

Stephen shivered as he walked into his apartment, being careful not to crush his groceries as he closed the door behind him. He couldn't believe how cold it had gotten lately. Certainly wasn't summer anymore. He gently put his stuff down and took off his jacket, kicking off his shoes to the side. He was at least glad he got his shopping done before it rained at least. With a huff he picked up his bags again and trudged into the kitchen. Gently he placed them on his kitchen table and began putting them away while going over his shopping list to make sure he got everything.

"Alright check on toast... got eggs... bread... bacon... beef for dinner... noodles... soup... cereal... milk? Where is the milk?"

He rummaged through his bags. He better not have forgot the milk. It was on the top of his list. He dug around a bit more before he remembered it was in the other bag, pulling out the carton. He looked over the label again. It was a different brand than he normally got. Moomoo Farms brand milk. The pink label caught his eye while he was shopping. Never heard or seen this brand before. It boasted that it was more packed with vitamins and 100% skim free. Was cheap too compared to his regular brand. And when he looked it up online on his phone he only saw positive reviews. So he thought it was worth a try. He left it on the counter as he put the rest of his stuff away. And once that was all done he grabbed himself a glass along with a couple cookies and poured himself some milk. He then took to his living room, sitting down on his comfy couch and turning on his TV putting on some Netflix.

"Alright, time to relax and continue with my marathon of TNG." He said to himself with a smile as he clicked on his show and then swapped the remote for a cookie. He lifted his legs onto the couch as he carefully dipped his cookie into the milk and took a bite. The moment his tongue touched the milk soaked side of his tasty treat his eyes went wide as the flavor hit him. He couldn't describe it but what he had just tasted was amazing. It was like his cookie got five times better. He glance at the glass of milk. Slowly he brought the glass to his face and took a sniff. Finding it didn't smell out of the ordinary he moved on next to the taste test. He brought the glass to his lips and took a little sip. Once again his eyes went wide from the flavor. It tasted even better directly. Once again he couldn't mentally describe why but it just tasted perfect. At that moment he started gulping down the rest, lost in that indescribable flavor. Within a minute he finished his glass with a satisfied sigh, putting his glass down and finishing his last cookie.

"Damn, that was good. Think I'll buy more of it next time I'm out of milk. Just hope it doesn't vanish without a trace or something." He said, licking his lips. He then eyed his glass again and wiggled it in his hand. Even though he just chugged that glass down he felt thirsty for more. Granted it tasted really good. He mulled over it a bit before deciding a second glass couldn't hurt. He paused his show and got up but stopped as he found his belt feeling a bit tight around his waist. He grumbled to himself about putting it on too tightly and just took it off, tossing it to

the side as he walked back into the kitchen to pour himself some more milk. Once poured he started drinking it down and by the time he got back to the couch his glass was once again empty. Which in turn left him wanting another glass. Which lead to him walking back into the kitchen pouring another glass. Before long he absentmindedly entered a cycle of walking back and forth, pouring himself some milk and then gulping it down. An seemingly endless cycle till the carton was completely empty. And it took him a couple moments before the consequence of his actions fully hit him.

“Fuck! Now I have no milk again!” He mentally slapped himself, holding his face in his hand as he groaned in realization. He couldn’t believe he just mindlessly drank a whole carton of milk in the span of a few minutes. He had bags of gummy bears that lasted longer than this. Now he had to go back to the store to buy more. Grumbling to himself he left the kitchen in a slump and flopped back on the couch. Despite how good that milk was he wasn’t ready to go out again so soon to get more. He resumed his show instead and silently wished he had more milk.

As he lay there his stomach grumbled a little and he let out a little belch. Groaning he rubbed his belly some. He was definitely regretting drinking all that milk now as he was beginning to feel bloated and gassy. He unzipped his jeans and pulled them down a bit in an attempt to relieve some pressure. It didn’t work as it just kept building up. He was starting to get worried he was gonna get sick at this point. He felt like getting up and heading to the bathroom just in case but moving brought more discomfort. So he just rolled onto his side and held his stomach gently, belching again when the pressure built up more. To make things worse his clothes were starting to feel a bit tight and his body felt a little too warm. At first the initial discomfort distracted him too much to notice something was off. But as his clothes got tighter he began to notice his belly was starting to push his shirt upward and his body was looking much thicker. His skin was also getting itchy, prickling sensations crawling along his entire body.

