Something... warm." He shook his head like he still couldn't place it. "You've gotta try it. it's delish."

Brittany shrugged. "Sure, why not. One sample, please!"

Danny scooped a perfectly round ball of pale ivory ice cream into a small tasting cup and handed it over. The color was slightly off from regular vanilla. Not yellow, but almost pearlescent, with faint swirls of something creamier running through it.

She took a bite.

Her eyes went wide.

"Oh my *God*."

"I know, right?"

"No, Danny, this is... this is SO fucking delicious." She took another bite, then another, the spoon scraping the bottom of the cup in seconds. It was the smoothest, richest thing she'd ever put in her mouth. The vanilla was there, yes, but underneath it was something indescribable. Warm caramel and honeysuckle and cream, a flavor that seemed to bloom and embellish the longer it sat on her tongue.

"Give me a triple scoop in a waffle cone," she said immediately.

"Coming up."

She ate the entire cone standing at the counter, barely pausing for breath as she gobbled it down. When it was gone, she stared at the display case with the expression of someone who had just discovered a fundamental truth about the universe.

"Danny."

"Yeah?"

"Do you have this in cartons?"

He laughed. "Like I told you. he only made a few batches. But yeah, I think we've got five cartons in the back freezer."

"I'll take all of them."

"All five?"

"All five."

He raised an eyebrow but disappeared into the back. When he returned, he set five pint-sized cartons on the counter, each labeled with the same purple-starred Cream Dream logo. Brittany paid without flinching. Nearly forty dollars for ice cream, which was absurd (especially in this economy...), but her mouth was still tingling from that last bite and she genuinely didn't care at this point.

"Enjoy, Britt," Danny said, smirking. "Don't eat it all at once."

She was already out the door.

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The drive home was ten minutes of pure suffering and agony. She could see the cartons in the passenger seat taunting her, and the memory of that flavor kept replaying in her mind like a song she couldn't stop humming. By the time she pulled into her apartment's parking lot, her hand was on the first carton before the engine was even off.

She didn't even bother grabbing a bowl.

Sitting cross-legged on her couch, Brittany peeled back the lid of the first carton and dug in with a massive serving spoon. The first bite hit her the same way the sample had. It was almost overwhelming, that warm, blooming richness flooding her senses. She ate, spoonful after spoonful disappearing with mechanical determination, hypnotized by the flavor.

The first carton was empty in six minutes flat.

She reached for the second, and inhaled that one just as fast, if not faster.

Somewhere around the third carton, a pleasant numbness settled over her. The world felt soft-edged, like she was wrapped in cotton. The spoon moved on its own. She was aware, distantly, that she was eating an absurd amount of ice cream, but the thought drifted away before it could form into anything resembling concern.

By the fifth, she was leaning back into the couch cushions, breathing heavily, her stomach tight and rounded beneath her t-shirt. She set the empty carton on the coffee table alongside the others and let out a long, slow breath.

"Mmmmooh," she groaned, pressing both hands to her belly. She was completely packed. Stuffed to the point of discomfort, her skin taut and warm to the touch. She could feel the weight of it, five pints of dense, rich ice cream sitting heavy in her bloated gut. Her shirt had ridden up, exposing a crescent of her swollen stomach, and she didn't even have the energy to pull it down.

"Okay," she mumbled to herself. "That was... that was a lot, goddamn."

She tried to stand. Her legs didn't cooperate. The numbness had deepened, spreading from her head down through her chest, her arms, her stomach. It wasn't unpleasant, mind you. More like being wrapped in a warm, heavy blanket she couldn't get out of. She sank deeper into the couch and let her eyes close.

Just for a minute, she told herself. Just until the fullness passes.

But her body wasn't done *quite* yet, and it began to get to work as she drifted off to sleep.

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The first thing she noticed when she awoke was the odd warmth settling over her body.

It started in her chest, a gentle heat that didn't match the cold ice cream sitting in her stomach. It spread slowly, diffusing through her breasts like sunlight through curtains. Faint at first. Then not faint at all.

Brittany's eyes fluttered open. She was still on the couch, the TV now showing infomercials. The room was darker. She'd been out for over an hour, if not longer. But the warmth in her chest was what grabbed her attention, because it was intensifying, and with it came a peculiar sensation:

tightness. And underneath the tightness, something else. A deep, diffuse pressure, like her breasts were filling with something heavy and liquid from the inside.

She looked down.

Her breasts were pressing against her shirt.

