

One-Woman Dairy by Parablock

Contains Breast Expansion, Milking, and sexy scenes.

Preamble:

It's been a while since I last posted, hasn't it? I've had all sorts of wild IRL stuff to deal with, and I'm trying to slowly get back into writing. Got a fantastic run of inspiration and motivation, so I decided to get the rust off with a bit of a goofy little story that spiralled into something way bigger than my initial intention. Still, I enjoyed making it, and thought it was worth sharing. Hope people enjoy!

This one started as a simple derusting session back in September of 2025, but quickly evolved into a very nice little story. I hope everyone enjoys either rereading or finally getting a chance to check it out!

"Something's off with this milk."

I looked down at the cup of pale cloudy liquid April had offered me.

"Did you buy some of that lactose free stuff by accident? Or is this some weird roundabout way to get me to try almond milk?"

I took another sip as I eyed April suspiciously. She wasn't the type to pull weird pranks or give me food that would make me sick, but she was clearly up to something. She'd invited me over out of the blue, and the moment I had gotten in the door, had offered me a seat and a glass of milk to drink. If that wasn't weird enough, the girl looked jittery as hell, and kept adjusting her clothes as she gave me an unconvincing smile.

"It's not almond milk!" She protested, as she reached up and adjusted her top again.

"It's 100% real, straight from the udder, milk! Maybe there's something wrong with your sense of taste?"

I took another long sip and experimentally swished it around my mouth, considering the flavour as though sampling a wine. Was there something wrong with my taste?

Shaking my head, I put the cup down on a table.

*"No, there's definitely something off with this milk. I don't know, maybe you just found the weakest cow ever, but this stuff tastes weirdly thin and not really that creamy. Are you **sure** this isn't almond milk or something? Because you know I don't trust anything they claim was 'milked from an almond'"*

As though I'd touched a nerve, April jumped from her seat and stormed up to me. Attempting to strike an angry pose was tough as a 5-foot-something stick of a girl in a baggy hoodie several sizes too big for her, but April did her damndest as she shot me a glare.

*"It's not almond milk, and I'm sure that the cow it's from is perfectly **FINE!**"*

It wasn't often I saw April this riled up, so I took another sip from my cup while holding up my other hand in mock surrender.

"Ok ok, I get it. It's not almond milk and the cow who made this is fine. It doesn't change the fact that I'm not a big fan of this milk."

I replied diplomatically, placing the cup down again.

"It's not like it's the worst milk I've ever tried, but it's just not great y'know?"

April sighed, relaxing noticeably.

"Ok fine. I know, it's not the best tasting milk." She nodded miserably.

"But I accidentally got a bunch of it, and to be honest, I wanted your help drinking it before it expires."

"Why not just dump it if you don't like the taste?" I replied, raising my eyebrow inquisitively.

Immediately April jumped and shook her head.

"NO! No No No, you can't waste it!" She yelled, a look of horror on her face.

Clearly my surprise was pretty evident because April tried to relax and play off her little freak out. Her eyes wandered as her face coloured to a blush. Playing with her pony tail, she tried to explain.

"I mean... it just feels like a bad idea to waste it, right? I uh... Paid a lot of money for it, so I would really hate to have to throw it out" She stammered.

There was clearly some kind of bullshit going on with this milk. April was not the type of girl to get this excited over any kind of food waste, never mind some weird tasting milk. I pondered as I gave the milk another sip. Was I going to push the topic a little further, to get an honest answer out of her, or was I going to be an unwitting test subject in whatever sort of situation she'd gotten herself stuck in?

She gave a sheepish smile as she adjusted whatever she was wearing under her hoodie.

It had to be my imagination but it actually looked as though she was sporting some impressive breasts under all that hoodie. I would never say it to her face, but I'd always imagined she would've been my perfect dream girl, if only puberty hadn't completely skipped her in the curves department.

It sounded awful even in my head, but I had to be honest: I was a ravenous titty enthusiast, and April just couldn't feed that hunger for a soft, bountiful chest.

Maybe it was the imagined curves I could've sworn I saw on her, or maybe it was a need to serve a bit of penance for all this horny thinking about one of my best friends, but something compelled me to nod and give her a comforting smile.

"Hey, accidents happen. I can help you drink this stuff if you want. It's not that bad." I lied, giving her a comforting smile.

"Let's just put on a movie or something, so I'm not just sitting here chugging, ok?"

April gave me a relieved smile and nodded.

