

Learning to Love Her Cowgirl Body (Cowgirl TF Preg)

By FoxFaceStories

An Anonymous Commission

Ruby is a thin, waifish junior at college just trying to get on with her studies, when suddenly an aftershock from the Transformation Wave changes everything when in front of everyone she changes into a thick, busty cowgirl! Struggling with the humiliation, milk production, and an ever-growing body, Ruby starts to experience an awakening thanks to her roommate - maybe she likes the change? And maybe she doesn't mind continuing to grow . . .

Learning to Love Her Cowgirl Body

Ruby tried to take extensive notes during Professor Terrence's lecture on the evolution of literary classics, but was struggling to do so. She was a thin, waifish girl with mousey brown hair and an equally mousey personality to match. It would be easy to miss her in a crowd of one, unless you were to notice how petite and boyish her figure was: she had no real curves to speak of.

Which was exactly why it was hard to take notes while just three rows down in the lecture theatre, Abigail Frenson was very clearly flirting and showing off her figure to Jake Lowes. Why the hell was he even here? He was a total jock! Perhaps it was an effect of the Transformation Wave: Abigail had been affected by the Transformation Wave several months ago. It had been a huge, mysterious event that scientists were still studying, a strange cosmic wave of energy that transformed a fraction of a percent of the world's population. There were only about thirty to forty million or so affected worldwide, at least of those known so far, but everyone seemed to know at least someone affected. Some simply gained muscle mass, others changed gender, but a large percentage of those affected gained animal traits that changed their everyday lives massively.

In Abigail's case, she became a catgirl. Once fairly unseen, her thicker body had become that of a supermodel's, and she'd developed beautiful silky black fur all over her body, not to mention a very impressive pair of breasts. Her grace and elegance had made her very popular, and despite her initial embarrassment, she now showed off her body constantly, knowing that men liked to chase her exotic nature. Some even whispered that her body exuded pheromones that gained men's attention, but Ruby had her doubts. Jake probably just joined the class purely to be near the sexy catgirl.

"Well, that's all the lecture for today, folks," Professor Terrence said. "Make sure you finish your readings and comment on that last question in preparation for tomorrow."

Darn, Ruby thought. I missed what he said. Too busy distracted by Abigail constantly flirting. Doesn't she have any shame?

She had no idea why she always felt the need to look Abigail's way whenever the catgirl did something. Surely, it would make the changed woman uncomfortable? Or just give her what she wanted? It boggled Ruby's mind how the catgirl had managed to show herself proudly to the world and enjoy the attention, and for some reason the notion of that lodged in her mind every time she saw her.

She left the lecture theatre quickly just to stop thinking about it. The Transformation Wave was over months ago, and she was lucky that she had missed it. Well, technically there were tiny 'aftershocks' still hitting people, but that was in the low thousands at best. Barely worth registering except for who ended up growing kangaroo legs or turned into a centaur man. Why then was it such a subject of fascination to her?

It's not, she thought. Everyone is fascinated. I'm no different from anyone.

Still, she couldn't help but wonder what *she* would look like if the Transformation Wave made her look just a little better, a little more noticeable, for guys (or girls, perhaps?) to notice her. Just a little bit more.

Thankfully, she was jolted from her thoughts by a text from her roommate and best friend Harper.

'Hey, just a heads up. Shooting some stuff in the living room. Text me back if ur gonna be home by then and I'll pack up, LOL!'

Ruby snorted. When it came to Harper, her much more beautiful and athletic friend, 'shooting some stuff' was a euphemism. It meant she was dressing up in lingerie, tiny outfits, or losing her top entirely to film some OnlyFans content for her gaggle of online followers. Again, Ruby was confronted; how could people be so . . . public!? Surely it was galling? The thought of ever showing herself topless to strangers made her cheeks burn just at the thought of it, and yet Harper found it easy. Of course, it didn't hurt that her dark-skinned friend was beautiful beyond belief, or that she had a lovely chest to show off in the first place, something Ruby *definitely* didn't possess.

She cast those thoughts from her mind and replied.

'Don't worry, I've got another lecture today. Hope you get a boost in subscribers, lol. Want me to pick you up a wrap from the canteen?'

The reply came back quickly. *'Ur the best girl! Veggie wrap, please hun! I owe you!'*

Ruby just smiled as she put her phone away. As far as she was concerned, Harper wouldn't owe her at all. She was a good friend, and more than once coaxed Ruby out of her anxious, shy little shell. It wasn't that she was *totally* shy, but she was very naturally introverted. She tended to avoid others on campus and simply go about her work. Even now, while walking across the quad of the campus, she could see the numerous social groups.

Some clustered around the minimalist trees, others lay back on the grass tossing hacky sacks and chatting about upcoming assessments. Others kicked footballs or chatted easily, or moved to and fro in pairs and trios to their next lecture.

And here I am, all alone, Ruby thought. *I doubt anyone even notices me.*

Suddenly, a flash in the sky. Ruby halted and looked up. A great wave of cosmic energy rolled like a peal of thunder through the atmosphere, turning the blue above into an iridescent mix of vibrant colours, like the clouds were formed of gemstones. Ruby's eyes went wide.

"Oh my God," she said. "It's an aftershock. A Transformation Wave aftershock."

There was even a small chance someone would become affected. It was infinitesimally low, but the people on the quad were just as startled for good reason, and Ruby figured that-

"Nghh!"

Suddenly, Ruby found herself doubling over. A cramp ran through her stomach and then radiated out through the rest of her body. She gasped, and it was a louder sound than she'd intended. Something was happening and she wasn't sure what, but it was causing a bunch of pressures all over her form. She bit her lip, struggling to contain the bizarre sensations rippling through her, but then an instinctive need to moan bubbled up in her throat, too powerful to contain.

"M-M-MOOOOOOO! MWAA! MOOO!"

Her mouth gaped. Other people gaped. Dozens and dozens of other college peers were looking at her now. Another pressure hit, and she moaned again, only for it to turn into a loud *moo*. Instantly, the murmurs, whispers, and rumours began to fly about.

"Did she just moo? Twice?"

"She's been hit by the Transformation Wave!"

"That girl's got an Aftershock!"

"Someone hit record! It could be on the news!"

Ruby's cheeks burned, red with humiliation. She tried to take a step forward and flee the location, but the pressures were so powerful that simply running away wasn't an option. She tried to control her breathing, but there was no chance of that while the pressure continued to balloon.

"S-someone help *mooo-ee!*" she cried.

But the phones were out, and everyone was filming her even as the sky rippled with the aftershock above.

Oh God, oh God! she thought. *I've been hit by the Transformation Wave. I'm going to start turning in front of everybody! Why me? Why so public? Why am I mooing? Why is this happening to - OHHH!*

She moaned and moaned, struggling as the transformation began in earnest. Ruby gasped as tissue and fat began to swell within her body. There were more than a dozen phones ten feet around her by this point, and more still filming, and each of them had a front row seat to her body suddenly *growing*. The poor woman groaned, sweat running down her thighs as they swelled, and down her chest as it expanded, ribcage and all. She wasn't just gaining fat, she was actively *changing*, her body structure changing so that it was no longer petite but instead possessing a thicker, wider build.

"M-mooo-yy hips!" she cried, clenching them. She wore simple shorts due to the summer heat, but now her shorts were becoming strained as her rear expanded. The pressure in her cheeks was unbearable, and even worse it was also accompanied by a heightening of sensation that bordered on *pleasurable*.

"Her ass is growing!" someone cried. "Check it out! Get a good angle!"

"Who is she?"

"I think her name is Ruby. Ruby Henton."

"MMMOOOO!" she cried again. Ruby doubled over, her cheeks still continuing to expand. Her underwear was starting to ride up her crack in a humiliating fashion, and the more her shorts were stretched the more it became *visible* to everyone else.

"Holy shit," someone else exclaimed. "She's becoming thick as oatmeal!"

She wanted to scream at the man who said that to shut the hell up, but she was far too timid and worried. Her body was expanding all at once: her upper arms had gained some supple thickness to them now, and her waist was no longer pencil thin. Part of her prayed that this would be the only change: just some stupid momentary moos and then a body that actually had some nice curves. She could feel a pressure in her breasts, and it made her truly hope that she would just end up a cute, thick girl who finally had a pair of breasts that weren't itty bitty A-cups.

