

"Sorry to pull you in at short notice Anna", Evan said as he closed the door behind them, "but she paid for an upgrade at the last minute, and everyone else was busy."

Anna shrugged, stepping out of the last of her clothes and lifting up her ponytail to let Evan slip the red collar around her neck. "It's fine", she said, shivering slightly as he pulled it tight. "What did she ask for anyway?"

"The Premium Preview Package, not that she knows that's what it is exactly", Evan answered. "Uh, cowgirl theme."

Turning back to face him, Anna put on an affronted look. "Well shit, now I'm mad you *weren't* going to include me. Anything else I should know?"

Taking her mock outrage in good humor, Evan merely shrugged as they walked together to the room that had been prepared. "Not much, pretty standard setup other than that. Her name is Elaine, by the way." Just as Anna reached the door, he added, "oh! Yeah, and no dicks!"

Laughing out loud, Anna turned back towards him. "Dude, I can stick to that rule, but what about you? Hmm Renfield?"

His eyes flashed yellow as she managed to draw him out for just a second, but before he could do anything more than blink it back Anna slipped through the door triumphantly and closed it behind her.

The room inside was one of the more elaborate spaces they had at the club. Some fantasies called for a certain amount of props, and so this room had served as everything from a castle dungeon to an alien spaceship - or at least, it had done so well enough to set the scene for some high-quality fucking. The setup this time was more low-key though; some thin wooden walls had been slotted in around the place to make it feel like the inside of a barn, with a few other props like bales of hay and a scattering of straw completing the look. Sets of low metal bars enclosed two pens in the middle of the room, and inside one of them stood a woman. She was tall, light-skinned and stick-thin, seemingly lacking curves almost entirely. Anna could tell that because, apart from a set of shackles keeping her chained to the side of the pen, she was also completely naked. She was resting awkwardly against the metal bars in front of her, and Anna grinned as she picked up her feeling of excited, nervous anticipation. "Showtime", she whispered to herself, taking advantage of her facing the other way to move quickly into the room.

Padding forward quietly she slipped into the other pen, closing the gate silently behind her. Before stepping into view of the other girl she stopped to wave one hand over her collar, making a series of quick symbols that caused it to fade out of view. Safely disguised as just another

random person, she leaned forwards heavily on the bars, the sound of which caused Elaine to jump in surprise.

"Nhmm...", Anna said quickly, before Elaine could say anything herself, "they... did they get you too?"

Elaine looked confused. "Uh, no, I... um. I'm meant to be-?"

"Why are you chained up?", Anna asked, cutting her off. "They just injected me with a sedative or something and marched me in here. Are you dangerous?"

"Uh, no, I just... I'm here for... um..." Elaine was seriously confused now, her eyes darting around nervously. "Are... are you sure you're meant to be here?"

Anna acted taken aback. "What? No. Who would be meant to be here?"

Elaine opened her mouth to say something, but Anna cut her off once again. "Hey, is it like... really hot in here?"

"Uh...", Elaine paused for a moment, looking the equally naked Anna up and down. "No? Are you not cold?"

Anna shook her head. "No...", she said hazily, "it's... it's really... hot..." Pushing back from the bars, she fell down to her knees and panted, "I... I... I..."

"Oh god", Elaine gasped, then tugged at her chains and looked around wildly. "Uh, I think something has gone wrong? Hello? Should someone call 999?"

A long, low moan pulled her attention back to the pen beside her. Looking down, she saw Anna gripping the bar in front of her tightly with one hand, while the other groped at her breasts. "Are... are you okay?", she asked, before kneeling down next to her and adding, "is... is this a thing? It's my first time, and they just said they'd do something I liked and - is this something people like?"

Anna looked up at her, blinking her eyes slowly and shaking her head as though to clear it of a haze. "I feel... I ff... Mhmmm..."

She trailed off, and Elaine noticed odd points poking up through her short red hair. Had she been wearing fake little horns this whole time, and they'd only become visible when she shook them loose? But there was something else too, some other nubs behind the horns, and as she watched she saw these second points grow up and out, lengthening and tapering until large, floppy pink ears stuck up from her hair.

"I ff... feel... full...", Anna mumbled, slumping conveniently to the side to give Elaine a clear frontal view. Suddenly, Elaine noticed that her breasts, which she was now fondling idly with each hand, had started to change colour. No - the whiteness that was spreading out over her skin wasn't some change in colour, it was fur. Short white fur was pushing out from her skin, sweeping out over her breasts as she cupped and clutched at them. And more than that, her breasts were getting bigger somehow too, Elaine watched as her fingers stretched outwards, pushed apart by her swelling breasts. She fell back onto her rear heavily, and Elaine swore she could hear her *slosh*.

All the while, Anna kept talking softly to herself. "Full, I feel... so full I... mmuhh, mmmhhmm..." Her head lolled back, and as the white fur swept over her shoulders Elaine saw her mouth push outwards, almost as though her growing pink muzzle was dragged out of her as she gave an urgent, low "mmuhhh..."

