It couldn't ever be just a simple day. There was never a day when every report got filed on time, every website loaded correctly, and every traffic light was green. It was just how things were done, though Sylvia supposed it could have been worse. There could have been a red alert that meant she'd have to leave her semi-comfortable desk chair and go out to compile some data on a possible spread of Cowgirl Flu. For now, she just had to do her best to enjoy the remnants of a Saturday afternoon, even if she had to spend it at work. She'd been stuck behind cars for twenty minutes, had forgotten to bring her lunch, and spilled soy milk on her blouse, but, the day was nearly over.

"Hey, Sylvia, grab your coat. We need you to check out this apartment building on Eighth and Clover." Slyvia's head dropped down onto her keyboard, blonde ponytail flipping over the mouse. She lifted her head and looked at her colleague.

"Oh why me? Can't Christian or Sanjeet do it? I've been here since eight, I'm ready to go home, it's only fifteen minutes to the end of the work day."

"I know, but it's a high priority alert. And you're the best person to check things out, since, well, you know…." The man adjusted his glasses and moved his gaze around in nonspecific directions to avert his line of sight. Sylvia sighed.

"Right, right, I get it. Okay fine. But I'm coming in late on Monday! Wait, the team meeting is at nine… okay, I'm coming in late on Tuesday!" She stood up from her chair and adjusted her blouse, pulling the dark red garment down over her plump set of melons. The top few buttons on the outfit were undone to make room for her prodigious endowments, as the cups of breastflesh threatened to overflow it at any moment.

"Well that's not really my call to approve but if the boss asks if I know where you are I'll just say you got held up in traffic or something." Sylvia sighed again, placing one arm under her bust as she brushed a lock of hair behind her furry ear. She slid her arms into the sleeve of her jacket as she made her way out of the office, using her tail to smack at her coworker on the way out.

"Fine by me. But don't call me anymore tonight! After this I'm having a personal night!" she said as she left the building to get in her car. The blonde adjusted her pencil skirt as she got in the driver's seat of her cheap, used Toyota, grabbing the brush-tipped tail and sliding it to the side so there was room for her to sit down without crushing her extra appendage. After turning the car on, she flipped through her phone's emails for the message regarding the supposed incident.

"Reports of loud moos, uh-huh, someone was seen sneezing a lot too. Well, seems pretty open and shut, some idiot didn't pay attention in health class." Sylvia began the drive to her destination, sipping occasionally from a bottle of Snapple which had been left in her cup holder from the drive to work. Warm or not, the caffeine and sugar would give her a slight buzz to get through this inspection.

"Alright, looks like the place," she said, confirming the address on her phone after coming across the apartment building. She grabbed her tablet and got out of the car. If there was one good thing about her job, it's that they gave her updated technology so she didn't just have to write all her notes on a clipboard. Sylvia made sure she looked presentable as best as she could, and started to walk up to the front door of the apartment building.

She always disliked going to check on these particular cases. She could do other duties as well; check on break-ins or minor fires, stuff that was relatively simple. Sylvia would just have to look at what was taken, find the cheapest item that fit the owner's requirements, and write them a check. When dealing with the Cowgirl Flu, things got a lot more complicated. Aside from the fact that the person in question was oftentimes too lazy to put up a decent conversation, it was a lot to calculate when it came to figuring out the needs of the sick. They would need a milk pump, time off of work to recover, paperwork in case they wanted to try one of the quick cures (which were ungodly expensive). Then of course, came the inevitable questions about her own figure.

It was a real pain, being cured of stage two Cowgirl Flu. Stage one survivors simply looked like regular, hot women. Possibly nursing ones, depending on their gender before everything started to change for them. But for the few who naturally were able to fight off stage two, there were obvious signs which remained for life. Sure, plastic surgery could theoretically fix things, but that was expensive. Not to mention insurance deemed it 'non-essential', so one had to pay for it out of pocket, not something Sylvia could afford.

It wasn't even her fault that she was exposed to the Cowgirl Flu in the first place. That hadn't been the reason that brought her out to a small home one day, where she'd gotten infected. They had simply had a water leakage and needed someone to assess the damage in their bathroom. Then while Sylvia was checking for mold, she felt this wet slime hit the back of her neck as someone sneezed herself into milkiness, and it wasn't long after that when Sylvia started getting an itch in her nose, and boobs.

Getting the sickness in the first place was bad enough, but then Sylvia had to get even worse and progress to the next stage. She was careful. She stayed away from milk, took out the batteries from her vibrator, and had planned on just taking a nap until she was out of the danger period. It had to be that one time she had a wet dream. More than a decade of sexual thoughts lingering in her head and that night had been the first time she came in her sleep, making her wake up to the sight of four breasts hanging off of her chest. She'd yelled, but only for a few seconds, then her voice turned to moos instead.

Luckily for Sylvia, she was one of the rare people able to combat the flu naturally when it got to that point, removing the second pair of boobs and most of the cow traits as well, just leaving her with the ears and tail. That was a lot harder to deal with. New bras. Adjusting her clothing to fit the tail. Trying to figure out a hairstyle that hid her ears and eventually saying 'screw it' when it didn't look good. It's not like most people paid attention to the ears anyway. Two other things tended to catch people's attention much quicker.

Sylvia looked at the front door, and turned to the list of tenants on the side. She pressed her finger on the button for the resident which called in the report in the first place.

"Hello. My name is Sylvia, I'm from the CDE, I'm here to check on a report you made about someone who may be irresponsibly active while contagious?" She waited for a moment, but there was no answer. She buzzed it again. "Hello? Am I at the right address? Did you or did you not place a distress call?" Again, there was no response. Sylvia was already exasperated and this wasn't helping her mental condition.

"Hm." She pressed a different button. "Hello, is somebody there? I'm not a saleswoman, I'm here because I heard there was somebody who could be sick?" No response there either. Well, they could both be in the bathroom or just out, completely. But there were cars parked nearby. Somebody had to be here. She tried a different button. "Hello?" There was a click of somebody pressing the button to the front door around the time the speaker flicked on.

"-oooo…" was all she heard before the line went dead again. Sylvia looked around and pushed the door open, finding it unlocked. As she opened the door, she realized something that she should have been paying attention to much earlier. Namely, that there was milk flowing on the ground. It had already been sliding out from under the doorframe, but now there was a faster flow coming out, as if it had been backed up behind the door.

"Oh, this isn't good," Sylvia said. She stepped into the milk and into the interior of the building, looking out behind her. The milk was going down the steps of the entranceway already. If this had been a more attentive worker, or at least Sylvia in a better mood, they would have noticed that in addition to the milk pouring out of the building, there was already a separate trail which led out of the building, twin lines of dairy that continually lead away from the apartment.

"Hello?" Sylvia asked. She closed the door behind her pulling it tight to help stem the flow of milk leaking out of it. "Okay, we're going to need a good decontamination of the path and the entranceway. It… oh…" Sylvia looked up to the ceiling. There were several dark spots visible, and as she watched for a moment she could see them spreading across the area over time, slowly moistening the ceiling. There were a few spots where the ceiling was visibly dipping, and in those spots, milk was dripping down. "Great. Just great." She whipped out her tablet.

"Need a level 5 decom, and, at the very least several pumps. Some hazmat suits for people to clean this up, though at the rate milk is coming out of this place I wouldn't doubt that the whole place should be condemned and torn down." After sending her notes to one of her coworkers, she continued on, moving to the first place on the floor. The cowgirl knocked on the door and waited for an answer. "CDE. Please open up." There was no response.

"Well if that's how it's going to be," the woman said, slapping a 'Contaminated' sticker on the door just to be safe. This was obviously a serious outbreak and she needed to be safe. She'd seen Outbreak. Also, it was her job to be attentive and overly safe, but sometimes movies gave great examples of what *not* to do. Then she went to the other room home on this floor and knocked the door.

"Go away! I can't help you!"

"Sir? Sir, I'm with the CDE."

"Oh? Prove it. Prove you're not infected."

"Well, I can't really do that. But shouldn't the fact I'm not mooing be proof?" Sylvia said. The person inside considered this for a moment and went to the door, Sylvia could hear him moving inside. Then she heard the ring of him pressing a button on the apartment intercom. "Haha sir, but please, I'm not some cartoon bird that'll react to a specific sound. Please open the door."

"Okay." Sylvia heard a chain unlocking and the door opened.

"Now please be calm." She put her arm through the door before he slammed it shut. "I've been cured, I'm fine. See?" Sylvia pulled the door open even further and showed off her bust in a professional manner. "Not a drop of leakage. Now, please, could you tell me what on earth has happened here?"

