

Royal Milk (FtF, WG, Muscle, Cowgirl)

Synopsis: When a traitor usurps the throne on a princess's wedding day, she and her servants flee to the forest to escape his wrath. There, they find a farm with some strange milk, and, as they drink it, they start to feel more and more at home there...

"Oh, you must be jesting..."

Lady Allirielle stared at the dilapidated barn with disbelief. It looked ready to fall over at any second, with vines covering most of the outer sections. The house next to it looked worse, almost burnt to the ground and without a roof. The nearby pasture was the only thing that remained intact, and the few sheep that hadn't escaped when the bandits raided the farm walked around there, grazing from the field.

"I'm sorry, my lady, but it's the only option we have," the maid to her side said, trying to reassure the golden-haired princess. Niala placed a hand on the princess's shoulder, slowly guiding her toward the barn. "Night is approaching, and we need shelter."

"Please," the other maid said. "The armies are marching beyond this forest, and there is no town or city within days from here. Please, we all need to rest and eat."

"N-No, I refuse. A lady of my standing shan't be sleeping in some barn like a common animal!" Allirielle stomped her broken heel against the dirt and shook her head, not noticing a few leaves that fell from her usually pristine mane.

"We don't have any other choice, my lady," Niala said. "It's been days since you ate. You can't keep going like this. The usurper's army is patrolling the roads, looking for you."

"Please, Allirielle. Let's rest here, find some food, and wait for the remains of the royal army to find us," Shirena said, brushing off some dirt from the half-torn, tattered dress her lady still wore. Mud and grime stained the once-immaculate white wedding gown.

Allirielle was about to let out another outburst when her belly suddenly rumbled, causing her to blush as she touched it. The maids exchanged looks with each other before guiding the stubborn princess towards the barn. They all thought it but didn't dare say it, but none believed the army was looking for them. The capital was burning, the usurper took the throne, and most

of the knights died in the initial chaos when the traitor army stormed the wedding. They were alone, and they all knew it deep down.

It was a sad trio that entered the barn. Shirena walked in the front, checking that there wasn't anything dangerous inside before the others came in. Tall and slender, with piercing green eyes that stared around the room nervously. Yet, her hands showed signs of hard work from scrubbing floors and tending to her betters. Her maid outfit was torn from running through the forest, with one shoe missing when she had to save the princess from a boar that was hellbent on goring her to death. She brushed her shoulder-length black hair behind her pointed ears as she glanced around the place and sighed in relief when the barn was empty. Shirena waved at the others outside to come in as she began to look for a way to make a bed for the princess.

Next, the other came in, with Allirielle leaning against the stocky maid at her side. Niala was short and wide, with broad haunches and a somewhat meaty figure. She wasn't far, not even close, but she didn't share her lady's graceful figure. The woman's brown hair rested in a messy bun on her head, and she looked around nervously with hazel eyes. The woman's outfit was half-torn to shreds, with numerous holes and tears everywhere, courtesy of escaping through some bramble bushes to escape from the bandits a day ago. She was younger than Shirena but still a bit older than the princess, having only been a maid at the royal castle for less than a few months before the disastrous wedding.

Finally, leaning against her servant, Allirielle looked around with tired and hungry eyes. Her golden hair, normally perfect and reaching below her waist, was tussled and full of twigs, leaves, and dirt. The tattered dress hugged her slender, petite figure, accentuating her small bust and gentle curves. The makeup on her face was messy, with mascara running down her cheeks from crying all night yesterday. Beautiful and lofty, standing tall and proud despite everything, her tired, sad eyes betraying how hard this was on her. Allirielle looked around the barn, knowing this would be her home for the next few days. The thought made her shudder, and she stifled a whimper.

Soon enough, she sat on a soft pile of hay, watching as Niala made a fire for her. The maids knew a little magic, not enough to fight but enough to do some minor things like create sparks, conjure light, and warm a shivering body. Shirena looked around the area for something to eat, hoping the farmer who lived here had a stash the raiders hadn't found and looted.

"Alright, my lady, we'll get you warm soon enough," Niala said as she got a fire going, the flames flickering and filling the previously dark barn with some much-needed light.

"My deepest thanks, Niala. You have no idea how much I appreciate your and Shirena's dedication and care," Allirielle said, wiping some mascara from her cheek. "I'd be dangling from the gallows if not for you two."

"Oh, don't speak of it, my lady. We are merely doing our duties," she said, bowing her head. "But your thanks warms my heart."

Allirielle watched as the flames danced before her, listening to them crackling and popping as Niala began making the princess a bed in one of the stalls, using hay, old burlap sacks, and anything else she could find. She could almost hear the screams of people dying as the city was set ablaze, and she almost saw her fiance's face in it. Allirielle never loved him, forced to marry him out of convenience and politics. She dreaded a life being his wife, becoming nothing more than his woman and the mother of his children, never getting to live free again. She smiled, finding it ironic that she was now finally free. All it took was her homeland burning to the ground at the hands of a mad pretender and his armies. The smile faded as she thought of the lives lost, both family and friends, and she wondered what would happen to her home now.

The princess snapped out of her thoughts as Shirena returned with a bag in one hand. Allirielle's belly rumbled at the sight of it, hoping it was food. To her disappointment, the maid placed the sack near the fire and only pulled out some tools: knives, rope, and similar.

"I managed to find some tools at least, but most of the house is empty," she said, causing Allirielle's heart to sink. Yet, it skipped a beat when she heard what she said next. "I did find several barrels in the basement that the raiders missed. Hopefully, it will sustain us for at least a few days."

"Good! Please, bring them up here," Allirielle said, her belly rumbling at the thought of eating or drinking something.

"Of course, Allirielle," she said before snapping her fingers. "Niala! Come with me. I need your help carrying them."