They were straining the fabric, her shirt pulled taut across her chest in a way it hadn't been when she'd sat down. She'd always been a modest B-cup, nothing remarkable, but the curves visible through her shirt were noticeably fuller, rounder, the fabric of her bra visibly digging in at the edges.

"What the fuck..." She sat up slowly, wincing at the fullness still present in her belly, and brought her hands to her chest. They felt heavier. She could actually feel them pulsing gently against her palms, a faint throb that matched her heartbeat. And underneath the warmth, that pressure, the unmistakable sensation of fullness, like her breasts were swelling with something that had nowhere to go.

"Okay, that's really weird," she whispered. She tried to stand again, and this time her legs worked, though she wobbled slightly from her center of mass having changed. She made it to the bathroom and flipped on the light, bracing her hands on the sink.

She looked down again and her breath caught.

Her breasts were visibly larger. Not a little. A *lot*. They were straining the cups of her bra, soft flesh swelling over the edges, the center clasp pulled tight. They looked fuller, rounder, almost glossy through the fabric of her shirt, and the heat coming off them was unmistakable. She could feel the pressure more clearly now, a deep, internal ache that spread across her entire upper half. The skin was tight. Sensitive, even. She could feel the faintest tingle in her nipples, like they were straining against something from the inside.

"This isn't—" She grabbed the hem of her shirt and pulled it up, staring at her reflection. Her bra was absurdly tight, the underwire biting into the swollen flesh of her breasts, which were spilling out of the cups like rising dough. She reached back to unclasp it—

Pop.

The clasp snapped open on its own, the tension finally too much, and her breasts bounced free, jiggling heavily. They were easily a D-cup now, maybe bigger, sitting high and full on her chest with no sag at all, the skin smooth and faintly flushed pink. The moment the bra fell away, the pressure intensified. The cool air hit her swollen skin and she gasped, the sensation sending a jolt through her chest that made her nipples tighten and throb.

"What the hell," she breathed, cupping them in her hands. They were warm and heavy and impossibly soft, and when her fingers pressed into the flesh, that warmth spiked into something else entirely. A shiver of pleasure that shot straight down her spine and made her knees buckle.

She could feel the pressure more acutely now, deep inside, behind her nipples, a building fullness that was growing more insistent by the second.

"Oh—" She gripped the sink. "Oh, fuck."

They were still growing.

She could see and feel it happening in real time. The swelling was slow but relentless, her breasts expanding outward in every direction, the flesh plumping and rounding like balloons being filled with warm water. In the span of thirty seconds, she went from a D to what looked like a full E, the weight of them increasing noticeably, pulling at her shoulder and back muscles as they accommodated the extra mass. And with the growth came more pressure, more of that deep, liquid fullness, mounting behind her nipples like a dam filling to capacity.

Her shirt, already strained, lost the battle. The fabric stretched across her swelling chest, the seams groaning, and then with a sound like a ripping flag, the shirt tore open down the front. Her breasts burst through the ruined fabric and bounced heavily into the open air. They were huge now, easily the size of small watermelons, sitting massive and round on her narrow frame, the skin tight and gleaming.

"Stop," she said out loud, as if her body might listen. "Stop!"

It didn't stop. If anything, the growth accelerated after that. Each breath seemed to bring another inch of swelling, her breasts expanding with a steady, organic rhythm, like they were being pumped full of something from the inside. The weight was becoming seriously hard to handle. She could feel it in her lower back, in the way her posture was being forced forward, her center of gravity shifting dramatically. She grabbed them with both hands, trying to hold them still, trying to contain them, but they overflowed her fingers, warm and impossibly soft, and that same electric pleasure jolted through her again.

"Ah—!" She let go immediately, gasping. Every touch made it worse. Or better. She couldn't tell anymore. The pleasure was intense, almost overwhelming, radiating from her breasts in waves that made her vision blur and her thighs clench together.

A strange tingling at the top of her head distracted her from her chest, and she reached up without thinking, running her fingers through her hair. Something was different. Something was there. Two small, firm bumps protruding from the sides of her head, just above her ears, covered in short, soft fuzz. She ran her fingertips over them and shivered. They were sensitive, very sensitive, and as she touched them she felt them push outward another fraction of an inch, growing under her fingers.

"What—" She spun to face the mirror and froze.

