

Udder Chaos

There's a big commotion in Leika's lab. The white scaled anthropomorphic raptor with pink stripes that go from her muzzle down her sides and back, to her tail tip, dressed in a lab coat, blows her white hair from her amber eyes. Her pink painted sickle claws twitch with excitement, "About time!" she trills, her luscious hips swaying. The curvy raptor, adjusts her lab coat, typing into her computer console, "If this formula works, I should be back on track to get this done for the client," she mutters, watching various tubes flow in different colored liquids into a central silver cylinder, "*Once the formula is done, I just need to run some tests.*"

She presses a button, activating the intercom system, "Jain?" she asks in her strong feminine voice, trying her best to hide her excitement.

"Yes, sugar sweetie? You sound so happy to call me, is something good happening? Perhaps ready to spend some more time with me?" she asks, the sweet almost bubbly voiced woman on the other side, practically sings as she speaks.

"I need you to prepare room two for testing."

"Anything for you darling. What kind of tests are we doing? Virility?" she asks, teasingly.

Leika can feel the wink from her position, "Not today. I need it set up for milking and processing."

"Oh, is this for that one client?"

"The one that will keep my lab out of the red and keep our jobs?"

"Yeah, that one. The big pay one."

"Great to hear there's progress. So, we can get that moola, am I right?" she asks with a giggle.

The raptor smirks, "How soon do you think you can get it ready?"

"For you? By the end of the hour sweetie."

"I'm your boss I surely hope so," she says with a smirk, looking at the timer till the formula is processed, "I hope this works. We're getting under the wire for the deadline. And if we don't get this, we're sunk."

"Nonsense, we'll stay afloat, as long as we have each other."

She giggles, "That's sweet of you, but I didn't even realize I was still transmitting."

"A float, sunk... oh that is why the terms go that way. Anyway, I'll have the room set up according to your specifications. You'll be surprised just how great it'll be!" she says with a bit of an awoo at the end.

"I'm sure you will," she says to herself with a chuckle, letting her happy facade fade a bit, as she knows the weight of the situation, "*I need this to work. The royalties from this will keep me going for at least a decade if not more. No more grant hunting. Who would have thought being a semi-evil semi-mad scientist would be so difficult,*" she thinks with a sigh, rubbing the back of her head, "We can do this," she mutters, with determination.

It takes some time for the concoction to finish, which she monitored the entire time. Each second that passed her excitement grew and then she heard the wonderful “Ding”. Leika’s eyes light up, giggling in excitement, reaching for the pressurized metal container, hearing a faint hiss as it disconnects from the tubes. She stiffens, “Careful...” Steadily she pulls it close to her, “Now to get this into its place in the testing room and then grab some cows and see the results,” she giggles, heading down the hallway toward the testing lab.

The door automatically opens revealing a clean white room, with a feeding trough, tables, a milking machine with six metal cylindrical milk containers, with an automated system that can grab and move the containers from the milker to the analyzer. A two-way mirror runs across the wall across the trough. She steps into the room, her predatory gaze looking for the alcove to put the container, “Ah there it is!”

“Hey! Do you like how it looks! I worked really hard on it!” exclaims Jain dressed in a lab coat and nothing else. She pounces the raptor from behind, giving a big passionate hug, pressing her white furred breasts against Leika’s back. The grey furred, white belly anthropomorphic wolf pleasantly nuzzles up against the raptor, her voluminous purple hair getting in the way.

“Eee!” exclaims Leika as the container slips from her grasp.

“Uh, oh...” says the wolf, her violet eyes watching the container tumble toward the ground, hitting the ground with a loud thud, tensing up along with her raptor friend, “Sorry.”

A moment passes, and Leika sighs, “It’s alright I don’t think it broke...” she responds, her ear fins twitching as she catches a low hiss, “Maybe not!” She takes a step forward but feels Jain tugging at her tail, “Jain let me go, I need to pick the container up before it’s too late!”

The wolf stammers, “B-but I am not holding you,” she says holding her hands up.

