

Fieldwork 2 (Man to Cowtaur TF)

By FoxFaceStories

An Anonymous Commission

Months ago, John's body was electrified by a strange interstellar storm, all while he was playing a cowtaur avatar in the Fantasy Farm videogame. As a result, he was embarrassingly turned into a cowtaur himself, one filled with milk. Keen to get him out of the house, his parents sell him off to John's ex-girlfriend, but rather than help him, she enjoys having a milking machine to dominate around the farm . . .

Fieldwork 2

It had been four months since the interstellar event now known as the Cosmic Storm. Scientists had warned of its strange particle effects just prior to its coming, but none could have predicted the actual result: human beings having their bodies twisted into fantasies and hybrids of all kinds, mixing with local flora and fauna, and even digital representations of creatures. Some won out: a local woman gained her fantasy body and lost ten years to be in her prime twenties again. Others had more concerning changes: a school principal watering his home garden became a plantoid figure, permanently rooted to the ground and now hermaphroditic in nature. A group of men playing a seafaring tabletop game were in the midst of a battle encounter with mermaids . . . only to become a trio of deliciously ample-figured mermaids themselves. The local equestrian club got a lot closer to their horses when they became centaurs, while the town's champion reporter where the storm hit was now not only chasing the next scoop, but also the next nut, thanks to his anthro-squirrel nature.

But few had lost out like John had. An overweight nerd in his twenties who previously worked in retail, John simply wanted to retreat to the basement floor of his parents' house and play his video games. The day the Cosmic Storm arrived, that's exactly what he did. Despite his mother demanding he be more productive and his father practically threatening to force him into the military, John had lost all drive. The years had not been kind to him as he ballooned out from self-pity eating and sedentary hobbies. His girlfriend Maggie, a real looker who had once been quite into him, left him as he lost all drive and became obsessed with the digital world. She'd never forgiven him, but he'd forgotten her quickly; the game *Fantasy Farm 3* was too addictive.

It was exactly this game that John was playing when the storm hit. The lightning from the interstellar phenomenon crashed down upon his home, flooding its energies right into his computer equipment and then into his body. To John's terrible surprise, he found his body

transforming in the aftermath, bloating up and gaining additional limbs, fur spreading across his lower half even as it expanded into an animalistic shape. The man moaned and literally mooed as an udder grew between his thighs, which very soon became his *hind legs*. It filled out until it was practically bursting with milk, his new teats dripping his produce all over the floor, even as his ropey cow tail swayed from side to side in agitation.

“Help moo-eeee!” he cried, clutching his chest as it expanded into a pair of very large, equally milk-filled breasts, so large that neither hand could support them as the flesh overflowed his palms.

But there was nothing to help him. John, like so many other people that night, had been transformed by the Cosmic Storm. Only instead of becoming a beautiful mermaid, or a powerful creature of legend, he had instead become a large, milk-making cowtaur, female all the way through. By the time he called out in terror to his mother he was already leaking milk onto the floor, clutching his head in pain as two horns sprouted forth beside a pair of furry cow ears.

But that was four months ago, and what seemed like a lifetime ago. John grunted and panted as the milking machine attached to his udder extracted the last of his morning produce.

“MOOOO!” he yelled loudly, unable to help himself. “Nearly empty! M-mooo!”

His mother covered her ears. “I keep telling you, John, stop that racket!”

“I can’t help moo-yself, moo-other! ‘M’ words are trick now that I’m a cowtaur!”

“This is your own fault, son,” his father said, shaking his head with shame at him. His father was a tradesman, and quite a tough-looking character. John couldn’t be more different from him, and his shamed his father to see him that way, especially with his large breasts stretching his maternity top. It needed to be a maternity top just to accommodate his G-cups, not to mention to make pumping them more easy.

“How is this moo-y fault!? The storm-”

“You were playing that addictive game. The one with all those . . . freaks. And now you are one. An expensive one too!”

As if on cue, John’s stomach grumbled. All *five* of them. One stomach in his human upper half, the others all in his cow half. With embarrassment, he grabbed a protein bar and began to devour it in front of his parents.

“It’s not moo-y fault I can’t fit in the house! And this shed is too small anyway, and the hay isn’t comfortable! Why can’t I have a computer in here - you’re selling my moo-ilk, aren’t you?”

“We’re not exactly farmers,” his mother said, sighing deeply. “Look, John. We love you . . . but it’s time you moved out.”

