It was a cool, brisk afternoon. The kind of day that needed a good reason to get out of the house. In this case, the reason for Eric and Thomas was a visit to In 'n Out Burger, which was packed as always with hungry customers. The scent of freshly-cooked ground beef and hot fries straight from the deep fryer filled the air of the small restaurant. People were lined up to order their burgers, slathered in secret sauce and all sorts of toppings to make them the most succulent meal they'd ever gotten from a supposed fast food restaurant. Two friends had just sat down at a table with their own delicious orders, happy to catch up after an extended time apart from each other.

"How have you been doing?" Eric asked, sticking his fork into his pile of fries to mix up the various toppings stacked on them. "All healed up finally?"

"Doing a lot better thanks, still a bit, eh, worked up from time to time." Thomas replied, diving right into his burger, dripping with meat juices. A bit of cheese was so hot and melted that it slid off onto his own fries, but he didn't care. He took a bite and smiled after swallowing. "Mm, that's good stuff. It's both a problem and a good thing this place is so far away. Means I don't come here that often to stuff my face. But it also means I can't come here that often to stuff my face."

"Good to see you with an appetite though. Last time I saw you, you were struggling to eat more than salad."

"Yeah, no more vegetables on my burgers though. Freaking lettuce. Should have recognized that sooner than I did. I can normally stand a tomato or two but getting veggie sandwiches and vegetable juice?" Thomas said, shaking his head. "I guess those warning signs would be difficult if you were a vegetarian, huh?"

"Heh, yeah," Eric said, before yawning. He put down his fork and took a long drag of his neapolitan milkshake, feeling the three different ice creams wash over his tongue.

"Tired?" Thomas asked.

"Yeah. Moreso than usual," Eric explained.

"Well you're a hard worker. It's probably caught up with you, that's all."

"Yeah, I guess so," Eric said, sniffling. "Probably gonna go home and take a nap or something so I can keep working later tonight." He yawned again and took a look at his burger. Eric slowly pulled the tomato out of the top and slid it between his teeth, chewing it thoroughly. "Mm, that's good stuff," he said lazily.

"Hell yeah," Thomas replied. He took a few fries and tilted his head at his short-haired friend. "Hey, you alright?"

"Yeah, yeah, I'm, I'm, I'm fi-i-i-achoo!" Eric sneezed, covering his mouth with a napkin quickly. "Ack, sorry about tha-achoo!" he sneezed again, sniffling. He felt something strange after that one, his nipples were perked up and poking through his collared shirt. "Eh?"

"Hang on, I'll go get more napkins," Thomas said, standing up to go grab a new set of napkins for their table. Eric continued sneezing as Thomas left, clutching his mouth with one hand and his chest with the other.

"Achoo, achoo!" he kept sneezing, helpless as his body began to shift. Underneath his shirt, his breasts were swelling up more and more, becoming soft handfuls that were perfectly rounded. They grew with each sneeze, popping into bigger sizes like popcorn kernels in the microwave. But that wasn't the most worrying change. "Annngh, nngh," he groaned, feeling a tingle in his crotch. Eric pushed his thighs together and felt his manhood by rubbing his legs against each other. He found he was stiff there, but it was getting softer with each sneeze, and smaller as well. But despite this, he found himself very aroused, and there was a growing urge to tug on his cock while it was still there.

"Hey what's going on?" Thomas asked when he got back.

"I think, achoo, I got it," Eric said, wiping his nose. His face was looking slimmer, and his short dark hair was getting longer as well. He looked up at Thomas, and his young brown-haired friend could see the b-cup breasts poking through his tightening blue shirt. Thomas adjusted his glasses and took a step back.

"Got… got what?" Thomas asked, wanting to be totally sure.

"The, achoo! The, the cowgirl flu," Eric said, scratching at a slightly bulging breast that was as warm and soft as the hamburger bun he had been holding a moment ago.

