

The
Best
milk
ever



The best milk ever

“Alright Miss Locksley, that was the last quality check. It seems that everything works just fine in your creamery.” Diane smiled friendly, as the obviously stressed Bolgan girl in front of her stopped to look like she was holding her breath and let go a gasp of relief.

„Thank you Miss Spencer“ The small snout of the young fennec fox-girl formed a happy smile. Her ears raised and she jumped from one paw to the other like she was dancing in joy.

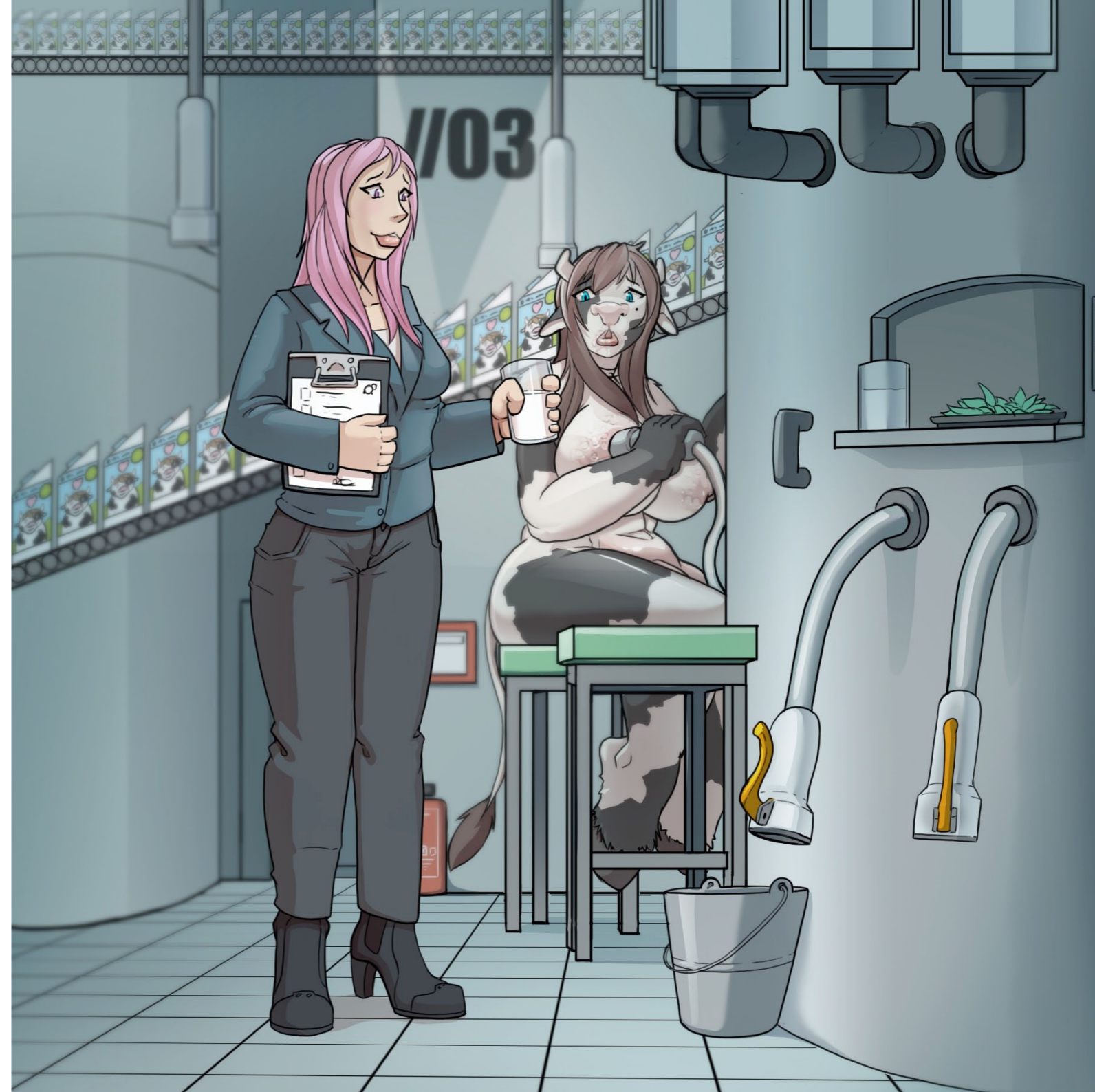
„Well, now I only need to take a look at your payoffs“ Diane started. The Bolgan stopped her dancing immediately, as her ears dropped a bit. „Oh“ She started to look a bit worried..

„Oh?“ Diane replied, knowing the chaotic nature of Bolgans and their dislike of doing any kind of paperworks. Even tho she havn´t found anything to complain here, she enjoyed that her question seemed to confuse and worry the young girl.