"Not here," the timid man said. Now that Sylvia got a look at him she felt incredible pity for the man, he was obviously a bit paranoid about things like this. He actually had some sort of cloth wrapped around his face to try and prevent infection. "Can we please move somewhere safer?"

"Well, the hallway is quite flooded," Sylvia said, entering his home. "But if you have on some heavy boots and slide your feet to not splash you should be fine."

"I've got something better than that," he said, fashioning himself some protective covers out of plastic bags and cord. Sylvia was mildly impressed by his ingenuity, but she was on a bit of a schedule. "Ah, is there anything else, I should bring I mean?"

Sylvia looked around. She absentmindedly grabbed a stress ball nearby, able to take one without really meaning to as he had several littered around the apartment. She tossed it back and forth in her hands as she considered his question.

"Phone, wallet, keys?"

"Got them all. Except the phone, that's turned off and has the battery out." Sylvia rolled her eyes. "Okay, well let's get you out of here. There's milk flowing outside but it's not everywhere." She opened up his door again, still tossing the stress ball around. She switched to tossing it up in the air and catching it as they moved.

"What's your name?" she asked.

"I'd prefer not to bring up that information until I'm brought to a secluded location." Sylvia sighed, and tossed the ball back up in the air. She underestimated height of the ceiling, and the dense sphere hit the ceiling right in one of the darkest spots. Right as it hit, the man was walking right under it, and he was immediately showered in a mix of milk and plaster.

"Oh god!" he cried, putting up his hands to shield himself from the dairy-filled downpour. "Ptt, pff, it's in my mouth!"

"So close it!" Sylvia said. "Damnit." They would give her a demerit for this, she was sure of it. There was no way to pass off the blame on this one, unless she lied and said she wanted him to bring an umbrella. "Alright. So what's going to happen after being exposed to cowgirl milk is your skin will start to tingle right away. It's definitely more potent than just being around a cowgirl who sneezes, but not as bad as drinking it. You should get to stage one at worst and there's still a chance you won't even get infected at all, but-"

"Mu-muh-miissss, muh, muh, moo, muh, moooo…" Sylvia pulled him out of the way of the hole. Most of the milk had already fallen, but he seemed to be so paralyzed by fear that he wasn't moving away from the last remnants of white coming down on him.

"Hey! Speak to me. What's your name?"

"Muh, muh, Michael, muh, mooooo what's happening?"

"I'm not sure," Sylvia said. That was a lie. She knew exactly what was happening, the symptoms were already starting in the man. The problem was, she didn't understand why they were happening. People didn't progress this quickly. She could already see his body changing to become more feminine. He was already a gangly, thin weed of a human, probably one that didn't eat things prepared by other people. She wouldn't be surprised if he had his own garden inside where he grew his own vegetables. Now he was probably starting to think of nothing but eating grass. "Michael, can you hear me?"

"Y-Yeah," he said, letting out a quiet moan right after. "Muh, moooo…" He pulled his arms up to his chest, which was slowly budding outward. He appeared to be skipping past the sneezing stage and was progressing into a full female cow without even suffering through the more irritating, somewhat painful part of the process. "Achoo!" Sylvia mentally erased that note, but also realized the sneezing could have come out because he was cold from having his clothes covered in milk.

"Michael, stay with me," Sylvia said. "Get out of the milk."

"Right, right…" He sluggishly walked out thanks to her grabbing his shoulders and stayed in place as soon as she let go. Michael then dropped down to the ground with a thud, creating a splash as he sat down in the puddle of milk on the floor. "Feel.. mmooooo, tired all of a sudden." That would be the lethargy creeping in like a sloth covered in liquid fudge that hadn't been heated up.

"Michael, no, get up, get up get up get up," Sylvia said. It was no good, the young man was stuck where he was, groaning as the milk continued to transform his body. She couldn't tell if he had fully transitioned into a woman yet, but his breasts were already plumping up to the size of oranges, with nipples like wine corks poking out of his camo-print shirt. "Michael. Damnit." Sylvia rubbed her forehead, and then moved her hand over to her cow ears, rubbing them softly. It calmed her down, but she never let anybody know that.

"Mooo…." Michael moaned. His hands dropped down into the milk around his thighs, which were expanding and swelling out to stretch his cargo pants. Michael's rear was slowly plumping up, causing him to get lifted up inch by inch. "Is this normoooo…." he groaned. His eyes were glossy and his eyelids were nearly closed all the way. Sylvia gulped as she looked down at the changing man, noting something that was incredibly disconcerting.

"No, that's not normal," Sylvia said, seeing two bulged starting to push out from underneath Michael's original set of breasts. While the top set was already growing to half the size of his head, there was another rack, tiny crabapple-sized tits pushing out, spreading the buttons apart. "You shouldn't be getting into stage two already, you haven't had an orgasm, what the hell…" Sylvia grabbed Michael's hand and pulled the shifting boy up to his smoothed-out legs. She walked back to his apartment and went to open it, but he'd already locked it. "Keys!"

Michael just looked at her, blinking dully a few times. He mooed again, reaching up to one of his swollen boobs and lifted it up a bit.

"T-Teats?" he asked, his voice light like he'd been sucking on a helium-filled balloon.

"No, no, keys," Sylvia groaned. She reached forward and stuck her hand into his cargo pants to try and find Michael's keys. As she was checking out his pockets, she found she needed to amend the gender terms she used to describe Michael, as there was no trace of a bulge remaining behind the fly. "Okay, ah, damn, Michelle I guess? Ah, here's the keys," she said, finding the only remaining bulge in the girl's pants and unlocking Michelle's door. "Get in, get in."

As Michelle was pushed into her own room, she lost her balance, unable to get used to the four ballooning hooters on her chest. She fell onto the couch nearby, ass up in the air. Sylvia got to watch as Michelle pushed her breasts into the sofa, and a tail with a faint brown tip pushed out from the top of the bulky pants.

"Mooo…" Michelle groaned. Her hands went to the sides of her pants and started to shimmy them down as her thighs and butt continued to swell out more into a better, feminine figure. "Muuhhh…. mmm…."

Sylvia was stuck. She didn't know how to progress here. She'd never seen someone change this quickly, even after being exposed to milk like Michael had. It didn't make any sense, time was needed for the Cowgirl Flu to make its way into the person's body. It had to affect their brain chemistry, their genitals, their skin, their mammaries, and more. To see such a drastic change without any sort of extra catalyst, it was unheard of. The researchers were going to have a field day with that, trying to figure out what on earth the issue was with Michelle's physiology.

"Okay, um, think, Sylvia, think," she said, pacing back and forth, one hand cupping her chin. She bit her upper lip and looked at Michelle, who had gone completely bottomless now, and was starting to bust out of her shirt with melons that were almost as big as Sylvia's own. She felt no smug pride over her bust size, considering her origins, but that factoid did concern her quite a bit. There was also the fact Michelle would need to be milked soon or her condition would just get worse, but she didn't have the time to tend to that right now.

"Michelle, I need you to stay here, okay?" Sylvia put her hands on Michelle's chest and squeezed. "And you gotta milk yourself too." The Cowgirl Flu didn't really affect people's minds that much, just made them incredibly lazy. Michelle's extreme level of subservience and lack of understanding about her surroundings seemed to be linked to how fast she grew, her mind was probably saving power by running on low wattage, considering how many calories her body was using up to transform.

"Mooolk moooe?" Michelle asked. Sylvia looked around as she spoke.

"Yes, milk. Milk. Like, uh, here." She found two more of the stress balls the cowgirl had kept around her apartment and held them up near her own chest. "Squeeze, squeeze, squeeze," she said. Michelle's hands reached up and mimicked her motions. "Good?"

"Mooooo…" Michelle's head leaned back a bit as she finally started to milk her chest, causing rivulets of white to eek out of her shirt, which was popping buttons like a child obsessed with bubble wrap. "Yeah, this is good…" she said, her face a perfect expression of contented pleasure. She began greedily massaging her breasts, pulling the nipples with her fingers to make the milk come out and fall onto the couch. It wasn't the best way, but it was good enough for Sylvia right now.

"Okay. I'll be back. Just, just stay here!" she said, pushing her arms in Michelle's direction, as if she hoped she'd spontaneously develop psychic powers that would keep the cow down on the sofa. "Yeah, like that, good…" she said, groaning as she walked to the door. Before stepping out, she checked her watch. "God I'm thirsty…" Knowing that Michelle wouldn't mind right now, she made a quick raid of her fridge, grabbing some water.

