

Overproduction

***Warning: bursting
Contains cowgirls***

“Charles is going to be *so* proud of me after today...” Holly daydreamed, grasping a bottle of pills in her hands. A tail swung through the air behind the anxious cowgirl and her heart raced in her chest. Black-spotted ears twitching on either side of her horns, she read the bottle once more.

“Take one pill to increase milk production or several to induce lactation...” she read aloud. Dairy was already leaking from her melons and dripping to the barn floor after a full night’s sleep, but Holly frowned nonetheless. “I don’t want to just *increase* my milk production... I want to *blow* the other girls away!”

She could see the smile on Farmer Charles’s face now. “After taking a few of these pink pills, he might run out of milk jugs trying to hold all my milk!” The thought of pleasing him so much made Holly giddy and an excited moo fell from her lips. The mere act of removing her overalls for the deed felt naughty in and of itself.

Unable to wait any longer, Holly removed the lid and swallowed several pills without a second thought. Naked and ingesting more than twice the dosage of what was meant to induce lactation, she was more than positive she would be ready and overflowing with milk in time for Charles to make his morning milking rounds.

It didn’t take long for Holly to sense a familiar tingle spreading across her mammaries. The sensations were strong and laden with heat, reminding her of the first time her milk had come in so many years ago.

“*Ahh!*” she squealed, her nipples jutting into the air. A fog was swimming around in her head from the heightened sensitivity and she leaned against the barn wall for support as she arched her back and lifted her bust.

For a moment the only movement in her breasts came from Holly’s rapid breathing. Suddenly her eyes widened when pressure surged within her body. Her chest lurched forward, adding multiple inches to her girth in less than a second. The rapid increase made her legs weak and knees knock together, the spontaneous enlargement a sure sign of what was to come.

“*MMMMMOOOO!!!*” she bellowed, allowing an arm to fly to her underbust and support their doubling weight. “*Ooohhh that’s good... T-That’s...nnnngghhh...w-way faster than I thought...it would be!*”

It was early in the morning; time for the daily milking. Any moment now Charles would walk into the barn, along with Holly’s fellow cowgirls, and the usual process would begin. Holly’s heart raced and was thankful she hadn’t taken the pills any earlier; after only a few minutes her udders had bloated well beyond any previous size and engorged with what was a

record amount of milk for the cow. She marveled at her tightening skin and how it continued to stretch and contain the gallons of dairy being produced in her body.

“I-I can’t...wait! Ooohhh I can’t wait to be MILKED!! I feel fuller...t-than I ever have!! Mmmmm, I think taking off my overalls beforehand was a good idea...” The tightness in her beach ball-sized chest was worrying, but Holly knew it would all be released soon enough.

Voices could be heard approaching the barn. “I couldn’t believe her! I mean, it was *my* turn! You don’t just jump ahead like that!”

“She’s done that to me too! Like calm down, June, yer going to get yer turn.”

“And we’ve both been here *way* longer than she has! *We* have seniority on the milk machines!”

It was Gwen and Bella, two cowgirls Holly had come to know very well in her time at the farm. Both were among Charles’s top milkers and easily each provided him with over six gallons every morning like clockwork. After today Holly would finally be included alongside them.

“Lord I’m full this morning...” Bella moaned, entering the barn and unlatching her overalls. Her eyes met Holly’s, followed by Gwen’s when she entered a moment later.

“Whoa, Holly! You look ready to flood the barn!” Gwen awed, catching sight of the cowgirl’s overfilled bust.

“T-Thanks...!” Holly stammered. The pressure building inside her chest was about all she could take. The relief of the milking machine would change that soon enough.

“You need a hand? You can join us, if you want!”

Holly watched Gwen and Bella grab two buckets and sit on separate stools, each one grabbing their nipples and spraying milk into the metal containers.

Holly was almost as confused as she was full. “Hey... What are...*nnngh!*!...What are you guys doing?? Charles is going to be here any minute! He’ll milk us!”

Bella glanced up. “Didn’t ya hear? Somethin’s up with the power! Charles is havin’ all of us milk ourselves while he runs to the hardware store for fixin’s.”

A tinge of panic settled in Holly’s belly and an ear twitched on her head. Struggling to support her tits as they each bloated wider than three feet, she looked around the barn. Sure enough, the status LEDs on the milk machines were dead.

“M-Mmoooo...!” Holly whimpered, feeling the gallons continue into her.

They glanced at her suspiciously, wary about the sudden increase in her size. “You need a hand?” Gwen asked again, “I don’t know that I’ve ever seen you so full!”

“Git over here!” Bella waved a hand. “Yer leakin’ like mad all over the floor!”