Their eyes meet, “Then what is...” says Leika, as their gaze travels together down to her tail, seeing binding to the wolf’s body, “What in the world?” She tries to take a step forward, but Jaina is tugged forward with her.

“Hey!” she exclaims stumbling forward, falling onto Leika’s back, “If you wanted to get this close all you had to do was ask,” she says with a giggle as she feels a warmth around her belly. It tingles around there, causing a bubbling pleasure that pulsates through her body, running down into her loins, heat racing.

“Focus Jain. This is serious. We don’t know what kind of molecular and biological change could be in store for the both of us.”

She gently caresses Leika’s sides, “Relax, take a moment to breathe and focus. What is this stuff supposed to do?”

“Breathing is the problem! But... you’re right. It’s supposed to increase the milk production of cows and breastmilk, to provide fresh and easily accessible fresh cream for shops. The whole ‘breast milk’ meme really caused a stir and demand for it,” she says, pulling Jain forward as she reaches for the hissing container, “Walk with me. We are literally tied to the hip,” she says, tugging against Jain, feeling the warmth spread through her body, limbs feeling a little tense as she feels drawn toward her wolf friend.

“We can do this sweetie. One foot then the next, what do you need?” asks Jain, her heart races, her sex feeling warm and aroused. Her feet feel a growing tightness, with a minor headache with a strange tingle running through her muzzle, breasts feeling tighter against her bra.

“We need to take the container and put it into the dispenser before we lose all of it,” she urges, moving with her friend, lifting a container that feels twice as heavy as it did just mere moments ago. Working together, they hobble and wobble toward the dispenser across the room. Each step feels a bit more difficult for the raptor.

Her legs grow warmer, fuller. Her steps are not going as far as the previous, subtle yet enough to be noticeable. Her fingers slowly slide across the cylindrical container, feeling heavier and bigger, but she manages to shove it into the dispenser, which seals around it, stopping the escape of the gas. With a heavy pant she remarks, “Okay, the gas can be better analyzed in there,” she remarks, her lab coat slides off her body, as her arms grow closer to her form. Her breathing grows heavier, pleasure surging through her sex and length, bubbling up with arousal, yet her sex grows tighter with each twitch, and her length has shifted from hard and out there, toward her belly as it expands outwards.

“Good, good, now what?” she asks, her big bushy tail steadily starts to thin, her feet grow tighter, claws thickening. Her breasts feel so heavy, soft, sensitive. She reaches over giving them a gentle squeeze, while the weight in front of her grows, not even noticing the raptor’s tail has completely disappeared into her warming body, arousal burning even hotter, a soft moan escapes her lips.

“We need equipment.” She moves toward the door, guiding Jain forward. Her breasts increase in size, feeling so warm, full, a heft and jiggle that makes her perking nipples leak a bit of creamy milk that dribbles along the underside of her massive orbs. Her legs having an increasing difficulty to pull her friend forward, the tug of her body pulls in closer to her lab partner.

Jain pants, moans, which echo out a soft moo, her soft paw pad steps fade into a clip, clop as her toes begin to merge and become more hoof-like. “This feels so damn good,” she groans, her hands tracing along her perky nipples as she leans back to adjust her ever shifting body weight as their quick “run” is nothing more than a penguin shuffle.

Leika shudders, trying to pull her arms away from her body, but they are steadily sinking into her body, the merger about to reach her elbows, bones melting away into a warm aching mass, binding tighter to her friend, “I-I know, but we’ll get the equipment and back to the testing room.”

“W-why the testing room,” she moos, the tips of white horns poking through her violet hair, her canine features steadily melt into bovine. Her breasts burst through her bra complete, leaving them to bounce, and drip the white deliciousness, her massive orbs feel so *heavy* in the need of a tight squeeze, and tug along her nipples. A growing instinct bubbling in the back of her mind just as they reach the lab.