But she would have no such luck. Instead, a pressure expanded in her spine, growing and growing until she was literally screwing her eyes shut and grunting like she was some kind of animal.

"It's t-t-toooo moooo-uch!" she yelled. "Someone h-help mooo-eeee! It's tooo moo-uch It's too MMPHHH!"

Suddenly, something *exploded* out of her backside, ripping apart her shorts and causing them to tear apart one either side and fall down her thicker thighs, straight to the ground. Her stomach growled, grew in size and softness, and then enormous fart erupted from her body, loud and long and gassy.

No. NO NO NO NO THIS CAN'T BE HAPPENING!

The thought rebounded in her mind even as the fart continued and her underwear hiked right up between her buttocks, leaving her massively expanded derriere there for all

to see. A collective gasp and murmur spread throughout the crowd, some laughing awkwardly, others holding their noses, and others still simply gaping and checking that their filming was also capturing audio.

“Holy shit, she’s got a cow tail!” a girl squealed.

Ruby blinked. “Wh-what?”

She’d barely taken in the girl’s words when she felt a new, impossible appendage suddenly sway behind her, slapping at her calves. Trembling, she looked back, still full of humiliation, only to see something oh-so-very wrong.

It was a cow’s tail. A thick, ropy cowtail covered with fur the same mousey brown colour as her hair, and with a tuft of thick brown hairs at the end. She could *feel* it. Every ligament, every connection, every bit of muscle. It swayed without her permission, but in her shock she *lifted* it, drawing on new muscles she did not possess mere moments ago.

“Oh God,” she said.

And that was when the transformation truly got going, right there in front of an ever-increasing crowd on the quadrangle. Ruby moored with discomfort and embarrassment and *pleasure* as her breasts finally gave way to the pressure and expanded. She wore a simple blue shirt with a black bra underneath, but now the fabric began to rise and more fat and tissue pooled into her breasts, spurred on by the aftershock effect. They grew and grew, and Ruby couldn’t help herself: she grabbed them, half-trying to push them back, and half-fondling them.

“Moooo! Ohhhhh! MOOO!”

They pushed past A-cups to B-cups, then to impressive C’s, and then soon they were really causing a great deal of pain as they rocketed all the way to D-cups and then beyond. Soon they were almost the size of cantaloupes, and her shirt could no longer contain them or her thicker build. The tears in her shirt were audible, and with a loud squeal from the changing woman they gave way entirely, her bra straps snapping so that her clothing almost seemed to explode off of her chest. Ruby only just managed to grab some of the fabric in time to hold it against her heavier chest, but that had the effect of nearly making her salivate: her nipples had doubled in size and her areolas seemingly tripled, and their sensitivity seemed to have increased tenfold.

“Ahhhh!” she moaned, trying to cover herself up and failing completely. “S-stop it! I can’t s-stop it! MOOO!”

Her ears shifted, and for just a moment she went completely deaf. The murmurs of the crowd died away, and she moored again in a panic, not that she could hear it. Something was shifting up the sides of her head. Something was -

“MOOO!”

Sound returned, but with one hand she felt at her ears and realised what had happened: she now had long, flappy cow ears, covered in soft, downy fur, no doubt a similar colour to her hair. Her tail swayed from side to side in a panic, reminding her of its existence, and to her humiliation she let loose another loud, panicked fart. The crowd all gasped and 'oohed' and 'ahhhed,' adding to the shame of it all. She gripped her backside with one hand, still covering her heavy, jiggling chest, trying to still her tail, but it only had the effect of causing her underwear to ride up her crack like a g-string. Her backside was now large enough that she was getting a wedgie from it all, and she had to pull back her underwear from her crevice, for all the good that it did.

"Holy shit, she's a full on cowgirl!"

"Check out those big tits!"

Ruby wanted to die. She couldn't imagine anything more embarrassing than this moment. She was almost completely naked in the very centre of the most social space at her college, and she was being *filmed*. She wasn't even becoming a beautiful catgirl, but rather some bloated cowgirl.

How can this get any worse? Ruby thought.

Unfortunately for her, she quickly received her answer. A pressure continued to build in her lower area, right above her venus mound. For a moment, she was worried she was growing another stomach or something - cows had four, didn't they? But instead, four bumps began to push out from the pale, naked skin there. The region grew sensitive, then the bumps grew further, the skin turning pink like it was some kind of rash. Others made the connection before she did.

"Oh my God, look! She's growing an udder!"

"Check it out, it's an udder! You can see the teats!"

She tried to cover them, but it only left her backside wobbling and her chest nearly escaping the thin fabric remnant of her shirt. Everything was so large and far and curvy, and now *this*.

It can't be an udder. It can't be an udder. It can't be - NNGH! MMHHMH!"

Pleasure bloomed, incandescent and brilliant and oh-so-very *wrong*. Ruby tried not to moo too ecstatically, but there was no stopping herself as a large, weighty, and very plump sac grew above her womanhood. It pushed out until it was two-thirds the size of a basketball, its four teats nearly an inch long each. The sac was pink and rounded like a half-sphere, and it wobbled heavily even as her fingers sank into its flesh. It was also sensitive and warm particularly around the teats. It jiggled and hung upon her figure, sagging naturally just a little so that it covered her crotch and rested against part of her thighs. It wasn't anything close to the size of an actual cow's udder, but it felt terrifically huge all the same.

“NOOO!” Ruby cried, finally finding her voice to protest this directly instead of begging for help. “NO! NOT A FUCKING UDDER! MOOOO!”

But it was too late. The changes slowed and completed, and Ruby’s new body locked into its new state. Even as people filmed and speculated around her, even as other more compassionate people rushed forward to check on her, Ruby could only breathe heavily, her big boobs rising and falling, her tail swaying, her udder wobbling. In just a few minutes, she had gone from being a petite, shy girl who you could not pick out of a crowd, to being a thick-bodied cowgirl, udder and tail and all.

She shivered as someone covered her in a blanket and began to help her move from the crowd. Everything was slow motion, like she was detached from the act itself. Her thoughts were dull and confused, and every step brought new jiggles that shouldn’t be there, an altered centre of gravity and heavier form that was alien to her.

And yet.

And yet she couldn’t escape one strange thought that continued to burn inside her mind, more confusing than even the change itself.

Why . . . why did part of me like that?

It was the strange pleasures of the change, nothing more. That’s what Ruby Henton told herself as she was taken away.

“Don’t open your eyes.”

“I’m not, Ruby! God, I’ve had them closed for ages.”

“I’m trying to put these new clothes they gave me on, but they don’t fit!”

“Can I just turn around and-”

“No, you might see me in a reflection. Look, I think I’ve got the tie right. Just . . . before you open your eyes, promise you won’t laugh at me. Or make fun.”

“Ruby, you know I would never-”

“I mean it, Harper. Please. Just . . . don’t gape or stare. I’m such a goddamn freak and it’s scaring me. I look so ridiculous, I feel ridiculous. I can’t handle having my roommate see me as a freak too. So please . . . just be gentle.”

The dark-skinned beauty on the other side of the living room nodded slowly, her eyes still closed. She was wearing a lovely white crop top and a pair of matching yoga pants that showed off her curvaceous yet supermodel-like figure. Ruby found herself feeling utterly jealous to look at her. She always had been, but now she was more jealous than ever.

Why couldn’t I just be turned into a woman like her? I wanted bigger boobs, but not like this. I wanted more curves, but now I’m a cowgirl monster! I’ve got an udder!

Still, she had to bite the bullet. "Okay, you can open your eyes."

Harper did so, and for just a moment they widened more than normal. She trained her face quickly though, and looked Ruby up and down.

"It's not as . . . extreme as I thought it would be. Seriously!"

Ruby frowned. She was wearing a goddamn *moomoo* dress for a plus-sized woman, and it *wasn't* a stylish one. Unfortunately, the fabric was also thin enough that her four teats made an impression against the material, and she definitely didn't have a bra for her big boobs, which made her back very upset. A crude hole had been cut in the back, so that her ropey tail could sway in an embarrassingly public view above the imprint of her big butt.

"You're not shocked. So you saw the video," Ruby said.

