

WHY BUY THE COW?

The apartment hummed with lazy weekend quiet, the kind of stillness only disturbed by the soft buzz of the TV and the occasional creak of the aging hardwood floor. Late morning sunlight filtered through half-drawn curtains, casting sleepy golden stripes across the worn but cozy furniture. Somewhere outside, the dull murmur of city life droned on, distant horns, muffled chatter, the random bark of a dog, but inside, everything felt slow, warm, and just a little *too quiet*.

A faint aroma of cinnamon lingered in the air, leftover from the scented candle Rachel had burned the night before. It mingled with the subtle scent of detergent clinging to the throw blanket she was currently cocooned in, one leg tucked beneath her and the other dangling over the arm of the couch. The television glowed in front of her, casting flickers of color over her features as the volume drawled low. Some Saturday morning cartoon played, a small dose of nostalgia to get her through the day.

Rachel slouched deeper into the cushions, changing her position so that her long legs stretched across the coffee table like she owned the place. Her blonde hair was a tangled mess of waves barely held in place by a scrunchie, and her sports bra had lifted itself slightly during the nap she refused to admit she had just taken. She blinked at the screen, unbothered, absently scratching at her stomach before digging her hand back under the blanket. The bowl of chips beside her had gone stale hours ago, but she kept eating them out of monotonous momentum.

In the kitchen, cabinet doors thudded open, then closed. Then again, sharper this time, as the refrigerator let out a long, muffled groan while being yanked open.

"Oh, come on..." came the sleepy, sulky voice from across the room. "You've got to be kidding me."

Hana shuffled into the living room in fuzzy socks, a box of cereal clutched to her chest like a disappointed child. Her oversized sweater, soft and the color of stormclouds, hung loosely off one shoulder, revealing the supple slope of pale skin and the thin strap of a lavender bralette. Her long black braid dangled over her shoulder like a velvet rope, nearly brushing the rim of the bowl she carried in her other hand.

"No milk," Hana declared flatly, staring directly at Rachel with accusatory eyes. "How do we have cereal, but no milk?"

Rachel didn't look up. She just crunched another stale chip and mumbled, "It's a mystery for the ages."

Hana huffed and dropped onto the other end of the couch with a dramatic flump, pulling her knees up and curling into the cushions like someone reeling from being ghosted by a date. The

cereal in her bowl rattled softly with motion. A few golden loops tumbled over the rim and onto the blanket.

"I had a craving," Hana said mournfully. "Cereal isn't the same without milk. I *need* milk..."

Rachel sighed, eyes still fixed on the television. "Then get some."

Hana stared at Rachel, and slowly, *very slowly*, her lips curled into a smile that had no business being so mischievous. She tilted her head against the back of the couch, pretending to pout as she stirred the dry cereal with her spoon. Her braid slid down her shoulder, as the air around the two thickened, charged with an almost static sensation.

Rachel's attention drifted toward Hana, then back to the screen. Something about that smile on Hana's face, it was too satisfied, too smug for someone who had just been denied and left dour over an incomplete breakfast. She shrugged, incapable of caring enough to commit the mental energy to figure it out, not when her body was suddenly *off*.

A strange heat coiled low in Rachel's belly, not sharp but creeping, causing her to shift in her seat, blinking. It felt like the first sips of wine on an empty stomach. Her skin prickled. She adjusted the blanket, tugging it higher, thinking maybe she was just flushed from the warmth in the room. As the blanket brushed over her chest she gasped, her nipples stiffened hard against the fabric of her sports bra, sending an electric jolt through her.

What the hell?

Rachel's breasts, normally small and held firm, felt *full*, taut. Her bra pressed tighter than it had a moment ago. She shifted again and felt them *sway*, the slightest bounce drawing her attention in a way that made her squirm. Her thighs squeezed together. A low, involuntary moan slipped from her lips before she could catch it.

"*Aaaahhh...*" Rachel slapped a hand over her mouth, eyes wide.

Hana turned her head lazily, spoon still dangling from her fingers. "You okay over there?" she asked sweetly.