„Oh like... Uhm... Wait a second, I need to check the office!“ The Bolgan squeaked and before Diane could even answer something, the fox rushed up the narrow staircase. A muted „One moment please!“ halled down, followed by the bang of a door and loud noises of someone throwing stuff around in the distance.

„Well, this could take a while“ Diane grinned, as she decided to accompany one of the Soras that had just finished her lunch at the feeding machine. Diane liked Soras. Maybe because they were peaceful and kinda slow, or maybe because they were a bit simple minded, and easy to impress.

The cow girl moored happily, as Diane came closer. „Hey there, how was the -“ Diane stopped as she noticed that the Sora was holding a long transparent suction bell in her hand. „I’m sorry, I didn´t want to disturb you!“ Blissful, the kinda big cowgirl looked over her shoulder, revealing her huge pair of naked tits, connected to a milking machine.



Her udder was resting on her fat tights, still dripping with fresh milk from her last session. „Whoo are yooo?“ The Sora mooed, still trapped in some kind of trance, while her milk was slowly sucked out of her impressive, swollen breasts from the machine in front of her.

Diane felt uneasy in her situation, even more as she noticed the small runnel of urine coming from under the Soras udder. Did she just piss herself? The fact that the Sora seemed to have lost control of her most basic urges while being milked wasn't surprising, but it also wasn't making the situation any better.

A bit disgusted, Diane turned away from the cow. On a small table right next to her she noticed a fresh, untouched lunch. Without thinking any further, Diane reached out for the glass of milk on the table to look busy and escape this awkward situation. She took a sip and pretended to test the quality of the milk.

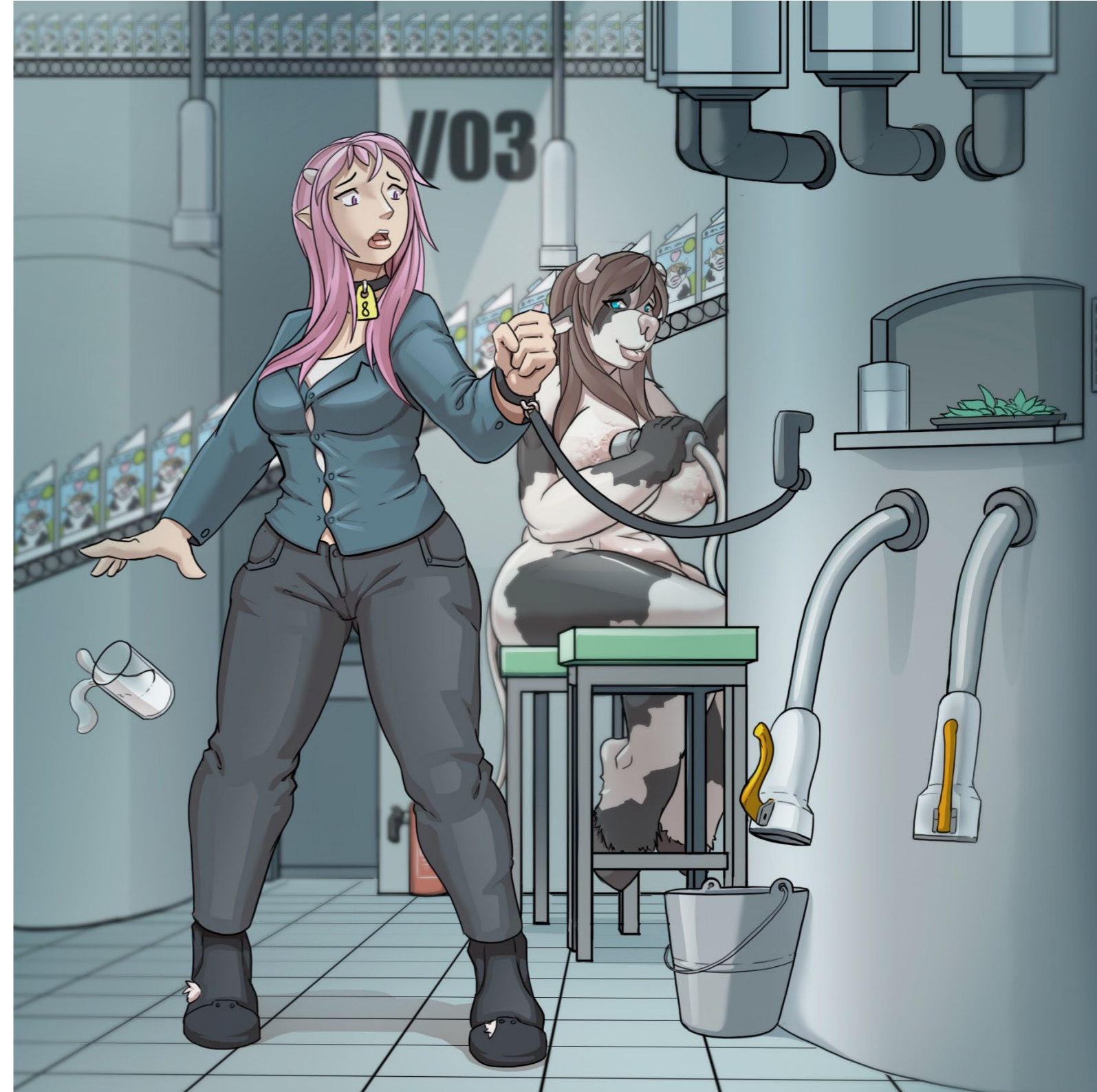
It tasted pretty good! Pretty damn good to be true! Diane wasn't sure if she had ever tasted such a good milk in all of her life as a food-inspector.. As she turned around, she noticed that the Sora was looking at her glas with a weird confusion on her face.