Elaine was enthralled. This was impossible, what was happening right next to her was absolutely physically impossible, and yet less than a metre away from her there was a girl whose fingers were fusing together even as she watched, leaving her with solid black hoof-hands that *still* gripped eagerly at her swelling tits. It was, it was-

"Mmuhh! Mmmilk! Milk mme! Milk mmmoo! Mmmoo!", Anna cried desperately, shifting forward on her knees as behind her a thin rope of a tail pressed outwards. Her eyes locked with Elaine's, and there was something somehow captivating about her earnest intensity. Without thinking, Elaine dropped down to her knees too, grabbing hold of one of her long teats as Anna pressed it through the bars, then slipped it quickly between her lips and beginning to suck.

Her reward was instant; a blast of fresh, creamy milk that tasted like nothing she'd ever had before, tingling and fizzing as it swept down her throat. But more than that, there was a warmth that built quickly, a heat that rose in her stomach with every mouthful she swallowed. In mere seconds she felt completely full, pulling away from the bars and sitting back on her knees, licking her lips dreamily to savour the last few drops. Then her eyes met Anna's, and just as she registered the expectant look on her face she felt... weird.

Her hands shot to her breasts, easily covering them entirely as she groped at what flesh she had there. She couldn't help but imagine them filling outwards, becoming big and thick and heavy, sloshing with liquid as she waved them around for everyone to see. And then- then she felt her hands move. Looking down slowly, as though scared that her eyes would prove her body wrong, she soon saw the truth - her breasts really were growing. It really was happening.

"Oh fuck", she gasped. She grabbed at her tits, feeling them surge as milk flooded into them, feeling them *slosh*, already too big for her fingers to fully encompass. Looking back up at Anna in the other pen, she said, "am... am I going to be like you?"

Anna nodded, milking herself awkwardly with her hoof-hands and trembling with pleasure as a steady stream of whiteness poured out of her. "Mmmooo!", she answered simply.

"I'm going to be a cowgirl", Elaine said to herself, sitting back heavily away from the bars. Her hands groped at her still-growing chest, two fingers idly toying with her lengthening nipples. "I'm turning into a cow", she added, then her posture shifted as she felt something else change. Turning to look behind herself, she watched as her ass swelled, becoming wonderfully rounded and full in moments, before being topped by a tail of her own. Her head ached distantly, and then she felt her new horns press up through her hair, her ears sliding up to the top of her head to match Anna's.

But even that was just a sideshow to what was going on with her breasts. They were huge, almost large enough that she could barely fit both of her hands around each one, and she was struggling to do anything more than just that. "I'm turning into a cow", she was saying, "I'm turning into a cow with big, full tits and *fuuuuuck!*"

She couldn't help but send one hand crawling down between her thighs, pressing desperately inside her already slick pussy. Out of the corner of her eye she caught sight of a milking machine hooked up in the corner of the room, and *of course* it was for her, they'd have to use it on her, she'd have to be milked, she *needed* to be milked...

"I'm a- I'm a- I'm a-", she panted, rocking back and forth feverishly on the ground to better emphasise the thrusts of her hand inside herself. Her fingers were soaked, *all* her fingers, even as they hardened to form hoof-hands of her own. She was leaking so wonderfully all over, and she just needed to- she needed... she needed something, but she couldn't quite put together exactly what that was.

Slowly, she realised that the cowgirl in the other pen was staring intently at her, and even though Elaine couldn't possibly stop working herself over, she did at least manage to focus on her enough to hear what she was saying. But she wasn't saying anything, she was simply looking at Elaine dead in the eyes and letting out a rich, happy "moo".

"Mmhh", Elaine tried. "Muhh-uhhh!" It was like there was something stuck in her throat, making it not just as simple as saying the word. But... but maybe that was it. It wasn't a word. It was a noise, an animal noise. She hefted her sloshing, milk-filled cow tits in one three-fingered hoof-hand, while the other pressed eagerly inside her slick pussy in a way that she just *knew* made her produce more milk. Her tail waved behind her, highlighting her plump rear, ready to be hooked up to a machine to keep her happily stimulated long after her hands couldn't do the job anymore. She was a cow, a happy, slutty, dripping cow, and she needed- needed to-

"MOOO!", she cried, the last of her face changing itself around that sound to give her the cute pink muzzle she needed to have. She came again and again, each orgasm accompanied by

another loud "moo!". Slowly she slid down to the floor, curling up happily around herself as the trembling of her climaxes gradually faded away.

Some time later, Anna re-emerged from the room, taking the towel offered to her immediately by Evan and drying off her once again human body. "You were watching, I take it?", she asked.

"Yes", he answered in deadpan. "Unrelatedly, we once again need to buy more towels for the observation room. Like... a lot more."

Anna snorted in laughter. "Well, take care of it when you go out to sell her supply of milk. I just finished hooking her up before I left, and I'm pretty sure we're going to get a good couple of gallons out of that girl before she goes home."

Evan paused for just long enough that Anna could tell that he'd considered not saying something, and then went ahead and said it anyway. "It'd be litres, right? I mean, she came in through one of the entrances in England, so she'd probabl-"

Anna's towel hit him square in the face, cutting him off mid-pedantry. "Just shut up and get ready to sell our weird sex magic milk, will you?"

"Right, yeah, fair enough", he answered quickly.