"Oh man. Damnit, Eric I just got over that, you better not infect me, I can't handle it again," he said, covering his mouth.

"Achoo! Y-Yeah, you're right, you're right. Sorry, I'll, achoo! I'll just go, gotta, ah, ah, gotta get home," he said. Eric quickly stood up and began to walk out of the In-N-Out Burger, leaving the delicious food behind. Even his illness couldn't prevent him from letting that horrible decision go, and he came back to quickly snatch up what he could before heading home.

"Be safe! Remember, no milk, no bells, no jacking it!" Thomas said as a word of warning. Eric's sneezing didn't stop even once he got out of the restaurant. The first stages of the flu were unavoidable. Once you were infected, you were going to get milky boobs, it was just a matter of careful practices and possibly treatments after that. But there was no inoculation to completely prevent it.

"Achoo, oh god," Eric said, finally pulling up to his apartment after a fifteen minute drive. He had one hand on his crotch as he opened up the door to his place and ran up the steps to the fifth floor. Eric shoved the key in the lock and got inside, scratching his head in a frenzy. "Oh god, oh god," he said, sneezing and moaning as his body shifted into a more feminine form. His erection was less than half of what it was supposed to be, shrinking away and starting the path to becoming a new feminine slit. His breasts had bulged out into a small set of c-cups, and the rest of his body had slimmed. Pounds of fat had been shaved off and redistributed into his chest, which was feeling as hot as a cup of coffee.

"Nnngh, oh god," he repeated as he got down to his computer chair. He gulped and powered it on as soon as possible, searching for 'cowgirl flu' just to confirm what was happening. The signs were obvious, especially as his rear slowly filled out his khakis more than usual, and his boobs plumped up to d-cups. The most damning symptom was obviously the fact that his breasts were beginning to lactate, dotting the front of his shirt with moist patches. He pulled up the basic treatment information right as the first moo slipped from his lips.

"Muh, moo…. milk must not be ingested for the first six hours. Avoid hearing the sound of bells. Do not orgasm, milk yourself as quickly as possible," he said, reading the commands. He mooed again as his breasts bulged out further, straining his shirt. "Oh god," he muttered, watching as his nipples became as thick and long as wine corks. He panted and mooed several more times, clutching the arms of his chair. More whimpers escaped his throat as his voice slowly became more feminine, his body getting squeezed subtly into an hourglass shape, completely changing his figure over time.

"I can't believe it, mooooo," he moaned. He reached down, and through his pants, grasped his shriveling cock between his hands. Though only several inches long, it returned to a rigid state and he began to stroke it. "I can't believe I finally caught it. It's been wayyy too long," he moaned, gasping for breath. As quickly as he could, he tried to cum by jerking himself off. But, it was increasingly difficult. As his manhood temporarily withered away to nothing, it became harder to reach an apex. "Nngh, come on, come on," he groaned, slamming a hand on the desk to try and further himself, to no avail.

"Please tell me I still have it," he said, standing up. As he walked to the kitchen, he shucked off the rest of his clothes. His moistened shirt hit the floor, revealing his supple f-cup breasts which were bulging out, filling with milk at a fast pace. He really needed to get milked quickly. If it wasn't expressed soon, the flow wouldn't stop until the flu ended. But instead of grabbing a bucket or bowl, Eric reached into the fridge and grabbed a full gallon of milk. He walked back to his computer, pink in his feminizing face as he sat back down in his chair and opened the fresh gallon of milk. Then, he opened up a file on his computer, and turned up the speakers.

"Moo, I've been waiting for this for ages," he said, panting with exhilaration. Extreme lethargy was a common symptom of the cowgirl flu, making one want to lay around and do nothing but get milked and wait for the flu to pass. Not Eric though, he pushed through that tired feeling and began to smile as the audio file he clicked on began to play. It was a simple loop of jingling bells. But it was just what he needed. As soon as ten seconds had passed, he let out a healthy groan of pleasure, and began to drink. His hand went back to stroking himself off, but he accepted by now that he'd be unable to finish himself off before the gender transformation was complete. That was fine with him, doing it as a woman would be way better anyway.