“I suspect we’ll need the testing room to keep focus. Please grab the primary remote laptop. That has all permissions and access. We’ll need that. Set up the lab for remote use,” says her voice growing quieter, squeaking as she leans forward, her feet slipping out from underneath her, the sudden shift in weight causing the two to stumble forward just short of the desired laptop.

Leika oofs loudly, air rushing out of her lungs, her warm body burning with pleasure as her scales soften and merge, becoming pinker and ever more tender. Her legs now fully pulled into herself. Her body is shrunk down, the massive pleasure building like the heat of a star collapsing into itself by its own gravity, but instead of a black hole, it’s a mass of bliss that heats up even more as what is left of her feet are turned into phallic teats, that rub along the floor, squeezed by their combined weight, giving a half milk of the sensitive erogenous zone.

Leika moans, Jain moos. The wolf’s new bovine hooves run across the white tiled floors, her horns growing out fully, while her fingers thicken and go from five to four. She hikes her butt, feeling the surge of milk rushing through that phallic teat, causing her to shudder. Leika only feels the bliss of the milk pushing through her teat, feeling like a micro-climax. She tries to call out, “Must hurr...” her voice fades away, lungs disappearing, feeling the heartbeat of her partner, the merger growing as her neck disappears completely, robbing of her voice even if she could speak.

Leika’s tongue hangs out of her mouth, dripping out in pleasure, her breasts merging with the rest of her body, becoming part of the heavy delightful curves of the sensitive pink flesh. Her vision grows ever more limited, nostrils flaring, getting a faint aroma of peppermint, before her head merges into her body. Her vision limited to small slits; the moans of her friend grow fainter by the minute.

“We can do this^{Leika}.” She’s delved into a world of darkness, quiet, and unbridled bliss. Her body hangs from Jain’s body. She feels the shifting of her massive organ, the cow udders. Twitch, throb, drip. She feels so full, like she’s eaten a dinner twice the size of what she should have eaten, but it’s not just her belly that is full, it’s her entire form. The flow of blood through her, twitch, tense, wiggle, aching throbbing delight.

She tries to reach out, finding her limbs were just phantom images of what *was* there. Complete helplessness grows. She’s losing sense of what is happening around her. Only the cool smooth floor that is pulled away from her sensitive throbbing teats that are just *begging* to be squeezed, touched. The heavy udders are so bloated, pressurized milk, ready to gush out with just a simple *squeeze*. The need only grows when the floor is pulled away from her. At least it’s what she can imagine in her mind’s eye. She’s completely isolated from the world, or perhaps it’s better to say that her world is the udder.

Jain huffs and moos in delight. Her hooves clip, clopping on the tiled ground, “Fuck, you feel fantastic Leika. But we can do this. Set the lab to remote, get the laptop. We can do this,” she mutters, her breasts having doubled in size, bouncing with each step, while she feels the gravitational pull of the udder between her legs, which is now one and a half times the size of her new breasts. The udder bouncing and wiggling, the teats twitching, beads of milk on the tip, as

the sensitive skin is just *begging* to be touched. Her big floppy curved bovine ears twist and turn, “Leika?” she calls out to her, looking down to see nothing but a smooth udder. She reaches down with both hands, feeling how soft and squishy it is, pressing down into it.

Leika mentally moans, feeling the thick fingers pressing into her body. Shifting and moving the milk held within. Each passing moment the pressure and need to have her teats grabbed grows. She doesn’t hear Jain’s words, but she feels her meaning in her mind, “*Jain. Focus. Continue with the plan. Please don’t fondle me, I am not sure how much I can take.*” she calls out to her.

Jain looks down at the udder, running her fingers across the top, “Leika? Is that you? I hear your voice, but where’s your mouth?”

The udder shudders, “*I think I am connected to you. I can hear your thoughts. Please focus. Get the lab ready, get the laptop and go.*”

The former wolf reluctantly pulls her hands away from twitching devious mass, “Right, right. I can do that. We need to work on a cure,” she says, taking a few steps with her new udder. It rubs against her thighs, squeezed by her legs, constantly reminding her of the new mass below, with the wanting need to be milked, tugged. All the instincts Leika feels, she feels, yet, Leika simply feels the tender mass of her new form, blind, deaf, mute, but all udder.

