

"You're still taking those supplements, aren't you?" Marcella asked while she fondled Della's breasts. "Look at these things. They're already overflowing another sports bra."

"The ones I bought haven't arrived yet."

Marcella squeezed Della's breasts hard. Della yelped and put her hands over her mouth. The two checked the entrance to the gym's locker room. There shouldn't be anyone there after hours, but it didn't hurt them to be careful. Seconds later, with no one appearing, Marcella turned her attention to the coworker between her and the wall.

"So you're still taking the botched ones? You know you don't need to. You just want to keep feeling your tits grow, don't you?"

"Not at all! I just don't want them to go to waste." Della let out another moan, a more restrained one. Marcella didn't stop kneading her breasts for even a second. "They still work as hmmng supplements, aaaaaah aaafter all."

"And you have to maintain that fit figure of yours." Marcella dialed down her excitement, leaving a breathless Della propped up against the wall while she apprised her muscular figure. "Yeah, I get it. There's just something, though. The way you're blowing your tits up, people will only have eyes for them. People will look at you and only see a slut."

"I'm not a sl-"

"Don't fuck with me, Della! Look at you! I just played with your tits for a little bit and you're a breathless mess! I bet you can't wait for me to get my hands on them again."

Della bit her lower lip.

"I knew it. They feel good, don't they?"

"I mean..."

"No, no, no. You know what I mean. They feel even better than before, right? Then when they were smaller?"

Della nodded shyly.

"Can't believe you were trying to convince me to take this off-brand shit with you just because it was half the real deal's price. You wanted me to become a slut just like you, didn't you?"

"How was I supposed to know my breasts would grow!? And I'm not a sl-AH"

Marcella pinched Della's nipples and pulled them toward her until the amazon in front of her bent over and leaned on her shoulders.

"You're a big-titted slut almost cumming from just a bit of tit play who wants even bigger and more sensitive titties. That's what you are and the sooner you accept this, the sooner we can treat you like the big-titted slut you are. Don't you want that?" Marcella whispered into Della's ear, letting go of her swollen nipples, and went back to kneading her tits.

"Fuu-aaah! Oh my god, Marcella..."

"Don't you want us treating you like a slut? Using you whenever we please?"

"Hmnnnnnnng haaah I-I..."

Marcella slowed her rhythm. There was something wet on her hands. She withdrew once again, glancing at her damp hand and her coworker's tits.

"Oh my god! You're right, you're not a slut." Marcella closed the distance one more time. Her hands went straight toward Della's tits. She watched the wet patch on the sports bra front spread as her fingers squeezed them hard. "You're a fucking cow!"

Della couldn't even retort. Every time the young woman opened her mouth, only moans came out.

"What? You won't even try to deny it?" She squeezed again, and more moans erupted along with the cream. "Feeling the milk being squeezed out of your slutty cow tits is too much for you? Too much for your brain?"

Again, there was no answer, only more moans and more gasps.

Marcella let go of one tit and pulled Della's hair until her leaking coworker had her back against the wall like earlier. With them eye to eye once more, Marcella continued to grope her lactating friend. Each caress and each squeeze made Della's face contort with pleasure. Her legs squirmed under Marcella's eagerness, and her hands held onto Marcella's back for dear life.

"Come on, cow. I want to see your face while you cum from having your udders milked. Come on."

Marcella pinched Della's nipples, and the woman she was now calling a cow let out an animalistic moan as her whole body trembled. Della's legs finally gave out. Marcella didn't bother to support her and allowed her coworker to fall on all fours, milk dribbling from her hanging tits past the soaked garment.

Marcella crouched by her side, caressing Della's face.

"You're going to keep taking those supplements as you said you would and, when we're both done with work, I want to find you just like this — on all fours — like the cow you've turned yourself into so I can milk you properly, alright?"

Della just glanced at Marcella, her breath haggard.

“Moo, if you understood what I've said.”

“Moo.”

It was barely a whisper, but it would suffice.

Marcella ruffled Della's hair, got up, and began to walk toward the exit.

“Can't wait to see you tomorrow, my cow.”