Allirielle watched as they left, alone with nothing but the warmth of the fire to comfort her. Thankfully, she didn't have to wait long before her servants returned with a barrel, the two rolling it into the barn. She could hear the liquid sloshing inside it, making her mouth water. It took Niala a few moments to open it, and the rich scent of fattening milk reached their nostrils. Allirielle almost drooled as Shirena dipped a cup into the white liquid and handed it to her. The moment the milk touched her lips, something seemed to click. She intended to take only a tiny sip but emptied the entire cup, forgetting her manners. The hunger was too great, and her belly rumbled as she dipped the cup into the white liquid to refill it. Each mouthful tasted better than the last, and her entire body tingled as she drank the milk. The maids stayed silent and smiled as they watched their lady sate her hunger and thirst, both waiting dutifully for their lady to have her fill before they drank any.

Allirielle finally snapped out of her daze after what felt like an eternity, but only when she couldn't drink another drop more. She hiccuped and blushed, feeling ashamed of her unladylike behavior. Yet, the smile lingered on her lips from drinking the delicious creamy liquid, the taste still lingering in her mouth.

"It's good to see you smiling again, my lady," Niala said, sipping her cup.

"I take it you approve of the milk?" Shirena said, savoring the taste as she drank some herself.

"...it was passable," she said, straightening her back, wiping her mouth, and looking away with her head held high.

"Good. There were more barrels than I first thought in the basement," Shirena said, standing up and straightening her torn dress. "We'll get the rest of the barrels here, and they should hopefully last us for a few weeks or more. It should give the royalists time to find us and save you. Come, Niala."

"Yes, ma'am," she said, hurrying after her.

Both maids felt oddly energetic after filling their bellies with the milk, and getting a few more of the barrels up from the basement wasn't as brutal as the first one. However, they only had enough strength for two more before they needed to rest for the night.

During all of this, Allirielle sat by the first, licking her lips and staring at the barrel. She had far more than her servants, and her lips tingled from the taste. The princess even had so much milk that her belly bulged, and she didn't even realize she was rubbing her somewhat distended gut. Her body tingled and buzzed with a strange energy, and her breasts felt warm and sore, with her nipples throbbing whenever she thought of having one more cup of milk.

'Maybe this is going to be alright,' she thought, glancing over at the barrels her maids rolled into the barn. 'But sleeping in a barn? How utterly disgraceful to think someone of my standing to sleep on a pile of hay...'

Yet, as Allirielle stared at the bed of hay in the corner, her bed for the night, she didn't feel nearly as ashamed of it. Her mind buzzed as she licked her lips again, and she glanced at the barrels once more as she went to sleep, her hands on her milk-swollen stomach. Allirielle smiled as she drifted to sleep, already looking forward to breakfast.

"Alright, this should do it..."

Shirena climbed down from the ladder and admired the hole she fixed in the barn wall. She let her warm gaze wander over the building she had been continuously improving and repairing in the last few days, making it look less and less like it was falling apart. The barn was finally mostly fixed, and the wind no longer seeped through the cracks, meaning no more cold nights for them. Although, now that Shirena thought about it, the last night was surprisingly chilly, and not even the princess said anything about it. Despite everything, they had stayed remarkably calm lately, but she figured it was because they finally had a roof over their heads and food to eat, even if it was mostly milk.

In the distance, she watched Niala chase the sheep and try to return them to the pasture they had painstakingly fixed the last few days. It was hard not to chuckle watching the stocky

maid stumble after them, trying to herd them back where they belonged. They found some shears and equipment in the house, so if they had to stay here long, they could always use it to make new clothes.

Yet, in her mind, the maid felt that something was off. Shirena couldn't help but notice how energetic everyone was lately, and all of them were pitching in to make this place better, even the princess (despite Shirena's insistence that she should take it easy and leave the work to her and Niala). She turned her gaze over to the blonde woman struggling to roll another milk barrel from the house and over to the barn, surprised she was doing so well. Shirena could see the woman's petite figure straining under the ordeal, yet she somehow managed to roll it forward, slowly but steadily getting it to the barn.

Sometime later, they were back in the barn, enjoying lunch together. As always, Allirielle was already her third cup of milk before the maids even enjoyed their first creamy mouthful. Shirena and Niala smiled as they exchanged glances, glad to see the princess in such high spirits despite everything.

"I think it's safe to say that no one's going to find us here," Shirena said, sipping her cup. "For good and bad. The usurper's army won't find us as long as we stay here, but so won't the royalists."

"Huh?" Allirielle blinked as she realized her maid was talking to her, and it took her a few moments to understand what she said. "Oh, I see. Well, things could certainly be worse. At least we have food and shelter, as unrefined and inelegant as all of it is..."

"That brings me to my other point. It's safe to assume we'll stay here for a while, so we must prepare for that," Shirena continued. "We have wool, so hopefully we can make some new clothes. Niala, you know how to use it, right?"

"Yes, ma'am," she said, nodding. "I also know how to use some of my magic to enhance it, so we should have some new clothes in no time."

"Good. The princess shouldn't have to run around in her torn dress. We'll also continue fixing the barn since it's easier than repairing the house. I'll also try and look through the forest in the next few days to see if I can find any signs of the royalists."

Allirielle was barely listening. She was sitting near a barrel, dipping her cup into the creamy liquid and drinking it with a smile. She still did it elegantly, sipping from her mug like a proper lady without spilling a simple drop. Even out here, the princess remembered her manners. Yet, her hunger had grown since their first day here. She drank more every meal, and even the maids had a greater appetite than usual. The creamy taste lingered on their lips longer and longer, leaving them yearning for another sip for an extended period afterward. It filled them with energy to endure their days at the pillaged farm.

The group sat there and enjoyed their meal before heading out to do their duties. Shirena returned to fixing a few more things on the barn, and Niala was trying to shear one of the sheep (with limited success). Even the princess hurried to the house to get another barrel out from the basement, and all of them were in awe at the sheer amount it contained. There seemed to be no end to them. Shirena was still surprised to see the princess dragging the barrels up from the basement by herself, her lithe and slim arms shaking as she did. Although, now that she thought about it, Allirielle did seem skinnier back at the castle than she did here. They all did, and she wondered if the fresh air and hard work were to blame.