"Thanks Martin, I owe you one"

She adjusted her clothes again and winced before shaking her head.

"Actually, I gotta go quickly check something in the kitchen. Find something on Netflix for us to watch while I'm gone, ok?"

Before I could respond, she quickly rushed out of the room.

Seemed like she was in a rush, although I couldn't speculate why. Instead, I looked over at the half-full mug of off-tasting milk.

Could I sit here and patiently empty cup after cup of whatever mystery milk April had gotten her hands on?

Probably.

Was I going to regret volunteering to help her, if there was more than a couple more glasses of this stuff waiting in her fridge?

Definitely.

It was clear to me that I had to strategize a bit, if my stomach and my sense of taste was going to survive this night. Maybe I was being a bit dramatic, since the milk really wasn't terrible enough to leave me gagging, but it was no coincidence that April had invited over the biggest male friend in our friend group, who she knew

had the strongest appetite. I didn't know how much of that milk she expected me to drink tonight, but I was already dreading finding out.

I picked up the cup and brought it over to a nearby houseplant.

"Houseplants can have a little bit of milk right?" I thought to myself as I emptied my cup into the planter. *"As a little treat."*

I was reaching for my phone to look up how much milk a houseplant can drink without wilting when I was interrupted by the sounds of April yelping in distress coming from the kitchen.

"April? You ok?" I called, unsure if she'd caught me dumping the milk, but all that I heard back were moans of pain.

Something was wrong.

I rushed over to the kitchen, and scanned the room, my mug still idly hanging in my hand. I was about to call again when April moaned and I spotted her, curled up on the floor.

"Shit, April are you ok? What happened to-" I cut myself off mid sentence as I noticed exactly what was wrong with April.

She was moaning not in pain, but in pleasure. Moaning and hugging those impressively large breasts that I had imagined she'd been sporting. My jaw dropped as April flipped onto her back and groaned again. Her eyes were closed as she mashed and groped a pair of cantaloupe sized breasts, her mouth opening and closing like a fish.

All I could do was ogle, the scene burning itself into my mind as April reached down and yanked her hoodie off!

I want to say that I turned away, but that would be a lie. That thought never even occurred to me, as I watched my best friend yank off her baggy hoodie and reveal that she was wearing nothing underneath but a tiny little cow print bikini which was doing absolutely nothing to conceal the hand-fillingly big breasts she'd suddenly grown, the wide areola that peaked out around each triangular patch of black and white fabric, or the fat nipples that tented obscenely against each tiny patch of modesty.

My jaw dropped even further as April began whining and squeezing her nipples through the fabric of her top, arching her back and rubbing her ass against the floor like a thing possessed! My head spun as I watched one of her hands began reaching down towards the front of her shorts.

Was she about to do what I thought she was about to do, right in the middle of her kitchen? My mouth was dry, and my eyes watered, but I refused to blink and instead took in the sight as April's hand reached her waist.

Then her eyes opened, and she locked eyes with me.

"You asshole! You threw out my milk, didn't you?"

...

It was kind of impressive how quickly April managed to recover her composure and get herself upright. Especially with breast weight she clearly wasn't used to handling. They were clearly extremely sensitive too, as her attempt to put back on her hoodie almost knocked her into another haze of nipple play.

Eventually though we found ourselves sitting at opposite sides of the kitchen table. Her trying to pretend like it was totally normal for her to sporting an enormous pair of honkers, and me failing to look away from her amazing new chest.

There was a long and awkward silence, which was broken when I finally decided to broach the obvious question.

"So that milk I was drinking... Was that-"

"Yes" She cut me off.

Huh, so that explained some things.

I wasn't quite sure how to phrase the next question, and was beginning to lose my train of thought as I stared at her boobs.

"How? Why?" I tried to ask, suddenly sounding more like a disoriented cave man. My best friend and secret dream girl was suddenly hitting all my favourite kinks, and my brain was having a hard time catching up.

My thought process derailed and I fell into a trance, spellbound by those bouncing, cow-print covered, massive...

"Hey, Martin. Cmon man pay attention!"

April snapped her fingers, inches from my face.

I shook my head and snapped out of my daze, dragging my focus to April's face and trying to ignore the temptation to drift my vision southward.

April was trying to look pissed, although I got the feeling she was also finding a bit of amusement in my gormless stares.

"Did you hear anything I said? Or were you just staring at my chest?" she asked, a bit of exasperation creeping into her voice.