“Ugh! The heck is wrong with me?” He said with a groan as he lifted his shirt up further to scratch at his itchy chest. He was starting to panic more when he noticed his chest was starting to look a little red. Wait, not red. A strong pink. And looking closer he saw it wasn’t his skin changing colour. Rather he was sprouting pink hairs across his chest. He shook his head as he couldn’t believe what he was seeing. He watched dumbfounded as the pink hairs grew longer and started to spread further around his body. Even his arms were starting to turn pink.

“I gotta get my phone. Call for help...” He grunted as he got up out of the couch. He was starting to feel as heavy as he looked. His balance felt off as he stumbled to his room. As he walked he felt like his whole body was jiggling, belly sagging further away from his body and even his butt felt bigger. He wish he didn’t leave his phone at home earlier otherwise it would have been in his pocket. At least he didn’t have far to walk in his small apartment, stumbling into his room and

quickly grabbing his phone off his desk. He swiped the password to his phone to unlock it, though it took a few tries as his fingers were feeling a little stiff and numb. Part of him felt like calling 911 but at the same time he wasn't sure if he was really in an emergency situation. Besides the bloating and the hairs he wasn't feeling weak or sick. That and he knew an ambulance would cost him a lot. However he knew one person was close by and had a vehicle on hand. So he opened his contacts and selected the the cell number of his boyfriend, Ravtrag. He put the phone on speaker as he sat back down on his bed, mattress groaning as he sank a fair bit into it. It rang twice before his BF's voice could be heard on his phone's speakers.

"Hello?"

"Rav. Hun. Listen... something is wrong with me and I need you to come over right away."

"What's wrong?" Rav's worry could be heard clearly over the phone.

"I dunno exactly what is wrong. I drank some bad milk and right now I look like I have been eating McDonalds for an entire month. And I'm growing these pink hairs all over. Just get over here as soon as you can!"

"Alright! I'm coming over! I'll call you back when I get in the car! Just wait for me!" And with that there was a click, leaving Stephen sitting there waiting for him to phone back and be on his way over.

"Hope he gets here soon. I feel so heavy." He looked down at his belly again. It was sticking out a lot and was starting to look yellowish compared to the rest of his body which was steadily being consumed by pink hairs. Tenderly he poked his belly and softly moaned as his finger sunk in. His eyelids fluttered from the sensation. Instead of feeling painful in anyway it felt strangely good. He tenderly felt around his belly with both hands and found it felt sensitive but in a pleasurable way. As he played with his tummy he noticed there was odd growths forming on it. Four of them to be exact. He touched one of them and gasped as an even greater jolt of pleasure hit him. It was an even stronger sensation than rubbing his stomach. The welts grew bigger and longer while his stomach pushed out further, feeling like something was filling it from behind the skin. Stephen watched in more amazement than concern now as his belly changed before him and gasped as he saw liquid begin leaking from the tips of his belly growths. He quickly wiped one with a finger and licked the liquid off, eyes going wide when he recognized the flavor.

"Holy shit! I... I'm leaking milk! I have a fricken udder and I'm leaking milk!"

He jiggled his new udder a bit more and groaned as he felt it expand more with milk. Weird sensations filled him internally as he felt like his organs were shifting about inside. A slight

discomfort behind him caused him to roll to his side and peer behind him. Once again he was in for another surprise as a long and thin tail grow out from his backside, a black orb forming on the tip. He grabbed it and gave it a tug, yelping in pain as he confirmed to himself that it was really there. It was dawning to him what exactly was happening to him when his fingers went completely numb. He brought his hands to his face and watched in a mix of awe and shock as his fingers and thumb turned completely black. The index and middle finger on each hand began merging together along with both pinkies and ring fingers. He tried bending them but found the dexterity in his now hooved hands very limited. Certainly not gonna be easy to play games now with these things.

“Ok, I got an udder, a stringy tail tipped with a black ball, pink fur, and now hooves. I’m become a *miiiiltank*!”