'It shouldn't be too surprising... We've been working hard the last week and a half.'

Shirena stood inside the barn before the half-broken mirror they salvaged from the house, gently tracing her fingers across her arm. She let her gaze wander over her previously thin limbs, marveling at the lean muscles she now had. Shirena flexed her arm, watching her biceps swell slightly. She wasn't some muscle-bound brute, but there was no denying that she had bulked out a bit since they came here. Her arms looked feminine yet toned, and her soft thighs felt a lot stronger than they did before. Every inch of her body did. She felt more muscular as well, and she was less tired at the end of the day despite doing more and more.

It wasn't just Shirena either. Even Niala and Allirielle seemed far less dainty and delicate than before. The junior maid appeared as tireless as Shirena, and her arms swelled slightly from herding around the sheep. Her legs had grown more, though, and her thighs, hips, and ass curved out somewhat more than before. They weren't as soft either, with lean muscles hiding underneath the layer of feminine fat. She ran after the sheep much more efficiently, and holding them still as she sheared them was easy. The sheep were magically enhanced, with their woolly coat growing back out every night. Whoever the farmer that lived here was, he had to be rich to afford that. Now, they had enough of it to make new clothes, something they all desperately needed.

Even the hard work was getting to the princess. Allirielle let her servants do most of the work, but she wasn't sitting idly by to wait for her knights to find and rescue her. She had managed to get all the barrels up from the basement and into the barn, rarely letting them out of her sight. Allirielle almost guarded them like a mother hen watching her chicks, which worried Shirena a little. Her body had grown and changed slightly, with her arms and legs gaining the same toned look Shirena had. The previously delicate and slim girl looked almost athletic, a figure that was a perfect blend between royal elegance and a farmer's ruggedness.

Something was itching in the back of Shirena's mind, though. It felt like something was off, and the feeling had grown in the past few days. But what? It got hazy whenever she tried to think about it, giving her a headache. It always ended with her dropping it and going back to work, finding herself relaxing as she was hammering nails, lifting planks, or chopping wood. It was so much easier.

"We should have enough wool now to make new clothes," Niala said, snapping Shirena out of her thoughts. "I'll start on something for the lady to wear first."

"Good, I'm sure she'll appreciate it," she said, adjusting what remained of her maid's outfit. They had used magic to repair them a little, but there was only so much they could do with their limited skills. "Where is the princess anyway?"

"I saw her in the pasture with the sheep," Niala said. "Good to see the lady adjusting to all of this. Hopefully, it won't be long before the royalists find us."

"Yeah..." Shirena said, her mind itching as the feeling something was wrong returned. Her head throbbed, causing her to shake her head and drop it.

Shirena left her friend alone in the barn to work, turning the wool into a thread they could use to make new clothes, and headed out to the pasture. There, sitting in the middle of the field, was Allirielle. She sat with the sheep, leaning against one and feeding another some grass. She looked timid and scared around the animals, unsurprising considering she had never been close to them before in her entire life. Even a few weeks ago, the thought that Allirielle would ever sleep in a barn with sheep and live on a farm was unthinkable. Now, here they were, adjusting almost effortlessly. Again, the feeling something was wrong returned, but she pushed it away as soon as her head ached.

"I guess it's good to see her doing so well," Shirena muttered, leaning against the barn door.

In the distance, thunder rumbled. Shirena stared at the dark clouds looming in the distance and felt glad they had already fixed the barn. Her belly rumbled, and she glanced at the barrels of milk inside the building. Shirena approached one and opened it, watching the ripples in the liquid. She dipped her cup into the creamy liquid, drinking it heartily before refilling it. It filled her with warmth, causing her nipples to ache and her head to itch with this pleasant yet strange joy. She scratched her scalp and ears before taking another cup, feeling her arms itching with new energy.

"Oh, is it time for lunch already?" Arielle said, her chirpy and cheerful tone echoing through the barn. "I'm famished..."

Allirielle had eaten only a few hours ago, having slept long into the morning while Shirena and Niala woke up early to work. Yet, she was again hungry despite drinking as much milk as the others combined with every meal. Even now, Allirielle's appetite seemed insatiable, and, at the rate she consumed the milk, the barrels wouldn't last them nearly as long as Shirena hoped. A month, maybe more. Hopefully, the royalists would find them before that happened. The worries vanished as she took another sip of the milk, letting the creamy liquid fill her head and body with a mind-numbing bliss that calmed her far more than it probably should.

"I think all this fresh air and exercise is doing wonders for you, my lady."

Niala pulled the fabric around Allirielle's figure and measured it, trying to figure out how to cut it. The princess raised her arms as her servant poked and prodded at her sides, trying not to let the embarrassment get to her. Her cheeks were rosy red, and it was clear she was less than pleased to be standing naked in the barn. Yet, there wasn't much Allirielle could do about it. The servant worked as quickly as she could, using a length of yarn to try and measure the princess's bust, waist, and hips as best as she could.

"It still is unbecoming of a lady of my stature to be in this situation," she huffed, letting out an indignant 'hmph.' She then gasped when the yarn rubbed against her nipples, sending tingles down her spine. "How long is this supposed to take?"

"Only a little longer now, my lady," Niala said, measuring her waist.

"Well, make haste! I shan't endure this for much longer," she said, her belly rumbling again.

"As you will, my lady," Niala said, smiling as she pretended not to hear her lady's ravenous stomach.