"I'm afraid I missed everything you said ma'am. I was occupied by admiring your new ballistics!" I replied, snapping a quick mock salute and straightening in my seat.

April leaned back and groaned.

"Martin please try to be serious, I actually need your help here."

I nodded and dropped the salute. It was tempting to keep messing around with her, but there was clearly something serious going on here and it was best to get a proper explanation for why she'd decided to get me drinking her breast milk. I shook my head and tried to banish my horny thoughts.

"Ok, I'm serious now. What happened?"

April picked up a piece of paper she'd put on the kitchen table, and held it out for me to take.

"I've been doing some digging online, because I heard a rumor that there were some stores that sold stuff that would make your breasts bigger."

She raised a hand before I could make a comment.

"Yes, I know it was a bad idea and there's also sorts of weird sketchy shit online, but lets just get past all that for a moment. I wanted bigger boobs and someone suggested that I should check out this 'magic shop'. They have a website, a bunch of reviews, and they do next-day shipping."

Her face flushed as she tried to hurry her story past the fact that she'd been searching online for ways to grow her boobs.

She continued. *"I found this one 'spell' and it looked pretty promising, so I bought it. I... I don't know why, maybe it was just for a laugh or something..."* Her face was scarlet now, clearly just talking about this was deepening her embarrassment over the whole situation. She fidgeted and adjusted her bikini, trying desperately to cover just a bit more of her swollen chest.

"So you got the spell delivered here?" I prompted, motioning for her to continue as I took the paper from her.

April nodded. *"Yeah, it was this cowprint bikini; it arrived today with a page of instructions. Honestly, I wasn't sure if it was real but I was curious to give it a try. So i put it on, and then..."*

She motioned to her chest. *"This happened."*

Following her motion, I snuck another glance down at her chest. God she looked amazing with huge breasts. They were tight and round, with their inner curves touching enough to make an absolutely perfect line of cleavage as they fought against the restraint of their imprisoning bikini. They looked even bigger now too, with my initial comparison of cantaloupes feeling a little conservative as they subtly shifted with her movement. They were practically begging to be groped too. I could imagine grabbing them, slipping those thumb-sized nipples out and-

Shit! I was getting distracted again.

I looked back at the page she'd handed me and began reading, trying to once again banish her amazing chest from my mind.

The instructions she'd handed me were pretty straight forwards stuff. They talked about her "magic new bikini" infused with bovine curses and capable of unlocking the "true depths of her femininity". It was impressive how straightforward the whole thing was. It didn't really beat around the bush at all, clearly outlining exactly what would be happening to her if she put it on.

"The real problem is that bit around the bottom" April chimed in, leaning across the table and pointing at where I should read.

I nodded and read aloud where she had pointed.

"The cow-cursed bikini will enhance the wearer's bust size, but the wearer will also suffer from a curse of lactation. Within 10 to 15 minutes of putting on the bikini, the wearer will begin to produce milk as they grow in size. This milk must be harvested, consumed, and appreciated without allowing any of it to be wasted or spoiled. Any milk that is wasted or spoils within the duration of the bikini's mystical effect will invoke the wrath of the fertile spirits and will be returned to the wearer three-fold. This may also lead to further increases in breast size, beyond the intended range of growth."

April nodded. *"Yeah, so that's the trouble. I didn't really believe it at first, and when my milk first came in I kinda... flushed it all in the shower."* She nervously played with her ponytail as I digested what she was saying.

*"So **all** of the milk was returned three-fold? I guess that means you produced three times as much after you flushed it?"* I asked, a sinking feeling building in my stomach.

April nodded again.

"I'm afraid to ask how much you have now." I replied.

April got up and walked towards the fridge.

"I got a lot more productive than I expected. The upside is that the bikini is only supposed to mess with me until I finish off all the milk I've made now. If we can drink it all, then there's no more after that." April opened the fridge, and shakily heaved out a 4-liter jug, almost full to the brim with milk.

"I'm not drinking all of that." The words were out of my mouth before I even had a chance to think about it. But it was true! There was no way I would even be able to drink half of that, not in one day.

April shook her head. *"Don't worry, you don't have to drink it all now. We just have to finish it before it goes bad!"*

She quickly pulled out her phone and checked an article. *"Which should be about 4 days."*

4 days. We had 4 days to finish that jug, before April turned into one-woman dairy operation. My mind started racing, trying to put together exactly how we were going to be able to do that.