"Hah, mmmooo, yes, this is awesome," Eric said to himself as he took a hearty swig from the gallon of milk. He felt his own dairy churning up in his breasts but couldn't get to it just yet. He didn't want to milk himself until he reached stage two, otherwise there was a slim chance the production would slow, or even worse, stop completely. But the milk would help make things better. Most would say it made his condition worse, but that's clearly not what Eric had in mind. The bells were making him feel dizzy, causing his mooing to get worse. Instead of bellowing out a bovine call every minute or so, they were coming every five seconds, pushing out his nipples into bigger and thicker sizes. Soon they resembled the trademark teats of a cow, reaching out several inches off of his full g-cup chest, pink as could be. It was so tempting to reach out and grasp one, but he held out for now. He'd waited this long, a few more minutes would be difficult, but worth it.

"Mooo, come on, almost there," he said, feeling his manhood shrink away. Then, with a pop, it was gone completely. Expressing glee at her new virgin womanhood, Eric ran her now-slender fingers over the slit, marveling at how soft it felt. A shiver ran over her body as the transformation completed itself, completely transforming Eric's body from male to female. Gone was the Adam's apple, the chub around his waist, the short hair. It was a complete overhaul, with the most prominent features being the huge head-sized breasts attached to Erica's torso, leaking milk in rivulets down the slopes of her tits. "Yes, oh god yes!" she cried, unable to wait any longer. She turned the volume up louder, and then began to chug the gallon of milk. After a few sips, she took the literal plunge and slid several fingers into her vagina.

"Hahhh!" It was unlike anything she could have imagined. Being a woman was wonderful, the vagina was so much more sensitive than a penis, it was crazy. But that wasn't Erica's goal. Being a woman was good, but the cowgirl flu had varying stages, and she'd just finished stage one. To get to stage two, she had to have an orgasm within the danger period. There was plenty of time to do so but she wasn't wasting any time, jilling herself off furiously. "Mmm, moo, moo, ooh yes this feels so good!" she cried. She could feel milk starting to flow faster through her breasts, running down the smooth curves of her body to dot the carpet beneath her. The urge to grab one of her breasts and drink from it was incredible, and soon she'd be able to grant her desire.

"Mooo, oh, so close," she moaned, taking a break from her drinking. The milk was getting absorbed into her body, allowing her to keep consuming the dairy without feeling ill or full. It was just rerouted right to her tits, plumping them up and causing them to slosh around on her chest. The breastflesh would push out, and then milk would race to fill it up, with some extra leaking through the nipples. The entire front of her stomach was soaked in milk now, even though she hadn't squeezed a breast yet. She could only imagine what it would be like when she finally did do it, the anticipation was killing her.

"Ah, mmoooo, come on," she said. Erica's fingers went in and out of her pussy at a rhythmic pace. It had started with just two, and she was up to four now. Her thumb would have joined in if it wasn't so busy working on her clit, rubbing the tiny nub in a circle to really ramp up her arousal. "Mooo…" she cooed, feeling her body heat up. It was a different heat than when she first began to transform. Something similar to when she was about to climax as a man, but much deeper in her core. Her cheeks were hot and her head felt itchy. Maybe it was a warning sign of what she was about to do. But to Erica it was just a glowing neon welcome sign instead. She clenched her thighs together as she plunged her hand in as deep as it would go, and felt her first orgasm overtake her.