Shirena watched as Niala measured the princess's body, and she couldn't help but agree with the junior maid. The princess had indeed blossomed quite nicely during her time here, with her previously petite figure gaining the curves of a queen. She let her gaze wander over Allirielle's bosom, the once small and girly breasts now full and round. The same applied to the rest of her figure, with her hips looking less narrow and her ass finally gaining some much-needed padding. Shirena also saw the lean muscles she was developing, and it was easy to notice when the princess turned around and showed off her back. Allirielle's arms looked toned without seeming muscular, and her thighs were finally thick enough to be called womanly. Her waist, however, was looking a little padded. It was not chubby or fat, but there was enough to make it look pleasantly soft.

However, it couldn't compare to how Shirena and Niala had grown and changed. The servants had swelled quite a bit in the last week or so, with all the hard work causing their bodies to become more muscular. The woman measuring the princess had grown stockier, with most of her gains going to her already meaty thighs and broad haunches. Her ass had grown considerably, and so had her arms and legs. They had stopped wearing their tattered maid uniforms now that Niala could spin the wool into thread using her skills and some magic, and they used the fabric from both to create new outfits for themselves. She wore a sleeveless shirt that did little to hide her arms and faint biceps and a pair of sturdy overalls hanging loose over her figure. They were black and white, courtesy of the fabric from their old uniforms getting used in their new clothes.

As for Shirena, she wore a similar outfit, with her shirt and overalls hugging her figure nicely. The woman rubbed her arm as she watched the two fit the princess for her new dress, feeling how toned and muscular she was becoming. She was by far the strongest of the three, with the most strength in her upper body and arms. Shirena wasn't as bulky as an orc, but she wasn't the thin elf she used to be. Honestly, she enjoyed it. There was something liberating

about it. Whenever she carried planks or chopped wood, flexing and tensing her athletic figure, she couldn't help but smile. The hard work and fresh air had done wonders for all of them, and she couldn't help but feel like coming here was a blessing in disguise. They had grown so much, getting stronger and fitter every day, and she was almost looking forward to the next morning every time she fell asleep.

Yet, deep down, Shirena felt something was wrong. The woman knew they shouldn't be getting this fit, not with just exercise and a healthy diet of milk, fruit, and nuts. Something was wrong, causing her mind to buzz and ache whenever the thought hit her. However, after taking a few sips of milk, those worries vanished, and she returned to her blissful self again. Shirena scratched her itchy, pointed ear and smiled, watching as the princess bickered with her servant, complaining it was taking so long and that she was starving to death.

"Alright, I think I have everything I need, my lady," Niala said, causing the princess to sigh with relief.

"At last! I couldn't take another moment of that," she said, grabbing a blanket Niala made from the wool and wrapping it around her. "Now, time for lunch."

"I think you mean an afternoon snack," Shirena said, causing the princess to look at her oddly as she grabbed her cup. "It's past noon, and you've already had lunch."

"It is? Well, I clearly didn't eat enough for lunch then!" Allirielle said, brushing her long blonde hair over her shoulder before filling her cup.

"Well, feel free to have as much as you want, my lady," Niala said.

"There's enough fruits, nuts, and mushrooms in the forest to sustain us," Shriena said, glancing over at the empty barrels near the corner of the barn. They were going through them fast, much more quickly than she first anticipated. "Besides, I found some carrot and potato seeds when I was searching the barn, so hopefully, we can grow that as well. Ultimately, we'll be fine even if we run out of milk."

"Don't even say that!" she said, emptying her cup before refilling it. "I don't think I'd endure staying in a place like this without the wonderful milk."

"Nooooo!"

The princess's heartbroken shriek echoed through the farm, and Shirena and Niala's ears itched when they heard it. They ran as fast as they could, their bare feet digging into the grass as they dashed across the pasture towards the barn. Their shoes gave up a few days ago, but they didn't really mind walking around without them. It felt surprisingly good, even if their feet always ached by the end of the day. Shirena also noted that their toenails looked weird, but she figured

it was because they hadn't cut them in a while. None of that mattered now, though. They hurried to the princess, afraid that some bandits were kidnapping her.

"Princess?!" Shirena said as they entered the barn, her eyes scanning for her. "Where are you?!"

"There!" Niala said, pointing at Allirielle, who sat across the barn on her hands and knees on the floor.

The princess wore the dress Niala made for her a few days ago, made from the wool from the sheep and the silk fabric of her former wedding dress. It was loose and flowing, reaching below her knees, and gave her generous curves the room they needed to breathe. It was good that Niala made it wider around her chest and hips than she first planned since Allirielle's body had continued to develop from the fresh air of the farm, swelling steadily into something even more womanly. Yet, her bosom remained as perky as ever despite their increased size, undoubtedly thanks to her muscles growing with every day. Her bare feet were dirty, and her nails were as long and weird as theirs.

"Princess! Are you alright? What happened?" Shirena said, the two approaching her. She scratched her itchy arm before leaning down and touching the princess's shoulder.

"The milk..." Allirielle said between the sobs, tears running down her cheeks as she stared at the toppled-over barrel and the milk on the floor. Shirena figured the lid must've popped open as she rolled it across the room, probably due to the shoddy design.

"Oh..." Shirena said, trying not to chuckle at the princess's exaggerated response to losing some milk. "It's okay. We still got more barrels left."

"That's right, my lady," Niala said as she scratched her itchy ear, trying to reassure the girl. "It's no big deal."

"But..." Allirielle stared at the milk on the dirt-covered floor, slowly seeping into the ground. Shirena almost expected the woman to press her lips against the ground to try and get as much of the milk as she could before it disappeared. "I suppose that's true..."

"Come on, let's take a walk around the farm," Shirena said, helping the princess up on her naked feet. "Niala can clean this up."

"Okay..." Allirielle said, gently scratching her itchy ears, arms, and legs as she followed the taller, more muscular woman out of the barn.

Shirena and Allirielle walked out into the pasture where the sheep were, and the maid could see the woman looking calmer and happier when she saw the animals. She was no longer skittish or

afraid of them, and she often spent many hours just sitting with the wooly beasts and enjoying their company.