April could help, but I knew most of that milk drinking was going to be on me. Add whatever three times the amount I dumped in the plant was, which a quick peek confirmed was now subtly filling her breasts, and I was probably looking at least a gallon of her milk! Plus or minus a bit, depending on how much she could drink herself.

I could feel a bead of sweat form on my forehead as I thought about 4 days drinking glass after glass of that milk. I wasn't lactose intolerant thankfully, but would that matter?

"Martin?" I vaguely heard April call, but I was lost in thought now.

Would I even be able to tolerate milk after four days of her produce? What if I missed some? What if it spilt? Would the milk that remained as dregs at the bottom of the jug count as "spoilt milk" for the sake of the curse? Was April doomed to eternally have to handle triple however much we couldn't remove from the bottom of any glass or jug we drank from? What about if there was an accident? If it kept tripling, we could quickly hit a runaway exponential milk catastrophe, especially if

she started leaking somewhere that she couldn't properly store or drink her produce.

"*Martin!*" April called again. I would address her in a second, but I needed answers now!

I scanned over the instructions again, my head spinning with thoughts of endless days of mediocre milk. I felt like a cornered rat, desperately searching for something I could use to escape from-

"***MARTIN!*** *For fucks sake, can you please stop being a weirdo for 5 seconds and just listen?*" April called just before hitting my head with a rolled-up newspaper.

It didn't hurt, but it certainly knocked me out of my train of thought. April was pissed now, brandishing the rolled-up newspaper and ready to hit me again.

"*God Martin, you need to learn to relax a bit. Don't worry, we don't have to drink all of this ourselves. We can share it with friends, and even if there's a bit of extra leftover when it spoils, I don't mind. As long as there isn't too much, so I don't end up bloating up to the size of a blimp ok?*" April explained patiently.

"*Seriously, you always get way too caught up overthinking things.*"

She didn't get it. We couldn't leave any left or this was going to exponentially multiply out of control!

"*April*" I replied, slowly and deliberately. "*If there's anything leftover, it's going to keep tripling and we're going to be handling your milk for weeks! Minimum weeks, and that's not even considering what happens if the dregs start multiplying*"

Despite my cool facade, I could hear my voice starting to tighten. *"April, you might've gotten yourself trapped in an infinite milky purgatory with that stupid curse!"*

"Yeah. For five days." April responded, sounding annoyed.

"Five days?" I replied dumbly.

"The 'mystical effects' in the bikini only last for 5 days. It said on box that it came in." April confirmed, fishing a cardboard box out of the garbage. Just as she had said, in bright red letters were written "Mystical Moo Enhancement Underwear." and right below it, in a colourful patchwork of black and white: "Good for 5 days of fun!"

I slumped back in relief. My visions of months spent drinking down gallon upon gallon of April's mediocre milk floated away, replaced with a peaceful calm, and the unrelenting arousal of knowing that my secret crush was a busty milk machine for the next 5 days.

"So, you good now?" April called from the sink. She was emptying out a jug of juice into the sink, while staring at me with the kind of quietly sympathetic look she often saved for when she'd caught me in one of my anxiety attacks.

I nodded.

*"Good! Because after I get back out all this extra milk **you** wasted, **YOU** are going to drink it."* She gave an embarrassed smile.

"Feels a bit weird though, having you drink something that came out of my boobs."

"I'm sorry by the way." I responded. April gave me a perplexed look.

"About wasting the milk, I mean. You told me not to, but I dumped it anyways."

April shrugged. *"I didn't give you a good reason not to. Plus, it's not exactly the tastiest drink I'll admit."* She looked at the now empty juice jug and gave a little lewd smile. *"And I have to admit, the milk building up and actually releasing it both feel really fucking good~"*

She finished with a little purr, giving her noticeably fuller looking breasts an appreciative squeeze, before turning and flushing again.

"Shit, was that a bit of TMI?"

I shrugged, feigning indifference. *"Maybe?"*

April scooped up the juice jug and headed towards the washroom.

"Anyways, I'll be right back. Feel free to get started on the big milk jug if you want."

I watched her go, and walked over to the huge jug April had left on the counter. It was impressive really, looking at the amount of milk in that jug and imagining that all of that had come out of April herself. I carefully poured another glass of the milk, and gave it an experimental sniff before sipping it.

It still tasted weird. Sickeningly sweet but with a consistency like a condensed milk mixed with too much water.