Harper sighed. "Yeah, I saw the video. I'm sorry, I should have told you."

"Everyone's seen it, haven't they? On campus, I mean."

Harper bit her lip. "Um, I think everyone's seen it everywhere, Ruby. Some of the uploaded videos have over twenty four million views."

Ruby cringed, trying not to cry. It had been two days since her change. Two days since being evaluated, since having the aftershock effect on her confirmed and reported. Having her relatives told and a new ID processed for her, and a pause in her studies confirmed while she adjusted.

"Moooo," she moaned, unable to help herself. She sat down upon the couch, which groaned a little, unused to her weight. She wasn't even *that* big, but it just reminded her of how much she'd changed.

"They didn't give me internet access while I was processed," Ruby said. "For my mental health, they said. Now I know why. I've gone fucking viral."

Harper sat down beside her and patted her leg comfortingly. "Look, it's not ideal, I know. But . . . maybe there'll be plus sides to this!"

"Plus *size*, you mean."

"You know what I mean, Ruby. There might be some good stuff out of this."

Ruby sniffled. "I've got a goddamn udder, Harper! Right here!" She poked at it, only to wince from its sensitivity. It had felt strangely bloated in the last few hours, probably because she needed a sling or something to hold it up.

A damn udder-bra, she thought sadly to herself.

"Okay, but you did want bigger boobs, right?"

"These are too big! They're huge!"

Harper rolled her eyes. "They're not *that* big, you're just not used to them. I'm a DD-cup, I'd say you're about an E-cup. And they are nice boobs too; round and pert. They sit on your chest well. We just need to get you a bra to show them off."

"I'm not doing some OnlyFans content, Harper. This is my life."

"I'm not talking about social media, I'm talking about getting your body in order, girl. Look, a lot of people wanted the Transformation Wave to hit them."

"Freaks."

"Sure, maybe. I'm just saying some people might see this as a blessing; maybe there's opportunities we can look at for you. A new you! A more curvy you!"

Ruby sighed, looking over her chest to where her udder sat. Her tail was curled over her thighs, as if resting there. It was oddly comfortable.

"I don't see how. You're talking like *you* wanted to be hit by the Transformation Wave."

Harper was silent for a little too long.

"Wait, really? You? Harper, you've got the perfect body! Why would you want . . . this!"

She gestured to herself again. Ruby had to actively *crane* her neck to look over her breasts. The only thing that *did* stick out regardless was her udder. It was so . . . shameful.

Harper bit her lip, looking perhaps a little sheepish. "Okay, you're gonna think I'm crazy, but I'm not alone in this. Let's just say that, after the Transformation Wave hit, some people had some kinks they never knew they had kind of . . . awakened."

Ruby flapped her tail, and her ears. "Awaken how?"

Harper's blush was clear, even on her darker skin. She ran her hands through her stylish loose afro as she readied her reply. "Look, I'll just say that there's a big, big market for transformed people out there, and lots of people who are into that kind of thing! Hell, *I'm* into it!"

"You're talking about people like Abigail, though. Sexy catgirls."

Harper went to say something, then hesitated. "Maybe. Look, I'm just saying that this new you *is* attractive, at least to a sizable crowd. More sizable than you think."

Ruby stood, though it was with a little difficulty; she didn't like the way her udder sometimes slapped against her thighs, or how her unbounded breasts wobbled heavily. She paced around the room, nearly knocking items off with her tail. She was trying to train the damn thing. Even as she stepped, the weight of her new bovine mammaries stuck in her craw.

"How could I possibly be attractive to anyone, Harper?" she said. "I'm moo-assive! I've got an udder! I moo sometimes when I use 'M' words, or when I get startled! There's a video of me mooing and *farting* when I changed that's gone viral!"

Harper stood and hugged her friend. Ruby hadn't realised how much she'd needed it.

"Hey, you're better looking than you think, Rubes. For one, have you seen your hair lately?"

"You mean the hair on my ears and tail."

“No, I mean your *hair* hair! It’s shiny and beautiful! No split ends in sight! And you’ve got a very pretty face now!”

Ruby frowned. “It’s fat.”

“Well, that’s literally not true. But it is thicker. You were scrawny before, now you’ve got a thick beauty about you. That’s ‘thicc’ with two ‘C’s, by the way, and with a face to match. If you didn’t have the udder and tail and ears, you’d be one of the most popular girls on campus right now.”

The way some of them looked at me while I changed . . .

Ruby shivered, trying to ignore that little hint of enjoyment.

Why am I thinking like that? I didn’t enjoy it! I mean, it had little moments of pleasure, but they were against my will. But . . . maybe it was just that I was being SEEN for the first time, even in that context.

“I have an udder though,” she said. “And a tail. And cow ears. And I can’t hide them.”

Harper hugged her again. “Then you don’t have to! I’ll tell you what will make you feel better, having clothes that actually work with your new body, instead of against it. C’mon, I’ve made a ton off of OnlyFans this week. They *loved* the red lingerie photoshoot I did on the day you transformed. So, this is my treat. Are you in?”

Ruby considered it. “I don’t know . . .”

“I know a place that can get you a sling for that udder. And can get you a bra for those nice knockers of yours.”

The cowgirl blushed. “That would be nice. On both accounts. They’ve been feeling a bit sore lately, actually. I swear they’ve gotten a bit bigger.”

She poked her left boob and winced. It was definitely *tighter*.

“Then let’s go! C’mon, bestie. Time to meet the new you! Better yet, time to learn to love your cowgirl body!”

Ruby sighed as she followed her friend out of the apartment to her cow. Her udder gurgled audibly, eliciting a whispered ‘mooo’ from her.

Yeah, right. I wish I was still invisible. No way will I ever love this freak body.

But for some reason, her tail flopped about happily, as if it knew something she didn’t.

The store was one Ruby had never heard of. It was called *New Wave Clothing*, and the ‘Wave’ part was most definitely a direct reference to the Transformation Wave that had affected so many. According to Harper, who had looked into this more than Ruby deemed necessary, the store made most of its money shipping its supplies across the nation. The

country had nearly four million affected and perhaps others not yet registered, and so specialty shops like this had sprung up to cater to particular interests . . . as well as those kinky enough to want to *pretend* to be changed or engage in some kind of Transformation Wave roleplay.

There was a harness for folks who had ended up in centaur-like bodies that wanted a rider, and specialist bras for those women who had grown an extra pair of breasts, or even two extra pairs! There were all sorts of combs for different kinds of grooming, and even toys (regular and more adult kinds) for the more canine and cat-like folk.

I wonder if Abigail shops for these, Ruby wondered with an amused grin. *I bet she definitely bought one of those dresses over there, with the hole in the back for a tail. They even advertise it as 'comfortable for fur.' Huh. At least I don't have cowfur on my body, I guess.*

Harper pulled her along. There were only a few other denizens in the shop, including a woman with deer antlers and a thin layer of brown fur, but most eyes fell on her. Ruby was quite aware of this, but couldn't exactly hide her body. When they approached the salesman at the shop, the man's eyes flung open.

"Ah, I recognise you! From the video!"

Ruby could have died then and there. "Y-yes, that's me. We don't have to talk about the video."

"My apologies, of course not. It was a spectacular change, is all I will say, and I instantly thought you could use our services!"

"Great!" Harper said on Ruby's behalf. "Because she needs a lot. Specifically, we need a bigger bra for her, one with comfortable insides for . . . sensitivity. She also needs a sling for her udder. And we definitely need a whole new wardrobe for her, including some things that show off her figure."

The man smiled. "I'll get you Maggie. She's the best we have and is on the floor today."

Ruby grimaced. Her breasts were getting so damn tense, and her nipples were protruding more than normal. Her teats too. What was wrong with her?

"Moo-aybe we can come back another ti-ooooh!"

It happened all of a sudden. Her breasts tensed, seemed to *squeeze*, and then suddenly ejaculated hot streams of milk directly into her unfashionable moomoo dress, soaking the front with large round patches that slowly dripped down. Harper gasped; she and the storeman had been sprinkled lightly with some droplets that had sprayed through the thin material.

"Oh God, oh God!" Ruby cried. I'm so sorry! I didn't moo-ean to - Ohhh, what n-now!?"