"Yes! Moo!" Erica cried. Unlike when the sickness had started, Erica was under no compulsion to moo. But, since the second stage was starting, she felt it was appropriate. The heat didn't leave her body, it was just redirected to specific pointed on her sexy, milky form. Specifically, it stayed in her head, above her rear, and right under her breasts. Breasts which she was now squeezing generously. Just as she expected, milk flowed from her bust in copious amounts. The gallon of milk was only a little over halfway empty, but she had no plans of drinking the rest right now. There was a more delicious bounty right in front of her. Keeping one hand on her left breast to squeeze and milk it, she hefted up the right, head-sized mound with the other hand and positioned it so the nipple was angled towards her mouth. She had to compress the breast slightly in order to get the nipple close enough, but soon she had a mouthful of nip. Then she sucked, and felt immense pleasure rock her body.

"Mm!" she cried, swallowing a mouthful of the most delicious dairy she'd ever had in her life. The next one was even better, and the one after that even more so. The ridiculousness of how good the milk tasted did slowly recede after a while, but it was still amazing either way. So much so that she almost missed the other effects of her new stage. Namely, the tiny tail that was sprouting above her plump rear. It was growing an inch every minute or so, snaking out from her tailbone with a tuft of dark hair on the end of it. To go along with her tail, Erica's ears were shifting as well. They became flattened at the ends so they were almost rectangular, and began to droop down the sides, flattening and widening to look more bovine. Her sense of hearing didn't change any, though, just her sense of how amazing it was to be a cowgirl. The more transformations that her body went under, the better. But the best part of stage two was still occurring; the second pair of boobs.

"Haha, oh yes, come on, grow for me, babies!" Erica said, letting go of her boobs for just a second in order to grasp the small mounds pushing out from underneath her original set. They were already good handfuls, the size of oranges. But they'd get bigger, just as her top set was embiggening as well. Both sets of breasts swelled out as Erica continued to squeeze them, sending more and more milk onto the floor after it ran down her smooth skin. Her tail sneaked out from the gap in the back of the computer chair and whipped around happily as the tail dipped into the puddle building on the floor. The carpet was getting absolutely soaked and she didn't care, just enjoying the pleasure.

Erica sat there for several minutes, in utter bliss as she played with her breasts. She wished she had eight hands. Two to hold each breast, as they were getting big enough where one hand simply wasn't enough to properly contain all the ballooning, milky flesh on her body. But, no, that still wouldn't be enough, she would have needed two more in order to properly pleasure her drenched womanhood. But then, she remembered, that *still* wouldn't be enough, if she kept going. And nothing that had happened so far was convincing her that stopping was the proper option.

People did live with the condition at this stage. Most didn't have a chance of returning to normal. Even if they were one of the lucky 5% of people who recovered from stage two of the flu, their femininity was permanent. Those who swung around their cocks before this would just be swinging boobs instead. Naturally-born girls had it even worse, stuck with the cute bovine ears and bushy tail as well. But both of those 'problems' were minor troubles compared to what happened to stage three cowgirls. Which Erica was right on her way to achieving.

"Mmmoooo, mmm-hm-hm," Erica moaned in glee as she went back to suckling on one of her nipples again. The taste of the milk was so divinely good that she wondered if any food or drink would be edible ever again. She'd had a taste of heaven, and this liquid ambrosia was beyond anything the finest chefs in the world could possibly serve up. Even if it was served on a bed of fine, fresh greens. The cowgirl licked her lips as she thought of a delicious salad. The milk was amazing, but some delicious lettuce or grass would be a close second for what she wanted to consume.

"Mmmooooo!" Erica mooed again in response to a second climax. Her entire body trembled, and her tail stuck straight out, all the hairs on the end standing on edge. The woman's nipples perked up even further, with goosebumps trailing a circle around her areolae. Her tongue lolled out of her mouth, dripping saliva onto one nipple. "Hahahha, yes, so good, so goooood!" She went back to pleasuring her pussy with both hands, squeezing her four breasts with her upper arms. "Ahhh, ahh, yeah, mooooore." She begged her body to get hotter, to make her feel even better. Both hands had fingers sliding in and out of her pussy at all times, and she took a break after a few minutes to grab a breast and pull it up to her mouth again.