Holly tried to take a step forward but regretted it instantly. *“Nnngh!”* she bellowed, falling to the floor when she was unable to stand without the support of the wall. Leaning across the top of her yoga ball chest, she stared in fear. “U-U-Uh oh... Guys I-I might...*nnngh*...be in trouble here!”

Seeing her distress, Gwen and Bella jumped to their feet mid-stream and ran to her side. “Holly what did you do??” Gwen asked, able to see her growth in real-time now standing so close.

The bottle of lactation pills rolled into the open from under Holly’s leg as if to answer for her. Bella picked it up and gasped reading the label. “Lactation pills?? Holley what are yer takin’ these fer??”

“I-I just...mmmmm...wanted the farmer to be proud of me! And to...o-ooohhhhHH!!”

They watched Holly’s chest engorge, rising four feet off the ground. “Shit! We need to milk you, fast!” Gwen stated, snapping out of her shock. “Bella, grab a nipple! We need to get this milk out of her!”

“Ooohhh please hurry please hurry!! I-I’m filling up faster and faster! My boobs can’t--MMMMMMOOOOOO!!!” Holly’s orgasmic bellow echoed around the barn when they pulled on her nipples, sending pressurized milk across the floor. “God that feels so good!!! M-Milk me! Ooohhh yes, milk me!”

Holly was too lost in an ocean of agonizing release to speak or think clearly. With Gwen and Bella’s help, the milk left her chest and slowly the bloated mounds began to shrink.

“How many of these things did ya eat??” Bella gaped, watching the milk shoot out like a cannon.

Grunting and grimacing when she felt her skin stretch once more, Holly moaned, “T-Too...many, I think! *Why isn’t it stopping??*”

The cowgirls were stunned to see Holly’s breasts start to rise again. “She’s producing even more!” Gwen feared, stimulating her apple-sized nipple harder.

“Ooohhh I’m stretching! There’s too much milk!!”

Even with their combined efforts, Holly’s tits were intent on outpacing what her nipples could release. Powerless against their size, her feet floated off the ground and she was lifted into the air atop milk-brimming cleavage. The weight pressing upon them helped force milk from her nipples, but it still wasn’t enough.

“G-Gwen...! She ain’t stoppin’!!” Bella cried out, watching the top of Holly’s chest loom overhead.

“Milk harder!”

Holly had to agree. Wincing as her chest began to ache and over-stretch, she moaned from atop her udders, “*H-Hurry! Ooooh, God they’re starting to shake I’m so full!! Milk me!! Milk me before...NNNGHH...s-something happens!! Please!! W-Why did I take so many??*”

Milk sprayed across the barn but there was no end in sight. Feeling like they were standing next to two ticking time bombs, Gwen and Bella’s tails whipped nervously against the backs of their thighs. Holly’s skin pressed into them with frightening tightness and her nipples had bloated so large they had to hug them in order to coax milk from her depths. Wobbling tight and full at nearly twice the cowgirls’ height, Holly’s bust dominated the space in the barn.

“Please oh please oh please!! I-I’m still getting bigger!! My tits are so tight...t-they feel like they’re going to BURST!!”

Gwen was determined. “We’re not going to let that happen!”

A deep, groaning creak echoed within the depths of Holly’s chest next to Bella. Turning her head towards it, Bella stared into her own reflection on Holly’s shiny, over-drawn skin.

“Uhhh, G-Gweeeeen...??” she warned, stepping back from fear.

“No! No don’t stop!” Holly begged. *“M-Mmmooo!! MOOO!!!”*

“Holly it’s not enough!!” Gwen yelled. She was forced away from Holly’s nipple when it puffed and engorged in her arms before flattening out from the sheer pressure swirling behind it.

“AhhhHHHH my nipples are bloooooocked!!!” Holly cried. “B-But they’re still *filling*!! Somebody help!! *I’m about to explode!!*”

Stretch marks shot down Holly’s sides and milk gurgled at her skin’s surface. There was no room left within the cowgirl yet the milk didn’t stop.

“Shit! Bella, back up!!” Gwen warned, stepping back when Holly’s chest creaked and shuddered.

“MMMMOOOOO MY UDDERS ARE GOING TO BUUUUURS--”

KASPLOOSH!!!

Milk sailed through the air like a giant water balloon’s explosion. It flooded the barn, washing the two cowgirls away in its torrent and dousing every surface. Dairy sprang from the walls and rushed out the doors in waves as it receded, leaving the two cows stunned and drenched on the floor.

“O-Oh dear...” Bella coughed, the inside of the barn whitewashed.

Footsteps sounded outside. “I’m back with the parts for the electrical!” Farmer Charles announced, “If ya’ll aren’t done yet, I can get ya milked here in a few--” He looked around, seeing the floor flooded in dairy and the two cowgirls dripping from ear to tail. “Dammit, girls! I told ya to keep it in the buckets!”