Her udder tensed this time, and with a shudder she could only spread her legs and hike up her dress in an attempt to stop whatever was happening. Instead, she gave the storeman and Harper a front row seat to several streams of milk dripping from her udder, her productivity now reaching bursting point, her new mammary literally overflowing.

“Moooooooo!” Ruby cried.

Why is this happening? Why now? This is so embarrassing! Ohhhh, why does it f-feel sooooo goooooood?

Something about the storeman’s amazed expression only made her more aroused, and she felt her nipples throb and her pussy grow moist. She quickly lowered the dress in shame, stepping back from the wet milk puddle on the floor. She must have expressed more than a few ounces.

“I’m sorry,” she said, looking down.

But the storeman just smiled, wiping himself down and passing a tissue to Harper.

“Not a problem! Milk doesn’t stain, and you’re in luck! We’ve got milk pumps galore here. Maggie!”

A stylish woman in her thirties appeared. She was human, but simply took Ruby by the arm and helped her further into the store, gesturing for Harper to follow.

“Don’t be embarrassed, dear! You’re still discovering who you are! No use crying over spilt milk, as they say, right?”

Ruby was so red she felt like a bloated, milk-filled tomato. “R-right,” she managed.

“Exactly! I know it’s a lot to take in, but your friend is right to bring you here, if I overheard things correctly. We need to get you some much-needed supplies for all that production.”

“And she needs a new set of bras, and an udder sling,” Harper chipped in.

“Don’t worry, we’ll get you measured and readied.”

“It’s just so embarrassing,” Ruby mumbled.

“Nonsense! There’s no shame here. We prioritise customer happiness, and let them fall in love with their new bodies.” She halted just before a selection of bras and plus-sized dresses. “And I promise you, dear,” Maggie continued. “You *are* beautiful. You’ve got a lovely size and fantastic curves, and while you may not be used to such - ahem - *productivity* - I promise you’ll be proud of that too by the time we’re done with you! We at New Wave celebrate your changes, and you will too. Trust me, you’ll turn heads as a very attractive cowgirl by the end of today.”

Ruby’s embarrassment faded, just a little. She was hanging onto Maggie’s words and confidence, not to mention Harper’s agreement with it.

Maybe . . . maybe I can learn to accept this body. Not love it, not even like it, but accept it. That would be enough.

If only she could stop getting strangely aroused from Maggie describing her curves and production. Such commentary on her bovine features was putting a heat in her for reasons she couldn't understand.

In the end, Ruby really had walked away with a whole new wardrobe. Even a few days on, she was finding new things to try on, and had even started admiring her figure in the mirror, trying to hate it, yet finding more than a little satisfaction in parts. Harper was right: she *was* kinda cute, and she had a set of fabulous tits, even if they were producing milk constantly. Her friend had indeed paid for everything despite Ruby's pleading, and she couldn't thank her enough.

"Don't worry about it, bestie," Harper had said. "Like I said, it was paid for by thirsty guys, not me! But if you really wanna pay me back, promise me you'll wear some of the more daring stuff, okay? And, better yet, promise you'll let me help you attach the pump to that lovely udder of yours."

I don't know why she'd want that, Ruby thought. *But given that I have to keep looking over these boobs just to properly see this damn udder, that might not be the worst idea.*

"Deal," she'd said. "Thanks Harper."

Harper simply gave her a hug and wrapped her hands around Ruby's larger form.

"You're welcome. We should spend way more time together while you're not on campus."

And they did. It was small steps at first; literally. Ruby was only really comfortable taking short walks around the neighbourhood, getting used to her new weight distribution and growing more confident in her body. She had an udder sling now that looped around her waist and could be connected to her clothing, and it was an absolute *dream*. Sure, it made her udder even *more* obvious by hoisting it up, but the weird part was that she was starting not to mind the looks and stares so much. Yes, it was embarrassing, but at least she had cleavage up top now, right? In fact, her bras were very supporting, lifting her new E-cups up high, providing a very impressive canyon of cleavage. Ruby found herself smirking just a little when men passed her while she walked to the nearby park, and while a few tittered or made whispered comments about "the cowgirl with the udder," more than a few actually looked her way, noticing her large boobs or even smiling at her tail - and not in a joking way.

"Love the new look, Ruby!" one man said. It was Rod, a man in his early thirties who she had occasionally walked past on the way to campus. She found herself grinning at him.

"Thanks, still getting used to all of it! Um, there's a lot more of me now."

"I'd say, but in all the right places. The Transformation Wave, huh?"

"If the cowgirl tail didn't give it away, right?"

Oh my God, I'm being so forward compared to my usual self. But . . . he's so handsome.

Her nipples tingled, and her loins became just that little bit wet as his eyes roamed her cowgirl form. The fact that she was wearing a low cut sleeveless top and a skirt that bulged out with her udder only showed off her form all the better.

"It's a cute tail," he said. "A cute everything, in fact."

"You really think?"

"Hell yeah. Don't let that video get you down. I'm sure some of those girls are just jealous."

"Moo, thank you!"

Ruby doubted it, but she walked away feeling even more confident. She remembered the feeling of her breasts doubling in size, then quadrupling, and it made her feel kind of . . . *hot.*

Growing and getting bigger and bustier and curvier, even growing my udder. Mhmm, I think I'm starting to enjoy it.

After all, there were lots of strange changes from the Transformation Wave, and so many others had already adjusted to their new lives and even come to love their new bodies. Hell, that kangaroo lady was literally one of the most popular influencers on the planet now. Why shouldn't Ruby start to embrace her body a little more?

She found herself smiling as she walked home, her ropey tail swaying happily from side to side. She had to get back home soon anyway; she needed to milk herself. It was still embarrassing, even in private, but she couldn't deny that a small part of her was looking forward to it. Not only would it ease off the pressure in her udder and breasts, but it did feel nice.

God, it feels nice. Really freakin' nice. Not that I want to have to milk myself, obviously. But if I do have to do it . . . I'm glad it feels like that.

Ruby had just notified the college that she would be returning to the campus when she noticed something rather surprising: her boobs were starting to muffintop out of her bra. Curious, she checked that she hadn't accidentally put on a smaller one, but it was the right bra. She also hadn't put the bra on wrong, and yet it was . . . tight. The same was true of her udder. She rubbed her hand across it - she liked to have it 'out' when she was home, since it was often quite warm beneath her clothing.

"Full already," she said. "That's come early."

She was about to ready the pumps and the milking machine that Harper had kindly purchased for her when suddenly her roommate tapped on the door and walked in.

“Oh! Sorry, I didn’t think you’d be . . .”

Ruby blushed. “Um, I’m full again. Early this time. I swear, my boobs are bigger. My udder too.”

“They *do* look a little bigger. And your belly too.”

“Hey!”

“No, it’s cute! It’s just a small change. Maybe your body is just settling into itself.”

Ruby harrumphed and crossed her arms beneath her breasts, which were now barely contained in her bra. “I wish I had time to settle into myself, I was just getting used to the idea of getting back in the public eye again.”

Harper bit her lip. “About that,” she said. “I’ve got a really, really huge favour to ask you.”

Ruby nodded. “It’s okay. I know you said you wanted to help pump me. I’m okay with it. It’s a struggle getting the suction cups on this damn udder anyway.”

“Oh, it wasn’t that. Well, not *entirely* that. I was going to ask if . . . if you might be okay featuring in one of my videos.”

Ruby froze. She tried to ignore the pressure in her various mammaries as she took in this information. “Excuse me?”

Harper put up her hands in a placating gesture. “Okay, so your video went mega-viral. More views than I’ve *ever* had, right? And a few smart people have been able to connect that we know each other. You, um, actually walked past in one of the videos I filmed in the background. I didn’t notice until it was posted and started getting comments.”

“WHAT!?”

“I deleted it straight away! But here’s the thing, Ruby, it pulled *mega views*. And the comments *loved you*. I saved some of them. Look.”

She put forward her phone, and Ruby’s eyes went wide as she read them.

‘OMG you live with THE cowgirl? She’s fucking HOT!’

‘Can you do something with her? I would gladly pay for a higher tier!’

‘That cowgirl is FINE. She elegant, yo! Love a thicker girl with a tail and udder! Lucky roommates!’