„Yooo Hneew?“ The cow slowly asked. „That Milk is Hnoot for hoomans!“

„I have found the - Oh my gosh!“ Someone screamed from behind Diane, but somehow, she was feeling funny. It was like everything around her was running in slow-motion and became kinda cloudy and comfortable to her out of a sudden.

„Have ... you ... drunken ... that ... milk ? Someone was looking at Diances face, making hectic movements.„I'm ... sorry... I'm ... Sorry!“ Diane felt how someone put something around her wrist. „Please stay here, I will be back with an antidote – don't worry!“

Diane didn't care. She was feeling good out of a sudden. „Good“ like super-happy! Still a bit confused, she looked on the leash that was tying her to the giant machine in front, as she dropped the glas of milk. Her body was feeling warm, as she tried to pull on the leash a bit. To her amazement, she was worrying, but not really panicing right now... It was like nothing really mattered anymore.



Suddenly, Diane felt a weird tightness around her waist and upper body. It seemed like she was growing out of her clothes! Her shoes and blazer didn't seem to fit anymore, as the fabric started to stretch and rip in multiple areas.

The Sora to her left looked at Diane with a weird mix of lust and curiosity while she was still milking her breasts. Diane stumbled, as she realized that her high heels had started to rip. Standing on her toes was not feeling unnatural at all out of a sudden!

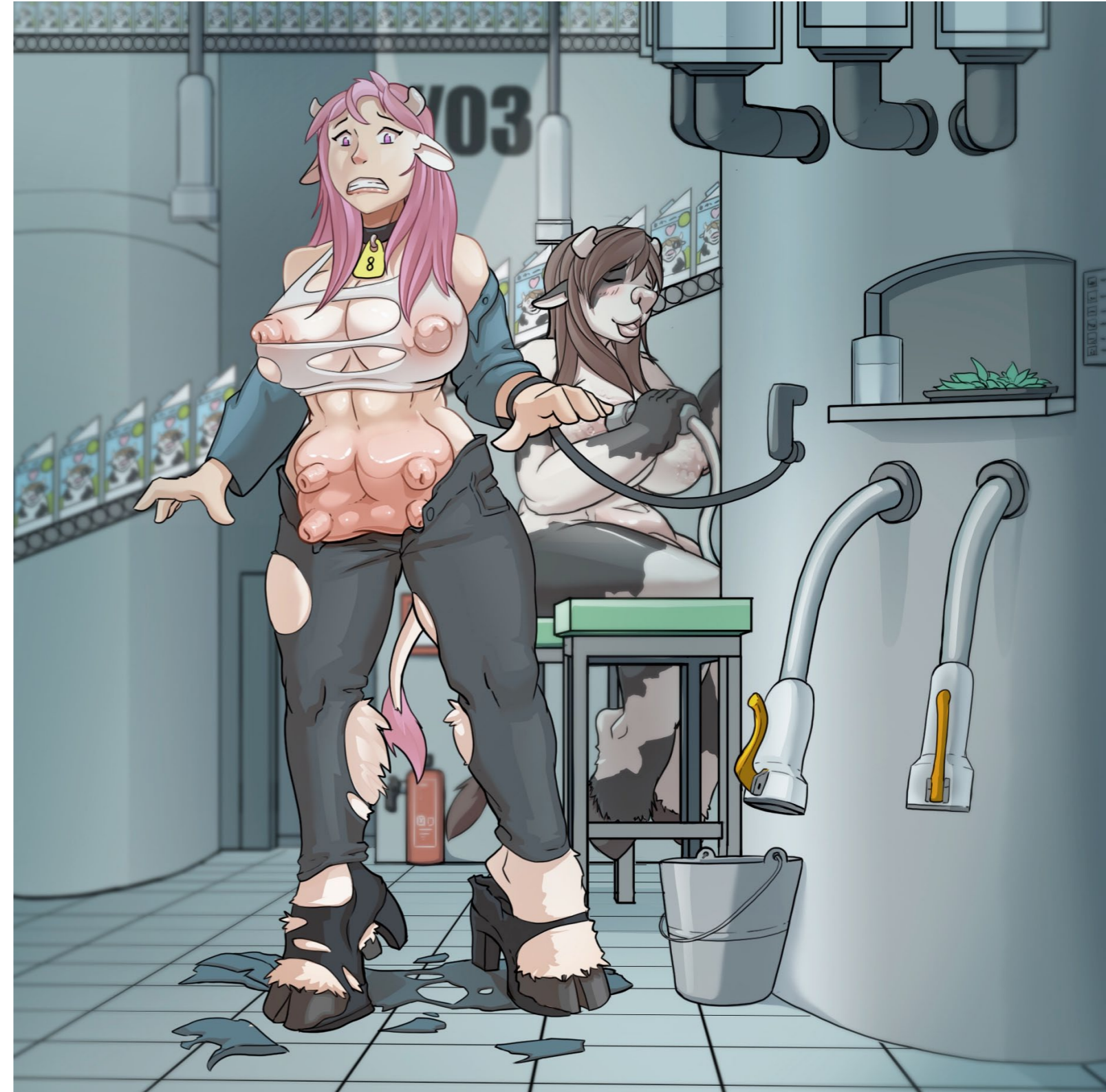
The pressure under her clothes grew bigger and bigger, as Diane realized that she was gaining weight! A lot of weight! Her hips started to grow bigger and her tights stretched the fabric of her pants to a max. Around her butt, her pants started to give in eventually, a long cow tail grew out over her ass, slowly weaving between Dianes legs.