He quickly clamped his hooves over his mouth. Did he just cry out like a miltank just there? He hoped he wasn’t gonna lose the ability to talk too! He felt his ears start to twitch and brought his hands up to them just in time to feel his earlobes stretch and move further up his head, becoming long and able to swivel about. And just as his ears finished changing they instinctively twitched towards the sound of music coming from his desk. It was Rav’s ringtone. Quickly he got up and clumsily grabbed for his phone. He cried out in frustration as he tried to answer his cell as his hoofed fingers made it impossible to use the touchscreen. If it wasn’t for the home button answering feature he wouldn’t have answered it just in time before his phone went to voicemail.

“Rav! You on your way yet?” he asked, noticing his voice was sounding different. It was sounding a tad deeper yet lighter in tone.

“I’m on my way, love! Just keep sitting tight for me! You doing ok? Your voice is sounding off.” Rav replied with great concern.

“I’m fine... sort of... just *mii*... *ahem* just get here as soon as you can. And drive safe! Don’t get yourself into an accident trying to get to me.”

“I won’t but what was that noise? You sure you are ok?”

“I’m *miiiffine*. Just ovemmmf!”

“Steph? Steph!?”

Stephen couldn’t respond as his jaws started pushing forward. He grunted as his nose pulled away from his face as his mouth stretched into a short rounded muzzle, nose becoming a black

and wet tip on his animalistic snout. He gasped as he gained jaw control again and licked inside his altered mouth, feeling his tongue growing thicker and longer while all his teeth flattened, becoming the teeth of an herbivore.

“STEPH! You there?!”

“Yes... I’m here... sorry. I didn’t *mil*..mean to startle you.”

“Alright. Just keep talking to me. I’m only 5 minutes away now.”

“Alright... get here soooooon, ok?”

He coughed as he tried to clear his throat. He was sounding much deeper in voice now but feminine. And he couldn’t help but moo like a mil tank every so often as he spoke. Looking over himself he wondered if his changes were done when he felt his chest starting to swell, already tight shirt getting tighter. He groaned and huffed as he tried to pry his shirt off as his swelling chest started stretching and ripping his shirt. He gasped with relief when the fabric finally tore and blushed as a pair of breasts bounced free. He lightly held them and watched as they kept growing in his hands. Pink fur covered the massive chest melons with his nipples sporting the same cream colour as his udder, becoming pretty plump as well. He wasn’t sure what cup size they stopped growing at but the closest comparison he had was inflatable beach balls. His pants fared just as well as his shirt as his hips and rear swelled thicker, eventually ripping apart and falling off his body along with remnants of his underwear.

“What was that? I heard ripping!”

“Uhh... nothing... umm... just try not to freak out when you get here.” He said with a blush.

“Freak out? What is going on?”

“It is better you see for yourself when you get here. And please hurry. I feel I’m gonna need your help with something soon.” He said and moaned quickly to himself as he rubbed his swollen udder. It was starting to feel uncomfortably full and the milk was leaking more.

Suddenly he felt a strong pleasurable sensation between his legs that caused him to moo loudly. And unfortunately he couldn’t mute himself due to his hooves as he felt something happening with his manhood. He tried to pull back his udder to see but his udder and belly were too big to get a look. He moaned and moo’d up a storm, laying back in his bed as his male genitals pulled into his body. That strange organ shifting sensation hit him again along with feeling something

new grow inside. Pleasure wracked his body for a full minute before the tugging and shrinking sensation passed. The empty, wet feeling remaining between his legs made it all too clear what just happened. He was no longer a he now. Miltanks were a female only species after all. Once the pleasure had past she recomposed herself and sat back up just in time to see her thick legs become fully covered in fur and feel her feet start to shift under her socks. She tugged them off and tossed them to the side in time to see her feet now fully changed into a pair of cloven hooves. She quickly looked over herself and waited for anything more to happen, sighing with relief when it seemed that she was done changing. No human aspect of her remained. She was entirely miltank now. A rather hefty anthropomorphic miltank.

“Steph? Where you just playing with yourself?” Rav said over the phone, sounding a little annoyed.

“No! No! I wasn’t! Are you here yet?”