I thought back to April, on the floor and massaging her breasts. God that was hot.

I took another sip.

She really seemed into it this whole milking thing too. I mean, she had to be right? She researched that bikini, bought it, and after reading all those instructions, put it on of her own accord.

Another sip.

There are a lot of kinks in my search history that she was hitting with this cursed bikini, intentionally or not. Did she know what hucows are? She had to know a little about it at least, she bought a cowprint bikini!

Another sip.

She looked so damn good in it too. Just imagining how it barely fit her, and how the instructions said she would get even bigger if more milk returned to her...

Another si- I paused, the cup inches from my mouth.

A peculiar mood was developing in me now.

Whatever excuses she might've given, April absolutely knew exactly what she was getting into with that cursed cowkini. She may be a bit of a skeptic sometimes, but she wasn't an idiot. She knew there was a chance that she was going to turn into a milky huge-titted cowgirl the moment she put that thing on. Hell, she had to have been hoping on it, considering she bought the item and had it delivered to her house.

And, she had invited me over while wearing nothing but that cowkini, some shorts, and an oversized hoodie. Invited me over to drink all that milk she'd made.

It was as though a switch had been flipped as I suddenly realized that it was very, VERY likely that my one-sided secret crush wasn't quite so one-sided. That or April secretly had a serious exhibitionist streak that I was only just beginning to learn about.

Either way, I knew exactly what I had to do next.

I took the jug and began refilling my cup. Sloppily, and lazily I poured, letting milk spill over the sides until it was full to the brim.

I was rewarded by the sounds of April moaning from the bathroom, followed by her opening the door and storming into the kitchen.

"MARTIN! WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU DOING?" She yelled, blushing and panting. Her shorts were missing, leaving nothing to cover her crotch but a thin triangle, and she had clearly pulled back on her top in a bit of a rush. One of her nipples was peaking out over its home of spotted fabric, now the size of her thumb and dripping invitingly.

"April~" I called back, a teasing smile beginning to form.

"I've got a something to ask you~"

"Martin, I don't know what you're thinking but can it wait until I finish emptying myself?" April asked shakily.

I shook my head.

"No, I've got a question I really need to know the answer to first."

This was about to either be the best idea I ever had, or the worst.

I continued: *"Why did you really invite me over? Did you just need me to drink all this milk, or did you perhaps have some other plans for me?"*

April stammered and shook her head.

"Look, ok maybe I had some idea of something I wanted to talk with you about, but its all gone out the window now that I'm a gross milky mess."

I don't think I'd ever seen someone blush as hard as April was now.

She continued. *"Once I clean myself up, we can call it a day if you prefer. I know you don't like my milk, so its fine if you want to leave."*

I shook my head.

"April, your milk isn't really all that bad, I can drink plenty more." I motioned towards the overfull mug I had now resting on the edge of the sink.

"I just think I'd prefer to drink it straight from the source!"

April's eyes went wide with horror as realization struck. She slowly shook her head, but I could see her nipples hardening as she slowly rubbed her legs together.

"No w-wait Martin, lets talk about this. Fine, I admit it, I'm actually really into the idea of having someone drinking my milk. I'm a total pervert and I really wanted to see if you were into the idea since I know you have a kink for cowgirls, but if you dump that mi-" Before she could finish, I tilted the mug slightly. Milk spilled over the side, pouring down into the sink.

At the same time, April's legs gave out as her hands snapped to her nipples. She moaned in pleasure as her breasts began to fill and swell outwards, quickly pushing towards the size softballs as they rounded out.

She moaned again and tried to shoot me a glare, as she twisted a nipple.

"Martin, please you can't just do that, you have tooooo-MOOOOOOOOOOOO" Her protest cut off as her right nipple erupted in a spray of milk, and her voice shifted into a cow-like bellow.

With some effort, she pulled her hands away from her nipples, instead trying to hold up her breasts as she looked at me pleadingly.

"Martin. Martin, it feels so good, but I can feel myself filling again. Please, help me." She begged, looking up at me from where she was kneeling.

I looked down at April. Her cowkini was more of an accessory now, sitting happily atop the pair of overfull udders that were gently spraying milk like pair of fountains. She struggled to hold them up, as they continued to swell, their tops slowly creeping upwards towards her chin like a pair of rising loafs.

"Martin?" She asked, looking at me pleadingly.

With an evil smile, I reached out and tipped the mug completely into the sink...