With a firm grip on her nipple, she was able to dedicate both hands to rubbing her womanhood again, but they couldn't stay focused. How could they, when they had such squishy, milky breasts to play with. For the next fifteen minutes, the rhythm was inconsistent, but had a noticeable pattern to it. Erica continued to drink from one breast, pleasuring her slit with both hands. Occasionally one would drift up and grope one of her lower teats, spraying milk all over her computer monitor and keyboard. Then she'd twist the other nipple, completely dousing her lap. Eventually it'd go back to her labia instead, rubbing the puffy lips and tweaking her clit. She could feel her third climax building, and worked harder to get to that point. Her tongue lapped around the nipple, clamping down with light nibbles as she plunged both hands inside her honeypot, feeling the tiny drips of femcum leaking out. A few seconds later, the drops became a splash as she came once more, and Erica felt a heat so tremendous that she wanted to douse herself in chilled milk to cool off. Though she would have wanted that anyway.

The third and final set of changes happened next, and the one that Erica was looking forward to the most. The warmth was focused in her stomach, as an udder formed. There was no denying what it was. The pink splotch already had four nubs poking out, the sign of teats to come. She pulled her hands away from her body and spread her legs to give the udder room to grow. It came fast, soon spreading out on her thighs and putting some pressure on her womanhood. A shame that it'd be more difficult to reach it, but the udder was a more succulent, pinker prize. She wanted to wait until it stopped growing to touch it for the first time. But like her masculinity had been washed away by gallons of milk, so had her self-control. Even though her udder was only half as big as one of her breasts, she fondled the milksack lovingly.

"Moo. Oh god it, mooo, happened. So, mooo, mm, oh god, moo happy. Moo delicious, moo, muh, muhhhh, mooooo…." Her eyes dimmed as she felt something slip away in her head. The last vestiges of her language abilities. "Moo, moo, mooooo~" Erica cooed, leaning her head back as her hands caressed the pink flesh of her udder. Not even squeezing it yet, just trying to get a feel for how soft it was. "Moo, moo-moo," she giggled with utter joy about her udder, pinching the nipples and squirting out tiny shots of milk with each pinch.

Stage three meant absolute unending milk, constantly flowing. Enough milk had come out of Erica's body at this point that she could have filled several kiddie pools with the liquid she'd expressed. It had spread to nearly the entirety of her room, and was starting to seep through the floorboards. Her dairy was so intense and produced in such high frequency that even if she was able to start scooping up her milk in buckets, her speed wouldn't be sufficient enough to prevent her floor from drowning in milk.

"Moo, moo, mmmoooo," Erica cooed, starting to squeeze her udder more and more. Milk came out in thicker streams as her teats plumped up to be thicker than the nipples on her breasts. The new organ was soon as big as a pink basketball. She pushed her thighs together to make the milky sphere shoot out more fluid, groaning as the teats popped out with each squeeze. The milk filled up her udder faster, making it expand. At the same time, her bosoms were swelling up as well, becoming larger and milkier with each passing second. Erica's boobs were already huge, heavy hooters which would make an actual cow jealous, but now they were truly enormous, each one as big as a dodgeball, with nipples so massive that they filled up her gentle hands as she pulled milk from the ducts.

"Moo, huhhuhhh…" she groaned, in ridiculous bliss. Erica bit down on her lower lip. She could still hear the ringing of bells from her computer, and they made her smile dully, eyes glazed over softly as she was so engrossed in pleasure. Now she could just enjoy herself endlessly. Sure, she'd have to deal with other concerns at some point. But those issues were future Erica's problems. Right now she just wanted to bask in her milky miracle; sucking her own milk, and fingering herself vigorously. The milk helped keep her energized, so she could just keep going and going and going. Erica kept up her intense self-pleasure session for hours, spreading more and more milk on the floor. It seeped through the floor, dripping into the rooms below her apartment.