“*Fuck your legs feel so good against me,*” she thinks, her body swaying between those powerful thighs. With each rub, it’s another stroke in the painting in her mind of just how suspicious Jain’s legs have become. She takes a moment to simply sink into the pleasure ocean, but as Jain gets back to the new makeshift test lab, Jain’s inquiries call out to her.

“Leika? Leika? I need your help, Leika. This is your formula. I can understand what you are trying to do, but to reverse the effects we are going to need each other,” she says, giving her teat a tender squeeze, squirting out some of the milk, the white delicious fluid dripping from her fingers. Her eyes locked on it; she can’t help but take a lick... “Oh peppermint.”

Leika’s udder body twitches and leaks with growing delight. The reduction in pressure, even by just a hair, is like a pent-up climax, but instead of relief, it just reminds of her how much she needs to be milked, “*R-right, right. Peppermint?*”

“Your milk tastes like peppermint... I wonder if I taste like that too,” she mutters, squeezing her massive orbs, her thick fingers, squeezing and tugging at her nipples, squirting a bit of milk.

Leika feels herself hang, the pleasure and moans of her partner on a mental level, which only makes her thoughts burn with the desire to be milked, but she shoves them away for just a moment, “*It would be good to know but right now...*”

“Blueberry. I like blueberries,” she says, suckling her fingers clean.

“*Interesting. Our bodies give different flavors. So, we are separate but connected. I can’t feel you; can you feel me?*”

“I can.”

“*Curious... fuck, I want to be milked so badly. Jain, I need you to hook us up to the milker machine.*”

“What? But what if that...” she says, her hands reaching to the udder, caressing it, fingers running across the teats over and over, letting them dangle and flop around, a few drops leaking down onto the floor.

“Yes, yes. Please touch me... caress me, hold m--,” she stiffened her resolve, *“The instinct to be milked is growing. Grab the milkers and attach them. Hurry while I can still focus.”*

Jain shudders, caressing those wonderful hefty teats, stiffening when her friend gives her instructions, “R-right. I’ll need one for myself...” she lets out a delightful moo, ears twitching, “L-let me just find them.” she looks around, her udder and breasts bouncing as she looks about the room, “Come on I know I put them in here, all three types,” she moos.

“Please hurry I need to be...” she thinks, bouncing, swaying. Milk churning within her body, growing so thick she fears it might turn into butter, *“Milk me. I need to be milked. Squeeze my teats, it feels so heavy so tight,”* she thinks, each bounce, making her teats drip a bit more of her delightful essence, her mind melting like butter with each passing moment.

Jain finds the milking machines. The vacuum pumps attached to the containers that can be exchanged with the other cylinders halfway across the room. Her growing desire to be milked, makes her fumble and try to put the clear glass cylinders with a rubber ring at the end, up against her own breasts first her fingers caressing the breasts, “Hmm, yes just place it here,” she says, but they simply slide off, causing her to huff-moo.

“Jain... I... milk. Take. Milk. Now. Milk. Squeeze. Pull. Draw. Suckle. Milk. I ... milk. Please. We ne... milk. Milk. Milk!” she thinks, her thoughts fragmenting as the pressure behind the udders grow, becoming painful but in a sense that it “Hurts so good.” Her mind melting further into the creamy, milky, buttery goodness of her udder’ed self. It’s utterly maddening how much her body *wants* it. The fumbling and rubbing of her sensitive phallic teats. The cylindrical tubes slipped over them. Her fat round teats squirt out a little bit of pleasure, but it's barely a drop in the bucket of how much she has damned up within her. It washes over her mind, thoughts drowned out by the dairy delight.