“How can I moo-ove out looking like this? The government won’t even assist moo-e since they claim I’m not a registered human anymore! I need a carer!”

His mother blushed. She was clearly finding it awkward to help her son affix milking machine pumps to his breasts and teats as well.

“Well, be that as it may, we found you one,” his father said. “Someone who recently inherited a farm and needs a new cow.”

“WHAT!?”

“It’s a good job for your new, uh, skills!” his mom assured him. “Really, it is!”

“I’m not actually going to make moo-ilk for this guy!”

“She’s a woman,” his mother continued. “And someone you know, actually. An old friend who’s promised to take care of you. And she’s taking care of some financial issues for us as compensation for you.”

The realisation dawned upon John. “Wait, what the fuck? You - you sold MOO-EE!?”

His two parents exchanged a glance; his mother’s guilty, his father’s resolute. They had done it. They’d *sold* him, no matter how they dressed it up. The loud *beep-beep-beep* of a truck backing up sounded from the front yard, and John, with his taller cowtaur height, could see that it was a moving truck.

“That’ll be your transport,” his father said. “C’mon, son. Time to get a real job, whether you like it or not.”

No, not a moving truck. A moo-ving truck, as it turned out.

“Chin up,” his father had told him before he’d been packed up into the truck. “Things will get better now that you can stand on your own two feet, son.”

John had just sagged, his enormous breasts weighing heavily on his chest.

“Dad, I’ve got *four* feet now.”

It was a fact he was acutely aware of as he was transported. He couldn’t be seated, nor buckled in. According to the government he and his fellow changees were not even human, and therefore had less rights, and he certainly felt that now, stuck in the darkness with his enormous udder swinging with every shift and turn of the truck. As the hours passed, he felt himself going mad with need; the feeling of filling up with milk was only increasing, like pins and needles in his udder and enormous boobs. The latter rose up an entire cup size all the way to H-cups, nearly bursting out of the bras he was forced to wear in

order to support them. The front of his shirt became wet with his milk, and his milk spilled from his udder onto the floor.

“G-God damn it!” he cried. He didn’t want to be humiliated when he got out, so he held on, waiting for a proper milking when the vehicle stopped and he was let out. Still, he was reduced to mooing by the time that finally happened, words being totally beyond him as the doors were opened at the back and a roller bay set down for him to stampede out into the farm’s crisp air.

“NOOO! Thank G-God!” he cried. “I n-need get moo-y udder seen to! I need to be MOOO-ILKED!!! SOMEONE MOO-ILK MOO-EEE, PLE-”

He stopped short, his shock distracting him even from the immense pressure within his most sensitive parts. His voice cracked, just like a woman’s, as he beheld a figure in daisy dukes and a tied flannel shirt that showed off her cleavage and perfect midriff. She wore a cowboy hat over her glorious curly brown hair, and her cowboy boots even had spurs which jingle-jangled as she stepped forward to take a look at her new purchase.

“Well, well, well,” Maggie said, hands on her lovely hips. “Look who we’ve got here! Been a long time, John, ever since you *dumped* me.”

John swallowed. The moving men were already closing up the backdoor and getting ready to leave. Maggie gave them a wave, but then his ex-girlfriend turned her gaze right back upon him, expectant and gleeful.

“You seem a bit surprised, John. Or is it just that your eyebrows sit a bit higher these days? You certainly look a lot more feminine. I guess you just don’t have the testosterone, am I right?”

“I - Maggie . . . what are you doing here?”

She bowed her head down, gripping him by his furry flank and looking at his undercarriage, a fact which discomfited him mightily.

“Yep, I’d definitely say you’re more heifer than bull these days, after your change. And the breasts - good God! - you must have a strong spine to hold up a pair like that.”

“Moo-aggie! Please, you have to - MOOO! - MILK MOO-EEE!”

She slapped his udder lightly, and it caused an entire stream of his warm produce to pour out onto the ground. His huge breasts tightened. They were so big, so *full*. The poor former male grit his teeth, trying to contain it all. He was so completely engorged.

“I guess we’ll get to that alright. As for why I’m here, I inherited this farm. You remember how I always talked about settling down at a farm when I was older, and you always said it was way too much hard work? Well, you were halfway right, John. Farms cost a lot of money, so when I heard that my ex who *dumped me* had been turned into a very, very, *very* productive cow-centaur *thing*, well, I knew I had my chance.”

“You b-bought moo-e?”

"I *own* you now, John," she said, beaming, maliciousness gleaming within her eyes, despite her friendly smile. "Funny how that turns out, huh, after you got rid of me."