"Boxed water… who knew?" she said, gulping it down in a huge chug before making her way out the door. She shut it behind her to make sure Michelle wouldn't get out as soon as she left. "Okay. One floor done. Four more to go." Sylvia put a hand on the railing up to the next floor, and started walking up. She noticed more milk was flowing down the staircase in a larger amount than there was at the front door. When she got to the next floor up, she peered up the staircase and confirmed that the stream of milk got thicker the higher up she looked. There were another two homes on this floor to check. She went to the one on her left first, and as usual, knocked on the door, giving her name and her place of employment.

"Please open up the door," she said. To her gratefulness, the door opened up immediately. "Ah, hello. Sylvia." She extended her hand and a feminine one grasped it, shaking it.

"Hi. Uh, are you here to moo, fix this?" The woman pointed to her full, leaking breasts, which were trapped behind an ill-fitting sports bra, soaking the garment with dairy.

"Well, ah, try to fix it at least. Fix what we can, get you your needed recovery payments and whatnot, I just need to get some info, ask some questions. May I please come in?" Sylvia asked.

"Sure," the woman said, inviting Sylvia inside. The place was very well-kept, with a myriad of sports equipment around, including a treadmill and a set of different weights with a yoga mat placed underneath to cushion any noise from the dumbbells. "Have a seat." Sylvia placed her rear on the couch after lifting up her tail. "Can I get moo something to drink?"

"None for me, thanks," Sylvia replied. "So, first off, how long ago were you first infected?"

"I can't say," the woman said. "I'd been on my treadmill for a good hour or so, moo, just jogging along as normool. It was only after a few minutes of my nipples getting chafed that I realized something was wrong. Moo. Then, I, well, frankly I kept going after that for a while, it just, it felt really good," she said.

"Trust me, I know firsthand what you're going through. But, you're in luck, really, the sensitive nipples are a bit of a pain, yes, but you do only have stage one. You didn't have an orgasm did you?"

"Moo, what?"

"Sorry, I know it's embarrassing to ask, but, if you haven't, good. Stay away from it for at least six hours. Though really I'd recommend avoiding it for at least twelve just to be safe, since you don't know exactly when you started getting the transformation," Sylvia said. As she spoke, she had the woman show off her ID and insurance information so Sylvia could note it down in her tablet. "Let's see." She looked at her checklist of things to go over. She'd been doing this long enough that she had everything memorized, but she liked to double-check.

"Oh, Margaret, do you have any idea how you were infected to begin with?" Sylvia asked. "Did you kiss another infected, or perhaps get sneezed on?"

"I think it's got something to moowith that," Margaret said, pointing out a leak in her ceiling, dripping right near the treadmill. "Didn't notice it until after the fact but my jogging smoothie was a lot milkier than normal. Stupid stuff moost have fallen in my cup," she explained.

"I see," Sylvia said. "That would explain it for sure. It's all throughout the apartment. Is there anywhere you can stay for a while until this gets fixed?"

"Probably, muh, mooo, I can get to a friend's, sleep on their couch until it blows over. It will blow over, right?" Sylvia handed her a pamphlet.

"I'm sure you've heard about the Cowgirl Flu already but, this will give you pretty much all you need to know. Oh! Before I forget, I met one of the neighbors downstairs. Michael? Do you know anyone who could come, uh, pick him up?"

"You learned his name? Then you already know more about him than I do. All his mail came in as 'Resident Resident'..." Margaret said, rolling her eyes.

"I see. Hm, what about the other resident on that floor?"

"Ah, that'd be Janet. We're actually workout buds, so, if she's not there she, moo, probably went for a sprint around the block or something."

"Damn," Sylvia said. "Okay, if you hear her come back please tell her to stay safe and isolated away from any milk and whatnot. Can't risk more infections. I fear what the other floors look like."

"Of course. Hey, who contacted you anyway? I was about to look up the number, didn't really know what I was supposed moo be searching-" Suddenly the door to Margaret's place was opened up even further, and someone came barging in.

"It's about, moo, damn time you got here!"

"Ugh, should have closed the door," Margaret said, rubbing her head.

"Do you know how long it's been since I called this in, moo?"

"Uh, well I was told to come out-"

"Forty-one minutes, and nine seconds. Moo! That is inexcusable for a supposedly professional government agency."

"Please sir, calm down," Sylvia said.

"Oh, sir. Great. Because of some idiot upstairs, now I have to explain moo people 'Oh, sorry, I'm a woman now. I've gotta deal with nails and periods, moo, and Gucci." Sylvia stood up.

"Sir, frankly I don't like your tone," the cowgirl said, stepping towards the former male.

"Well I don't appreciate that they sent out a mootant to fix this problem!" Sylvia's ears twitched, her cheeks turned red, and she had to stop herself from yelling, taking a deep breath through her nose as she pinched the bridge.

"Ugh... " Sylvia took another deep breath. "Sir, please, I understand your frustration. I really do. I mean, look at me. I've been through what you've suffered and more. But that's no reason to yell at me. I'm trying to help, I'm doing my best. If you want to complain, I'll happily give you my manager's information, because he's paid to deal with this kind of stuff, and I'm not." The former man, grumbled, her rage apparently snuffed out. She pointed a finger at Sylvia and uttered out some angry words under her breath which quickly died. Instead, she turned to Margaret, who was distressingly looking at her door, obviously working out a way to fit a new lock on it.

"What about you? How are you fine with this?" she asked. Margaret shrugged.

"I mean, it's a pain yeah. But, no sense complaining about it now. We're milky for a while and then it'll go away. That's it. Besides, according to this pamphlet lethargy is a big symptom and that'd explain why I feel so sluggish right now. I only got through half my miles," she said, motioning to her treadmill.

"It sounds odd but that's generally a good thing. Keeps you where you are, and makes it harder to spread. We'd be in trouble if this flu made people want to move around like some sort of wolbachia. Oh, speaking of, I'm afraid I'll need to confiscate your water bottle," Sylvia said, walking over to the treadmill.

"Oh, right, sure," Margaret said, mooing a bit before clearing her throat. "Not like I'll want to use it after this."

"We can disinfect it for you. Any other parts of the room can be cleaned with simple cleaning supplies as long as you're thorough, but we're probably going to need to do a clean sweep of the whole complex anyway." She turned to the intruder. "Sir, er, ma'am, I mean, sir, I didn't get your name?" Sylvia asked.

"Reginald Perswith, lawyer."

"Of course," Sylvia said. "I would recommend vacating the premises for the time being. No huge rush, but, I'd try and clear out in the next fifteen minutes or so. The milk seems to be building up quite a bit." She gathered Reginald's contact information, simple, given he had a business card, and nodded her head for Margaret.

"Again, I apologize for this. We do have a support group that meets on Mondays and Thursdays if either of you are interested. Information is available on the back of the info pamphlets." Reginald snatched one out of her hand before she could properly offer it to her.

"Moo, I'll definitely be going here, and likely, moo find some people who'd be happy to work together on a class-action law-moot!"

"Again sir…. that's fine, but we have other people in the company who deal with that." Reginald huffed and walked off back to her apartment. Once she left, Sylvia turned to Margaret, smiling. "I really appreciate you being understanding about all of this," she said, having her cow tail wave around lazily.

"Hey it's not your fault," Margaret said. "Moo…" She shook her head. "Damnit, I better pack up quick before I feel like slipping into a nap instead."

"Good idea. I'll check out the other floors. Five floor apartment, right?" Margaret nodded. "Let's hope it doesn't go all the way to the top…" she mumbled, stepping out of the apartment and making her way upstairs. Again, she noticed how the flow was even richer here, and the smell of dairy was growing stronger. In this case, she was thankful cowgirl milk didn't sour, otherwise the smell would be quite rancid. Still, her nostrils were invaded by how much the stairwell smelled of dairy.

When she reached the third floor, she heard a loud series of moos almost immediately. It appears the walls were a bit thinner up here. Either that, or the people suffering from the flu simply had bigger lungs. Either way, it gave her a big clue on which door she should open first, and went to the left side, where the moos originated. Sylvia knocked a few times, but didn't get an answer. Frustrated, she knocked again, three times in a row.

"Hello!" she yelled, trying to get the attention of the people inside. "Please open up!"

"Oh shit," she heard from inside. The woman had to wait for a few moments as she heard rustling inside. After a while, the door opened up, revealing two cowgirls inside. The first thing Sylvia noticed was the four breasts on each of them, indicating that they were at stage two, but had yet to cross over into stage three. The second thing Sylvia noticed was a peculiar odor that wafted out of the room and hit her in the face, making her eyes wince.