However, as Shirena watched over the princess and saw her petting one of the sheep, she couldn't help but feel a little worried again. They had been here so long that it was hard for her to remember life in the castle and working for the royal family. Yet, she knew it had only been a few weeks since they arrived. Or maybe it was more? A month? Two? It was hard to keep track of the days, with each one blending in with the other. She couldn't wait for them to find them.

Shirena suddenly blinked. Who were they waiting for? It took her several seconds before she realized it was the royalists they hoped would find them, and she couldn't help but chuckle at her forgetfulness. It probably should've worried her, but she couldn't help but find it more amusing than scary.

"I'm hungry..." Allirielle said absentmindedly, and Shirena wasn't even sure she was talking to her. It wasn't the first time she did it, and she had found the girl voicing her thoughts more often than before.

"I know," she said, rubbing her rumbling belly and feeling the toned abs underneath her overalls. "We'll have dinner soon."

"I'd like milk for dinner," Allirielle said, still sitting on the grass and petting the sheep. Again, it sounded more like she was talking to herself than the maid.

"Don't worry, princess. We'll get you what you want," she said, patting her on her head. Shirena blushed and pulled her hand away, unsure why she even did it. Thankfully, Allirielle didn't seem to notice it.

"Mmm~," Allirielle said, one hand scratching the ewe behind her ear and using the other to rub her own generous bosom. It was hard not to notice her erect nipples pressing against the fabric, making it clear she wasn't wearing any undergarments. None of them did, not anymore.

"Come on, let's go back to the barn. Niala should've cleaned up the mess by now."

Shirena scratched behind her ear again as she led the princess to the barn, ignoring the odd fuzzy sensation she felt when she did. Her feet ached, and she almost heard them popping and cracking with every step.

'I hope it won't be much longer before...' Shirena thought, trying to remember what they were waiting for again. *'Whatever. I hope the princess will enjoy the dinner...'*

'Now, this is more like it.'

Shirena smiled as she leaned down and pulled a carrot from the dirt, smiling at the size of it. She brushed it off and bit off a huge chunk, savoring the delicious taste. She let her gaze wander over the previously small garden and felt pride at how much it had grown, finally giving them something to supplement the fruits, nuts, and milk. Shrina marveled at the size of the carrot again as she took another chunk. It was huge, as big as her forearm, and much more impressive than those back at the castle. Shirena then paused, unsure what she was even thinking.

'Castle? What castle?' she thought, tilting her head to the side and chewed. It felt like something was wrong, and they were waiting for something or someone, but she wasn't sure what. Her mind buzzed and ached as she tried to remember, causing her to drop it quickly. 'Whatever...'

The former maid stood up and sighed, feeling her body cracking and popping as she did. Shirena rubbed her arm, feeling her defined biceps and triceps against her fingers, and smiled. She loved how the hard work and fresh air had sculpted her body, making her more muscular and fit than ever. She was beefier now than most men, which she took great pride in. Shirena could also swear she was taller, as weird as it sounded. Her hand ran over her sculpted abs, her thick thighs, soft yet muscular hips, and her toned ass. The overalls hung loose over her figure, but it was tighter now than a few weeks ago. Even her breasts looked rounder and heftier, hanging perky from her chest thanks to her powerful pecs. She wasn't alone in her changes, and even Niala and the princess seemed to be getting more muscular and athletic.

Suddenly, her arm itched as she finished her carrot. Shirena scratched her fuzzy limbs with her thick-nailed fingers, sighing in relief. It wasn't just her arms that had gotten a little hairy. It was her legs, armpits, crotch, and even her ears, and the others had similar problems. She didn't mind it too much. After all, it wasn't like anyone else was out here to see it. It was odd that the princess hadn't complained about it much, though. Shirena rubbed her lower back and sighed, feeling how swollen the area felt. There was even a tiny bump there, and she hoped it wasn't anything serious.

Shirena walked across the garden near the barn with her heel raised and her stubby, nail-covered toes digging into the dirt. It was hard to plant her feet against the ground at this point, and she wondered if she was supposed to be worried about it. In the end, she just shrugged. It was comfortable walking around like this, and she figured it was all happening thanks to the fresh air and hard work. Right?

"I'm hungry..." Allierielle said from the barn, causing Niala to shake her head and smile.

"I know, but it isn't time for lunch yet, princess," she said, combing Allierielle's hair before she could braid it. She had her hair in pigtails, and Shirena's luscious mane bounced in a ponytail. "You'll just have to wait a little longer."

"But I want the milk now..." Allierielle said with a pout as she rubbed her breasts, the woman's bosom having swollen far more than her servants in the past week.

"Just wait a little longer," Niala said, letting the improvised comb brush through the fluffy, golden locks.

"Good news, everyone," Shirena said as she entered the barn, dusting off her hands. "The carrots an' potatoes are ready for harvest."

"Great! Finally, something else to eat than milk and fruit," her stocky friend said, her build as muscular as Shirena's but with a heavier emphasis on thighs, hips, and ass. "That means dragging that plow around the field wasn't a complete waste."

"I don't want carrots..." Allirielle said, again talking more to herself than her servants.

"Don't worry, princess. We got enough milk for you to enjoy," Shirena said as she patted her on her head. Then, her hand moved down a bit, soon scratching the woman behind her ear.

"Mmm~," the princess said, closing her eyes and smiling as Shirena scratched her fuzzy ear. It always put her in a good mood, as weird as it was.

Shirena let her fingers caress the woman's ears, partially hidden by her massive mane of hair, and she noticed the rounded shape of the previously pointed, elven ears. There was even short, golden blonde hair growing over it, similar to what was happening to her own. The more she stared at it, the weirder it felt. Was it normal? It wasn't, right? Maybe it was - hard work and fresh air had done wonders for them so far. Shirena shook her head and rubbed her temples, dropping the thought and letting the headache fade.