John squeezed his eyes shut. His ropey tail was going left and right out of control. He needed to be pumped, and *fast*.

"I - I never dumped you! You I-left moo-ee, remember?"

His beautiful ex rolled her eyes. She was even prettier than she had been years ago.

"I suppose that's partly true. You never did *explicitly* dump me. No, that would have taken bravery. Courage. *Manliness*, which you certainly don't possess now that you've got a bovine vagina back there, ha! No, you had to just keep pushing, pushing, pushing me away. Shutting yourself away playing video games, lying to me about where you were, making me look like a fool when my boyfriend didn't pick me up or support me, all while you just gained weight and played with your pals online, never sparing a thought to the woman who really liked you and was losing all her self-confidence to you, DID YOU!?"

John was silenced, but for his low whining. He needed to reach his udder, God he needed to get to it. He reached back out of desperation, but he was a cowtaur; there was no getting to it. In frustration he held his breasts, pulling at his nipples despite the clear shame, causing streams of hot, sweet milk to spurt through his shirt.

"P-please!?" he cried. "I'm s-sorry! Help me!"

Maggie's face instantly resettled. "Oh, silly me. That's all water under the bridge now, John. I really did buy you just for the milk and to help my farm prosper. Let's start over again, shall we? I'll show you to the milking station, and then we can work on getting you acquainted with your role on the farm."

John could barely step forward on his four hooves, his udder was so wide; it spread his hind legs to the point of discomfort. Maggie walked ahead, agonisingly slow, swaying her hips intentionally and showing off her attractive figure, all while humming some country music tune. Finally, after what felt like years, they arrived at the milking station.

"Here we are," she said. "Let's get these attached to you . . . slowly and carefully."

John tried to contain himself, but it was so very difficult to keep a straight face. Maggie grasped his teats, fondling them, and then, instead of attaching a proper milk pump, she used her hands, pulling at the teats and causing spurts of milk.

"Ohhhhh!" John moaned, unable to keep his feelings contain. "Nghh! Ahhhh, oh G-God! Maggie, s-slower! N-no, faster! MHMMOOOO!!"

The release was intoxicating, and soon Maggie was pulling faster. He himself fondled his breasts, releasing more milk into the buckets placed before him. It was just he and his ex, and now he was *hers*, a beast of burden, a livestock owned by her. It was humiliating, and yet his arousal reached a crescendo, his bovine slit wet with need, and he whined in a high, practically female voice with pleasure as the orgasms finally arrived, long and plentiful.

“MOOOOO! MOOOOO! MOOOOOO!!!”

Maggie moaned too, crying out with him: “Yes! Be milked, John! Feel it, feel every drop of it leave you! I own you now! You and every gallon of milk you make! YES!”

He nearly collapsed, but he felt much lighter, and stayed upright; barely. Maggie stood, an unstable look in her eye. She was panting too, her nipples pushing against the fabric as if she too had been aroused. She smiled broadly at him, then instantly re-assumed a professional posture.

“A very good first effort, John. I look forward to more. The farmhands will help with the future milkings this afternoon. They’ll be using the pump.”

She gripped his hand and pulled his human half down so she could whisper in his furry ears.

“But I’ll be using my hands each time, big boy.”

With that, she slapped him near his bovine backside, smirked, and then sashayed away, teasing him with her mobility, her humanity, and her lovely curves.

“What the fuck was that?” John asked, bewildered.

There were no fieldhands or farmhands that came to help John in the afternoon. In fact, there was no help at all. John was provided food and hay to sleep on - a fact he resented as much as his cow body found it deeply comfortable - but whenever he begged for someone to take care of his lactation needs he was ignored.

“Sorry Bessie!” one farmhand said dismissively who he called out to. “We can’t help you! Boss’s orders! Just try it yourself!”

But John just fumed. He couldn’t do it himself! How could he possibly reach back to his udder? The best he could do was induce lactation from his breasts, but even then the stimulation only caused a feedback loop of further production, and a pump was far more efficient!

Sleep was difficult and fitful. At one point he lay his entire heavy body on its side, and the hind leg that was more highly positioned pressed against his udder too heavily, causing a pain that jolted him awake.

“Mooooo,” he moaned, before falling asleep.