“I’m just getting out of the car. I’m parked in your guest spot. I’ll be up soon.”

“Alright. See you soon, love...”

She hung up after that and slowly got out of bed, the mattress groaning heavily as was relieved of all that weight. She huffed and grunted softly as she slowly walked out of her room and down the short hallway to her bathroom. She needed to see her reflection. To see how she looked. Leaving behind a trail of milk, she walked into the room and flicked on the light. Looking in the mirror she blushed as she saw her new appearance. Her face was pudgy and rather cute looking. Well, for a fat pokecow. Hair seemed to have stayed relatively the same giving her a rather tomboyish look. Her blue eyes were now green and surprisingly her glasses stayed on, granted sitting awkwardly on her snout. Briefly she took them off and confirmed that she clearly still needed them, vision fuzzy without them on. She got so focused on looking over her new self she almost jumped when there was a loud banging at her door. As quick as she could she waddled to her door, almost slipping in a puddle of milk she made standing around in front of the mirror. She paused briefly at the door, scared of how her boyfriend would react to her like this. But the ring of the doorbell told her he wasn’t just gonna leave if she didn’t answer. So she took a deep breath and quickly opened the door to see her boyfriend who leaped back in surprise.

“Holy crap! Steph?! Is that you?!” He asked, eyes wide as saucers.

“Yes! Now get in here!” She exclaimed as she grabbed his arm and tugged him into her apartment, closing the door before any of her neighbours peeked out and saw what was going on. She then moved him to the couch and got him to sit down, standing in front of him.

“What happened to you? How did this happen? What even are you?” Rav asked, looking concerned for her and yet at the same time looking a bit interested in her new body.

“I’m a miltank, love. And rather enjoying it, actually.” She said with a bit of a smirk, holding her hands on her hips in a bit of a sassy pose. “As for how it happened, I drank this new brand of milk that tasted super good. Now I’m basically producing the stuff now.”

“I can see that.” Rav said as he stared at her leaking udder.

She was about to say more but then she grabbed her udder and groaned. Rav got up and came to her side as he looked at his miltank boyfriend turned girlfriend with concern.

“What’s wrong, love? You hurt?”

She looked up at him with a blush. “I’m ok but... I... need to be *mii... mii...* milked.” She looked back down at her udder, tail swishing slightly behind her.

It was Rav’s turn to blush as he held her close, one hand gently rubbing her udder eliciting a gentle moo from her. “You... want me to milk you?”

She nodded and pointed down the hall. “Get me to the bathroom. We can use the bathtub. To avoid making a big mess.” She said with a blush, ears lowered shyly.

Rav nodded, blushing himself as he helped walk his bovine girlfriend to her bathroom. As he walked he looked at the milk trail she had left behind, taking a mental note to help her clean that up later too. Slowly she stumbled on inside and walked up to her bathtub. It was a bit difficult lifting her thick legs into it and even when she did her hooved feet slide a little against the porcelain. Rav helped Steph get her other leg into the tub and kept her steady. It helped he was rather broad himself and fairly strong.

“So... how are we gonna do this?” Rav asked as he looked her in the eyes. He cheeks was flushed red. He was feeling both shy about what they were about to do and aroused. He never thought they would take milking to such a literal level like this.

“Well, I guess I lean over and you just... you just...” She blushed, too embarrassed to finish her sentence. She was feeling quite aroused herself waiting for Rav to start tugging on her teets. Her loins felt warm and the fur between her legs felt a little damp.

“Ok. Just tell me if I’m hurting you, ok? I don’t know how sensitive your udder is.”

She nodded and got onto her hands. She was a little surprised she could stand fully like this without needing to bend her knees. Like she was built to walk on all fours just as easily as she could on two. She shuddered as the tips of her teats as well as her nipples touched the cold floor of the bathtub. She grabbed the edges of the tub and lifted herself a bit making it easier for Rav to get his hands under her. “Ok, I think I’m ready.”

“Alright. Here goes nothing.”

Rav reached under her and wrapped his hands around her upper two teats. The moment he gripped them pleasure shot through her body and she mooed loudly. However her moos turned to bellows of discomfort when he tugged firmly.