"Oh, and I saw someone traveling near the road yesterday," Niala said, snapping the woman out of her thoughts. "Probably a trader traveling through here. I figured we could take all our excess wool and sell it to them. Maybe buy ourselves some new tools and such. We could even sell off some of the princess's old jewelry, too."

"Good idea, Nia," Shirena said, still petting the princess. "We could use a new hammer, saw, and axe."

"I'll gather what we don't need for tomorrow. Hopefully, another trader will make it through again soon," Niala said, braiding the princess's hair.

"I'm hungry," Allirielle said as she rubbed her rumbling belly and sore chest. Unlike the others, she hadn't just grown more muscular but overall softer, with her belly gaining a little bit of padding and her curves looking rounder than theirs. "I want milk..."

"I know, princess," Shirena said, giving Niala another look and smiling. "You'll get it soon."

"Damn it..."

Shirena stopped chopping wood and sat on a stump, letting her broad, muscular rear spread out over the seat. She leaned the axe against a nearby tree and leaned forward, rubbing and massaging her sore feet. However, she couldn't call them feet anymore. They looked more like hooves at this point, with her toes gone and swallowed by her nails. They had changed quite a bit recently, which she was thankful for. Yesterday, she couldn't even walk without it hurting, and she had so many chores to do that she just wanted it to be over quickly. Niala was resting today, her feet aching so much she couldn't stand, and the princess struggled to walk a few days ago.

As Shirena sat there, rubbing and massaging her changing feet, she couldn't help but wonder about something. Was this weird? It wasn't normal for people's feet to change into hooves, right? But, deep down, she knew that fresh air and hard work did wonders for the body, so maybe that was the reason. Her head began to hurt as she tried to think about it, causing her to let it go.

"I reckon we have enough wood for a few weeks once I get this back to the barn," Shirena said, not noticing her slightly huskier voice or changing vocabulary. "I should get it all back there before dusk."

Shirena rested her weary hooves and sighed, rubbing her fuzzy ears and scratching her hairy arms and legs. The hair had gotten denser in all those places, partially covering her limbs with black-and-white strands. Her arms were bare and hairless from her elbows up, and her legs were hairless from the middle of her thighs. Shirena was annoyed that her hands were getting quite fuzzy, and her nails were black and covered the entire tip of her hands, which she wondered if she should find weird, too. Again, she just let it go before the headache returned.

The woman pushed herself up and rubbed her arms, her bulging muscles throbbing and itching for action. Shirena wanted to chop more wood, to use her strength for something good, but she knew she had enough now. She began gathering it all in a sack, rubbing the small bumps on her temples and the bigger one just above her ass while she moved around. Soon, she was carrying the heavy back over her shoulder as if it were nothing, her half-hooves clomping against the dirt as she headed back to the barn.

In the distance, she saw the princess sitting in the pasture, petting the sheep with a vacant smile on her lips. Her arms and legs were as fuzzy as Shirena's, except hers were as golden as her hair. She looked thicker and curvier than ever, with her breasts now as big as her head. Even though she was probably as strong as Shirena and Nia, she looked far softer and more harmless, thanks to the extra pounds around her body. As for Nia, she lay inside the barn and groaned, more annoyed that she couldn't plow the field as planned than from the pain in her feet. Her short, stocky figure glistened with sweat, making her thick biceps and shoulders stand out even more. She was naked, causing Shirena to see the patchy brownish hair sprouting from the woman's deformed legs. The same were on her arms, much like they were on the princess's and her own.

"Ugh, why can't this be over soon?" Nia said, rubbing her fuzzy, rounded ears as she lay on her bed of hay. Her arms and legs were covered in patchy brown hair, matching the locks on her head. "I don't wanna lie here the entire day."

"Relax, ain't nothing to fret about," Shirena said, dropping off the sack in the corner. "You'll be back on your feet tomorrow."

"Yeah, I hope so, Shia. Ain't fun lying here doing nothin'," Nia said, shaking her head.

"I mean, the princess doesn't seem to mind it."

"Not surprisin'. Ain't much going around in the princess's head," Nia said with a chuckle. "She still complaining about the milk and her breasts?"

"Yeah, she won't stop yammerin' about it," Shirena said, sighing. "Hope it ain't anythin' serious."

"Don't worry. Probably just some growing pains..."

"Oh. Oh! Ah!"

Princess's soft moans and gentle gasps were hard to miss. Nia rolled her eyes as she wiped her brow, sweat pouring over her muscular arms and chest from the midday sun blasting down over her. She shifted her weight on her hooves before rubbing her sore chest, feeling how swollen and tight her perky yet round tits had gotten lately. The overalls hugged every inch of her sculpted, muscular figure, especially around her hips, thighs, and ass. Pulling the plow had undoubtedly made her grow down there, not that she minded it. She loved her beefy thighs, meaty hips, and round yet muscular ass. Nia scratched her hairy arms, hoping her fur would stop growing so the itching would stop. At least her legs, crotch, or armpits weren't itchy anymore. She flicked her rounded, fur-covered ears when a fly flew by it, chasing it away. Little remained of her elven features, and even her face bore the chiseled features of a Minos.

Nia heard another complaint from the barn and shook her head, glancing at her sister carrying a log over her shoulders as if it were nothing.

"Hey, Shia! Mind checkin' in on Princess to see what she's yammerin' about?" she said, rubbing the stubby tail that barely poked out of the hole on her overalls. It ached, meaning it was still growing.

"Sure thang," Shia said, dropping the log on the ground. "I think I know what's rilin' her up."

Shia rubbed her muscular arms, glistening with sweat, and began walking towards the barn. Her broad hooves clopped against the dirt, and she saw how Nia went back to pulling the plow, using her powerful hindquarters to make short work of it. A smile spread over Shia's face, and

her somewhat flat and broad nose flared as she caught a scent of something in the air when approaching the barn.