Two small, rounded bumps were pushing through her hair on either side of her head. As she watched, they grew another centimeter, pushing outward, the skin around them flushing pink. They were... oh god... they were ears. Not human ears. They were wider, rounder, flatter,

covered in fine pale hair that was spreading by the second. They twitched involuntarily, and she felt it. A twitch she couldn't control, a flick of muscle that wasn't there before.

"No. No, no, no—"

But even as she stammered, they kept growing, pushing out another inch, then two, the pale fuzz thickening into proper fur, white with irregular patches of black. They rounded out, flattened, spread wide, and then they flicked forward, responding to sounds she hadn't even noticed. The bathroom fan. The drip of a faucet. The thundering of her own heartbeat.

Cow ears. She was growing cow ears.

The realization hit her like cold water, and for a moment the horror was enough to cut through the haze of warmth and pressure. She stared at her reflection, at the black-and-white ears now protruding prominently from the sides of her head, twitching and swiveling with a mind of their own. She grabbed one with her hand, trying to push it back, and it flicked out of her grip with surprising strength. The fur was soft. Real. Warm to the touch, much like her growing bosom, in fact.

"This isn't happening," she whispered. "This isn't—*Mmmmo*oo—!"

The sound erupted from her throat without warning. Deep, resonant, involuntary. It wasn't a moan. It was a moo. A genuine, full-bodied cow's moo that rumbled up from somewhere in her chest and echoed off the bathroom tiles. She clapped both hands over her mouth, eyes wide with horror, but even with her mouth covered she could feel it building again. A pressure in her throat, a need to vocalize that was as involuntary as a sneeze.

"*Mmmoooo*," it came again, muffled by her palms but unmistakable. Her chest vibrated with it. Her breasts, massive, swollen, still growing, shuddered with the force of the sound, and the motion sent another wave of that deep, liquid pressure crashing against the inside of her nipples.

A tiny bead of warmth at the tip of her left nipple. She could feel it pressing forward, a single drop of liquid trying to push its way out, straining against the tight, swollen flesh of her nipple like water against a dam.

She looked down.

A little bead of white had appeared at the tip of her left nipple. Not flowing. Not yet. Just sitting there, a single droplet trembling on the surface, held in place by nothing but the tight, stretched skin refusing to let it through.

Brittany stared at it, uncomprehending, as the pressure behind it mounted. The droplet swelled slightly, the nipple distending around it, the flesh going pale from the strain. More milk was building behind it. She could feel it, a deep, heavy fullness that was getting worse by the second, her breast swelling larger as it filled, the skin stretching tighter, the pressure increasing.

The single drop wasn't releasing. It was stuck. Her body was producing milk at an impossible rate, filling her breasts like two balloons attached to a faucet that had been cranked to full and then left running.

"No no no no no—" She grabbed her breast, trying to pinch the nipple shut, and the moment her fingers closed around the swollen flesh, pleasure exploded through her. Her knees actually buckled this time, and she caught herself on the sink with a gasp. The drop didn't fall. It just swelled bigger, straining, her nipple stretching around it obscenely.

"*Mmmooooo—!*" The moo ripped out of her again, and the vibration of it traveled straight through her chest and into her swollen breasts, making them jiggle, and the jiggling sent the pressure spiking even higher. She could feel the milk packing into her breasts now, each pulse of her heartbeat pushing more fluid in, the tissue expanding to accommodate it, the skin stretching tighter and shinier. Her right nipple hadn't even produced a drop yet, but she could feel the pressure building behind it, deep and hot and absolutely merciless.

She had to stop it. She had to hold it in.

She pressed both hands over her nipples, flattening her palms against the swollen surface, and immediately cried out. The pleasure was blinding. Her whole body seized, her back arching, her breasts surging against her hands with another visible pulse of growth. They were enormous now, bigger than her head, heavy and round and trembling with every heartbeat. The milk was right there, pressed against the inside of her nipples, fighting to get out, and the sensation of holding it back was exquisite agony. Like holding a sneeze, but a thousand times more intense, centered in the most sensitive part of her body.

"*Mooo—please!*" she gasped, pressing harder. The milk bulged against her palms, hot and urgent. She could feel her breasts expanding further to contain the fluid that couldn't escape, the pressure ratcheting up to a level that was becoming genuinely painful. They throbbed. They ached. The skin was so tight she could see the faint blue tracery of veins beneath the surface, pulsing with each heartbeat.