At one point during her playtime, Erica stood up, to get a better feel for how her body handled actual movement. While it was a cowgirl's natural inclination to be lazy and sluggish, Erica powered through that impulse in order to feel her udder sway between her legs. The big mound hung down nearly to her knees, and her teats managed to break that distance. Her four breasts stood happily on her chest, constantly flowing milk. She walked over to the bathroom to see herself in the mirror, not caring that she was drenching her apartment even further. Books, games, movies, all pitiful entertainment compared to self-sucking and basking in the glow of sexual euphoria. As she posed in the mirror, jutting out her breasts and smacking her plump butt, she turned to the tub nearby. Remembering one of her many fantasies from earlier, she smirked, stopping up the drain as she leaned over the porcelain, letting it fill with her bounty.

"Yo, Eric, you in?" came a voice as Thomas knocked on the door to Erica's apartment. "I forgot to mention it earlier but I had something to give you. I know dealing with this stuff is a hassle and, oh, it's unlocked…" Thomas opened up the door, and the young man suddenly felt his boots get moistened by milk flowing past them and into the hallway. "What the hell?" He dared to step into the apartment, making milk splash around his ankles. He put down a milk pump near the doorway and tried to find his friend.

"Eric! The fuck's going on? Your ice cream collection melt or something?" He heard groans of discomfort coming from the bathroom and went in that direction. "Eric? Errrric…." Thomas' glasses practically fell from his face when he saw something in the tub that he certainly did not expect to see. Seeing Eric as a girl wasn't completely unexpected, but the state of his body was unbelievable, and something Thomas had never seen before even after his own research into the cowgirl flu. Thomas didn't know the reason for Eric's condition, but it seemed that nonstop orgasms and bathing in your own milk triggered a previously-unknown fourth stage of the flu, and Eric was ecstatic to be the first 'victim' of such a condition.

The first thing that Thomas noticed was the color of Erica's skin. Except for several spots on her body, most of Erica's form was completely white, as if she'd been dipped in melted white chocolate. The spots that weren't ivory were either cotton candy pink, or as black as a cave shadow. Splotches dotted her body, matching the look of a classic Holstein cow. The milk bath had made her skin as smooth as a bar of soap, and the white flowing over her breasts left beads of milk in an enticing pattern. That wasn't the only change Thomas had never seen before. Erica's lips were softer and plumper than most women affected by this illness. In fact, they were better suckers than women with collagen injections carried, her lips were soft, squishy tubes that stuck out more than a half-inch from her face in a sexy pout. Though, at the moment they were stretched out in a loud, blissful moan. Her eyes were also dark, muddy brown spots, instead of the blue eyes Erica normally had.

"Wha.." Thomas mentally counted the number of breasts on Erica's body, Two, four, and six. The most anybody was supposed to have was four. Six was unheard of. Not to mention they were far bigger than they should be, considering how frequently they were letting out milk. They were positively gushing, letting out so much milk that a single breast could have filled up an empty tub in less than a minute. Each nipple was so thick around that Erica needed to use two hands in order to squeeze them properly, but it wasn't necessary considering how they released their bounty without any outside effort. The six-inch nipples throbbed with every bit of attention they received, wobbling on knockers that could fit beachballs inside their fleshy sphere with room to spare. The six orbs had to fight for room on Erica's torso. They seemed to be constantly bouncing on her body, trying to stay in place was impossible.

"Moooo…" Erica cooed pleasantly, vaguely looking in Thomas' direction. Her hands were all over her boobs, letting them overflow her fingers. Milk kept splashing over the edge of the tub, onto the tiled floor below, and into the next room over. There it continued to seep into the rooms below, filling the air with a milk smell which was still decent and aromatic. She licked her lips as she looked at Thomas, revealing that her tongue was even thicker and longer as well, so big and flat that she could lap at her nose even with her engorged lips in the way.