"Milk..." Shia muttered with a smile, shaking her head. "That's what I thought..."

Unlike her sister, Shia was all upper-body strength. Her breasts were much smaller than Nia's, but they were still more impressive than most. Her biceps and triceps bulged as she tensed her arms, her limbs now bulkier than those of an orc warlord. She rubbed her belly, feeling her rock-hard abs against her fingers. Shia's hands were broad, covered in fur, and with hoof-like nails on each. Sleek, black fur spread up her arms to her elbows, and the same short coat covered her legs to the middle of her thighs. Her ears were as round and bovine as her sister's, and a tiny tail poked out from a hole in her overalls above her ass.

Shia was less than surprised to see Princess sitting on her knees with her dress pulled down to reveal her impressive and round tits. She was huffing and moaning, gently rubbing the swollen, head-sized breasts that hung perky on her body. Unlike her sisters, she was far softer and curvier. Princess's belly was soft and chubby, with her limbs padded and rounded. Her ass was huge, two soft pillows that made any seat comfortable to sit on, and her thighs, hips, and ass were all far thicker and broader than those on any elf or human. Yet, underneath all that soft padding was the same strength her sisters had, which was clear whenever she tensed her body and flexed her beefy limbs. Like her sisters, her arms and legs were covered in fur, hers as golden as her long, flowing hair. Princess's ears poked out from her wild, fluffy mane, her bovine ears as golden-furred as her limbs, and she looked around with a glazed look.

Princess sat and talked to herself, unable to keep her thoughts to herself as Shia entered the barn.

"Oh, so full," Princess said, biting her plump lower lip and with her somewhat wide nose flaring with frustration. "I got- ah! Mmm..."

"Time again, huh? You are a handful, you know that?" Shia said with a joking tone as she walked over and grabbed a stool and a bucket.

"I'm so full again..." Princess said, not even noticing Shia there. "And I'm so hungry. It's been so long since we had milk..."

"I know it has. But, there ain't nothin' we can do about it until Nia an' I start producin' some of our own," Shia said, sitting on the stool in front of Princess. "After all, you emptied the last barrel a few days ago. Remember?"

Princess didn't answer. All she did was cup her massive bosom in her broad, thick-fingered hands. Her hoof-like nails sank into the tender, sloshing bosom, her creamy, pale skin glistening with sweat from the summer heat. It took her a few moments to notice Shia, and her glazed, blue eyes grew wide as she stared at her sister.

"Shia! I'm so full," Princess said, leaning her head against Shia's hand as the woman scratched her ear. She moaned and almost drooled from how good it felt. "Mmm~..."

"I know you are. Alright, sit still an' try not to make too much noise," Shia said, putting the bucket between her knees before grabbing one of Princess's tits.

"Oh, OH! Ah!" Princess couldn't help herself. The half-moans, half-moos slipped from her lips when Shia tugged at the engorged and darkened teat. A thick stream of milk shot out from it and into the bucket, slowly filling it with her creamy delight.

"There we go, nice an' easy," Shia said, scratching her ear while milking one of her tits. She stared at the tiny nubs on Princess's head, her horns barely an inch long. They were so small compared to hers, which curved five inches from her temples.

As Shia sat there, milking her sister, she couldn't help but marvel at how much they'd grown recently. The hard work and fresh air of the farm did wonders for them, and she loved how strong and healthy she and her Minos sisters had gotten. She hoped to get bigger with time in case more bandits came by again. The last gang fled with their tails between their legs, and the memory of chasing them off still made her smile. Speaking of tail, Shia hoped hers would catch up to Princess's soon. The golden-haired cowgirl's tail flicked back and forth happily as she got milked, the massive tuft of fur on the tip matching the luscious curls cascading down from her head to her waist.

There was still a feeling that something was off, but it was barely there anymore. It was little more than an annoying whisper at this point, one that was easy to ignore. Shia smiled as she switched which breast she milked, and Princess's moaning moos echoed through the barn while Nia worked in the field, readying it for another batch of carrots and potatoes. Life was good, and imagining them doing anything other than this was hard. Then again, had they been anything else but curvy cowgirls before?

"Ow! Hey! Calm yerself, Princess! I've told ya a million times not to nibble!"

"Mmm, milk~," Princess said, not caring about Nia's complaints. She nuzzled up close against the woman's milky bosom, suckling greedily on her teat. She felt Nia's hand on her head, gently scratching her behind her ear.

"You sure love yer milk, don't ya?" Nia said, feeling Princess's milky bosom pressing against her as she sat on a box, with Princess on her knees and drinking from her tits.

"Mmm~," Princess moaned, her tail flicking happily behind her colossal ass.

Shia's hooves echoed through the barn as she entered, her tall, imposing figure glistening with sweat. She was the tallest of the three at seven feet, with Princess a few inches shorter and Nia half a foot below her. The overalls stretched across her broad chest and milky bosom, her arms

bulging with enough muscle to put most Minos to shame. She put the bag of chopped wood in the corner, carrying it around as if it weighed nothing, and then sat next to her sisters on another box. It creaked underneath her bulky weight. She ran a hand over her horns, feeling the curved foot-long things protruding from her head and putting the others to shame. Although, Nia's weren't far behind hers, and they looked thicker.

"Good yer back, I'm almost out an' she's gettin' antsy," Nia said before wincing. "Ow! H-Hey! Stop nibblin'!"

"Still thirsty~..." Princess said, licking her lips as Nia pushed her away. "And milky~..."

A few droplets of milk dripped from the throbbing teats on her enormous bosom, her tits putting the others to shame. They dominated her body, perky despite their size and sloshing from how milky they were. Nia and Shia exchanged looks and shook their heads, smiling. The black-haired Minos unbuttoned her overalls and revealed her tits, causing Princess to turn her dimwitted blue gaze towards Shia's milky teats.