"Uh, sorry, officer. Was there uh, moo, like, a noise complaint or something?" one of the cows said, her blonde hair long enough to reach the nipples of her first set of large, leaky breasts.

"Yeah uh, cuz, um, that's all we were doing was makin' noise. No like…. anything going on here. Just… yeah. Stuff," the other added. Sylvia gave both of them a once-over. The more spaced-out of the two had short red hair, and had apparently gotten dressed in a hurry. She had on a pair of women's stretch pants, but she'd put them on backwards, so the word 'Tasty' was across her pussy. A pussy that, judging by the bit of moisture Sylvia could see, had put the pants' label to the test. The other one simply had on a long t-shirt, one that probably used to belong to her boyfriend, before he'd become the quad-breasted cow speaking to her right now.

"Oh lord." Sylvia had a tough time recognizing the smell at first. It was familiar, yet, distant. It reminded her of college, and how her roommate would always put a tampon in the door when she was doing something important. Her room always smelled like this too. "Listen, I'm not here to bust on you for your illicit activities, I have much more important matters to discuss."

"Uh…. what?" the redhead said, snickering. "No, man, we're fine in here. Mooo, no incest activities."

"Illicit activities!" Sylvia clarified. She smacked her head and walked in. "Cowgirl stoners. Fantastic. You're not going to remember anything, are you?"

"Nah, we ran out of cheetos."

"Fine," Sylvia said, sitting down on a couch after wiping away several crumpled up snack cake wrappers. "Okay, I'm not sure how long you two have been this way, do you have any clue? How about this, let's start with telling me what you've been doing for the last, say, hour and a half?"

"Uh, hehe, well, started off nothing special. But then we did mostly cowgirl and reverse cowgirl. Thought it'd moo, be like, ironic, you know?"

"Wait, wait wait, so, not only did you recognize that you had transformed into cowgirls, but you then proceeded to engage in sexual intercourse?"

"Uh, well we were already mooing it," the blonde said. "And didn't wanna stop. Bed was already messy and junk so some milk wasn't gonna make it worse. Plus, it like, gave me a way better excuse to use that strap-on mooy friend got me for-"

"Done. Don't wanna hear it," Sylvia said. "I gather info, but that's too much."

"You sure?" the redhead asked. "I mean I think we got a camera up there too if you wanna see how it happened. We were just like, laying in bed when it happened, so it must have come from the roof."

"Ceiling."

"See what?" both cowgirls asked, looking up at the ceiling.

"I…" Sylvia sighed. "Can you just grab your IDs and give me your phone numbers so I can do my job, please?"

"Yeah, moo, sure, no problem man."

"I'm a woman, please. I, I kind of thought that'd be obvious," Sylvia said. "No matter. Thanks for your support. That video will actually be useful evidence for the others, to see how quickly the milk affected you both. Where is it?" she asked.

"Ah, up in the corner," the former male said, pointing to a spot in the bedroom. Sylvia nodded, seeing the camera quite easily. She pulled a chair up to the corner so she could stand up something and looked to see how it was attached.

"Hm, actually, I'll ask you to remove it, I don't want to mess up your wall."

"Sure, sure," the cow said. She hummed to herself as she went over and stood up on the chair to take the camera off. "I think it like, slid out over the top or something?" She grabbed the sides of the device and pulled on it. This proceeded to yank the unit off of the wall as it had been incredibly soaked by milk raining down from above, and possibly some milk shot up from below as well. "Wha-moo!" she yelped as she fell backwards onto the bed, camera in hand. A series of splintered cracks appeared in the ceiling, and as pieces fell onto the bed, more milk poured down through the cracks and covered the stage two female. After a few seconds of the milk absorbing into her skin, Sylvia groaned in frustration and worry as she saw the growing bulge of an udder underneath the cowgirl's stretch pants, signifying the change into a stage three cowgirl.

"Ohhh moooo…." she groaned, dropping the camera onto the side of her bed. Sylvia rushed over and grabbed it before it could be moistened by the milk on the bed. She then proceeded to smack her face in distress, pulling her eyelashes, nose, and lips as far down as they could go while she slowly dragged her hand south. There was no point in trying to pull the redhead out of the soaked bed. Once it started, there was no stopping it. "Moooo…"

"Damnit," Sylvia said, grabbing the transforming cow by the shoulders and shaking her. "Hey! Listen, if there's anything you need to say to your girlfriend, you better say it now!"

"Mooo," the girl said, turning her head towards the long-haired blonde who was staring with a slightly more lucid expression. "Babe, moo… don't forget, we have like, moo ounces of Jungle Boogie under the sink." Sylvia managed to hold herself back from facepalming again, instead just shaking her head and making sure the other cowgirl stayed back. She didn't need three stage three transformations on her conscience. One was bad enough. Sylvia could actually hear four 'pops' as the teats on the redhead's udder pushed out through the stretch pants, pulling them to their limits. The cowgirl was already starting to squeeze her breasts, which had doubled their milk production rate, and would soon reach a point where they were never-ending. She'd have to be moved to a location where she could be pumped constantly, and her other needs could be sated, providing her with a healthy, vegetarian diet.

"Alright, everyone out! Head downstairs, do NOT leave this building, understood? This room is officially too dangerous for you to stay in," Sylvia said, turning to the redhead. She grabbed the blonde, even though she wasn't finished her transformation yet. But, it would be easier to move her while her boobs were still their current size. Once all four grew to an engorged state to better fit the amount of milk she'd be creating, it would be harder to move her. "Do NOT touch her, either, understood? And do NOT have any more orgasms! Jeez I thought they taught this in like, fourth grade, nowadays," she mumbled.

"Right, right, right. Right, right. Right," the blonde stoner said, looking to her dazed girlfriend. Sylvia couldn't help but feel bad about this whole situation. Since the redhead would need special attention, being in a relationship would be difficult. Unless the blonde let herself turn into a stage three as well and they could be roomed together…

"Don't do that either!" Sylvia commanded.

"Uh, don't do what?" the cowgirl asked.

"Oh, uh, nothing, nothing, here, come on," Sylvia said, ushering them out of the door. She took the video camera and placed it in the sink so any milk that remained on it would fall onto the container. Sylvia sighed as she looked back at the wreck of a room, and left right after the two drug-addled cows left. She couldn't believe this was only the halfway point of this apartment! How much worse could it get? Sylvia got her answer when she went to the opposite room and knocked on the door.

It actually went perfectly fine. The woman was a stage two as well, but she quickly handed Sylvia her contact information, grabbed her personal possessions, and walked downstairs in a hurry. The whole affair took less than three minutes, and Sylvia couldn't help but smile at the simplicity of it. Maybe she'd gotten all the difficult tenants out of the way. with a grin on her face, she walked upstairs, now splashing in milk which was very close to seeping into her shoes. Sylvia checked her tablet to check that her backup was still coming, and it seemed they'd gotten caught up in traffic. Fantastic. She'd be at this alone for a while yet. She'd probably have the whole house done before anybody else arrived.

"Alright, let's do this," Sylvia said, filled with a renewed drive to get this work over with. When this was done, she was going to head to her favorite bar and get so drunk that people would inevitably make cracks about her tits filling up with Moo Thunder Stout beer. She walked forward, about to go to the left room, when she saw the door was open. Curious, she went inside. Maybe they'd left in a frenzy, or perhaps one of the two pot smokers from earlier lived here. The woman looked around and didn't see anybody inside, which was quite unusual.

"Hm, that's probably not good," she said. Her stomach rumbled as she was feeling a bit hungry. She'd be grabbing some nachos to go with her beer, that's for sure. "Damnit. Hopefully there's someone in the other apartment." Sylvia exited the apartment, closing the door behind her for the sake of cleanliness. Not like it made much difference at this point but, she did try to be professional. It was her job on the line, after all.

"Any...one… this one too?" Sylvia found that the opposite room was also open, although the door was much more ajar than the other one had been, as if whoever opened it had been in a hurry. "Hello? Is anyone present? If you're gathering your personal items so we can leave, do try and hurry up, I've already had to vacate several people from your rooms and this place is so soaked that I'm going to recommend relocating to a lower floor as soon as possible."

That's when Sylvia heard her reply and she started running in response. It hadn't been just one moo, or two moos. Sylvia had heard them enough times to know the difference in loudness when multiple bovine calls were made at once. This apartment had been empty as well, but now she knew where they were. Sylvia jogged up the stairs, not caring about the milk which splashed into her shoes and started to make her socks wet.