But the maddening sensation continued into the morning. His pile of hay was wet with milk, and yet so much more was in his udder. He shifted about in the stable that was his home, missing his video games, missing his human body, missing when he was a *man*, rather than a freakish cowtaur lady. But most of all, he missed the feeling of relief. To his utter shame, he began trying to milk himself anyway. He literally *tore* his shirt open, snapping

the clasp of his huge G-cup bra and flinging it aside. His enormous breasts lowered, drooping thanks to their sheer weight. Rivulets of milk poured down his front as he pulled his nipples, his lower half's vagina becoming soaked in feminine juices.

"Mooo! N-need moo-re moo-ilking! Mooooore!"

He tried to reach back repeatedly, now totally desperate as the sun continued to rise, futile trying to reach his udder. He contorted and stretched, turned and shifted, moving in every way possible to the point where his joints and muscles act, but nothing brought him even remotely close to touching his enormous hanging pink sac, which felt like it was halfway to the ground; it was so overful with milk by this point.

"What a lovely sight," purred a voice.

John startled, humiliated at being not only entirely naked but mooing and moaning as he tried a literally impossible task.

"Moo-aggie! Stop waiting! You need to help moo-ee! Your men didn't come last night!"

She tapped her chin. "Oh, I just *knew* there was something I forgot," the beautiful cowgirl said - though not nearly as 'cowgirl' as John was now. She vaulted over the fence to greet John. "But you were getting so close to doing it yourself! Why don't you try again? Just one more time? I enjoy watching you squirm as you bloat up with milk, John."

She licked her lips, and John realised something dreadful; this situation was actually turning her on. *Owning* him and taunting him like this was actually turning this crazy bitch on!

"Get over here!" he whined. "Stop being a lunatic! This is moo-y life here, Moo-aggie! You can't do this to me!"

"That sounds like something a human would say. But you're my productive heifer, John. And a good heifer knows when *she* should be submissive. Maybe if she pleads her *mistress* to help her, I'll reconsider. For now though, I guess I'll be going."

She turned to leave, bowing down to adjust a bootlace and clearly allowing him to see her perfect ass. It taunted him, that ass. His was the ass of a cow. A female one.

"I won't give in to you!"

"Too bad. I'll be going. Keep trying to milk yourself."

He did so with even greater futility. Why had he snapped his bra? Now his boobs were so heavy on his chest.

"F-fine!" he cried, as she was about to vault back over the fence. "I'm - I'm your heifer, alright! I'll be your s-submissive cow."

"And you'll let me milk you like a good cowgirl, John?"

He swallowed, cheeks burning red. "Y-yes! Just moo-ilk me! I'm fuller than I've ever b-been! Please . . . *mistress*."

Maggie beamed. "That's what I'm talking about! Let's get you finally sorted out again, shall we?"

She finally approached John, grabbing several pails and pointedly *not* putting on her gloves. As she knelt down beside him it took all his willpower not to stamp his hooves in agitation; he needed to be milked so fucking badly!

"Just amazing," Maggie said. He couldn't quite see what she was doing, but then he felt her fingers caressing the swollen pink skin of his milk sac, her fingernails dragging across his udder lightly, raking its surface almost sensually.

"Ohhhhh," John moaned, feeling some milk drop down into the waiting pail. "Wh-what are you doing?"

"Just enjoying the feel of my own personal cowtaur." She finally pulled a teat, eliciting a long groan from the transformed former male. Milk positively *erupting* from his engorged udder. "My, you are very full, John. We're going to make a lot of money from your milk."

John highly doubted that; it was just milk, after all, though apparently it was sweeter than a regular cow's milk, what could really be the profit difference?

But then she pulled his teats again, shifting back and forth between two of them in a regular motion, and all thought about that subject was lost. There was only the sweet, sweet catharsis of release.

"MOOOOOO!!!"

He was still in ecstasy when she finally finished her work. His face was contorted into a dreamy grin when she withdrew a camera from her satchel and took several photos of him.

"For mementos," she explained, smiling.

John had never been so embarrassed, or so aroused.

This was how things proceeded for a while. Two weeks into being the cowtaur livestock of his ex-girlfriend and John was finding it hard not to submit. It was increasingly clear to him that Maggie was not only enjoying teasing him, but actively *aroused* by owning his cowtaur body. She felt his udder, touching it in ways that drove him wild, and she continued to drive him to the damn brink of *insanity* by making him become totally engorged. He would always try to fight her demands that he play the role of the submissive cowtaur, but as his milk dropped and his udder inflated to bursting point, he would always be reduced to mooing and begging pathetically for her touch.