‘When is she going to do OF content? Everyone deserves to see those beautiful mommy milkers!’

“Moo-ommy milkers?” Ruby said, blushing a little. And yet, a heat stirred within her, spreading from her breasts and down to her loins.

People actually . . . like the way I look? They find me hot? No one’s ever found me hot. And they want to see more of me . . . wow. It’s making me feel so warm.

She had to bite her lip and prevent herself from cupping her breasts, though she stroked her udder without thinking.

“M-moo,” she moaned, as small droplets of milk spilled from her. “They really like me.”

“The comments haven’t stopped on every video I’ve made since. They *love* you, Ruby. And, look, it’s just a suggestion, but I was thinking maybe you could be in a few videos. I wouldn’t ask you to get topless or anything. You could just stand there, but maybe if you were up for it, we could try milking you and-”

“I’ll do it!” Ruby said, the words escaping her mouth before she could bite them back.

Harper’s expression was astonished. “You will?”

“Yes. I . . . I want to be bold. I want to like my body. And it’s only getting curvier, right? Moo-aybe it’ll help bring in more money.”

Harper grinned. “Fuck yeah! Let’s do it then! When works for you?”

Ruby smirked and looked down at her very busty, very engorged body. “Right now would be best, I think.”

Harper was an astonishingly beautiful woman, and she had lovely DD-cup breasts that she made sure were on display in her sexy lingerie outfits or tight dresses. Often she had the camera static while she sashayed down the living room towards it, squeezing her breasts together and playing with them, or simply slowly removing her clothing until she was just in her underwear. Other times she got a lot more dirty. For now, though, she simply introduced Ruby.

“This is my roommate and best friend in the whole world, Ruby,” she declared. “As you can see, this luscious cowgirl was changed by the Transformation Wave. She went viral because a lot of people took advantage of her in the moment, and she’s here to reclaim her body and let *you* appreciate it, my darling subscribers.”

“H-hi!” Ruby said. She wore a tight dress that cinched around the waist, her boobs practically falling out the top of it and part of her udder peeking out the bottom. Her belly was slightly more rounded than she remembered, but in her view it only added a further sense of sexy thickness to her body. She smiled nervously and waved, her tail swaying. “Um, I’ve been a cowgirl for a little over a month now, and I’m looking forward to loving my body. You guys said some lovely stuff about me, so I thought I might let you see a bit more of it. Plus, I really, really need to be moo-ilked! M-mooo!”

As if divinely ordained, her breasts leaked into her dress and her udder too, she blushed and moaned, but Harper just giggled and made her own sexy pose before moving

behind Ruby and cupping her big boobs, causing more milk to leak. She squeezed them in such a way that caused ecstasy, and soon Ruby was mooing again, her cheeks red but her body thankful.

“M-mooo!”

“Don’t worry, my little cowgirl,” Harper said. “This farmer gal is gonna milk you good.”

“P-p-please do it quick! Mooo-ilk me!”

Harper helped her onto the couch as Ruby removed her bra. Her breasts spilled out - definitely bigger than E-cups now - and her nipples were protruding heavily. She pulled up her dress to reveal her mammoth udder, and Harper got to work attaching the pumps.

“You look really fucking hot,” the woman whispered to Ruby as she got to work. She stroked Ruby’s nipple, which definitely wasn’t part of the script, but it elicited a moo of bliss from the cowgirl.

That sounded genuine. Does she really find me hot? I mean, I know she swings both ways but - MWAAHH!”

Harper had turned on the milking machine, each pump attached to her udder teats. The milk flowed, and soon Ruby was giving a performance regardless of whether she wanted to. She writhed and mooed, cupping her boobs and causing milk to spill down her front.

“Can I play with them?” Harper asked.

“Y-yes! Please!”

She did so, cupping them together and rubbing her nipples. But this wasn’t enough for her roommate.

“Can I drink from you, my lovely cowgirl?”

Ruby was briefly astonished, but found she wanted it. Harper was so beautiful, and her touch electric. “Y-yes! Moo! Please!”

She planted her lips over one of her huge nipples and began to suckle from her. She drew in long streams of sweet milk, and it left Ruby in fits of the most amazing euphoria imaginable. She squirmed, running her hands over Harper, the pair just a step before sex.

Suffice to say, the video got *millions* of views. The next was even bigger, and without even meaning to, Ruby was soon part of Harper’s OnlyFans, sharing in the profits, which had tripled in just a week’s time. It didn’t hurt that she needed to be milked *twice* a day now, or that her boobs and udder were more swollen, and her body a little more thick. She was getting hungrier and hungrier, but groceries were a lot easier to afford now as a result. She would scoff down two plates for every meal and still snack throughout the day, and while she had concerns about her growing weight - perhaps a slow transformation still unfolding? - all her worries disappeared when she saw the comments on the videos she made with Harper.

‘That udder be getting bigger each upload. I’m so fucking here for it!’

'Those tits are literally the best I've ever seen. I would drink nothing but that milk if I had the chance.'

'Does anyone find Ruby even hotter than Harper? She's got those thicc curves.'

'Agree, man! Love that sexy belly!'

'Someone get her pregnant! She'll get huge and be even more milky!'

'Fuck yeah! I never get sick of these milking scenes! Can we have one in a barn? Make Harper a hot farmgirl milking Ruby while she's on all fours!'

The comments made the cowgirl start to actually *hope* that she'd keep getting bigger and milkier. They also gave her and Harper plenty of ideas for their increasingly sexy and daring videos. They paid a farmer outside of town for some time to use his barn, and they did exactly as the comment had hoped for: Ruby lowered her big, engorged body to the ground, rearing up on all fours, and Harper proceeded to milk her into a set of buckets. She even pulled on her nipples, draining them like they were udders and actually placing her mouth by the streams to drink some. It was so fucking arousing that Ruby actually came.

"I'm - MOO! - cumming! I'm actually - MOOO!! - CUMMING! MOOOO!!!"

Harper moaned in response, relishing the moment. It was their biggest video ever, and they were raking in the money.

It was with quite a bit of awareness over this fact that Ruby returned to college a week later. She was still enthusiastic to go, but part of her was also deeply nervous. She was wearing a modified set of yoga pants that pulled tight around her huge ass and showed the outline of her udder and teats, and a crop top that left quite a bit of her rounded midriff on display - that belly was definitely growing. Her breasts were pushed up, and they were F-cups by this point, though she suspected they were closer to G's now. They were bigger than half the size of her own head, and when she masturbated at night or played with her big tits to bring on an orgasm, she imagined them being even heavier and rounder than *that*.

Plenty of eyes looked her way. People whispered. Some girls giggled. For a moment, Ruby found her tail wavering, lowering just a tetch thanks to the comments.

"Holy shit, I can't believe she's back."

"I hear she's on OnlyFans now. How weird is that? She was so shy before."

"I would no way be wearing that if I got transformed. Talk about shameless! I'd hide that udder, pronto!"

As she walked along the quadrangle where she had first transformed, Ruby almost considered heading back out of shame. But then she noticed other people were actually admiring her. A few men were murmuring to each other, clearly joking around but talking about her plump chest. One nerdy guy passed her, stopped, and then clearly stared at her ass with interest. And then she overheard other comments, her cow ears having better hearing to pick them up.

“Okay, don’t crucify me, but she’s kinda hot.”

“Dude, I am so subscribing to that OnlyFans.”

“Jesus, I’d love to suck on those tits.”

“Good on her! She should be proud of herself! I’m so glad to see an affected woman like her taking pride in her new body.”

Ruby blushed, but in a good way. She started to love the way people looked at her, and she cast any doubts out of her mind. Even Professor Terrence, normally quite stern and strict, smiled when he saw her.

“I’m very pleased to have you back, Ruby. And well done for adjusting so well. You should be proud of yourself.”

Ruby almost mooed from sheer happiness. “You know what, Professor? I rather think I am!”

And then she gave a little moo of delight anyway, because why should she be ashamed?