"Oh this can't be good, oh this can't be good," she muttered to herself as she reached the top floor of the apartment. The short trot had winded her a bit, but only because she was severely worried now. When she saw the sight in the middle of the hallway, a gasp was forced into her, and she managed to get some air back into her lungs. "For the love of all that is holy, stop!"

But that didn't stop, and it was clear why. The two cowgirls in front of her obviously had no mental capacity to stop what they were doing anymore. Initially, it had been hard for Sylvia to make out exactly what was going on, because the pile in front of her was such a lump of squishy flesh that it had been hard to make out where one cowgirl began and another ended. After a moment to check her vision, Sylvia determined there were only in fact two cowgirls in the hallway, but they were doing the absolute worst thing a cowgirl could be doing. If they'd been going at this for a while, it would explain how they were both stage threes.

One was on top of the other, and with them both having long, black hair, she had no way of even guessing whether they'd been men, women, or something in between before they transformed. It didn't matter now, they were quad-breasted, lactating cowgirls who had two huge columns of milky teats between them. Each breast was the size of a medicine ball, and Sylvia wagered each one was just as heavy as well. At least, for the brief moment it was full of milk. The two cows kept pushing into each other so hard that it was a rhythmic pumping of dairy flowing out of them. There were no thin streams of milk either, each squirt of milk was at least an inch in diameter, shooting out of the breasts to add to the flood being created on this floor.

The eight breasts in the middle of the cowgirls kept fighting for space. There simply wasn't enough room for the enormous, pale breasts which kept flopping around without any hope of stopping. They were so slippery with milk that it would have been impossible for the cowgirls to squeeze them, but they tried anyway, feebly reaching down with their hands to try every now and then. Despite their obvious desire to grope, nothing came of it, just some light slaps and more jostling to be had. They didn't ever care whose breast they touched. At this point they probably couldn't tell the difference anyway.

All of that was bad enough for Sylvia to nearly hyperventilate with shock. But, there was something even worse about this situation. The fact that one cow was on top of the other meant there were two likely positions. Either they were face-to-face, sloppily making out with each other and licking milk off of one another's faces as it shot out from between them, or, they were in a position which would normally be called 69ing. However, with both girls having four tits and an udder to press against their partner, Sylvia could only describe it as 6889ing, to account for the additional bulges in the equation.

Drinking cowgirl milk was a no-no. That should have been ingrained into their heads. All the stuff they pumped out of stage threes was either used for research purposes, or was carefully treated and disposed of. But it never went into the public, even though the scientists who were much smarter than Sylvia insisted that more than 99% of the milk they treated was sanitized. Nobody wanted to take that chance.

But, here these numbskulls were, drinking from each other like they'd been stranded in the Gobi Desert, and were trying to make up for days without any liquid. There must have been gallons pouring into their stomachs. If they were actually able to swallow all they were sucking, it would have been even more. But, the flow from the udders was so great that each time they pulled milk into their mouths, half of it just overflowed their lips, flowing down the sides of their feminine faces. It was a slow process as well, but each bit of milk they drank meant their assets were getting bigger. Sylvia had no clue how much still had to be processed, but she knew even if she stopped them now, their breasts and udders would still be working on turning the dairy into bigger curves for them both.

"Oh for-" Sylvia ran over and resisted every urge she had to just kick the top one off of the one on the bottom. She wasn't even sure what to do with them at this point, there was no lucidity in them now, caught in this milk-frenzy. Neither of them had any clothes on either, so there wasn't any way she could make them decent. "Stop stop stop stop," she repeated, bending low and pushing over the top one.

"Mulllgh…" she groaned, her mouth still mostly filled with milk despite being detached from the source of her drink. She reached out with grabby hands as Sylvia rolled her over onto her back, eventually grabbing the ample breasts of the frazzled woman.

"Ya! Hey, hands off!" she said, stepping over the bottom cowgirl as she pulled the woman's hands off of her chest. "Tch, damnit," she muttered, noticing that one squeeze had affected her bust enough that one of the buttons had popped off. However, once that thought hit Sylvia's head, she was struck with extreme panic. She stepped away from the cowgirls and placed her hands back on her own chest. She cupped them for a full minute, breathing softly to minimize how much they moved. After a while, she confirmed they hadn't grown at all, the cowgirl who grabbed her simply had no regard for her clothing. Breathing a sigh of relief, Sylvia went back to brainstorming how she could take care of these cows.

The milk-crazed bovines were already lifting up their massive boobs and spraying milk right into their mouths, to continue their desire to fill their bodies with more of the sweet white stuff. She needed to find a way to stop them, somehow.

"Uhhh, come on Sylvia, think, think, think," she said, jabbing one of her temples with a three-fingered attack. "Oh!" Sylvia began to run back downstairs. She hadn't closed the second room she visited, so it was still open. She ran to the bedroom and clenched her fists in a sign of preemptive victory as she saw the sheets on the bed. She pulled them both off; the fitted sheet that went over the mattress, and the regular sheet on top. Then she got back to the top floor as soon as she could and looked at the two bloated cows.

"Okay. Sorry to do this, girls, but it's for your own good." The cows were so dazed and sluggish that they didn't put up much of a fight as Sylvia got to work on tying them both up. It was a difficult task. She had to bind their hands, obviously, so they couldn't squeeze themselves or undo the bindings. Then she realized, she needed to stop them from walking as well, lest they go downstairs and make things worse for the people who weren't so bad-off. Of course, she had to stop them from drinking as well, so she needed to gag the two to finish the job. "Oof, this sucks," she said. Remembering how it looked when a friend from work sent her a video from a rodeo, she hogtied herself a couple of cows.

"Okay, there's that," she said. It probably wasn't the most comfortable position, being on their bellies so their leaking breasts and udder pressed into the ground. Actually, Sylvia reconsidered that, and figured they probably would enjoy it regardless. Not that they'd be able to express it, as once she'd done their limbs behind their back, she used the excess material from the sheet to stuff their mouths and then wrap a gag around them. "I swear if one of the cleanup crew makes a bondage joke at me," she muttered as she tied off the gag around the second cowgirl. She stepped back and admired her handiwork. The cows couldn't move, moo, or drink. The best they'd be able to do, if they thought of it, would barely do anything at all. That'd be to press their mouths against the puddle of milk on the ground, and hope it seeped through the sheet, a process that would take some time and barely give them anything worth swallowing.

"Okay. Christ on a cracker that was annoying," Sylvia said, wiping a bead of sweat off of her forehead. If these two came from downstairs, it meant the tenants on this floor were still unaccounted for. The mooing which had been emanating from one of the apartments had been echoing in her head for minutes now, but she'd blocked it out for the sake of the two cowgirls hogtied and pushed against the hallway walls. There was something bad going on in that apartment. She heard at least three different moos repeating over and over. Unless someone was playing a cruel joke and had left a tape recorder of moos to taunt her, she was in for a rough ride. Sylvia took a deep breath and charged in, looking around for something which was probably going to upset her greatly.

The milk flow in this room was intense. It was like Sylvia had stepped into a log flume ride at a waterpark. It was halfway up her calves at some points, and she had to follow it to lead her to the source. Sylvia bit her lip as she turned the corner and found a sight that made her fall back onto her rear, splashing milk everywhere.

What she saw before her were four cowgirls. But, only one of them made any sort of sense to her; and that was another stage three, like the ones she'd tied up and left outside in the hall. This one had long, chocolate-colored hair which was covering up a shapely ass, so bulbous that it must have belonged to a woman with a lot of junk in the trunk before she had transformed into the bovine Sylvia saw before her. She was squatting on top of her udder, riding it like a bouncing ball and letting milk splatter onto the floor with each bounce. But, apart from the oversized ass, everything about the cowgirl was something she expected to see, though maybe not after seeing several stage threes in less than an hour.

No, it was the other three cowgirls that distressed her to no end. There were two on either side of the stage three she saw, and Sylvia could make that distinction because these two had evolved beyond stage three. She'd never heard of this before, let alone seen anything like it. Now there were two standing in front of her. The sight was horrifying to Sylvia, but she had a feeling it would be incredible to others.

The one on the right had a short length of soft brown hair, and a pair of glasses hung askew from her face, which eventually fell off as her head bobbed back and forth, sucking the udder of her opposite. The udder she was sucking on was gigantic. One of the biggest Sylvia had ever seen, and she could only say 'one of the biggest' because the short-haired cowgirl had a massive, ankle-reaching udder as well, and the woman couldn't tell which one was bigger. It was ridiculous though, each udder could have held enough milk to stock a bakery for a day, maybe two, with teats thicker than soda cans and long enough to plug up a hole in a dam if the need was there. Of course, any hole plugged by a nipple would soon find itself flooded with more milk anyway, so that was a poor choice of a blockage.