„Hnoooo“ Diane moaned, as her blazer gave in and revealed her already ripping top underneath.

„Im becoming a coow!“ Her human breasts had turned into giant Sora tits with huge nipples, already lactating and pushing through the white fabric. Her toes slowly merged into dark hooves, covered by bright, sort fur.

Her pants gave in to her fat ass that popped out of what was left of fabric, as suddenly a new sensation started to appear on Dianes belly. Beneath her navel, a soft, pink skin had started to grow. Carefully, Diane moved her hands over the new, sensitive area. Soft bumps appeared on it, slowly forming small mounds that felt a lot like nipples. Diane mooed happily, as her fingers stroked over them and they turned hard and stiff.

Her arms, tights and hips still seemed to grow fatter and fatter, while a soft white fur started to cover her skin. The pleasurable feeling on the new area of Dianes belly increased, as the skin started to stretch and form a huge, fleshy sack with teats. „Uuhdder“ Diane moaned as she felt her IQ decreasing with every second. Something was feeling weird in her face as well. Her nose started to grow, while the same pink skin like on her belly appeared. Slowly, Dianes nose became her upper lip, as her face elongated, forming a bovine snout.



All her clothes had gone but Diane didn't care. What was the meaning of clothes anyway if you got fur? Carefully, she was touching the pink, fleshy sack on her belly. Diane felt that it was filled with something. It was like she had the strong urge to pee, but did not know how! Slowly, she lifted up the heavy udder. Her once human pussy had turned into a furry, plump cow-cunt, but the bigger problem was her udder that almost screamed in need to be milked.

Diane touched one of the soft teats and carefully started to massage it. A thin splash of fresh milk squirted from its tip: This was feeling good! She started to rub all of her udder, as an overwhelming pleasure filled her body. Suddenly, all four of her huge teats started to lactate, squirting milk all over the place. Diane moaned in bliss and threw her head back while her hand stroked over one of her massive, swollen nipples.

Being a Sora was feeling so awesome, every inch of her body was so sensitive! With every step, her udder was pulled down by gravity, causing a storm of endorphines in her brain.



Diane looked over to the other Sora, that seemed to still have fun with her suction cups. All of a sudden, Diane became aware of the awesomeness of this machine! Without further hesitation, she picked up one of the suckers and moved it close to her milk-filled udder, that was aching for release. She pulled down the handle as the vacuum started to suck in the air greedily, before she carefully pushed one of the teats of her udder inside the transparent tube.

She moaned deeply, as the suction cup engulfed her teat fully. It felt like someone was sucking her udder... it was better than sex! Being a Sora was just awesome, and being milked was simply the best thing ever! In bliss, Diane moaned and moaned deeply, while the machine was sucking the milk from her udder.