Ruby couldn’t help but notice the way her roommate was looking at her. It was as if the more she grew and expanded, the hungrier and thicker and *hotter* she became, the more Harper couldn’t keep her hands off of her. She asked to be present for every milking to help now, and their videos were getting sexier with each upload: the latest had Harper in a hot cowgirl outfit (the actual farmgirl type, that was, with denim shorts and a tied up button shirt) playing with Ruby’s body and making her spray. By the end of the video, they were both utterly covered in the cowgirl’s produce, Harper’s cleavage utterly soaked in milk, and the latter’s moans of pleasure seemed . . . realer than usual.

As they pressed their bodies together for the camera, Ruby couldn’t contain herself.

She’s so beautiful, and the way she looks at me. The way she touches me.

She kissed Harper. There was no thought to it. She planted her lips on the other woman’s and wrapped her hands around her smaller body. Harper was surprised, but only for a moment, and then the pair were kissing enthusiastically, their tongues snaking into one another’s mouths, their hands roaming over each other’s forms. More milk flowed, and soon Harper was cupping Ruby’s udder while sucking on her big, milk-filled breast. Ruby mooed loudly, and in turn began to pull down Harper’s underwear and rub her throbbing clit. The pair moaned together. Well, one of them *mooed*.

“You’re s-so fucking hot, Ruby!” Harper moaned. “I love how big you are! How curvy! How fucking *fertile* you look!”

“I f-feel hot! Ohhhhh, don’t stop - moo! - sucking! I want to cum!”

“Let’s cum together! I’ve been wanting this ever since you changed! I’ve - ahhh!”

“MOOO!!”

They shook and trembled, orgasms more powerful than ever rolling like thunder through their bodies. Ruby collapsed, squeezing her udder accidentally between her thighs and causing more milk to splatter all over her friend-turned-lover. She didn’t even care; it was too arousing. They pressed up against one another for what felt like minutes, feeling each other’s curves, Harper’s hand on Ruby’s increasingly rounded dome of a belly.

“Um, did we turn off the livestream?” the cowgirl finally asked.

Harper’s eyes went wide. She raced for the camera and shut it off, but the two stared at each other in the aftermath.

And then they laughed and made out all over again.

I guess we gave them - moo! - one hell of a show!

Ruby was happier than ever. She often thought about Harper’s comment from their first - but not last - fully sexual experience. She really was looking fertile, like some kind of cowgirl fertility goddess. Her hunger was only growing bigger, and soon that was incorporated into their shared videos too, along with new shopping trips, sexual experiences, and, of course, lots of milking. They even filmed Ruby talking about her journey, talking frankly about her boobs and udder and figure growing all the more and how she was coming to love it. Naturally, she was wearing sexy lingerie while she did so, cupping her udder and boobs often for their audience.

“So, when you talked about some people having a thing for cowgirls,” Ruby said a couple of weeks later as they lay in bed, having had yet more steamy sex. “What you really meant was . . .”

Harper blushed and ran her fingers through her loose afro. “Yeah, turns out I have a thing for cowgirls. I love your big udder, Ruby. I love the way your boobs keep growing. I love how thick and fucking fertile you look. I . . . oh, what the hell, I think I fucking love *you*, girl.”

Oh my God. She said it. She said the thing. I - what do I even say to that?

It was like she was her shy, nerdy self again. She didn’t know what to say. Her boobs tensed, nipples distending to release more milk from the sheer tension in the air. Her udder followed. It was enough to break said tension, however, because Ruby was then able to answer.

“Harper, I’m so fucking full of milk right now. I don’t want anyone else to milk me but you. I fucking love you too.”

They kissed, and Harper used two hands to squeeze Ruby's now-G-cup breast, which felt almost as big as her own head when it was engorged. "Then let's get to milking, hot stuff. God, I hope you keep growing."

"Me too, Harper. I want to be so big and milky for you. Fertile as fuck."

Ruby nervously tapped her foot on the ground as she waited for the doctor to call her in. 'Fertile as fuck' had gone from just a sexy statement to a genuine concern now. Obviously, she didn't really believe she was pregnant, but her stomach was starting to grow at an alarming rate, and now she needed to be milked three times a day, which made campus life more difficult. And then there was the matter of her hunger, and the tiredness she felt lately, not to mention how sore her boobs were! Harper had pushed her for an appointment, and so when she was finally called in and some tests were administered, she imagined it would just be more effects of the Transformation Wave aftershock. Instead, the word came from the doctor's mouth in such a way that rocked her to her core.

"Pregnant," he said.

"P-pregnant?"

"Indeed. I'm not surprised you weren't aware, however, given your recent, ahem, changes. I imagine you assumed your further growth, milk production, tiredness, hunger - all the symptoms you mentioned to me - were just related to the effects of the Transformation Wave, yes?"

Ruby gulped. She was clutching her midriff, which was visibly distended by this point, as if she were at the end of her first trimester already.

"I - yes. I did. But how come I'm so moo-assive? No, scratch that, how can I be pregnant in the first place? I haven't been having sex! None at all!"

At this, Doctor Hershing furrowed his brow. "We still need more tests to determine this, but it seems as if your body has reproduced via parthenogenesis, a side effect of your change."

Ruby recognised the term immediately and gasped. The mere realisation made her boobs leak into her top, and her udder spill milk onto the ground. The doctor was kind enough not to comment.

"That moo-eans I impregnate myself, right? Moo-y body got itself pregnant!?"

"I would say so, based on the available evidence. As for if this is a one-off, I have no idea, but we may need to perform some further scans, because there is already another concern."

"What could be more concerning than my body getting itself knocked up!?" she cried, exasperated. She held her stomach, running her hands along her dome.

How did I not recognise before? My belly is tight! I've gotten thicker and bigger and fatter, but it doesn't feel fat here! It just feels . . . oh God, it feels PREGNANT.

But Doctor Hershing had another revelation to impart. He brought over the scans they had already taken of her and placed them before her. She held them, looking closely at what looked like a nascent baby forming in her womb.

Wait, if that's a baby, what's that other thing? And that one? And . . . those ones?

The epiphany hit her like a freight train. "Wait . . . I'm pregnant with moo-ultiples?"

"I'm afraid so. I understand this is a lot to take in."

"How moo-any?"

"Perhaps five, at a minimum. That's why we need more scans to confirm the numbers, Ruby. Are you okay? Again, I know this has to be quite confronting."

Confronting was more than right. Ruby could scarcely believe it. She was *just* getting used to loving her cowgirl body, its size and thickness, the delightful jiggling, even the eroticism of her milk production. And that was to say nothing of the fact that she and Harper were now very intimate, throwing around the 'L word' like it was going out of style, and playing with one another's bodies on camera and off.

But *pregnancy*?

That was something else. That was babies - or was it calves? That was giving *birth*. That was using her udder and tits for nursing. That was for being a *mother*.

"I - I need some time to think about this," Ruby said, cheeks flushing her usual rosy red. She rubbed her stomach without thinking, trying to keep her breathing steady. She could feel the renewed pressure in her bra, and in her udder sling. Her parts were still growing, and now she knew why.

Five babies, the cowgirl thought as she took the doctor's recommendations and tried to make a speedy exit. Her tail flicked about anxiously. *Five babies and there might be MORE. I'm pregnant. My transformed body got myself pregnant - I didn't even get a choice. Oh God, I'm barely along. I'm gonna get huge! Everyone will look at me!*

And yet, that last thought seemed to resonate with her. She made it to her car and buckled herself in, the strap going between her pillowy breasts, her udder tucked safely under the steering wheel. She spilled a bit of milk, but she had plastic liners in her vehicle now.

"I'm growing babies," she said, even as she started the car. Wonder started to dawn within her. "I'm having babies. Moo-ultiple babies. My babies. And . . . and I'm going to get bigger with them. Bigger and moo-ilkier. My belly . . . mooo. How big am I going to get?"

For some reason, the thought enticed her. She knew it was insane, but she had been getting more and more aroused by the idea of growing and becoming more productive.

And what was more productive than a big, milky, pregnant heifer?

Harper's jaw dropped when Ruby told her the truth a week later. She'd wanted to tell her earlier, but the news was so big, and she needed time to absorb it. The transformed woman wanted to get a sense of the babies growing within her, and for that reason she often found herself daydreaming, holding her belly and rubbing it with a smile on her face, her tail wagging - if not happily, then with a bit of reluctant excitement. Harper knew something was up, she was sure. Ruby wanted to be just a little more careful when they had sex, and when it came time for their milking sessions on her livestream, Ruby mooed as the milk was expressed, rubbing her belly and imagining what the milk was now *for*.