"P-pleaes moooo-ilk moo-eee! There's t-too much! I'll do anything! I'll - I'll be your cowtaur girl! I'll moo-ake all the moo-ilk you neeeeed, I s-swear! MmMHMMOOO!!!"

Words were so difficult, and when he was so engorged, M-words in particular *always* produced a moo, rather than just sometimes. He also never felt more female than when needing to get milked that badly, because Maggie's ministrations brought him to very womanly climaxes, his voice cracking as he writhed on the spot. She wasn't letting him get a haircut, which only increased that feeling. This wasn't even getting into how slick his bovine tunnel became when he was finally milked. The fact that he now had a Pavlovian response to Maggie's presence was even worse: when she appeared to taunt and tease him, his body became highly aroused, his nipples throbbing with need, all because his body recognised she would - eventually - give him the release he needed.

"I love how dependent you are on me now, John," she told him once while milking him by hand. He just tensed, sighing as each stream of milk lightened his heavy load. "It's such a reversal from how we used to be. You can't get away from me now. No video games for you; just you and me and a lot of karma."

He bit his lip as she moved her hands, feeling udder again, caressing its warm exterior. She began to stroke his flanks, even lowering her hands to touch his hooves before patting him on the backside. With a brush, she attended to his tail, and while he initially resisted, against that submissiveness came over him.

"You like this, don't you? Admit it, my pet."

"I - I like it."

"Mistress."

"Moo-istress."

She giggled. "I knew you would. You're a much better cowtaur than you were a boyfriend, John. We're going to make so much money from you."

"You've s-said that before. What do you mean?"

She just grinned. "Oh, nothing! You'll see in time, my lovely cowtaur. In the meantime, I've restocked your food in the stable. You can enjoy the fields for a time - just don't go near the bull! Not unless you want to get pregnant, that is! I hear you might be compatible, and frankly you might just be making *too* much milk if you start calving. Unless . . ."

"N-no! Please not that!"

She laughed. "I'm kidding! But if we ever find a nice minotaur or bulltaur from the change, who knows what the future may hold! For now though, you're mine, all mine, John!"

She kissed him on the side, stroking his fur. As she walked away as seductively as she always did, she reached out and squeezed his left boob, causing a dribble of milk.

"Ohhh."

"Next time, I'll attend to *those* too. You're far too messy with them."

Life continued to the point where John had been at the farm for a full month. His parents still hadn't contacted him, though Maggie claimed she was fielding their calls and concerns. He wished he could play some video games again, but his 'mistress' insisted that it would not be appropriate for a 'non-human resource' such as himself to waste time on games. Instead, he was allowed to roam the paddocks and have the run of his own stable area, all while he wasn't becoming overburdened with milk, which was at least three times a day now that Maggie had overstimulated his production . . . likely deliberately.

There were other changes, some good, some bad. Maggie had allowed him access to her library, and so his past time largely consisted of reading. That was a good thing, as was the greater variety of food. With four stomachs, there was a lot to process, but a more variable diet seemed to produce even more milk, which once discovered meant he finally felt more human again . . . until his udders and tits swelled up. But with such swelling, clothing was now utterly nonexistent for John: Maggie had insisted.

"You should be free and natural, just like a wild livestock, John! Besides, it means escaping will be a lot harder with so much heavy jiggle on that frankly fantastic chest of yours!"

Now the farmhands looked his way constantly, some even licking his lips as they saw his bountiful bosom.

"She's a hot one, at least the non cow bits," he overheard one of them say to a laughing friend. At that, they raised some warm glasses of milk, and a very embarrassed John realised that they were probably drinking some of *his* milk.

"That's the good sweet stuff!" the other said. "Who'da thought, huh?"

The breasts were becoming a problem in other ways, too. The more milk John produced, the harder it was for him to empty them. He needed proper pumps, and soon he was begging Maggie pathetically for them as she attended to his udder.

"How about this?" she said, rubbing his side. "You let me ride you around the paddock and I'll see to your big, beautiful breasts, hmm?"

"What? No way! Maggie, this is getting insane! You're torturing me."

"Nonsense, you're practically leaking from your pussy right now. I'm making your existence one of pure, productive pleasure. Now, do you want me to help you or not?"

John had sighed, lowering his head and the horns atop them.

"Get on then, before I change my mind."

Maggie pulled herself up onto his back, and he found he could easily take her weight. She gripped his shoulders and whispered in his furry cow ear.

"Not the first time I've ridden you, eh John? I've got a feeling I'll enjoy this time even more, though! Go on, giddy up. Give me a tour, and I'll show you some nice bliss."