"Please stop," she whimpered, and her voice cracked into another moo halfway through.
"*Mmmoooo-oo—*"

Her cow ears flattened against her head, then perked forward, then swiveled sideways, responding to sounds she was too overwhelmed to process. She could feel them moving, feel the muscles at their base twitching and flexing, and every movement sent a strange shiver down her spine that somehow made the pressure in her breasts worse. Her reflection was barely recognizable now. A woman with enormous, veiny, milk-swollen breasts and a pair of black-and-white cow ears twitching on top of her head, her face twisted with effort as she tried to hold back a tide that was rapidly becoming unstoppable.

She tried crossing her arms over her chest, pressing her breasts together to pinch off the flow. The pressure spiked, a deep, blinding ache that made her cry out, and a single jet of milk sprayed from her left nipple with enough force to splatter against the mirror. But then the flesh

swelled around the opening and sealed it again, the nipple clamping shut like a valve, and the milk that had been released was immediately replaced by more, the production accelerating to match the demand. Her breast was bigger now than it had been before the spray, tighter, heavier, the skin stretched drum-taut.

"*MmmOOO—!*" The moo came out loud and long, vibrating through her chest, and her breasts shuddered with it, and the shuddering made the pressure scream behind her nipples. She was full. She was so impossibly, agonizingly full. The milk was packing into every available space inside her breasts, the tissue stretching to hold more and more, and her body just kept making it. She could feel the weight increasing by the second, pound after pound of dense, hot milk being manufactured inside her, filling her up, stretching her out, making her bigger and fuller and tighter and more desperate and so, so *horny*.

She slid down the wall to sit on the bathroom floor, her massive breasts spreading across her lap and beyond, heavy and warm and still growing. The pressure was unbelievable. It wasn't just fullness anymore. It was pain. A deep, throbbing ache that radiated from her nipples through her entire chest, pulsing with her heartbeat. Her breasts felt like they were going to burst. The skin was stretched so thin she could see the veins pulsing beneath it, the surface glistening with a thin sheen of sweat as they filled to the brink of their capacity. Her nipples were thick and distended from the pressure, each one a swollen nub of flesh the size of a thumb, flushed dark pink and visibly straining, the milk packed so tightly behind them that they looked ready to split open.

"Don't touch them," she told herself, gripping the edges of the bathtub with white knuckles. "Don't touch them, don't touch them, don't—"

Her cow ears swiveled forward, catching a sound. The soft creak of her own skin stretching, the faint gurgle of milk being produced inside her at an impossible rate. She could hear it. She could actually hear it. Her body working, churning, filling, the warm rush of milk being pushed into tissue that was already over capacity.

"*Mmmoooo*," she moaned, and the sound was thick with pain and pleasure and something else, something primal, something that sounded almost like need. Her breasts throbbed in response, swelling another visible inch, the skin groaning, the pressure climbing to a peak that made her vision white out at the edges. She was going to burst. She was genuinely, literally going to burst. The milk had nowhere to go. It was being produced faster than it could possibly escape, and her nipples were clamped so tight that not a single drop could get through.

"Please," she whimpered, tears prickling at the corners of her eyes. "*Mmmoo*—please, I can't—I'm going to—"

Her breasts throbbed, and this time the throb was different. The pressure had reached a level she didn't know was possible. Her breasts were the size of beach balls, each one easily twice the size of her head, so heavy with milk that they had spread across the bathroom floor on either side of her, so tight that the skin looked ready to tear. She could feel every drop of milk

inside them, every pocket of fluid pressing against every other pocket, the pressure equalizing and then building as more milk was produced, more fluid forced into a space that absolutely could not hold it.

Her nipples were near purple with strain. They were vibrating. Actually vibrating, trembling with the force of the milk hammering against them from the inside, each pulse of her heartbeat another blow against the dam.

She couldn't take it anymore.

"MOOOOO—!"

The moo tore out of her throat, deep, resonant, desperate, and at the exact same moment, her nipples finally gave way, her body surrendering fully to the temptation and pressure.

It wasn't a trickle. It wasn't a stream. It was a full-on **geyser**.

Milk **exploded** from both nipples simultaneously in thick, pressurized jets that hit the opposite wall with enough force to splatter outward in a fan of white. The sound was like someone had turned two fire hoses on full blast, a hard, hissing spray that echoed off the bathroom tiles. The relief was instantaneous and overwhelming. The pressure that had been building for the past hour released in a single, catastrophic rush, and the sensation of it was so intense that Brittany screamed.