Rachel's cheeks were slightly red, dragging her hand down over her lips like she could scrub the sound off her face. "I... yeah, I'm fine. I just..." She cleared her throat and sat up straighter. Her bosom jiggled from the motion, more than they honestly should have. She looked down.

What the fuck is going on?

Rachel's chest was bigger, *visibly* bigger. She wasn't imagining it. Her sports bra dug into her skin, a pink line forming under the swell of her breasts. She could feel her heartbeat in them, the undeniable *pressure*. It was as if they were filling with something thick, warm, and heavy, like

water balloons expanding slowly, insistently fuller. They throbbed, no, *pulsed*, with a building tension that made her toes curl.

Swallowing hard, Rachel tried to banish the image from her mind.

No way. No way this is happening. Did I fall asleep? Is this a dream?

Hana turned back to her cereal, utterly nonchalant, but Rachel caught the glint in her eye, the hint of mirth twitching at the corners of her lips. She knew something. She had to. The question that clawed at the back of her mind demanded to know exactly how Hana was orchestrating whatever intricate scheme she clearly set in motion?

Another wave of warmth rolled through Rachel's chest, intense, tingling, a delicious ache that sent heat racing down her spine and pooling between her legs. Her breath hitched again, this time with a high, desperate whine she barely managed to stifle behind gritted teeth.

Oh my god, am I getting turned on by my own tits? What the hell is happening to me?

Rachel folded her arms tightly over her chest, trying to hide the sudden swell. Her biceps barely covered anything now. The weight was unfamiliar, *obscene*, as though her body was becoming something *more*, and it wasn't stopping.

Nearly grinding her teeth, Rachel tried to focus on the show, anything to keep herself grounded, but the images on the screen blurred, meaningless. Her breathing came faster now, shallow and uneven, the blush crawling down her neck and across her chest like a spreading fever.

Something isn't right. Breasts don't suddenly grow for no reason.

Rachel's chest throbbed with a rhythm not her own, swelling larger with every passing second. It wasn't a rapid, cartoonish growth, like in the colorful spectacles she enjoyed watching weekend mornings, no, it was gradual, *indulgent*. Each heartbeat pumped heat and heft into her chest, her tissue stretching with a deep, intimate ache that bordered on overwhelming pleasure. Her skin tingled with acuity, hypersensitive to the air and the fabric.

The bottom band of Rachel's sports bra dug sharply into her ribcage now. Her breasts strained against it, spilling out at the edges, each breath she took forcing them to rise and crest against the elastic like waves testing the limits of a dam. She felt them pressing together, pushed higher and rounder by their own weight. She looked down, *really* looked, and gasped.

Jesus Christ!

They were easily the size of large cantaloupes now. Firm, shiny with sweat, practically glowing with warmth. Rachel's nipples stood out in stiff relief, erect and aching, the pressure behind them making her legs tremble. Each motion she made sent them jostling against one another,

sloshing thickly inside with a weight she couldn't explain. It felt like they weren't just growing, they were *filling*.

No, that can't be right, can it?

The thought made her whimper. There was no way such a thing could be possible, right? She wasn't pregnant, nor did she have any condition that she knew that would cause this.

"Still doing okay over there?" Hana asked gingerly from the other end of the couch, now reclined with her cheek resting on her hand, spoon dangling casually between her fingers.

Rachel snapped her head toward Hana, narrowing her eyes. "*You...* What did you do to me?" she demanded, but her voice cracked halfway through. Not with anger, but *desperation*. She sounded *needy, hungry*.

Blinking innocently, Hana inquired, "What do you mean? I've been sitting here with you this entire time, haven't I?"

Rachel clutched at her chest, as if she could somehow hold them back with her bare hands. Her fingers dug into the sides of her breasts, and she gasped again at how soft and *sensitive* they were, like overstimulated nerve endings packed into pillows of heavy heat. The contact made her dizzy. Her thighs squeezed together tightly, hips giving a helpless little roll before she caught herself.