"Eric, man, what the hell happened to you?" Thomas asked with a gulp. He was exceedingly nervous in the presence of so much milk. Too much could cause a relapse in a former victim of the cowgirl flu, and cowgirl milk was especially contagious. "Can you even hear me?" He carefully stepped forward and waved his hands in front of Erica's face to see if she could still recognize him.

"Moo…"

"Is… moo all you can say? Can you recognize me? One moo for yes, two for no?"

"Moooooo!"

"Alright, just, just stay there in your milk. Crap that's a lot of milk. I'll call, somebody, I don't know who, but-" That's when Erica stood up in the bath, and Thomas gasped at the size of her udder. It was absolutely enormous. The milk level in the tub dropped significantly when the heavy mass was lifted out of it, only to be filled up seconds later as the eight soda can-thick teats on the udder expulsed their bounty into the tub. The huge pink udder reached down to her ankles, causing Erica's legs to be spread out several feet to make room for the milky organ. Her hips had grown a few extra inches to help support it, but it didn't seem to be enough, her body was almost half-udder now.

"Good lord," Thomas said, too flabbergasted to say anything else.

"Moo." Erica smiled dimly, tilting her head to the side a little as she urged Thomas to come closer.

"Oh, no, I'll just, be back in a bit, gotta-" Erica managed to reach out and grab Thomas by the hoodie when he turned around, pulling him into the tub with a heavy splash.

"Ah! Whoa, hey, no, stop let go of me, ahhh!" he cried, trying to free himself. But, between the smooth, soft embrace of all of Erica's curvy goodness, and the sedative effect of the milk, there was no escape for the young man. "Eric, y-you gotta, oooh, noooo," he whined, feeling his body heat up. His cock stiffened and quickly began to vanish, a situation he recognized from the last time he caught the affliction. "No, s-stop, oh goooood," he moaned, feeling scared and aroused all at the same time. His attempts at escape grew more half-hearted with each passing second, to Erica's obvious happiness.

"Mooo…" Erica mooed, rubbing Thomas' head to calm her friend down. As Thomas' male gender was washed away in the milk bath, the hoodie-wearing man groaned, feeling Erica's fingers clasp a growing nipple.

"No, I can't, gotta get out…. must, must, moost, mooooo…" he mooed, voice getting lighter with every word until it was completely feminine. Thomas whimpered as Erica kept dunking the transforming girl into the milk over and over again, letting it seep into her skin.

"Moo!" Erica said happily, fondling her friend and rubbing her udder into Thomas' backside. There needed to be more blissfully milky cowgirls in the world, and she was ready to make one more. Little did she know that her milk was already affecting everyone on the lower floors, and with Thomas opening the door to her apartment, Erica's dairy would soon be flowing under the doors of tenants on this floor as well.

"Ahh, E-Eric, pleeease, moooo, I can't, moooooo, t-take it anymore…." Thomas groaned, starting to buck her hips into Erica's udder, feeling the thick teats bounce into her butt cheeks. She wished she could flip around and bury her face in that sextet of sexy tits, but Eric was holding her firm. She just felt the cleavage contain her in a dangerous, amazing softness. "Moooo, mmm, y-yeah.." she groaned, feeling Erica grasp both her breasts and squeeze them. Knowing hope was gone, Thomas reached down and grabbed two handfuls of milky flesh from her new cowgirl friend. It was easy to find some squishy spots on Erica's curvy body, as the cowgirl was so massive now. Thomas mooed once again and leaned her face into the side of Erica's left breasts, licking milk from the side.

"Moo, moo…" Erica agreed, and seeing that Thomas had realized the pure truth about a cowgirl-filled world, let go of her. Then she returned to her own body. The immense cowgirl twisted her nipples and squeezed her thighs together to add more to the milky flood, eager to see Thomas transform even further. The first of many, many more milky cowgirls to come. And cum, and cum, and cum...