But, the udders on the two cowgirls weren't the only things out of the ordinary. It was easier to see on the one on the left, who had the torn remnants of a hoodie attached to her back and arms, leaving her torso exposed. A torso that was somehow carrying six breasts. Not four, six. That meant between the two cows that was four breasts too many! To make things worse, they were constantly producing milk. Not just producing it, gushing it. Flowing out like a broken faucet, filling the room with delicious, sweet-smelling milk. There was so much around Sylvia she feared she'd drown in it. It was everywhere, it even seemed to fill the air with how much of it there was, and the fact only a few cows had made this much horrified her. But, then she paid closer attention to the hierarchy of cowgirls on display here, and things made more sense. The stage three was drinking from one of the breasts of the short-haired cow, who was partaking of the udder from the hoodie-wearing stage four.

But, that girl, who Sylvia had now confirmed as being bigger than the other stage four, was drinking the milk of another cowgirl. However, her expression was different. The gazes of the other drinking girls were lustful, nothing but sex and drinking on the brain, obviously. This wasn't the case with the hoodie-wearing cow, although she was clearly horny as well. No, there was something else in her eyes. Something that looked like reverence, of all things. Like the eyes of a mad cultist who had fallen in love with their leader, this cowgirl lapped up milk from the other cowgirl like it was holy ambrosia, looking like she was honored to be selected for this task. It was easy to see why, because the figure that stood behind the other three cowgirls was quite literally godlike in stature.

Sylvia wasn't sure where to begin. Her breasts, her hair, her udder, her rear, everything on her body seemed humongous. Oversized, so big it boggled her mind to try and figure out how the cowwoman was even still standing. Cowwoman really seemed like the only thing she could call her, this was someone who had transcended the moniker of 'cowgirl'. She stood more than eight feet tall, absolutely towering over the other cows, even the one who was standing up straight. It was clear why she needed that extra height as well, even with it, the cow's hair was so rich and long it was like several curtain lengths had been stitched into her scalp and trailed behind her, pooling on the surface of the milk behind her.

Milk, which Sylvia now realized, had to largely come from this cow. There were so many teats on this cowwoman that she could have easily produced as much milk as the other three, if not more. Atop her torso were eight breasts, arranged in a perfect set of columns, though they weren't resting in equal spots on her torso. There was simply not enough room for them all to fit properly if they tried to rest on top of each other. So, each of the mounds squished and jiggled across each other, fighting for space to create an insane cluster of cleavage. Each breast was bigger than an overinflated beachball, so big that the cowwoman wouldn't have been able to wrap her arms around even one of her own breasts, though if she could do such a thing, squeezing it would likely let out ten gallons of milk at a time. Not like there needed to be more milk pushed out at this point. Her nipples were obscenely big, a little less than double the width of paint cans, but more than twice as tall. Far too big to suck on, which is why her number-one follower had resorted to just licking what came out. For if the stage fours leaked like broken faucets, this marvel shot out milk like a waterfall, sending a crazy cascade of dairy down her front at all times.

But, even with eight breasts producing milk at a rate a dairy farm could only dream of achieving, they didn't compare to the cowwoman's udder. It was clear why she had grown the feet in height. Even with the extra girth in her lower body, the udder was still pushing into the ground. If she had remained at her original height she'd be undoubtedly immobilized by the gigantic mass of flesh between her legs. Her udder had even grown extra teats as well; eight teats to match the eight tits up top, only these were thinner and longer to keep them differentiated from the breasts she had gained. The cowwoman happily squished it between her legs every few seconds to make it jiggle and quiver, pushing out stronger streams of milk from the teats. She was absolutely huge.

The cowwoman wasn't just a monstrous, curvaceous woman in the normal parts either. The breasts and udder were somewhat expected, but Sylvia was also thrown off by the fact that this cowwoman also had a rear which surpassed her lesser cow's bust sizes. She possessed a magnanimous, wobbly rear that stuck out several feet behind her, attached to hips so wide they wouldn't be able to get through the door, and thighs that were each twice as wide as her torso. There was so much breastflesh blocking Sylvia's sight, that she couldn't see much of the cowwoman's face to see if there were any other changes there. But, eventually, the milky monstrosity bent down a bit, and Sylvia could see a plush set of kissers attached to her face as well, as thick and soft as bananas, yet as pink as the proud udder she carried.

"This is impossible," Sylvia muttered, scooting backwards in the milk she'd fallen into. "How, how did it get this bad?!" This was more than just getting transformed into a cow-human hybrid, her entire body had been sexified, turned into a voluptuous caricature of a cow who seemed to inspire the other bovines around her. That must have been how the others got to where they were, and why the stage three on the floor had come to join in on the fun. What was also odd to Sylvia was the degree of autonomy this cowwoman seemed to have. She was only mooing, but she seemed oddly in control of herself. Her eyes weren't glazed over, and she wasn't just sitting back and basking in her own milk. Even now she motioned to the stage three below her and then pointed to herself, nodding. The stage three pulled her mouth off of the nipple she'd been enjoying, leaving a trail of saliva, and moved closer to the cowwoman. Sylvia couldn't believe what happened next.

It just took a few gulps. That was it. The cowgirl stuck her face right in the cowwoman's udder for a few seconds, indulging in her milk, and that was all it took before Sylvia saw her udder swelling up, and breastflesh pushing out from her sides to make room for a new rack underneath her existing pairs. That milk was incredibly potent stuff, and Sylvia had no clue whether it worked because that (former) stage three had already ingested so much milk, or if this cowwoman's dairy was such a virulent strain of Cowgirl Flu that it accelerated the sickness at a rapid pace.

"Where in the name of all that is holy is the backup already?!" Sylvia said to herself as the new stage four continued to drink. She seemed to struggle with it after a while, as if the milk was so potent and pure that she was getting intoxicated off of it. The cow was only able to suckle a few more times before she had to pull away, and satisfied her cravings by rubbing her face against the silky-soft texture of the leader's udder. Even after seeing all the evidence before her, it was still hard for Sylvia to comprehend that these cows had developed some sort of hierarchy, declaring this ultimate example of a cow-human hybrid as their ruler. They'd all come up to her, as well, instead of her going down and seeking them all out. It reminded her of a book she'd read when she was younger, about different types of parasites. Some would infect snails, and force the snail to climb to the highest point of grass it could reach, then make its eye flash random colors in order to attract a cow, so it could be eaten. Maybe this was similar? It had chosen the highest point in the apartment to bring others to it by letting its milk cascade down below? No, the research done on the Cowgirl Flu hadn't shown anything like that, it had just been a simple virus, that's all. Nothing so sinister. Until now, anyway.

"Alright, I need to report this immediately," Sylvia said, standing up, the milk past her ankles by several inches. Just before she could reach for anything to call her employers, she felt a chill in the air, and it had nothing to do with the milk soaking into her feet.

"Moo." The call was deep, bovine, but still carried an air of sultriness to it. Sylvia gulped and looked at the stage five, and noticed that the other three had stopped worshipping her. Now they were all staring right at her. The lesser cows turned to the leader for a brief moment, and the cowwoman smiled. "Moo moo," she intoned, grasping her breasts as best as she could. This was a difficult task to do, and she barely grabbed a fraction of her titflesh. But she still squeezed them handily, enjoying her own ministrations as she licked her plump, inflated lips. Then her tail whipped around the shoulder of her supposed second-in-command, and the brush tip seemed to stiffen for a moment in Sylvia's direction. "Moooooo~"

The other three smiled, and started to stretch as they stood up straighter, showing off the full extent of their squishiness. Everything they did just oozed eroticism, from the way they moaned from their motions, to the way those motions caused every inch of their body to jiggle enticingly. Sylvia started to back away as softly as she could, not lifting up her feet so her splashing was limited. But then the cowgirls started to set upon her. Sylvia turned quickly and moved to the door, thankfully it was still open. Unfortunately, the two cowgirls she had left out in the hallway had begun to crawl on their bellies and breasts, supposedly to get help. So right as Sylvia was about to breach the doorway, one of them entered her line of sight. In an attempt to stop herself from hurting someone she still considered a victim of circumstance, Sylvia diverted her path. This slight detour gave the smallest of her chasers enough time to grab Sylvia by the sleeve of her jacket.