"Alright, come 'ere," Shia said, but the Princess was already on her. She groaned as she felt her greedy lips on her nipple, drinking the warm milk. "Jeez, thirsty today, huh?"

"Yeah, ain't anythin' stoppin' her today," Nia said, rubbing her sore nipples and putting on her overalls again. "Did ya see anythin' out in the woods today?"

"Not much, I reckon," Shia said, scratching her chin and shaking her head. "Just some more of them knights."

"What did they say?"

"They muttered somethin' about getting an envoy or some such. I wasn't listenin'," Shia said, pressing Princess's head against her tits and letting her drain her full breasts. "They might decide to visit us soon, though, so we better be prepared for that."

"Probably. Anyway, I'll start tillin' the field," Nia said, leaving the two alone as she headed out.

Shia sat there, her mind glazing over as she let her base instincts take over. A dumb smile spread across her lips as she let her sister drink from her milk. Her body tingled, and her tail flailed happily above her muscular ass. Princess continued to moan and almost moo, happily drinking from her breasts. Shia snapped out of her daze when she noticed her lap getting wet and saw how more milk began to drip from Princess's teats. She chuckled and shook her head.

"Alright, that's enough for today," Shia said, pushing the blonde Minos away and making her pout.

"But, thirsty..." Princess said, milk dripping from her lips.

"Yeah, but yer overflowin' yerself, so we better take care of that right away," Shia said, grabbing a nearby bucket and holding it under the breasts.

Soon, the barn filled with soft mooing moans as Shia's burly yet supple fingers tugged at her teats, draining her milk and dilliging her senses even more. Nia smiled, glad to be tilling the fields instead of milking their needy sister and listening to her dimwitted moos.

Varian adjusted his glasses, slowly approaching the tall, imposing cowgirl before him. His guards stood close, weapons ready, but even then, he feared she'd crack his skull and tear off his limbs before they could even put a scratch on her. The elven envoy felt the black-haired Minos's gaze on him, judging him as her wide nostrils flared and tail flailed annoyingly behind her. He cleared his throat and looked up at the seven-and-a-half-foot-tall cowgirl. She was huge, a walking muscle of womanly muscles that glistened with sweat. A few strands of black hair framed her face, with the rest in a long ponytail, and he saw a few streaks of white coursing through her mane. Short black-and-white spotted fur covered her arms and legs, with thick hooves instead of feet and burly hands with hoof-like nails on her fingers. Her nose was flat and broad, her face feminine yet burly, and massive bull-like horns adorned her head. Her arms were thicker than any he had seen, each bicep as huge as a cooking pan and a chest as broad as a barrel.

Varian swallowed hard as he spoke up, never having felt so small and insignificant.

"My apologies, my good woman," Varian said, trying not to stammer. "I'm here on behalf of the glorious king Folduin, first of his name and slayer of Tyrants."

The woman remained silent, with her piercing gaze never leaving him. Varian cleared his throat and glanced nervously at his guards, not feeling more confident when he saw their anxious faces.

"Um, I'm here on his behalf in search of a woman - a princess. Princess Allirielle, daughter of the former Tyrant King," he said, causing Shia's ears to flick. "The king pays handsomely for information regarding the woman's location."

"Ain't no princess here," Shia said with a snort. "Well, ain't any 'sides my sister."

"Sister?" Varian stepped to the side and looked behind her at the two other cowgirls on their farm.

"Yeah, her name's Princess. Just me, Shia, an' her here, ain't nobody else," Shia said, shifting her weight on her bulky hooves.

Behind Shia, near the barn, stood Nia. She leaned against the wall, arms crossed and long brown hair cascading down her muscular figure. She was much shorter than her sister but didn't

look any less intimidating. Wide-chested, thick-armed, and with wider haunches than an ox. She looked like she could pull down the drawbridge using her muscular hooves alone.

However, Varian was more interested in the blonde cowgirl beside her. Unlike her sisters, she didn't look burly, but he didn't doubt that there were enough muscles underneath her soft, padded figure to lift a man. Her long blonde hair reached her ankles, a fluffy braid of golden locks that shimmered as a field of wheat. Her blue eyes looked glazed and unfocused, and he could almost hear her muttering something about 'being thirsty' and 'not liking the pointy-eared men.' Short yet velvety soft blonde fur covered her arms and legs, with thick hooves that matched her sisters. She was beyond curvy, with a doughy belly and the hips of a fertility goddess. Her soft ass bounced with every step, yet all her curves remained perky despite their size. The woman's breasts dominated her body, each bigger than her head, and with teats constantly leaking milk. Cute yet harmlessly tiny horns protruded from her temples, and her fuzzy bovine ears flicked as a fly buzzed near them. The white dress she wore barely contained her abundant figure, with two wet stains in the front where her nipples were.

Varian stared at her wide-nosed yet pretty face, her lips half-parted as she stared unfocused into the distance. It felt like he had seen her before, and his eyes widened when he noticed the royal seal on her outfit, one of the few surviving insignias from an all-too-familiar wedding dress. He was about to take a step forward to look at it more closely, but Shia stepped in front of him and huffed.

"Ain't no princess here, elf-boy," Shia said, causing the envoy to raise his hands and back away.

"Ah, my apologies. I can see that now," Varian said, swallowing hard. "Well, I thank you for your time, my good woman. We'll be leaving right away."

The envoy and his guards felt Shia's glare as they left. He glanced back at the ground, watching them relaxing and looking happier as they left their woodland farm. He stared at the blonde cowgirl the others pampered and petted, a smile spreading across his lips.

"My lord, what now?" the guard captain asked, and Varian gave him an annoyed glance.

"We're heading back to the capital and informing the king of the princess's whereabouts," he said with a grin. "And we need to inform the court wizard that we'll need his services to 'convince' the princess and her sisters to come with us."

"My lord?" the captain said, looking confused.

"Hmm," Varian smiled as they returned to the road and got on their horses. "The royal farm will have some new additions before winter arrives..."