But a week could bring many changes, and Ruby's were undeniable. She was hungrier than ever, ravenously devouring half of their supplies in a short span, and her stomach was starting to push out from her outfits. It no longer looked fat, but what it actually was; a pregnant belly. A belly swollen with potential quintuplets or *more*.

"Y-you're not joking, are you?" Harper said when the news dropped. She stepped forward and rubbed Ruby's stomach. They had gone on a walk in the park, and Ruby didn't mind the way others looked at her. She rather liked the attention now. But once they found a nice isolated bit of shade for a picnic, she couldn't hold back the news any longer.

"No, I'm not. They're all mine. It seems my body, um, self-impregnates."

"Holy shit, you're fucking preggers!"

Ruby swallowed, taking it all in for what felt like the billionth time. She stroked her fertile stomach - her very fertile stomach - and blinked several times.

"Yeah, Harper. I'm fucking preggers. Oh God, I don't know what to do. I mean, I know we're going out now and we said 'I love you' but this is all happening so quickly and I definitely didn't expect to be so pregnant or with so many and I'm moo-aking so much moo-ilk and-"

Harper embraced her, the woman's much slimmer body gently enveloped in Ruby's impressive curves. She stroked Ruby's flanks, her fingers sinking a little into the flesh of her ass as she kissed the cowgirl. Then she took a slight step back and stroked Ruby's stomach. It produced a little 'moo' from Ruby, and made her calm a little.

"Well, I won't lie, this is certainly a lot to take in, Rubes. But I'm in this for the long haul if you are. And besides, I won't lie . . ."

She stroked Ruby's stomach again, this time with both hands. She felt the tautness of it, and there was something undeniably *erotic* about not only her touch, but her expression as well. Ruby's loins tingled, and her nipples and teats swelled, yearning to be touched again.

"I won't lie," Harper repeated. "I really, really like the idea of seeing you get even bigger, milkier, and fertile as *fuck*."

Oh God, why is this such a freakin' turn on? Ruby thought to herself. She gasped a little as Harper continued to feel her body, and her own tail swayed happily. Her udder was already tensing, wanting to release more milk. *Mmhmm . . . I want to grow for her. I want to be so fucking pregnant right now. What is wrong with me?*

But when the two began to kiss again, and again when Harper began to suck on her very engorged breasts, Ruby had stopped caring about what was wrong with her. Something had awakened in her since the aftershock of the Transformation Wave, perhaps something that had been there all along, hibernating within her, and she was sick of being embarrassed, humiliated, and ashamed of it.

"M-mooo . . . let's take this to the bedroom," she whispered. "I want you to moo-ilk me. And I want to *taste* you too."

Harper giggled. "I couldn't imagine a better congratulations for you getting so sexy and knocked up."

Ruby smiled, and the two moved quickly to the bedroom they now shared, Ruby's mind ablaze with arousal. She was a mega pregnant cowgirl, and she couldn't wait to see how swollen and fertile she got.

"Well, well, well, look at what we got here! Seems my prize heifer just keeps on growing. What do you say, Ruby, how many do you think you got in there?"

Ruby moaned with arousal, her belly visibly massive and full of equally visible squirming. Her litter shifted about within her, reminded her of their existence. She wore only some farmer's overalls that had been modified with a flap for her udder, as well as a particularly strained flannelette shirt that had been tied around her enormous breasts. They were each larger than her own head now, weighing massively on her and even more so when they were engorged, such as right now. She leaned up against the wall of the barn they'd rented for this shoot, stroking her massive belly. Her udder was pouring entire rivulets down onto the ground, even getting her chubby thighs wet, and it was warm to feel. She was so damn full it was excruciating. And *hot*. The udder was closer to the size of a beachball than a basketball now, to the point where she no longer bothered hiding it when on campus,

and had special arrangements for seating in lecture theatres which included plastic sheeting to catch all her dripping. People looked, and she no longer cared. In fact, it was kinda exhibitionist in a way.

Look at me, she thought. I'm a six month pregnant cowgirl. The scans say I'm having freakin' octuplets. I'm gonna be a milky, sexy, thick-bodied octomom, and you all better just deal! I know you wanna taste my milk, so don't act like you can judge me. I've seen the way you guys stare at my tits and my ass. You want this, or my OnlyFans numbers wouldn't lie.

It was a hot thought, but nothing compared to *this*, when she and Harper shot their role play videos together. Harper was once again the sexy cowgirl, complete with a cowboy hat that pushed down her lovely black curls. She moved with the most wonderful sashay of her hips, examining Ruby as if she were part of the regular livestock.

"Hey, can ya hear me, Ruby? Or are you off in the fields? How many you got in there, my prize heifer?"

Ruby's mind shot back to the present. She mooed on cue, though she didn't need to put on the act: her babies were moving again, causing more milk to squirt from her boobs and soak her top.

"I've got octuplets, mmmoooo," she managed. "I'm swollen up with eight, mistress."

"Eight! You are one knocked up cowgirl, that's for sure. Bet you can't wait to be a mother, hmm?"

"S-so nervous, but wanna g-grow moo-re, f-first. Bigger t-tits. Bigger udder. Mmooo!"

Harper licked her lips, touching Ruby in all the right places.

"I bet it's a burden though, right? Such a big belly? So much milk in your body? Do ya'll need a bit of taking care of, Rubes? Do ya'll need your farmer to milk her lovely dairy cow?"

"M-moo! Yesss! Moo-ilk me, moo-istress!"

Okay, so I'm playing up the moos just a little, but this is such a freaking turn on I just don't care. I want everyone to see how productive I am.

Harper was more than pleased to get started. She stroked Ruby's belly, and the cameraman they'd hired zoomed in on it, focusing on the undulating surface of the pregnant cowgirl's dome as it shifted and changed. She groaned, particularly as a kick forced her udder to squirt out more milk. It was a great shot and they all knew it.

"Tits first," Harper said. She moved around behind Ruby and cupped her boobs. They were literally too massive for her dainty hands, for *anyone's* hands, really. They overflowed her palms, the flesh sinking over in such a way to practically obscure them entirely. It still had the desired effect of causing a series of wobbles, and that was enough to cause the buttons to ping off of Ruby's shirt, leaving her massive boobs totally exposed and lowering

slightly to perch upon her massive belly. It was so big she couldn't even put her hands right around it now, and somehow that was hotter.

"Let's get to work now," Harper said in her faux-farmer accent. She began to rub Ruby's nipples, causing them to distend further. Milk droplets fell, but when she began drawing upon them, they truly squirted, aiming for a pail several feet away. Ruby didn't even had to play a part here: she moaned, groaned, mooed, and panted, making all sorts of animalistic sounds as the orgasmic pleasure overcame her. Her belly trembled, and her udder smacked against her thighs. Even her ass wobbled: it had become positively ginormous thanks to her pregnancy, her hips having widened to truly MILFy proportions and then some. She got loads of comments online about how hot her backside was, and Harper knew this too, because she moved one hand down to shift Ruby sideways to the camera, then fondled her massive ass, setting it shaking.

Ohhhhhh, to think I used to have such a p-pancake ass. I never w-want to have a itty bitty ass again! I love my sexy thick c-curves so freaking m-much!

And then things got even more erotic. She pressed her back against the wall of the barn, tail striking her own feet as Harper shifted around to her front.

"This isn't working, cowgirl," she said teasingly. "I think I need to use my mouth instead."

"Y-yes! Please!"

Ruby knew that people on campus watched these videos. She knew the whispers. She knew that even some of the football jocks had watched this stuff and gotten off to it. She didn't care. She was happy to provide the spectacle. And she was happy to do her part, because when Harper began sucking on her tits and gulping down what felt like entire gallons of the cowgirl's sweet, nutritious milk, Ruby squirmed in pleasure. It was a good thing Harper was taller, because she literally had to bend forward to reach those breasts from the front, or come at her from the side. She stroked Ruby's belly, causing more shifts.

I'm so fucking fertile. Ohhhhhh, I can't believe I was ever scared of being pregnant. I h-hope I have s-so many b-babies! I hope I get so big and knocked up all over again!