She teased him further, cupping his large breasts from behind and marvelling at how they overflowed her palms. Hell, each individual one was now too big even for *two* hands to properly cup, and they were warm and pert from all the milk stores inside them. The lightest caress made John moo and moan, practically salivating as they dribbled milk, but not quickly enough to relieve his insane productive rate.

Finally, the tour ended after he'd done a whole lap of the paddock, and Maggie cheered, clapping her hands together and then pressing his breasts into a massive amount of cleavage.

"M-mooooo!"

"That's right, moo my little moo cow. Let me express you."

She hopped off of him and then returned with a pail, which she demanded he hold in front of his breasts. Then she began massaging his breasts with such erotic precision that any chance of avoiding arousal was literally impossible. John exhaled, barely able to control his breathing as she caused spurt after spurt of his milk to erupt into the pail. He almost lost his grip on it. He knew his breasts were sensitive, but he couldn't believe how wonderful the sensations were when having another person grope and squeeze and massage them, not only expressing his milk but deliberately playing with them to a highly erotic degree. By the time they were empty, John was panting, almost on the cusp of orgasm.

"Ohhhh G-God," he whined. "Moo-aggie, you have to f-finish me. You've put me in agony. Mhmmooooo."

Maggie squeezed both breasts together and kissed John on the back of the neck. "I've got something better in mind for you, John."

With that, she hopped off of his side. The cowtaur's tail flicked in frustration. For a moment, he was terrified that she was going to leave him in agony again, drawing out the teasing and amusement until he could barely stand it. Except she'd already done that; Maggie circled around behind him, and then John felt something he *never* expected: a hand plunging into his bovine slit and feeling its most delicate folds.

"Moo-aggie, what are you - HNNGH!!"

"I thought you might like a more hands-on approach, John. A good cowgirl needs to inspect her heifers, after all. Make sure everything is healthy and hygienic and in tip-top shape. You stay as still as you can while I . . . attend to you."

John quivered, his entire body shaking, his udder slapping against his legs. He grabbed his enormous hooters, running his thumbs over the still-drenched nipples as Maggie stroked his vagina, plunging her hand while the other rubbed his outer sensitive parts. It was torture. It was terrible.

It was *bliss*. In that moment he was pure submissiveness, giving himself over entirely to this life, begging and pleading for his mistress to do to him whatever she would because she *owned him*.

“That’s right, my pet cowtaur. I own you. And now I want you to bellow a moo for me for everyone to hear for miles. Go on, moo for me. Moo and *cum*, John. Be my pet.”

“I - I can’t! I won’t! I - oh God, yes! I will! MMHMMOOOO!”

“Louder,” she said, driving her forearm in.

“MOOOOO!!!”

“Louder, John! I want you to cum! It’ll stir your body to make even more milk!”

“MMMHMMHMHMOOOOOOO!!!”

It really could be heard for miles, because at the moment John came, his entire tunnel squeezing around Maggie’s forearm, gripping it as if it were a bull’s cock ready to inseminate him. John’s udder and breasts leaked even more rivers of milk just from the reluctant pleasure. He nearly went catatonic.

By the time he came out of the dreamy, almost cow-like mind fog of post-coital bliss, John saw that Maggie had washed her hands and was bringing something over. He blinked, trying to regain himself. Why had he allowed this all to happen? He was too far gone now, too submissive. He would do anything for Maggie just for the release. It was true what she said; she owned him now, and worse, his body had come to *like* it, whether his mind did or not.

“Wh-what’s that?” he said as she held up something white with a picture on it.

“Focus, John, this is the best part. Have a look.”

He blinked again, and took it in as she passed it to him. It was a milk carton.

Maggie’s Milk, it read. *Straight from her special cowtaur!*

John’s mind immediately woke again. There, on the cover, was a picture of him with a more feminine style, rendered slightly cartoony from the blue and white print used to represent him. The ‘Maggie’s Milk’ title was written diagonally across his chest to cover up his breasts, but his chest was still suggestively outlined around the edges. And, of course, the angle showed off a very, very full udder. Even with his more feminine hairstyle and makeup, his face was unmistakable; like a female version of him. Which, in a way, he already was.

“Who - who’s seen this?” he asked.

Maggie grinned. “*Everyone*, John. Congratulations, your milk is a hit. And you’re going to be famous! Everyone will know you’re a milk-making cowtaur heifer!”

John didn’t know what to say. In his shock, he could only let loose another moo.

The End