"Ahh! No no no no!" she cried. Thinking fast, Sylvia used one hand to swiftly undo the buttons on her jacket, so she could slip out of it, leaving the cow holding nothing but an empty, black jacket. Sylvia wanted to take a moment to gloat, but there obviously wasn't enough time. She just had to get down these stairs as fast as possible. Sylvia grabbed both handrails and moved her way down, but had to stop halfway when she saw a familiar, yet unexpected sight. Considering all the cows she'd seen today, it would have been a bit tricky to differentiate one from the other, but the camo-print that remained in tatters around her let Sylvia know the figure encroaching on her was Michelle, the paranoid from the first floor. "Damnit, why are you coming up here?!" She yelled.

The blonde bit down on her lip as she looked around. The cows were still coming for her. She couldn't go down with Michelle in the way. But, the other room, maybe? Sylvia ran inside and closed the door behind her, turning the lock. The woman let out a sigh of relief, wiping her moist, milky hands on her scarlet blouse.

"Thank god for that," she said, taking a few deep breaths. Sylvia turned around and sat down on the nearest couch to calm down for a bit. She leaned her head back and closed her eyes, and then felt something heavy land on her thighs, nearly making her yelp out in pain. "Ow! What the-" Sylvia opened her eyes to see the glasses-wearing cow from the other room had sat down on her lap, giving her bedroom eyes. Or, more appropriately, milking room eyes. "Nngh! Where'd you come from?" She muttered, already feeling her blouse get soaked with the cow's milk, as four breasts worth of dairy shot out at her without abandon. "Get offa me!" She cried, pushing her hands towards the offending bovine. Considering the cowgirl was heavily comprised of milky flesh at this point, all Sylvia's hands did was force more milk out onto her chest.

"Mooooooo!" The cow said happily, moaning as Sylvia accidentally milked her more. She grabbed Sylvia's hands and kept them close to her chest to encourage Sylvia to continue.

"No! Listen! You're sick, I'm going to help you!" Sylvia said.

"Moo!" To the cow, 'help' and 'milk' clearly were one and the same, so she pushed her chest closer to Sylvia, until the blonde could feel the top set of breasts pushing up under her chin.

"No, not like this, gah," Sylvia groaned out another complaint about her situation. She was beyond exhausted at this point. All this running around, dealing with cows, now she was being assaulted by one… it had worn her down something fierce. "Just, nngh, get, off of me!" Sylvia squeezed as hard as she could and twisted, like she was trying to yank the top off of a stubborn, old bottle. Then, with as much strength as she could muster, Sylvia managed to push the cow off while she was distracted by the tweak to her nipples.

"I'm free!" Sylvia yelled, running towards the door. She unlocked it, pulled it open, and ran facefirst into the cleavage of the hoodie-wearing cow. "I'm doomed…"

"Mooo-oo," her captor said as she wrapped her arms tightly around Sylvia. The woman tried to struggle, but her breath was soon squeezed out of her like she was a tube of toothpaste, and the cow was trying to get the last bit of mint out of her. All the cow succeeded in doing was busting one of the buttons on Sylvia's blouse thanks to the extra force applied to her bosom. A bosom that usually would be seen in quite large but had been outsized quite handily as of late. "Moo moo?" the cow asked, planting a wet kiss on Sylvia's forehead.

"No! No moo moo!" Sylvia yelled back.

"Moo~" came the sultry voice of the glasses-wearing cow from behind Sylvia, who came up behind the two of them and squeezed Sylvia even tighter, trapping her in a sandwich where she was the meat. She didn't care for this sandwich at all. Too much bread for too little filling. Now Sylvia could barely even move, and her breaths were getting more shallow as she was pressed from both ends. Not to mention she was absolutely soaking wet from neck to toe.

"Hahhhh, please, let go of me," she groaned, wiggling around a little. All that proceeded to do was wedge her more firmly into the breasts in front of her, while the cow behind her situated her udder more firmly between Sylvia's thighs.

"Mooooo," came the deep voice of the leader cow. Sylvia gulped as she was suddenly surrounded from the sides as well. On the left was the lesser, newer cowgirl, and on the right was the gigantic, milk-drenched cowwoman who towered over her. Now Sylvia's blonde tresses became doused in milk as well, as a shower of dairy fell upon her from the multiple breasts above her. Sylvia tried tilting her head to the side, but the leader grabbed her head. She was somewhat gentle about it, and Sylvia wondered what she was doing, until she felt the cow grab her ears.

"H-Hey!" Sylvia muttered as the white-skinned woman fondled her ears, moving from one to the other. Then she reached her arm deep into the prison of milk and boobage that Sylvia was stuck in and grabbed her tail as well, fingering it inch by inch until she got to the tip at the end. "Nnngh, stop it, please," she cried out.

"Moo, moo!" The woman sounded pleased by what she found. A gaggle of moos broke out around Sylvia, a sound which seemed to echo around Sylvia's head. She winced and closed her eyes, the cow cacophony was almost too much to bear. "Moo moo moo. Moo moo. Moooooo. Moo moo. Moo! Moo?"

"Moo." "Mooooo." "Moo. Moo!"

Sylvia had no clue what just transpired, but it probably wasn't good. The probability of it being anything which she would consider helpful was less than one percent. That percentage lowered even further down to decimal points when the cow in front of her started to unbutton her blouse, and the one behind her shimmied her skirt off of her.

"Hey! No, I will report this!" Sylvia said. She was counting the seconds until backup arrived. She was going to give them such a thrashing that any tree in the vicinity better beware that she wouldn't rip it out and use it to strike them. "Hahh, nngh, get off me, nngh, damnit," she cried, as she was soon left in nothing but her underwear, with a small hole made in the back to make room for her tail. Sylvia shivered. Now that she was nearly naked, all the milk which was assaulting her body was making her feel cold. "Huhhuhuhh…. S-stop," she muttered.

She was suddenly warmed up quite a lot by the cows all moving in closer, wrapping their arms around each other and covered Sylvia in a huge blanket of comforting body heat. Even the milk which continued to surround her body seemed to get warmer, though she knew that was impossible. Sylvia gulped, still trying to find a way to get out of here. But there was so little room to maneuver. Even her hands could barely reach anywhere helpful. In fact, they seemed to have less room than they did a few seconds ago.

"H-Hey! Back off!" Sylvia said, taking as deep a breath as she could. She needed to conserve her breath now, as she realized the cows were descending on her like closing walls in a horror movie. She could feel their breasts trying to touch each other, flattening out around her body and covering every contour of her form with sopping wet flesh. The only place of her body which could conceivably get any sort of room was her lower legs, and that only lasted as long as it took for the leader to push and shove her massive, floor-dragging udder between the group of giggling cowgirls.

"Hahhh, god, why's it so hot all of a sudden?" Sylvia muttered, feeling herself sweat a bit as her body was surrounded more and more by soft flesh from all sides. Her breasts were squished between the two rows of the girl in front of her, and her tail was somehow wrapped around the back one's udder. Her arms were pinned between the columns of boobs from both sides, while the leader's udder proved malleable enough to squish around Sylvia's feet and legs, warming them even though they were still damp from the milk. "Nnngh, feels… muggy…" The heat and moisture was creating a swamp effect around Sylvia, making her lightheaded and sleepy. The blonde groaned, feeling her breaths get shorter.

Then, the leader leaned forward just enough that her breasts touched Sylvia's head. The woman was too exhausted to fight back at this point, and could only stand there as cleavage engulfed her head like a venus flytrap eating its prey. Sylvia just groaned, her voice getting softer and softer as her vision was slowly impaired by breastflesh dripping over her head like pancake batter. The sound of moos around her became muted as her ears were covered, and Sylvia managed one last breath before her mouth was surrounded by the leader's boobs as well. The blonde took several shallow breaths as she took stock of her situation, or at least what little her brain could process at this point. All she saw was total blackness, and all she felt was total softness. Then, Sylvia passed out, the heat and softness lulling her into a false sense of safety which forced her body into unconsciousness.

Sylvia didn't know how much time had passed when she woke up. The floor underneath her was unfamiliar, and it took her a moment to realize it was a medical stretcher. That would explain that small, yet dense blanket placed over her. She was grateful for that, to make sure her body was covered up. Sylvia gulped and felt her throat was oddly dry.

"Water… please," she whispered.

"Oh you're awake!" Came a male voice, one she recognized. "Here." A plastic cup of crushed ice and water was placed in front of her. Sylvia lifted her head and took a sip, which evolved into a huge gulp. "How are you feeling?"