It was such an arousing image, like a breeding instinct had come over her. She tore at Harper's clothing, ripping away the woman's tied top as well, and pulling open her denim shorts at the front. Soon both of them were practically naked, and Ruby even had a wedgie from where her underwear pulled tight against her enormous cheeks. Her tail rose when Harper lowered a hand to tug on one of her teats, sending an entire *hose* of milk upon the wheat-strewn floor. Ruby couldn't help herself; she let loose a big fart from all the excitement. It set her giggling, and in this moment of off-script arousal, Harper giggled too. The passion, somehow, became all the more genuine in that moment, and while the video was meant to end around this point, Ruby instead slipped her fingers inside of Harper while

the woman played with her udder. They both moaned - well, Ruby *mooed* - and their shared climax was approaching all the faster.

"D-don't stop!" Harper cried, though whether it was to the rather startled cameraman or to Ruby, the cowgirl had no idea. She didn't much care at this point. She was caught in rapturous pleasure, and her body was responding perfectly to all of Harper's touches. As the moment of climax drew near, Harper actually shoved her face right into Ruby's cleavage, practically smothering herself as the enormous boobs enveloped her. It was enough to finally send them both over the edge.

"OHHHHHH!!!"

"MOOOOOOO!!!"

And just to emphasise the effect, *all* of Ruby's engorged mammaries suddenly tightened from the rolling thunder of orgasms that passed through her. At once they released, sending milk everywhere and soaking the pair of them so that their bodies were lubricated against one another, the warm milk coating them both. They gasped, and only then did Harper raise her head and give the biggest damn grin Ruby had ever seen.

"And . . . cut," she panted.

The cameraman had shown nothing but professionalism up until this point, but both girls had to giggle a little again when they turned their faces to see him. It was very, very obvious that the man was trying to hide the biggest damn erection of his life.

God, I'm so fucking hot, Ruby thought. She exhaled as her litter moved within her massively crowded womb, clearly excited by all the goings-on. She rubbed her belly, attempting to soothe them.

And so full of life. Mhmm, I love them so much already. I never want to stop being a pregnant cowgirl.

By the time Ruby was on the cusp of going into labour at nine months pregnant, she was literally so swollen she was practically immobilised. Her pregnant belly was so big that it sank down to her thighs, and her udder was bigger than a beach ball and dripping constantly. Her boobs had stopped growing at last, but they were the size of basketballs and likewise endlessly full of milk. Her hunger was vast, and she and Harper had theorised that at this stage, her milk production was so endless because her diet was constantly giving her the nutrients to make more.

Some people would have found this to be a massive burden and a great shame. Certainly, Ruby had to transition to online learning - she literally didn't have the energy nor the range of movement to even cross the college quadrangle anymore, nor a body that could

even fit into a lecture theatre seat. However, the feeling of being so full of *life* was positively intoxicating, and she and her loving roommate - her girlfriend and lover - had made so much damn money that they were now truly internet famous. They had moved out of the apartment when it was clear that size and leakage was going to be a problem, and now were on the edge of town in a practical *mansion*. They wouldn't be able to pay it off for a few years yet, of course, but the enormous money they were raking in had made it possible to have an actual home for their coming brood, as well as customised floors that were carpet free and able to be cleaned of milk with ease. They even had staff they could hire to help them with that; God knew that Ruby needed their help!

But for the moment, she and Harper had absolute privacy. They lay naked together in their enormous double king-size bed, and even then Ruby's weight caused a sizable dip in the mattress. Harper didn't mind, she knew, because it meant that she was always cuddling up against her 'cowgirl fertility goddess,' as she put it. Ruby was facing her, allowing Harper to drink from her breasts and feel her enormous, boulder-sized belly. They were both stroking it, their eyes full of love. Naturally, they'd just had sex. It was difficult, given that Ruby was almost impossible to move, but they'd managed. It certainly helped when your tits and udder were basically giant erogenous zones.

"I love you so fucking much," Harper said. It was what she always said, a repeat of her first confession, and Ruby loved her for it.

"I know," she said. "I couldn't ask for a better girlfriend. Are you sure you're ready for all this?"

She took Harper's hand and placed it on a part of her belly where two of her big babies were kicking.

Harper just smiled. "Who's ready to be a parent? No one, I'd say. But I can't wait all the same. You're gonna be such a hot MILF of a cowgirl."

She is just the best. What did I do to deserve her? I just want to be big and pregnant for her forever, and always have my udder and boobs full of - NGH!

"Eugh!" she groaned, clutching her stomach.

Harper's eyes widened. "Are you okay? A big kick?"

"I - ohh!"

Ruby raised one leg in response to a sudden pressure, and suddenly a flood of liquid erupted from her. This wasn't unusual, except that it *wasn't* from her udder, but from her pussy instead. A searing tightness suddenly came over her huge dome.

Oh God. Oh, shit! Ohhhhh, it's really happening! I knew it would, but - holy COW!

"H-Harper," she managed. "I think I'm going to be a mooo-om now! OHHH!"

Eight babies. Eight whole babies. Not even enough for all her nipples and teats, meaning she had to rotate them. Birthing had been an effort, though oddly enjoyable; another benefit of being a cowgirl, Ruby supposed. Still, what followed was a whirlwind few months. Her belly, once her pride, deflated and became saggy, then eventually simply became doughy and poochy, just as it was meant to be. Lactating so much and needing to constantly nurse her eight children, each of them a little cow-like just like her, was enough to ensure her fat was burned away. Well, not all her fat, just her pregnancy weight. Soon, she was mobile again, even if she had to have her udder constantly out for her four boys and four girls to latch onto. That thing was still enormous, as were her boobs, not that she or Harper minded.

Still, eight babies was a lot to take care of. They had to stop filming their content for a bit, but had shot a good number of videos to post in the meantime. Besides, her studies required greater focus, and it was easy to write assessments while her babies covered her and nursed from her. Harper was the most magnificent second mom to their children. Despite not even being biologically related to them, she took to them instantly, helping name them, bathe them, change them, cuddle them, and generally adore them.

I love her so fucking much, Ruby thought. She'd just put her babies to sleep, and was very thankful they were all good sleepers. Something about being cowgirls and cowboys meant that her milk put them right down overnight. A damn good thing too, because her libido hadn't exactly gone away in the last five months. She and Harper got what intimacy they could, but it was finally returning in a big way now that their schedule was consolidating.

"You're such a good mom," Harper said, already naked in bed, her lovely dark breasts visible over the covers.

"We're both good moms," Ruby replied. "You're just the hot one."

"Pfft, look at you. You're the one the internet goes crazy for. Well, me as well. I'm extra crazy for you."

"Thank God for that, because I couldn't do this alone."

"Hmmm . . . we should film a video tomorrow night. The crowd is desperate to see your post-pregnancy body."

At this, Ruby bit her lip. She got into bed, her udder making a gurgling sound, her emptied breasts already tightening as more milk flowed into them. "Post pregnancy, you say?"

Harper furrowed her brow. "Do you know something I don't?"

Ruby pressed her warm body against Harper, who instantly began to massage it. But when her hand slid from Ruby's large chest to her stomach, she stopped.

Please figure it out, please figure it out.

"Your tummy . . . it's not as soft anymore. It's kind of . . . taut."

“Yup.”

“And you’ve been hungrier again recently. Wait, you had a doctor’s check up today, didn’t you?”

“Uh-huh.”

Harper’s eyes widened. She looked at Ruby. “No! Really? You’re . . . ?”

Ruby giggled. “Pregnant all over again. It seems this is what my body does now, I guess. It loves to keep itself well bred.”

“I’m - are you okay with this?”

Ruby mooded, her tail flapping out of the bedsheets. “I’m so fucking okay with this, Harper. If . . . if you are?”

Harper kissed her, her hands upon her breasts. She rotated their bodies so that she was on top of Ruby, riding her, staring down at her thick cowgirl body.

“My love, I’m more than okay with this. I can’t wait to see you grow with our babies all over again.”

Ohhhhh, me either, Ruby thought. Me either.

And because the pair of them were so aroused and their babies deeply asleep, they celebrated the news immediately.

And passionately.

The End