This can't be real. I'm not... I can't be this turned on. They can't be getting this big...

Rachel squeezed her eyes shut. A sharp chill kissed her skin. She looked down again.

Two wet spots had seeped through the fabric of her bra, right over her nipples. Slow, spreading circles of moisture, faintly sticky, staining the cotton. She stared in horror and erotic disbelief as a drop of milk pushed free, dribbling down the slope of one swollen breast to her stomach.

Rachel inhaled sharply, her worst fears confirmed. She was *leaking*.

"Oh my god," Rachel whispered, voice trembling. "Oh my *god*."

Hana made a soft, amused sound, like someone watching their dog chase its tail.

"Are you sure you're feeling okay?" Hana asked again, gently prodding. "With milky melons that big, it almost feels like you've been trying to hide your pregnancy. Who is the lucky guy?"

That did it. Rachel turned, face flushed crimson, breasts bobbing as she hissed, "*Hana!* What. Did. You. Do?!?"

Hana just smiled and gave a little shrug, biting the tip of her spoon like it was no big deal at all.

Rachel couldn't breathe, not properly. Her chest rose and fell in shallow, panting gasps as her breasts continued to grow. Swollen beyond reason and comfort, her breasts billowed into something deliciously soft and heavy. Every inch of her skin buzzed with overstimulation, her nipples tingling like live wires, hypersensitive and leaking steadily now. The warmth spreading through her was impossible to ignore, no longer just arousal, it was a *carnal craving*, hot and pressing and painfully sweet, radiating from her chest like a second heartbeat.

With every pulse, more cream filled Rachel's breasts. She could *feel* it, warm, thick milk sloshing within her as if poured straight from the core of her being. It shifted with her smallest movements, sending ripples through the swollen mounds that brushed her forearms, her lap, even the undersides of her arms. Her skin stretched smooth and tight, veins faintly visible beneath the ruddy surface. The weight alone made her shoulders hunch and her spine shudder beneath the strain.

Rachel's sports bra creaked audibly, the elastic pulled so tight it bit into her ribs, her shoulders, and her underbust like a tourniquet. The fabric bunched and warped, the straps digging deeper with each breath. A moan caught in her throat, partially from pain, but *mostly* pleasure. Her eyes rolled upward as her chest rose again, this time with a deep, wrenching surge that made her whole body arch.

SNAP

The bra gave way with a sharp, furious rip. The straps recoiled, slapping against Rachel's arms as her breasts bounced free, massive and heavy, yet *still growing*. They settled against her chest like twin watermelons, round, swaying, rosy and glossy with a sheen of sweat and leaked milk. A fresh dribble escaped each nipple, thick white rivulets sliding down their curves and soaking into her pajama pants and blanket below.

Rachel let out a *cry*, clutching at her thighs, nails digging into her skin, her entire body tight like a bowstring. Her hips bucked once against the couch cushion, the pleasure cresting into unbearable territory. Her breasts thrummed, a full-body throb that made her clench every muscle in blissful surrender, lips parting helplessly.

*Oh fuck. Oh fuck it feels so **good**. I can't think... I can't...*

Hana shifted closer. "For me? You're too kind..." she purred, her voice like silk laced with shenanigans.

Rachel's eyes flew open, just in time to see Hana kneel before her on the couch, cereal bowl placed carefully in Rachel's lap as Hana lifted both of Rachel's breasts with casual, possessive confidence. Her palms cupped beneath them, thumbs brushing close to the nipples, guiding the leaking orbs forward.

The moment Hana touched her, Rachel *screamed*, pleasure so sharp it stole the breath from her lungs. Her entire body jolted, thighs squeezing together, back arching off the cushions. Her nipples squirted in response, jets of creamy milk shooting into the air and splashing into the waiting bowl with a wet, repeated splatter.

Splloosh. Drip. Splash.

Rachel's breasts bounced from the force, milk sloshing heavily inside of them as if she were a jug overfilled and about to bust. Hana let out a delighted laugh, watching the bowl fill, licking a stray droplet from her thumb.