“*Miii!* Ow! Too hard, hun. Mmf.. little less grip please.”

“Sorry! Sorry! I never milked a cow before. Much less had one for a girlfriend.”

He chuckled a little as she gave him a dirty look for that comment. He then tried again more gently. This time the sound of happy pleased moos filled the room and milk squirted freely from her teats. He started slowly at first, finding a good rhythm which pleased his bovine mate the most. He smiled as he listened to her moos. It made him happy and even more aroused to hear the pleased cries of his mate. He leaned in and gave her a loving smooch on the cheek while giving her teats a bit of harder tug making her moo even louder. Milk poured down the drain as he kept milking her which was a shame. So much wasted milk. It was giving Rav a bit of an idea as he looked over her massive breasts.

“Hey, Steph. Do you need your breasts milked too?”

“Well they are feeling a bit full too. Why?”

“Well, I was wondering if, after your udder is empty enough, you would turn around for me so I can give them a little taste.” He said into her ear. Her cheeks flushed even hotter and she looked at him in surprise.

“Are you sure? As sexy as that sounds what if you transform too?”

“Well then I’ll have you to milk me when it is all over.” Rav replied and kissed her again.

Her tail swished as she thought about her mate transforming too. Granted she hoped he would stay male. Or at least male enough to feel him deep inside her. Her nethers were getting rather hot. It made her wonder if she was entering heat or something. It didn't help that every tug of her teats felt orgasmic. Soon Rav stopped which brought some disappointment to her.

"I think I got enough. My hands are getting tired. So how about you roll over so I can started here." Rav said as he rubbed her breasts gently.

"Mmooo... alright. Just don't get angry if you gain an udder too." Steph said with a giggle and rolled over in the tub, laying back with her bountiful breasts swaying lightly with her movements. She grinned at her boyfriend and teased him a bit by playing with her nipples. "Feeling thirsty, love?"

"You know it, love." He grinned at her and leaned in. He ran his hands over both bosoms, giving them a gentle squeeze. She huffed and moaned as he teased her back, shivering as he finally wrapped his lips over the nipple closest to him. She gasped and moaned softly as he lightly tugged it with his teeth and began nursing on her. Milk began squirting into his awaiting mouth and he moaned into her breast as he drank it down. He wasn't expecting her milk to taste this good. He squeezed her breast more firmly to get more milk out of her. Steph meanwhile was lost in pleasure as her boyfriend drank straight from her tit. She watched as he nursed from her, blushing as she saw pink fur starting to spread across his face. Just as she predicted her own milk was about to transform Rav just as it did her.

Rav paid no mind as his face began to stretch out. In fact the forming of a muzzle was making it easier to take hold of his mate's chest teat. He suckled harder, gently tugging on her nipple with his flattening teeth. His ears twitched as the lobes stretched and formed into something more bovine. He felt a bit of a pressure on top of his head as horns began to grow, pushing through his hair. Stephen watched his horns grow rather long and sharp. They were more like horns of a bull than a cow. Some black fur spread over his cheeks and down some of his neck before more pink fur grew across his body. His groping fingers stiffened and fused together, turning black to become hooves like Steph's. He groaned into her tit as he felt his whole body growing thicker. His arms bulked out with fat but also with muscle. He belly pushed out from under his shirt as it grew bigger, turning cream coloured with four teats starting to form. He moaned in pleasure as chest began to balloon forward, pressing against his shirt and Steph's udder. His own forming udder was growing more and more, filling up with delicious milk as he switched to Steph's other breast to keep drinking hers. His shirt began to rip as his breasts kept growing. They sloshed full with milk as well as they grew to a size just smaller than Steph's.

Steph stroked her lover along his cheek and looked him in the eyes lovingly. “How are you feeling, love?”

Rav smiled, letting go of his mate’s breast to speak. “I’m feeling great, love. This feels *mmmm* good.” Shi shifted forward a little, pressing his tits against his mate’s own. “I think your boobs are bigger than mine.”