"Hot, embarrassed, annoyed," she said, rubbing her forehead. "Nn… Craig, right?"

"Yeah, and you're Sylvia, according to your reports. You made good notes, gave us a lot to work with. The cleanup crew is running through right now. We managed to get the stage ones and stage twos out. So not a single one was uninfected, huh?" Sylvia blushed, and turned her head away.

"One was, but I messed that up… he, well, she's probably up there having a huge moo orgy right now. Oh god, I was surrounded by them, what happened to me?"

"Well, when our hazmat crew went in, they went up top first based on your messages, since that was the problem area. They, well, like you said, they found a huge amount of cows in a huge milk-fest. Six or seven I think they said. I was downstairs working on getting the others out. Eventually they-" Sylvia interrupted Craig's explanation by coughing a bit, taking a moment after to sip more water.

"Sorry, go on," she said.

"Ah, well, they found you floating in a pool of milk. Thankfully you were on your back or you could have, well, not worth saying when you're still in this condition, is it?"

"Probably not, no," the blonde replied.

"Right. Thought so. But, suffice to say it was a hell of a time getting them all rounded up. That big one. Goddamn, the scientists will have a field day with her. How do you think she got that big?" Craig wondered.

"Frankly Craig, I am not paid to care about that, and I don't think I'm paid enough to deal with this either. Ugh."

"Yeah I can agree with you there. But, hate to say you can't go home just yet."

"Tests?"

"You were surrounded by cowgirls for who knows how long, Sylvia."

"I know, I know. Still annoying. Proper protocol and procedural poppycock."

"Well they've already done a bit on you. Drew some blood while they were getting the IV in," he explained, pointing to the bag next to Sylvia's side. "And checked your ah, areas for growth. So far you seem okay, lucky you got that built-in resistance, huh?" Sylvia wanted to be sarcastic, but he made a good point.

"I guess so. Oof. Well, hopefully it won't take too long. After all this, I really need a drink," Sylvia said. Craig laughed and tapped the medical stretcher.

"Well good luck, I'm staying out to help a bit more. Get well soon!"

"With any luck I'll be feeling worse tomorrow morning!" Sylvia said with a laugh. Oh she was going to get plastered tonight. As soon as she was done getting tested, a process which ended up taking hours, but did leave her significant time to hit one of the bars after she was cleared, cleaned, and clothed. Her favorite bar seemed to be crowded, but that was alright with her. Drinking was supposed to be social, it was way more fun with people around. For her little soiree out on the town, Sylvia decked herself out in a ratty denim jacket with a black undershirt, and a longer skirt to match the boots she wore on her feet.

Sylvia didn't know how much she planned to drink that night, but she ended up drinking more than that amount. She had a lot of fun though, as she was slamming back shots of tequila, ordering some of the fanciest-looking mixed drinks they had, and at one point she was fairly certain she did a body shot out of somebody's belly button. Sylvia wasn't sure if she'd prefer finding out it was a guy, or a girl. Though after the day's events, either choice was better than if cowgirl had been the answer.

Whatever she had done that night, it had been awesome, and exactly what Sylvia needed after an exhausting, perilous day of work. First chance she could on Monday, she was applying for some much-needed vacation time. If she would remember after drinking enough alcohol to knock a gorilla unconscious. By the time Sylvia got home after her binge, she was able to pass out in bed immediately, without even taking off her shoes. She dozed like an Afghan-covered sloth on a silk-coated log. Waking up, however, turned out to be much less simple.

"Nnngh...'" Sylvia groaned in her sleep, her voice muffled by her pillow. Even with her breasts as swollen as they were thanks to her condition, she still liked to sleep on her stomach. "Nnnngh," she moaned again, rubbing her thighs together as she tried to get back to sleep. She had no duties today, she could sleep away most of the inevitable hangover. But there was a heat building inside of her that she couldn't ignore. "Nnnnnnnnnngghhgnnghh…." She moaned, biting into her pillow, and noticing it was a bit damp from forehead perspiration.

"What the hell?" she muttered, lifting her head and taking a breath. "Hahhh, why am I so hot?" She asked, panting and moaning a bit more. She turned around to sit up straight and looked down at her chest heaving in and out, up and down. In her dazed state of mind, it took her a moment to get her eyes in focus. But, when she was able to see her bosom clearly, she definitely noticed something amiss. Namely, that she'd gone to bed with a black undershirt, and now that shirt was ripped down the middle and breasts bigger than her head were bulging out of it, along with streams of milk.

"No! No!" Sylvia pinched herself, hoping for the love of god that this was a horrible nightmare. Nothing happened. Her next step was to pinch one of her nipples, which had slipped out through the hole and looked engorged as well. "Nngh, no no no no!" she cried, still rubbing her thighs together. The heat was building up in her chest and vagina now, and both were begging for attention. "Hahhh, oh god, how, how? They said, nngh, I was fine!" Sylvia reached for her phone and scrolled through her contacts. The phone rang a few times before somebody answered it.

"Craig? Craig! It's Sylvia! Listen, something happened to me. I need, I don't know, something or someone at my place immediately! My condition's getting worse, my chest is bigger and I'm lactating again and mooooo… and, and I'm mooing now too!"

"Uh, y-yeah, I was actually going to give you a call about that," came a very un-masculine voice from the other end of the phone.

"Craig?" Sylvia asked, her voice trembling.

"Yep…. it's me. Well, minus and plus a few things now…"

"But, but, I don't understand! You were fine, moo were wearing a suit inside the building and only had it off when you were talking to me outside!"

"I know. That must be the link, though, Sylvia. It's all I can think of. I've already gotten calls from three other people on-site that day who've gotten stage one. One's even progressed to stage moo already."

"Oh god, this, this is bad…." Sylvia said.

"Sylvia, where did you go last night? Please tell me you went straight home."

"...I need to make a call," Sylvia said. The blonde hung up her phone and called a new number, continuing to ignore the burning need in her pussy, or the ache in her breasts that begged her to milk them. "Please let someone be there. Please please please." The phone clicked on and she received a groggy greeting.

"Hello, this is Back-Alley Bar, right?"

"Ah, yes'm, sure is."

"Okay, listen, I know this is going to be a lot, but, ah, were you working last night?"

"Uh, only for about half, left around 9 or so."

"So you were gone before I came in. Okay, please pay attention. I work for the CDE. I need you to try and contact everybody who was at that bar between the hours of 10 and 2 in the morning. Or, compile a list and send it to my team who will look into it."

"Uh, well lady that'll be mighty difficult. Can I ask what this is for?"

"Yes. To be direct, we believe there was an exposure of Cowgirl Flu there last night and everyone may have been at risk whether they imbibed something or not. We need to get in touch with them immediately."

"Shoot."

"What is it?" Sylvia asked.

"Well, I can get you a list of people who were here, and I probably have a good amount of their numbers on record. But, well, y'see, last night there was this big biker meetup," he explained. Sylvia nodded over the phone. She remembered seeing a lot of black and helmet-wearing people there at the bar.

"Yes, and?"

"Well, they said now that their trek was over they'd all be heading back home. I heard a couple of them saying they were heading to Maryland. A few to Virginia, more than a bunch drove in from New York or some place like that…" Sylvia dropped her phone as the bartender continued to list off the locations he remembered, and her face sunk into her hands.

"No no no," she mumbled. She picked up the phone, interrupting the bartender. "I, uh…" her throat cracked. "Thank mooooo, urk, thank you for your time. I'll, I'll have someone else call back soon." She hung up the phone and took several deep breaths. This wasn't just bad. This was catastrophic. An untold number of possible infectees driving across state lines, possibly with a new strain that is more infectious than normal? This was a disaster, what everyone at the office had nightmares about, and she'd just created a real life one.

"Oh god," she said, fingers hovering over the number of her boss. He had to know immediately. They had to do something to stop this while they still could. Sylvia moaned, and dropped the phone on the bed, reaching over in her nightstand for something else with buttons and a vibration function. "Oh god," she said, staring at the toy when she finally pulled it out, and started moving it down between her legs. She'd make the call. But, first, she had to attend to this craving in her snatch. As soon as the buzzing implement hit her puffy lips a wave of relief washed over her. Yes, she'd call soon. Right after taking care of this urge, and then maybe after expelling some milk into the tub, or… trying some out for herself. It was odd, Sylvia was horny, and frustrated, and scared, and nervous. But, she was feeling something else as well, something hard to describe. As the first orgasm hit her, and her back arched in pleasure, Sylvia had the perfect word to describe her emotion at that time. She was feeling… pretty darn moo.