Not a moo this time. A scream. Raw, full-throated, tearing through the bathroom as every ounce of pressure that had been packed into her breasts came flooding out in twin torrents of white. Her back arched off the wall, her breasts surging forward with the force of the release, milk gushing in thick, rope-like streams that arced across the bathroom and hit the mirror, the ceiling, the shower curtain, the walls. The pressure behind the milk was staggering. The jets shot three, four, five feet in the air like a firehose before they began to arc, and they showed no sign of weakening.

"Oh God—oh fuck—holy shi-*MMMOOO*—!"

The pleasure was indescribable. It was the release of an hour of mounting, excruciating pressure, every drop of milk that had been packed into her overfull breasts rushing out in a flood of sensation that made every nerve in her body fire at once. Her breasts were pulsing, each throb of her heart sending another geyser of milk spraying outward, the flesh visibly contracting and then swelling back as more milk rushed forward to replace what had been released. But the production was still outpacing the release. She was still growing. The milk was still building. Even as it gushed from her nipples in impossible torrents, her breasts were getting bigger, the tissue expanding to hold the flood of new milk that her body was churning out.

She couldn't stop touching them. Every time she tried to pull her hands away, the ache, the deep, pulsing need in her overfull breasts, drew them back. Her fingers sank into the swollen flesh, and she squeezed, and milk fountained, the jets doubling in intensity, spraying with

enough force to rattle the shower curtain. She screamed, and they grew, and she squeezed again, over and over, lost in a blur of pressure and release and unbearable, ecstatic fullness.

"Mmmmoooo—" The mooing was constant now, rumbling out of her with every exhale, her throat vibrating with a sound that wasn't even close to human. Her cow ears were pressed flat against her skull, then perked straight up, then swiveled frantically in every direction, responding to the chaos of sounds. The spraying milk, her own screams and moos, the wet slap of fluid hitting tile, the gurgling rush of milk pooling on the floor. They were fully grown now, wide, flat, covered in soft black-and-white fur, as expressive as her own face had once been.

Her breasts were the size of beanbag chairs now. They dominated her body entirely, spreading across the floor on either side of her, massive and heavy and round, constantly streaming milk in thick, gushing torrents. The pressure hadn't stopped really. It was more like it had stabilized, the release keeping pace with the production in a shuddering, trembling equilibrium that kept her mooing and whimpering near constantly. She could still feel the milk building inside her, still feel the tissue stretching, the skin pulling tighter, but now she could also feel it leaving, rushing out through her nipples in hot, thick streams that sprayed with the force of a garden hose.

She was lying back against the wall, almost submerged in the rising pool of white, her breasts rising and falling with her ragged breathing. Milk poured from her nipples in twin waterfalls, the jets finally beginning to weaken from geysers to steady, heavy streams, but the flow was still enormous. Gallons of milk flooding out across the bathroom floor, pouring under the door, soaking into the hallway carpet.

And still, faintly, she could feel it. That same warm, blooming sensation from the ice cream, still working inside her, still working its magic on her body.

"Mmmoooo..." she murmured, her voice thick and distant, her cow ears drooping lazily to the sides. Her hands rested on the massive, warm curves of her breasts, fingers gently kneading the swollen flesh, and each squeeze produced another thick spurt of milk that added to the rising tide around her. The pressure was still there, deep, aching, relentless, but it was manageable now. A low, constant throb that pulsed with her heartbeat and kept the milk flowing in a steady, endless stream.

She squeezed again, absently, and a fresh spurt arced out and splashed against the far wall. Her breasts gurgled in response, the tissue shifting, and she felt another pulse of growth move through them, subtle but undeniable. Still growing. Still filling. The production hadn't slowed. If anything, now that the pressure had found its release, her body seemed to have found its rhythm, settling into a steady, relentless output that showed no sign of stopping.

Her ears swiveled toward the hallway. The carpet out there would be ruined. The floor beneath it would warp. The downstairs neighbor would notice the ceiling stain by morning, if not sooner. These were facts that existed somewhere outside the warm fog, filed away in a drawer she couldn't quite bring herself to open.

"Mmmooooooooo," she breathed, barely a whisper this time. Her eyes drifted shut again. Her hands kept moving, slow and rhythmic, kneading the impossible weight of her breasts, and each squeeze sent another warm pulse through her body, another wave of that deep, honeyed pleasure that made the thoughts dissolve before they could fully form.

First order of business? A VERY long nap.

Second?

She was gonna get Jerry to make more of this stuff for her to stuff in her bloated and milky bovine body, even if it **killed** her.