Steph giggled and gave Rav’s boobs a grope making him tilt his head back and moo in pleasure. Meanwhile Rav’s pants were getting tighter as his hips widened and rear swelled. Steph did her best to undo his pants and get them off but they were already ripping by the time she got his belt undone. His spine stretched out and surprisingly split three ways, whipping about as tufts of black fur form on the tips. Steph managed to slide Rav’s pants and boxers down to his knees exposing his erect shaft which began a much different change than her own. For starters it was growing longer with his balls swelling in size. His cock also became more pointed, looking much more animalistic. Shi mooed again much louder as she felt her flesh open and pulse between her legs, feeling organs shifting inside him as new ones formed. Steph gently moved his tennis ball sized gonads slightly and gently felt around behind till her hoofed finger met a moist opening.

“Well, looks like you are getting the best of both worlds.” Steph said with a grin, watching her mate grope herself and listened to his bellows of pleasure as she teased her mate’s new cunt.

Rav’s changes were almost finished as his legs became thicker and shorter. Just like his arms they expanded with both fat and powerful bovine muscle. Shi lost the feeling in his toes as they merged together to form cloven hooves. Socks ripped apart as his feet shifted and lengthened in ungulate fashion. Finally the fur around his neck grew longer, giving him a bit of a mane. All the while small circular plates the same colour as his grey horns pushed out of his forehead. Ravtrag’s changes were complete. Shi was a bovine like Steph but clearly sporting traits of miltank’s male counterpart, that of the mighty tauros. Rav looked down at his mate with hungry eyes and wrapped his arms around the cow.

“How about we move to the bedroom now?”

Before Steph could even reply Rav picked her up with relative ease, cradling the fat miltank in his powerful arms. Steph moo’d in surprise as she was carried out and blushed as she was carried into her bedroom. She could smell Rav’s arousal and Rav could smell hers. Not much more was needed to be said as Steph was set down on the bed, mattress groaning loudly as both bovines laid upon it. Rav climbed on top of his mate, his breasts pressing down on hers, shaft rubbing between her legs. Steph mooed softly to her mate and both stared at each other with bedroom eyes.

“Ready to be bred, my cute dairy cow?” Rav asked in a deep loving tone.

Steph gave her mate a sloppy lick on his nose with her thick tongue. “Ready, my beautiful breeding bull.”

Rav gave a little nod and slowly pulled back, aiming his tool at his lover’s wet cunny. Then with a grunt she plunged it deep. Both of them moo’d up a storm as they began rutting together like animals. The bed creaked and groaned as they rocked steadily on top of it. Their breasts and udders rubbed firmly against one another’s, bringing even greater pleasure to their breeding session. Milk began to leak from both of them, dripping over both of them and leaking onto the sheets underneath both bovines. Their moans and bellows of pleasure grew louder as Rav rutted harder into Steph. His shaft pushed in deep into her cleft as she humped her harder, tip pressing against her cervix. Steph trembled under her mate and felt her body clenching around her mate’s bull cock, feeling close to her limit. Finally with one final powerful thrust Rav struck home, thrusting fully into his mate, and both bellowed into the heavens as they climaxed together. Steph’s vaginal walls hugged Rav’s cock tightly as she milked him for every ounce of sperm she would give her. And Rav pumped as much as she could into his mate’s awaiting womb. They rode their respective climaxes for about a minute before finally Rav collapsed on top of Steph, both rolling onto their sides as they basked in the afterglow of their moment of love and passion.

Rav was first to recover, giving his mate a loving lick along her snout. “Love you, Steph,” Rav said, gazing deep into her green eyes.

“I love you too, Rav,” said Steph, gazing back into his own yellow eyes and returning his show of affection with a sloppy bovine kiss.

Rav moo’d loving to Steph before looking down, tenderly rubbing his udder. “You know I am feeling a little full. Mind giving me a milking this time.”

Steph giggled a little and nodded. “I’ll do you one better.” she said with a moan as she pulled herself off of Rav’s shaft. She then turned slide down the bed a little till she was facing Rav’s udder. Gently she took a teat into her muzzle and began suckling like a calf, bringing Rav both pleasure and relief.

After Rav’s milking they cuddled up together and drifted to sleep. They didn’t even think of how their life would be as bovines nor about what will happen with all that milk that changed Steph being freely sold in stores. Right now they only thought about each other. That and the potential of Steph carrying Rav’s calves.