Rachel whimpered, her voice wrecked, glazed eyes flickering with disbelief, arousal, and helpless submission.

*What is happening to me? Why does this feel so good? Why do I want her to **keep going**?*

Rachel's thighs rubbed involuntarily again, only this time she noticed just how *soaked* her panties had become. The damp cotton clung to her glistening slit like a second skin, saturated with slick. Every breath she took sent more throbbing heat through her core, desperate to be touched. The aching was unimaginable, sharp and *raw*, ravenous with *hunger*.

I'm dripping. Wet like I've never been. I feel like I'm about to cum and she hasn't even touched my pussy.

The pressure in Rachel's breasts remained, constant, full, salaciously sweet. As for Hana, she was grinning from ear to ear, showing no sign of stopping.

"Such a good little milkmaid," Hana cooed, voice husky with pleasure. Her golden eyes shimmered with something greater, something mysterious and intimate. "You know... you really should've been more considerate of your witchy roommate."

"Wh-what?" Rachel choked.

Hana smiled wider. "Mm-hmm. *Witch*, Rachel. Surprise!" She pressed her thumbs just below Rachel's nipples, *hard*.

Rachel screamed again, louder this time. Her entire body went stiff, her mouth falling open in a silent wail as *mind-melting euphoria* ripped through her like a lightning strike. Her breasts tightened, nipples erupting with twin jets of hot milk that sprayed across the couch and soaked the bowl completely, overflowing with frothy white cream. She felt a delectable weakness spread through her limbs, legs shaking, orgasm hitting her like a tidal wave, relentless, rolling, and *far too much*.

“Aaaaahhhh! Oh... *Hana!* I’m... oh my *god*... I’m *cumming*...”

Rachel collapsed backward into the cushions with a wet squelch, panting, arms flopped out uselessly beside her. Her legs twitched, the last of her climax shivering through her with weak aftershocks.

She used me. Milked me. Like a fucking cow. I came so hard I nearly passed out.

Hana, completely unfazed, hummed happily to herself as she stirred the bowl of milk-drenched cereal and took a bite.

“Mmm. So much better with fresh milk. Tastes even better than the store-bought stuff,” Hana said through a cheeky mouthful, licking a trickle of cream from her spoon. “Thanks, babe.”

Rachel groaned, eyes fluttering open again, just in time to feel the weight on her chest *swell* again. “Oh no,” she whined.

Like ballooning waterbeds strapped to her chest, Rachel’s breasts surged in size. They swelled past cantaloupes, past watermelons, until each massive orb was nearly the size of her entire *torso*, spilling off her chest and into her lap, her legs pinned beneath their considerable weight. They jostled with each pulse of pleasure still echoing through her nerves, milk leaking from her puffy, overworked nipples in lazy, lilting beats.

Rachel’s whole body was slick with sweat and cream. “H-Hana...” she managed, dazed and breathless. “Are you... going to fix this now?”

Hana looked up, feigning thoughtfulness, then shrugged with a mischievous grin. “Hmm. Maybe. *After* you pay your half of the rent for the past three months, that I *still* haven’t received.”

Rachel blinked. “What?” she groaned. “You’re holding my tits *hostage*?”

“*Milky* tits,” Hana corrected, licking her lips. “Delicious, *useful*, milky tits.”

Rachel let her head flop back against the cushion with a soft *thud*, eyes closed in exhausted defeat. Her chest rose and fell slowly in time with her breathing, milk still beading from her nipples and soaking the curve of her breasts in warm, glistening streams.

“...Fine,” Rachel muttered. “But you’re not drinking directly from the tap!”

Hana frowned. “Well you’re no fun...”

Taking another bite of her cereal, Hana hummed contentedly as Rachel lay sprawled beside her, body twitching with the blissful memory of pleasure, breasts leaking helplessly into the hollow of her belly, her soaked panties clinging to her folds like a flag of surrender.

Maybe... this wasn't the worst way to start the day, Rachel thought distantly, drifting into a dazed, creamy stupor.