Her warm milk lubricates her phallic pinkish needs, *“Milk, milk, milk, milk.”* They weren’t thoughts, but instinct. The desire of her body to be taken, pulled, tugged, sucked. Pulled hard, firm, tender, soft, tongue licking across, a young mouth to drink or a device to ravish her body and take every drop she’s worth. All condensed down into one simple thought without words, but a clear meaning, *“MILK.”*

Jain stumbles, the desire, sensation, feeling pushes into her head. She moos heavily, fumbling with the milkers which keep sliding off the teats. Their fat aching phallic pink flesh slips in, covered in the sleek milk, her skin shining from the lubrication, yet it only helps the milker slip in and then pop right off due to just how thick and plump the teats are, “Come on, why aren’t you staying on. I can’t turn on the milker if you aren’t on!” she moos, her mind growing ever more focused on the desire to be milked.

“Milk, milk, milk!” each tease adds that micro relief, but her mind is deep in the batter of the milk torment that is churning within her head, but the desire to be milked adds just brief

moments of clarity when she gets a squirt of pleasure here and there. The realization what is going on. The sleek slide of the milker across her teat. It feels so good, but something is missing. The milker shouldn't slide off, unless... *"Turn it on! On! MILK!"* she mentally cries out to her friend.

Jain senses her friend's desire, she stumbles forward, going toward the milking machines, "Turn it on? But... yeah, turn it on," she moos, her sex clenching down hard, feeling she could be pounded and milk something herself. Perhaps she could with her lovely friend... She rubs her udder, but yanks herself from the thought, flipping on the machine. The steady suction felt on her thick fingers, she slips the milker on, one after another, the machine staying on those pink throbbing delights, drawing out the heavy cream from the massive udder.

The suction feels indescribable. The tubes pull and tug along her udders. Pulling, relaxing, suck, sucking a bit less. Steady tug and pull. Tug and pull. Tug and pull. Her teats unleash a torrent of built-up milk, gushing into the machine that is constantly hungry for more, and as her essence shoots out with a vibrating ring that would sound like a spray of water against a glass, but she feels the vibrations it causes, only helping her spray out more. The stream felt within her long phallic teats, a gush of delight, pleasure, ecstasy. It's hard to describe, but one best could say it's like the pleasure felt within one's length when they climax. The gush of seed shoots out, but it's more constant, longer, thicker, even more pleasurable. And requiring so much more to reduce the pressure within that is crushing her mind down into mush. The four teats are working hard as her thoughts are steadily saved from being drowned away by the haze of milk.

Jain humps the air, pulling herself to her hooves, she quickly attaches her own set of milkers to her teats, letting her milky essence flow into its own separate container. The pleasure of her udders and breasts being drained cause her sex to quiver and climax, a gush of her female juices running along the underside of her friend, as it drops down below, "Oh fuck, we could make so much money on this," she shudders.

Leika's thoughts collect themselves, registering what her friend is saying, thinking, the steady drain a constant delight, and a needed one, and despite the bliss and pleasure her mind is being subjected to, the instinct to be simple *milked* is quieted, *"That is not what we are being paid for. We need to get a new formula set and ready to go that increases productivity and does not turn people into udder mad cows."*

Jain huffs, clenching onto the side of the ledge where the laptop is stationed, "W-we're not looking for a cure?"

"Cure can come later. We have a job to do, and you will help me."

"B-but..."

"No buts, no uddering this to the client. We are going to work hard and get the formula the client wants, understand?"

She takes a deep breath, drawing focus back onto the task, realizing just how serious Leika is. She stands straight, her legs quivering as heavy spurts of milk are drained from her udders and breasts, "I do understand. Okay, tell me what to do."

Leika mentally grins, her teats feeling so sensitive and hard, like a throbbing length that she once had, “Okay first I need you to read the formula I put in, and the formula that was gathered, and see if there’s any differences.”

“Got it,” she responds, letting out a pleasure moo. The two get to work despite their situation. Their two minds working as one, in one bovine beautiful body. They’ll find a solution for their client, save the company and buy themselves time to find a cure to their condition. That is if they even want to when that time comes... After all, who doesn’t want to get constantly milked?